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Trinity College, Cambridge.

THE EXAMINATION OF FRESHMEN.

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F. W. Thomas

June 1886.

W W Rouse Ball

Head Examiner

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THE WORKS

OF

BEN JONSON.

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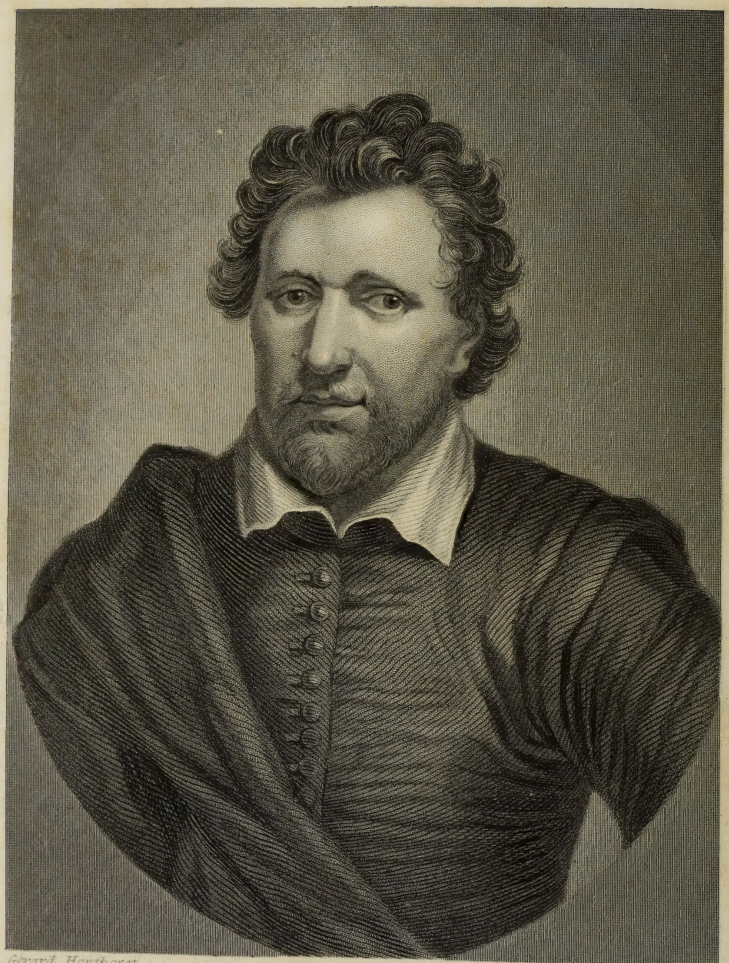

Gerard Honthorst. *H. Robinson.*

BEN. JONSON.

LONDON, GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

THE

WORKS

OF

BEN. JONSON.

With a Memoir

BY

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

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A NEW EDITION.

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POET LAUREATE, ETC.

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MEMOIRS OF BEN JONSON.

BY WILLIAM GIFFORD.

TO write the Life of Jonson as it has been usually written, would be neither a very long nor a very difficult task; since I should have only to transcribe from former biographers the vague accounts which each, in succession, has taken from his predecessor; and to season the whole with the captious and splenetic insinuations of the critics, and commentators on our dramatic poetry. A due respect for the public seemed to require something more. It was fully time to examine into the authenticity of the charges incessantly urged against this eminent man; and this has been, at least, attempted. The result has not accorded with the general persuasion concerning him. The reader, therefore, who has the courage to follow me through these pages, must be prepared to see many of his prejudices overthrown, to hear that he has been imposed upon by the grossest fabrications, and, (however mortifying the discovery may prove,) that many of those who have practised on his integrity and surprised his judgment, are weak at once and worthless, with few pretensions to talents and none to honesty.

BENJAMIN, or (as the name is usually abbreviated by himself) BEN JONSON*, was born in the early part of the year 1574†. His grandfather was a man of some family and fortune,

* JONSON.] The attacks on our author begin at a pretty early period. He knew his own name, it seems, and persisted in writing it correctly, though "some of his best friends" misspelt it! This is produced, in the "*Biographia Britannica*," as "an instance of that *affectation* which so strongly marks the poet's character" But this perseverance in the right was a family failing, for his mother (as it appears), wrote it in the same manner. His "singularity" in this respect, (these writers think,) "would have been discovered, had he been more communicative—but it is observable, that though his descent was very far from being a discredit to him, yet we *never find him once* mentioning his family upon any occasion." From critics so disposed, Jonson must have had unusual good fortune to escape with justice. The fact, however, is that he is *once* found mentioning his family. He talked of it to Drummond, and had it pleased that worthy gentleman to be less sparing of his malice, and somewhat more liberal of his information, we might have obtained enough on this head, to satisfy the most ardent curiosity.

† *The year* 1574.] The writers of the *Bio Brit.* are somewhat embarrassed here, by a line in the Poem *left in Scotland*, in which Jonson says that he had then

"Told seven and forty years."

Now, this, say they, as the poet was there in 1619, fixes his birth to the year 1572, and makes him two years older than is commonly supposed. But these critics should have looked into Drummond, instead of reasoning upon a fact which is not to be found there. In Drummond the line stands,

"Told *six and forty* years;"

and the date subjoined is January 1619-20. Jonson was then in his forty-sixth year: in short, there seems no plea for questioning the received opinion. The second folio is of various dates, and of little authority. That Jonson was born on the eleventh of June, which is also affirmed by those writers, is taken on the credit of another blunder in this volume, where, in the verses on Sir Kenelm Digby, "*my* birthday," is printed for "*his* birthday," &c. In the 12mo. edit., 1640, both the lines stand as here given. [The poem in question was certainly composed in January

originally settled at Annandale, in Scotland, from which place he removed to Carlisle, and was subsequently taken into the service of Henry VIII. His father, who was probably about the court, suffered a long imprisonment under Queen Mary, and was finally deprived of his estate*. If religion was the cause, as is universally supposed, persecution only served to increase his zeal; for he entered, some time afterwards, into holy orders, and became, as Antony Wood informs us, "a grave minister of the gospel."

Jonson was a posthumous child, and "made his first entry (the Oxford Antiquary says,) on the stage of this vain world, about a month after his father's death, within the city of Westminster." Fuller observes, that though he could not, with all his inquiry, find him in his cradle, he could fetch him from his *long coats*. It would seem from this, that the residence of his father was unknown. Mr. Malone supposes, and on very good grounds†, that his mother married again in somewhat less than two years after the death of her first husband, and it was at this period, perhaps, that Fuller's researches found him, "a little child, in Hartshorn-Lane, near Charing Cross."

His father-in-law was a master-bricklayer by profession; and there is no cause for believing that he was either unable or unwilling to bestow on his new charge such a portion of education as then commonly fell to the children of respectable craftsmen; and Jonson was accordingly sent, when of a proper age, to a private school in the church of St. Martin in the Fields.

From this school it was natural to suppose that he would be taken to follow the occupation of his step-father; but this was not the case. Respect for the memory of Mr. Jonson, or what is equally probable, a remarkable aptitude in the child for learning, raised him up a friend, who sent him, at his own expense, to Westminster school. Camden, a name dear to literature, was then the second master of this celebrated establishment; young Jonson naturally fell under his care, and he was not slow in discovering, nor negligent in cultivating, the extraordinary talents of his pupil.

No record enables us to state how long he continued with this great man. Mr. Malone supposes that he was taken from him, when he had reached his thirteenth year; but "lord Winton," (G. Morley, bishop of Winchester, who, as Izaac Walton tells us, knew Ben Jonson very well,) "says he was in the sixth, *i. e.* the uppermost form in the school‡," when he was removed; and he could scarcely have attained this situation, as schools were then constituted, at thirteen.

1619, not in January 1619-20: it therefore fixes Jonson's birth in 1573. See Mr. D. Laing's remark on *Notes of B. Jonson's Conversations with W. Drummond*, &c. p. 39, printed for the Shakespeare Society. What Jonson told Drummond concerning his family is as follows:—"His Grandfather came from Carlisle, and, he thought, from Anandale to it: he served King Henry 8, and was a gentleman. His Father losed all his estate under Queen Marie, having been cast in prisson and forfaitted; at last turn'd Minister; so he was a minister's son."—*Notes*, &c., p. 18. If Jonson's grandfather came from Annandale, he must have written his name *Johnstone*.—A. Dyce.]

* This is our author's own account; it is therefore worse than folly to repeat from book to book, after Aubrey, that "Ben Jonson was a Warwickshire man." Mr. Malone says, that "a collection of poems by Ben Jonson, jun. (the son of our author) was published in 1672, with some lines addressed to all the ancient family of the Lucys, in which the writer describes himself as a 'little stream from their clear spring;' a fact (continues he) which adds support to Dr. Bathurst's account" (the impossible story just quoted from Aubrey) "of his father's birth-place."—*Shak.*, vol. ii. p. 311[1]. This is a strange passage. Young Jonson died before his father, in 1635, and the collection of which Mr. Malone speaks, contains several pieces written after the Restoration. The very first poem in the book is addressed *by the author* to John, Earl of Rutland, and his son, Lord Roos, who was not born till both young Jonson and his father were dead! Had Mr. Malone even looked at the title-page of this little volume, he must have seen that the name of Ben Jonson, jun. was a mere catch-word; for the poems are there expressly said to be "composed by W. S. gent."

† *On very good grounds.*] "I found, in the Register of St. Martin's, that a Mrs. Margaret Jonson was married in November 1575, to Mr. Thomas Fowler."—Malone. *Shak.*, vol. i. p. 622. There cannot, I think, be a reasonable doubt on the person here named; unquestionably she was the poet's mother.

‡ *Letters by Eminent Persons*, &c. 1813. vol. iii. p. 416. There is yet a difficulty. Grant was head master from 1572 to 1593, so that if Jonson was in the sixth form, and if the business of the school was conducted then as it is at present (which, however, does not appear,) he must have been under him; yet of Grant he says nothing. It is probable that Camden, who had a great affection for our author, continued to assist his studies.

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[1] The edition of Shakspeare referred to here, and elsewhere, is uniformly that in fifteen vols. 8vo., published in MDCCXCIII.

Jonson, who had a warm and affectionate heart, and ever retained an extraordinary degree of respect for his old master, thus addresses him in his Epigrams:

"Camden, most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, and all I know——"

and in the dedication of *Every Man in his Humour*, he tells his "most learned and honoured friend," that he "is not one of those who can suffer the benefit conferred upon his youth to perish with his age;" and he adds that, in accepting the comedy, he will find no occasion to repent of having been his instructor. All this appears to argue greater maturity, and deeper studies than are usually allowed; and I should therefore incline to refer the period of his leaving Westminster to his sixteenth year.

From school Jonson seems to have gone, at once, to the University. The person who had hitherto befriended him, and whose name is unfortunately lost, gave a farther proof of kindness, on this occasion, and, if we may trust Aubrey, procured him an exhibition at Cambridge, where, according to Fuller, "he was statutably admitted into St. John's College *." No note of his matriculation is to be found. By some accident there is an omission of names in the University Register, from June 1589, (when Jonson was in his sixteenth year), to June 1602; this may serve to corroborate the opinion given above, that the period fixed upon by Mr. Malone for our author's removal to the University is somewhat too early.

The exhibition, whatever might be its value, was found inadequate to his support; and, as his parents were evidently unable to assist him, Jonson was compelled to relinquish his situation at Cambridge, and return to the house of his father †. How long he continued at college cannot be known. Fuller says "a few weeks;" it was more probably many months: he had unquestionably a longer connection with Cambridge than is usually supposed; and he speaks of his obligations to the members of that University in terms which cannot be justified by a slight acquaintance ‡.

On returning to his parents, he was immediately taken into the business of his father-in-law. These good people have not been kindly treated. Wood terms the mother a silly woman; and the father is perpetually reflected on for calling his son home, to work at his own profession. The mother, however, was not "silly;" on the contrary, she was a high-spirited woman, fully sensible of the rank of her first husband, in life, and of the extraordinary merits of her son; but she was not, apparently, in circumstances to maintain him without labour; and as his father-in-law had readily acquiesced, for many years, in a mode of his education, which must have occasioned some expense, there seems little cause for the ill humour with which the mention of their names is sure to be accompanied.

Jonson, however, who, both from birth and education, had probably been encouraged to look to the church for an establishment, was exceedingly mortified at this new destination. That he worked with a trowel in one hand, and a Horace or a Homer in the other; that he was admired, pitied, and relieved by Sutton, as Chetwood says, or by Camden, as others say §, and

* Aubrey says "Trinity College;" and indeed if Jonson had been on the foundation at Westminster, and went, regularly, to Cambridge, this must have been the College: but his name does not appear among the candidates.

† In how many circumstances may not a resemblance be traced between Jonson and his great namesake!

[‡ Jonson told Drummond that "he was Master of Arts in both the Universities, by their favour, not his studie." *Notes of B. Jonson's Conversations*, &c., p. 19: and Mr. D. Laing, in his note on the passage, observes that "there is no evidence that he had ever the benefit of an academical education." The probability, I think, is, that Jonson spent a short time at Cambridge as an undergraduate.—A. Dyce.]

§ Fuller tells us that "some gentlemen, pitying that his parts should be buried under the rubbish of so mean a calling, did by their bounty manumise him freely to follow his own ingenious inclinations."—*Worthies of England*, vol. ii. p. 112. This, however, is no better founded than the rest. Another story is told by Wood, (probably, on Aubrey's authority) that Jonson was taken from his father's business to accompany young Raleigh in his travels. Young Raleigh was at this time unborn—at any rate, he was "mewling and puking in his nurse's arms:" this, however, signifies nothing—the story is too good to be lost, as it tends to degrade Jonson, and it is therefore served up in every account of his life. "Mr. Camden recommended him to Sir W. Raleigh, who intrusted him with the education of his eldest son, a gay spark, who could not brook Ben's rigorous treatment; but perceiving one foible in his disposition, made use of that to throw off the yoke of his government, and that was an unlucky habit Ben had contracted, through his love of jovial company, of being overtaken with liquor, which Sir Walter did of all vices most abominate."—And yet Sir Walter, who undoubtedly knew Jonson as well as his son, trusted this habitual drunkard with

sent back to his studies, are figments pleasing enough to merit to be believed; but, unfortunately, they have no foundation in truth. Neither friend nor admirer followed him to his humble employment; and he certainly experienced, at this time, no tokens of kindness.—His own account is, "that he could not endure the occupation of a bricklayer;" and, as his aversion increased, he made one desperate effort to escape from it altogether, not by returning to Cambridge, but by withdrawing to the Continent, and entering, as a volunteer, into the army then employed in Flanders. Such is the simple narrative of Jonson's life till he arrived at the age of eighteen. It is chiefly extracted from his own conversations, and has the merit of being at once probable and consistent.

How long our author had continued with his father-in-law, is no where mentioned. It could not be a twelvemonth (though Mr. Malone strangely supposes it to have been five years *;) but it was yet long enough to furnish a theme for illiberal sarcasm while he lived. "Let not those blush," says the worthy Fuller, "that have, but those that have not, a lawful calling;" a piece of advice which was wholly lost upon the poet's contemporaries, who recur perpetually to what Mr. A. Chalmers calls his "degrading occupation." Decker and others, who were, at the very moment, pledging their future labours for the magnificent loan of "five shillings," or writing "penny books" in spunging-houses, are high in mirth, at the expense of the "bricklayer," and ring the changes on the "hod and trowel," the "lime and mortar poet," very successfully, and, apparently, very much to their own satisfaction.

Jonson's stay in the Low Countries did not extend much beyond one campaign: he had, however, an opportunity of signalizing his courage; having, as he told Drummond, encountered and killed an enemy (whose spoils he carried off), in the sight of both armies. This achievement is undoubtedly dwelt upon with too much complacency by the writers of the *Bio. Brit.* for which they are properly checked by Mr. A. Chalmers, who is not, himself, altogether free from blame. "One man's killing and stripping another (he says) is a degree of military prowess of no very extraordinary kind." Mr. Chalmers does not see that this was not a general action, in which, as he justly observes, such circumstances are sufficiently common; but a single combat, decided in the presence of both armies. In those days, when great battles were rarely fought, and armies lay for half a campaign in sight of each other, it was not unusual for champions to advance into the midst, and challenge their adversaries. In a bravado of this nature, Jonson fought and conquered; and though we may question the wisdom

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his education! and yet Camden, who never lost sight of him from his youth, recommended him!—"One day, when Ben had taken a plentiful dose, and was fallen into a profound sleep, young Raleigh got a great basket, and a couple of men, who laid Ben in it, and then with a pole carried him between their shoulders to Sir Walter, telling him their young master had sent home his tutor."—*Oldys's MS. Notes to Langbaine.* This absurd tale, which is merely calculated for the meridian of Mr. Joseph Miller, Mr. Malone quotes at full as an irrefragable proof that "Jonson was, at some period, tutor to this hopeful youth."

As young Raleigh was not born till 1595, Jonson could not well be tutor to him in 1593, the period usually assigned. In 1603, when the child had barely attained his eighth year, Sir Walter was committed close prisoner to the Tower, where he remained under sentence of death, till March, 1615, a few months before he sailed for Guiana. Of this the story-teller was probably ignorant; and he therefore talks as familiarly of Raleigh's *home*, as if he had been always living at large. The "shouldering" of Jonson, in a basket, through the streets of London, the triumphant entrance of the "porters" (with a train of boys at their heels) into the Tower, then guarded with the most jealous vigilance, and the facility with which they penetrate into the interior apartments, and lay their precious burden at the feet of the state prisoner—all these, and a hundred other improbabilities, awaken no suspicion in the commentators, nor, as far as I can find, in the reader!

Mr. A. Chalmers *(General Biography)* rejects Wood's account; yet he adds—"*So many* of Jonson's contemporaries have mentioned his connexion with the Raleigh family, that it is probable he was in some shape befriended by them." *Not one* of Jonson's contemporaries has a syllable on the subject! In fact, Jonson never much admired the moral character of Sir Walter Raleigh: his talents, indeed, he held in great respect, and he was well able to appreciate them, for he was personally acquainted with Sir Walter, and assisted him in writing his *History of the World;* he also wrote some good lines explanatory of the grave frontispiece to that celebrated work.

[It is now ascertained that Jonson *did* act as tutor to Sir Walter's son, not indeed in 1593 but in 1613, and that young Raleigh, not in England but in France, *did* treat him nearly in the manner above mentioned. "Sir W. Raulighe sent him (Jonson) governour with his Son, anno 1613, to France. This youth being knavishly inclyned, among other pastimes . . . . . caused him to be drunken, and dead drunk, so that he knew not wher he was, therafter laid him on a carr, which he made to be drawen by pioners through the streets, at every corner showing his governour streetched out, and telling them, that was a more lively image of the Crucifix then any they had: at which sport young Raughlie's mother delyghted much (saying, his father young was so inclyned), though the Father abhorred it."—*Notes of B. Jonson's Conversations,* &c. p. 21.—A. Dyce.]

* From 1588 to 1593.—*Shak.* vol. i. p. 624.

of the exploit, we may surely venture, without much violation of candour, to admit its gallantry. Jonson himself always talked with complacency of his military career. He loved, he says, the profession of arms; and he boldly affirms, in an appeal to "the true soldier," that while he followed it, he "did not shame it by his actions *."

Jonson brought little from Flanders, (whence he was probably induced to return by the death of his father,) but the reputation of a brave man, a smattering of Dutch, and an empty purse. Nothing, in fact, could be more hopeless than his situation. In the occupation of a bricklayer, he had evidently attained no skill; at all events, having already sacrificed so much to his aversion for it, he was not likely to recur to it a second time, and he had no visible means of subsistence. His biographers say, that he now went to Cambridge; but without money, this was not in his power; and, indeed, the circumstance appears altogether improbable. His father-in-law might, perhaps, be no more; but his mother was still alive, and in London, and in her house he appears to have taken up his abode. He was not of a humour, however, to profit, in long inactivity, of her scanty resources, and he therefore adopted the resolution of turning his education to what account he could, and, like most of the poets, his contemporaries, seeking a subsistence from the stage. He was now about nineteen.

"Jonson began his theatrical career," Mr. Malone says, and he is followed by all who have since written on the subject, "as a strolling player, and after having rambled for some time by a play-waggon in the country, repaired to London, and endeavoured, at the Curtain, to obtain a livelihood among the actors, till, not being able to set a *good face upon't*, he could not get a service among the mimics." Although Mr. Malone gives this, and much more, from the *Satiromastix*, as if he really believed it, yet nothing is so questionable. What Decker means by "not setting a good face upon't," is easily understood †: Jonson was of a scorbutic habit, and his face might be affected with it at the period of Decker's writing; but it had not been always so, and Aubrey expressly mentions that he was in his youth "of a clear and fair skin:" nor is it easy to be believed that he could not get a service among the wretched mimics in the skirts of the town. "I never," says the Duchess of Newcastle, whom Mr. Malone (upon another occasion indeed,) allows to be a good judge, "I never heard any man read well but my husband; and I have heard him say, he never heard any man read well but Ben Jonson; and yet he hath heard many in his time ‡." With the advantages, therefore, of youth, person, voice, and somewhat more of literature than commonly fell to the share of every obscure actor in a strolling company, Jonson could scarcely fail to get a service among the mimics, notwithstanding the grave authority of captain Tucca §. That our author ever ambled by the side of a waggon, and *took mad Jeronymo's part*, though Mr. Malone repeats it with full conviction ‖, is also very questionable, or rather false altogether. It cannot have failed to strike every one

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* It is not improbable that these daring feats were encouraged by the English general. Stanley had delivered up a fort, which disgraced, as well as dispirited the army; and Vere, who now commanded, made extraordinary efforts of gallantry to revive the ancient ardour. He stormed Daventer, and seemed to court danger. In 1591-2, large reinforcements were sent to Ostend, then held by an English garrison, and with these, I doubt not Jonson went.

† It would be ridiculous to adopt this clumsy piece of wit, and argue from it that Jonson was a bad actor. Capell, who also quotes the passage, says, "This is meant of Jonson's *ugliness*, which is frequently played upon in this satire."—*School of Shakspeare*, vol. iii. p. 232. That Jonson was *ugly* is the dream of Capell; his features were good. Decker adds, that he had "a *very bad face* for a soldier." Now he certainly did not play this part amiss. His courage was never doubted:—but the quotation may serve to shew the absurdity of founding positive charges upon such vague expressions. To do the commentators justice, they were ignorant of the existence of this last passage; for they never examine their way, but boldly and blindly follow one another.

‡ His house was open to every man of genius and learning for more than half a century.—*Letters of the Duchess of Newcastle*, fol. 1664, p. 362.

§ Tucca is the creation of Jonson. He is described as a general railer, a man whose whole conversation is made up of scurrilous exaggerations and impossible falsehoods: yet he is the sole authority for this part of Jonson's life. The captain says in another place, "When thou rann'st mad for the death of Horatio, thou borrow'dst a gown of Roscius, the stager, and sent'st it home lowsy;" upon which the editor (Hawkins) wisely remarks—"Ben Jonson played the part of Jeronymo, as appears from this passage."

‖ "The first observation which I shall make on Aubrey's account is, that the latter part of it, which informs us that Ben Jonson was a bad actor," (*not a good one*, is Aubrey's expression), "is *incontestibly confirmed* by Decker," (in the passage just quoted).—*Shak.* vol. ii. p. 322. It seems to have escaped Mr. Malone, that to repeat a story after another, is not to *confirm* it. Aubrey merely copies Decker.

who has read this production of Kyd, (among whom I do not reckon Mr. Malone,) that the author trusted for a great part of the effect of his tragedy, to the contrast between the diminutive size of the marshal (Jeronymo) and the strutting of his language and action :

"I'll not be long away,
As, *short my body*, short shall be my stay."
"My mind 's a *giant*, though my *bulk be small*."
"I had need *wax* too;
Our foes will stride else over me and you."

He is thus addressed by Balthazar :

"Thou *inch* of Spain,
Thou man, from thy hose downward, scarce so much :
Thou very little longer than thy beard,
Speak not such big words, they will throw thee down,
Little Jeronymo, words greater than thyself." *

And he signs himself "*little* Jeronymo, marshal." In a word, so many allusions of the most direct kind, are made to this circumstance in every part of the play, that no tall or bulky figure could attempt the character without devoting it to utter ridicule. The fact is, that Jonson was employed by the manager to "write adycions" for this popular drama; and that was sufficient for Decker's purpose.

Wood rejects the story of his ambling after a waggon, and tells us that upon his return from Cambridge (where he assuredly had not then been), "he did recede to a nursery or obscure play-house, called the Green Curtain †; but that his first action and writing there were both ill." Wood's authority, unfortunately, is of little weight in this case, being wholly derived from a vague report picked up by Aubrey from one John Greenhill. It is not too lightly to be credited that Jonson should be singled out for his incapacity amongst the unfledged nestlings of the "Green Curtain in Shoreditch."—But the matter is of little moment; since wherever he acted or wherever he wrote, his labours were abruptly terminated by an event of a very serious nature, which took place almost immediately after his return from Flanders. It appears that he had some kind of dispute with a person whose rank or condition in life is not known, but who is commonly supposed to be a player ‡. In consequence of this he was called out, or, as he says, "appealed, to a duel." He was not of a humour to decline the invitation. They met, and he killed his antagonist §, who seems to have acted with little honour; having brought to the field, as our author told Drummond, a sword ten inches longer than his own. His victory, however, left him little cause for exultation : he was severely wounded in the arm, thrown into prison for murder, and, as he says himself, "brought near the gallows."

[* "It is evident," says Mr. Collier, "that if there be any truth in Dekker's assertion (controverted by Gifford) that Ben Jonson originally performed the part of Jeronimo, he must allude, not to the tragedy now under consideration [*The First Part of Jeronimo*], but to *The Spanish Tragedy*, where nothing is said regarding the personal appearance of the hero or his representative."—*Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet.* iii. 208. Gifford's reasoning, however, still holds good. *The Spanish Tragedy* forms a *Second Part* to *The First Part of Jeronimo*; and surely an audience, to whom the diminutive hero of the *First Part* was so familiar, would hardly have tolerated such an absurdity as the personation of that character in the *Second Part* by a tall or bulky actor.—A. Dyce.]

† Oldys, in his MS. notes to Langbaine, says that Jonson was himself the master of a play-house in the Barbican.—He adds, that the poet speaks of his theatre; and Mr. A. Chalmers repeats from this idle authority, that "in his writings mention is made of *his theatre!*" So the blind lead the blind! Jonson's *theatre* is his book of Epigrams. See p. 665.

‡ I know of no authority for this but captain Tucca. "Art not famous enough yet, my mad Harostratus, for killing a *player*, but thou must eat men alive." *Satiromastix.*

§ "He killed," Aubrey says, "Mr. Marlow the poet, on Bunhill, coming from the Green Curtain play-house." Mr. Marlow, the poet, whose memory Jonson held in high estimation, was killed at least two years before this period, in a brothel squabble :—but whoever expects a rational account of any fact, however trite, from Aubrey, will meet with disappointment. Had any one told this "maggoty-pated" man that Jonson had killed "Mr. Shakspeare the poet," he would have received the tale with equal facility, and recorded it with as little doubt of its truth. In short, Aubrey thought little, believed much, and confused every thing.—[The antagonist whom Jonson killed was named Gabriel (in all probability Gabriel Spenser), an actor belonging to Henslowe's company. They fought in Hoxton Fields, in 1598. See Mr. J. P. Collier's *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, &c., p. 50—printed for the Shakespeare Society.—A. Dyce.]

Here he was visited by a popish priest, who took advantage of the unsettled state of his religious opinions, to subvert his mind, and induce him to renounce the faith in which he had been bred, for the errors of the Romish church. This has been attributed by some to his fears. "His tough spirit," say the authors of his life, in the *Bio. Brit.* "sunk into some degree of melancholy, so that he became a fit object to be subdued by the crafty attacks of a popish priest." Others, following the opinion of Drummond, attribute the change to an indifference about all religions. It is probable, that neither was the cause. Such conversions were among the daily occurrences of the time; even among those who had more years than Jonson, and far more skill in controversy than he could possibly have. His own account of the matter is very concise: he took, he says, the priest's word: he did not however always continue in this state of ignorance; and it is to his praise that, at a more mature age, he endeavoured to understand the ground of his belief, and diligently studied the fathers, and *those wiser guides* who preached the words of truth in simplicity *.

While he was in prison, there were (as he told Drummond) spies set to catch him; but he was put upon his guard by the gaoler, to whose friendly warning he probably owed his life; as he was the most incautious of men in his conversation. These spies could have nothing to do with the cause of his imprisonment, and must therefore have been employed about him solely on account of his connection with the Popish priest. The years 1593 and 1594 were years of singular disquietude and alarm. The Catholics, who despaired of effecting anything against the queen by open force, engaged in petty conspiracies to take her off by sudden violence. The nation was agitated by these plots, which were multiplied by fear; and several seminaries, as the popish priests educated abroad were then called, were actually convicted of attempts to poison the queen, and executed. Jonson revenged himself for the insidious attacks made on his life, by an epigram which he afterwards printed, and which is not one of his best:—

> "Spies, you are lights in state, but of base stuff,
> Who, when you've burnt yourselves down to the snuff,
> Stink, and are thrown aside:—End fair enough!"

It is not known to what, or whom, Jonson finally owed his deliverance from prison. Circumstances were undoubtedly in his favour, for he had received a challenge, and he had been unfairly opposed in the field: as criminal causes were then conducted, these considerations might not, however, have been sufficient to save him. The prosecution was probably dropt by his enemies.

On his release, he naturally returned to his former pursuits, unpromising as they are represented to be. With that happy mode of extricating himself from a part of his difficulties which men of genius sometimes adopt, he now appears to have taken a wife †. She was young, and a Catholic like himself; in no respect, indeed, does his choice seem to have discredited his judgment; which is more, perhaps, than can fairly be said for his partner: but she was a woman of domestic habits, and content, perhaps, to struggle with poverty, for the sake of her children. She was dead when Jonson visited Scotland in 1618, and in the

* I know not why Jonson should be reproached for this change, as he frequently is: far from arguing a total carelessness, as they say, it would seem rather a proof of the return of a serious mind. The great and good Jeremy Taylor was a convert to popery for a short time; so was Chillingworth, and so were a thousand more of the same description. In fact, young men (and Jonson was at this time a very young man) of a serious way of thinking, of warm imaginations, and of ill-digested studies, are not among the most unfavourable subjects for proselytism.

† Jonson was now in his 20th year. I have followed the writers of the *Bio. Brit.* who suppose that his first child was a daughter. In the beautiful Epitaph on her, beginning,—

> "Here lies, to each her parents' ruth,
> Mary, the daughter of their youth:"—

she is said, by the poet, to be "his first daughter;" she might not, however, have been his first child: yet, I believe, from other circumstances, that the biographers are correct. In this case, Jonson's marriage must have taken place, at latest, in 1594, as we know that he had a son born in 1596. This date is the first of which we can speak decidedly; it is therefore of some moment in our author's life. From 1596 the years are sufficiently marked: antecedently to this period some latitude must be allowed.

costive and splenetic abridgment of his conversations with Drummond, she is shortly mentioned as having been shrewish, but honest (*i. e.* faithfully attached) to her husband.

But what were the pursuits by which Jonson had hitherto been enabled to procure a precarious subsistence?—Assuredly not ambling by a waggon, nor "acting and writing ill" at the Green Curtain. The fortunate preservation of Mr. Henslowe's memorandums, amidst the wreck of so much valuable matter through the sloth and ignorance of the members of Dulwich College, has given a sort of precision to this period of dramatic history, which no one was sanguine enough to expect. From the extracts made by Mr. Malone, and introduced into his excellent History of the English Stage, we are enabled to trace the early part of Jonson's dramatic career with some degree of accuracy; and we find him, as might be expected, following the example of contemporary poets, and writing in conjunction with those who were already in possession of the stage: a practice encouraged by the managers, whose chance of loss it diminished *.

The notices which Mr. Malone has copied from the MS. respecting the dramatic writers, begin with 1597; but he has given a curious account of the pieces performed by Mr. Henslowe's companies, which commences at an earlier period. As we know not the titles of Jonson's first dramas, it is not possible to discover whether any of those mentioned previously to 1596, belong to him. *Every Man in his Humour*, is the first piece in the list which we can appropriate; and this was then a popular play; having been acted, as Mr. Henslowe says, eleven times between the 25th of November 1596, and the 10th of May in the succeeding year. Before this period, however, he must have written for the stage both alone and with others; and with such success as to induce Henslowe and his son-in-law, the celebrated Alleyn, to advance money upon several of his plots in embryo; a sufficient confutation of the oft-repeated tale of his "ill writing," &c. In this year his wife brought him a son †; so that he had occasion for all his exertions.

In *Every Man in his Humour*, and in the Prologue to it, which breathes a similar spirit, we find strong traces of the ennobling idea, which Jonson had already formed of poetry in general, and of the true and dignified office of the Dramatic Muse.

> "Indeed, if you will look on Poesie,
> As she appears in many, poor and lame,
> Patch'd up in remnants, and old worn-out rags,
> Half-starv'd for want of her peculiar food,
> Sacred Invention; then I must confirm
> Both your conceit and censure of her merit.
> But view her in her glorious ornaments,
> Attired in the majesty of art,
> Set high in spirit with the precious taste
> Of sweet philosophy, and, which is most,
> Crown'd with the rich traditions of a soul
> That hates to have her dignity profaned
> With any relish of an earthly thought;
> Oh then how proud a presence does she bear!
> Then is she like herself; fit to be seen
> Of none but grave and consecrated eyes!"

These lines, which were probably written before he had attained his twenty-second year, do not discredit him; and let it be added, to his honour, that he invariably supported, through

* They usually hired the writers, and advanced them money upon the credit of their talents, and the progress of their work, which was shewn or reported to them from time to time.

† To this child, perhaps, the players stood god-fathers. A foolish story is told in some old jest book, which would scarcely be worth repeating here, were it not for the notable use which is made of it by the commentators on Shakspeare. "Shakspeare was god-father to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in deep study, Jonson came to cheer him up; and asked him why he was so melancholy? No faith, Ben, says he, not I; but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolved at last I prithee what? says he. I'faith, Ben, I'll e'en give her a dozen good Latin (latten) spoons, and thou shalt *translate* them This *jest* (it is Capell who speaks) will stand in need of no comment with those who are at all acquainted with Jonson: it must have cut to the quick; and endangered the opening some old sores about the latter's *Sejanus*, whose latinity produced its damnation: this play was brought upon Shakspeare's stage in

every period of his chequered life, the lofty character with which his youthful fancy had invested the Muse.

Some judgment of Jonson's situation at this time may be formed from a memorandum of Mr. Henslowe's, recording an advance of "five shillings:" yet even this could not induce him to have recourse for success to the popular expedients of bustle, and warlike shew, which he believed, with his classic masters, to outrage probability, and violate the decorum of the stage. In the Prologue, he says—

> "Though NEED make many poets, and some, such
> As art and nature have not better'd much;
> Yet ours, *for want* hath *not so lov'd* the stage
> As he dare serve th' ill customs of the age;
> Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
> As, for it, he himself must justly hate." *

From a resolution thus early formed, he never deviated, and when it is considered that, in

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1603, (the first year of his management,) and he performed in it himself: and the miscarriage sour'd Jonson, and he broke with the manager; venting his spleen against him in some of his prefaces, in terms oblique but intelligible, and breathing *malice* and *envy:* the breach was healed at this time; but with *some remembrance* of it on the part of Shakspeare." *Notes on Shak.* vol. i. p. 94. It would be a mere loss of time to strive to fix a period for an event which never took place; though it may not be irrelevant to observe upon it, that in every occurrence between Jonson and Shakspeare which has crept into the story-books of those times, the latter is invariably represented as the aggressor. Had the foregoing anecdote been founded on fact, it would only have proved that the wit and good manners of Shakspeare's return to Ben's civility were pretty nearly equal. As the story appears in Capell, (who thought of nothing less than serving Jonson), it has yet a worse aspect.

* This Prologue assumes a considerable degree of importance from its being made the principal basis of the calumny against Jonson; and the reader must therefore indulge me in some remarks on it. "All Shakspeare's plays are ridiculed in it," cry the commentators; and a thousand voices re-echo, "all Shakspeare's plays are ridiculed in it." It might puzzle a man of plain sense (indeed, Mr. Malone confesses that it puzzled himself at first,) to comprehend how what was written in 1596 could possibly "ridicule" what was not in existence till nearly twenty years afterwards:—but the difficulty is thus solved. The Prologue was not published with the 4to. edition of *Every Man in his Humour;—therefore* it was not written till some time before the appearance of the folio;—*therefore* it ridicules all Shakspeare's plays! That any rational being should persuade himself, or hope to persuade another, that the lines were composed and spoken at this late period, can only be accounted for by the singular power of self-delusion. For many years before and after 1616 (the date of the folio), Jonson was in a state of the highest prosperity: the favourite of princes, the companion of nobles, the pride and delight of the theatre, yet he is supposed to say that "though *poverty* made many poets, and himself, among the rest, *it* should not compel him to disgrace his judgment, &c.!—*Every Man in his Humour* had been a stock-play for nearly twenty years, during which it had probably been represented an hundred times, yet the author is imagined to beseech the audience that they would be *pleased*, TO DAY, to see *one such a play*, &c.! As if all this was not sufficient to fool the credulous reader to *the top of his bent*, he is further required to believe, that, after the *Fox*, the *Silent Woman*, the *Alchemist*, in a word, after eleven of his best pieces had obtained full possession of the stage, Jonson came forward, *for the first* time, to tell the public on what principles he proposed to construct his dramas—concluding with a hope that the spectators would like the specimen which he was now about to offer them!—And why is the public called upon to swallow these monstrous absurdities? Because the commentators cannot otherwise prove that the great object of "Jonson's life was to persecute Shakspeare." "If the Prologue was not written about 1614," says one of the most furious of them, very ingenuously, "my speculations fall to the ground!"

If it be asked why the author did not print the Prologue with the play for which it was written, it may be demanded in return, why many other things which appear in the folio were not printed in the 4tos. and why much that appears in the 4tos. is not found in the folio? No better reason, I believe, can be given, than that such was the publisher's pleasure.

It is more than time to advert to the proofs produced by the commentators to shew how the Prologue bears on all Shakspeare's plays.

> "To make a child new swaddled, to proceed
> *Man*, and then shoot up, in *one beard and weed*,
> To *fourscore* years."

"This is a *sneer* at the *Winter's Tale*, written in 1604," in which Perdita, as all the world knows, undergoes these various changes! †

> ——— "with three rusty swords
> And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,
> Fight over York's and Lancaster's long jars"—

"This is a *sneer* at Shakspeare's three parts of *Henry* VI." I have endeavoured, Mr. Malone says, *Shak.* vol. i. p. 492, to prove that *two* of these three parts were not written originally by Shakspeare." *Papæ!* Again: There were *two*

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† Mr. Malone also proves that the *Duchess of Malfy* was written in 1616, simply because Jonson sneers at it in these lines. *Shak.* vol. xi. p. 545. Mr. Steevens, still more *mal-à-droit*, in a moment of heedlessness, informs us "that in Lily's *Endymion*, which comprises nearly half a century, all the personages of the drama, with one exception, continue *unchanged*, wearing the same *beard and weed* for more than *forty* years." These discoveries are unluckily made—as they may lead those who think at all, to suspect that Jonson might have other persons in view than Perdita.

consequence of it, he braved want and obloquy, whatever may be thought of his prudence, the praise of consistency must, at least, be awarded to him. What else he wrote in 1597 is not known: two sums of "fo er pounds," and "twenty shillings," were advanced to him by Mr. Henslowe, upon the credi of two plays*, which he had then in hand: but their titles do not occur; at least with his name. The "book of which he shewed the company the plotte,"

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preceding dramas, one of which was called the contention of *York* and *Lancaster*." Why then might not this be the drama meant?—But were there not *two score* old plays on this subject on the stage?—Undoubtedly there were: and I could produce numerous passages in which plays on the long jars between the two houses are mentioned, all anterior to this period.

"With *three* rusty swords."†

This, however, with the rest of the quotation, is merely a versification, as Mr. Gilchrist has well observed, of what Sir Philip Sidney had written many years before on the poverty and ignorance of the old stage. Sir Philip, indeed, says "*four* swords:" of their "rustiness" he takes no notice, and so far Jonson has shewn his spite to Shakspeare. But how happens it that a yet stronger passage than this escaped the vigilant malice of the commentators?

——— "to disgrace
With *four* or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed, in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt."

Here the *sneer* is evident! Here, indeed, as Mr. Malone says, "old Ben speaks out!" Here every thing is changed for the worse: the *rusty sword* for "a most vile and ragged foil;" and the *long jars* of York and Lancaster, for "a ridiculous brawl!" *Equid, Jupiter, tam lente, audis!*—"Not to keep the reader in suspense," however, this atrocious attack on Shakspeare was made—by Shakspeare himself! It is found in one of his most beautiful choruses to *Henry* V. One curious circumstance is yet to be noticed: although the commentators dwell upon every trifling expression on which they can possibly raise a note, yet this striking passage is slipped over by them all in solemn silence; *Shak.* vol. ix. p. 401. "There's method in this madness!"

The "foot-and-half words" are "a sneer at *Richard* III., where we find such epithets as *childish-foolish, senseless-obstinate*," &c. It is not Jonson's fault if his persecutors prove as ignorant as they are malicious. Before the date of this Prologue (1596) he had probably translated the *Art of Poetry*: there, the lines

Telephus, et Peleus cum pauper et exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba;

are thus rendered:—

"——— Peleus and Telephus,
When they are poor and banish'd, must throw by
Their bombard phrase, and foot-and-half-foot words."

Here the poet, with his wonted accuracy, uses "foot-and-half-foot words"—not for feeble epithets linked together by hyphens, but for swelling, vaunting, bombast language.

"Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please,
——— nor tempestuous drum."

There was scarcely a play on the stage when Jonson first came to it, which did not avail itself of a *chorus* to waft its audience over sea and land, or over wide intervals of time. Enough of both may be found in *Pericles*, *Faustus*, *Fortunatus*, and other dramas which yet remain; to say nothing of those to which allusions are made by the old critics, and which have long since worthily perished. "The *creaking throne* is a sneer at *Cymbeline*," in which Jupiter, it seems, "descends on an eagle!" "The *tempestuous* drum is a *ridicule* of the *Tempest*;" and as that comedy was not written till 1611-12-13, it ascertains the date of the Prologue to a nicety.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Malone never read Jonson, as he might have saved himself and Mr. G. Chalmers a world of trouble in dandling this play backwards and forwards, on account of the last-quoted passage. In a "Speech according to Horace." (p. 709,) undoubtedly subsequent to the *Tempest*, we find the words "*tempestuous grandlings*." Here the allusion is not only to the *title* of the play, but most palpably to Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and, perhaps, to Prospero himself!

After such overwhelming proofs it cannot but surprise the reader to hear one of Jonson's critics speak thus doubtingly: "Perhaps Shakspeare himself, *by the help of a proper application*, was designed, to be included!" O the power of candour! But far better is the writer's amended judgment. "Other dramatists had indeed written on the jars of York and Lancaster, but Jonson doth not appear to have thought *them* worthy of his notice"! And best of all is the liberal conclusion of Steevens: "The *whole of Ben Jonson's Prologue* to *Every Man in his Humour* is a *malicious sneer* at Shakspeare," vol. xiii. p. 249.

* "The following curious notices (says Mr. Malone, *Shak.* vol. ii. p. 484,) occur relative to Shakspeare's *old antagonist*, Ben Jonson."—When it is considered that Jonson was at this time scarcely 22, (Shakspeare was 32,) that by Mr. Malone's own account, he was not known to Shakspeare, whom he could in no possible way have offended, the justice of calling him the *old antagonist* of our great poet is not a little questionable.—The notices are: "Lent unto Benjemen Johnson player, the 22d of July 1597, in ready money, the some of fower peundes, to be payed yt agen whensoever either I or my sonne [Alleyn) shall demand yt."

"Lent unto Benjemen Johnsone the 3d of december 1597, upon a book which he was to writte for us before crysmas nexte after the date here of, which he showed the plotte unto the company: I say lent unto hime in redy money, the some of xxs."

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† It is observed by Mr. Malone, *Shak.* vol. ii. p. 220, that "such was the poverty of the old stage, that the same person played two or three parts, and battles, on which the fate of an empire was supposed to depend, were decided by three combatants on a side." Though this be true, yet I hardly expected to find the critic joining our author in *sneering* at Shakspeare.

might have been the *Case is Altered* *. He was now recent from the Roman writers of comedy, and, in this pleasant piece, both Plautus and Terence are laid under frequent contribution.

The success of *Every Man in his Humour* appears to have encouraged the author to attempt to render it yet more popular: accordingly he transferred the scene, which in the former play lay in the neighbourhood of Florence, to London, changed the Italian names for English ones; and introduced such appropriate circumstances as the place of action seemed to require. In fact, the attempt was to be expected, from the improvement which was visibly taking place in his mind. Young † as he was, when he wrote this drama, it is scarcely to be wondered, that he should fall into the common practice, and while he placed his scene in Italy, draw all his incidents from his own country. It must be added to his praise, that he did not entirely neglect the decorum of place, even in this performance: but there was yet too much of English manners, and the reformation of the piece was therefore well-timed and judicious. Jonson fell into no subsequent incongruities of this kind, for the *Fox* is without any tincture of foreign customs, and his two tragedies are chastly Roman.

"But notwithstanding (Whalley says) the art and care of Jonson to redress the incongruities taken notice of, a remarkable instance of Italian manners is still preserved, which, in transferring the scene, he forgot to change. It is an allusion to the custom of poisoning, of which we have instances of various kinds, in the dark and fatal revenges of Italian jealousy. Kitely is blaming Well-bred for promoting the quarrel between Bobadil and Downright, and Well-bred offers to excuse himself by saying that no harm had happened from it. Kitely's wife then objects to him; 'But what harm might have come of it, brother?' to whom Well-bred replies, '*Might*, sister? so might the good warm clothes your husband wears be poisoned for anything he knows; or the wholesome wine he drank even now at table.' Kitely's jealous apprehension is immediately alarmed, and he breaks out in a passionate exclamation:—

> 'Now God forbid. O me! now I remember
> My wife drank to me last, and changed the cup;
> And bade me wear *this cursed suit* to-day.'

And thus he goes on, imagining that he feels the poison begin to operate upon him. Nothing could be more in character than this surmise, supposing the persons, as was the case at first, to have been natives of Italy. But had Jonson recollected, it is probable he would have varied the thought to adapt it more consistently to the genius and manners of the speaker."—*Preface*, p. xii.

I have given this tedious passage at large, because the happy discovery which it holds forth has been received with vast applause by the critics. In Hurd's letter to Mason *On the Marks of Imitation*, it is said, "The late editor of Jonson's works observes *very well* the impropriety of

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* This Comedy is usually assigned to 1598, principally because of its allusion to Antony Munday, which appeared in the *Wit's Treasurie*, published in that year. But Antony might have been called "our best plotter" before Meares wrote his pedantic conundrums; and, indeed, the words have to me the air of a quotation. I am almost inclined to set down this, as the earliest of our author's dramas; in 1598 it was already a popular piece, and it bears about it the marks of juvenility.

It is doubted in the *Bio. Dram.* whether Jonson be the author of this piece, because, says the writer, it is printed without a dedication, which is commonly prefixed to his early plays, &c. I cannot stoop to contend with sheer ignorance:—but in the first place, the play was not published by Jonson; and in the second, his dedications are more frequent in the folio, than in the 4tos.

† The reader of the present day, who has been accustomed to hear of nothing but "*old* Ben," will start, perhaps, to find that he once was *young*. The appellation was first given to him by Sir John Suckling, a gay, careless, good-humoured wit of the court, in 1637:

> "The next that approached was *good old Ben*."

"Good," the commentators are careful to omit; but "*old* Ben" they are never weary of repeating. Mr. Malone says that this title was not familiarly given to him during his life. In fact, it was *never* familiarly given to him, till he and his friend Steevens took it up, and applied it as a term of ridicule and contempt in every page. That Ben was termed *old* on one occasion shortly after his death, is scarcely a sufficient plea for making the appellation perpetual, or we might confer it on all the writers of his time. We hear of *old* Massinger, and *old* Shirley; and the publishers of Beaumont and Fletcher advertise their readers, "that after they shall have reprinted Jonson's two volumes, they hope to reprint *old* Shakspeare." See the Booksellers' *address*, fol. 1679. What would Mr. Malone have said if the editors of any of our old dramatists had nauseated their readers from page to page (on this authority) with a repetition of *old* Shakspeare?

leaving a trait of Italian manners in his *Every Man in his Humour*, when he fitted up that play with English characters. Had the scene been originally laid in England, and that trait been given us, it had convicted the poet of *imitation*," p. 18. Such solemn absurdity is intolerable. The truth is, that Jonson could not have devised a more characteristic "trait" of the times in which he wrote. Poisoning was unfortunately too well understood, and too common in this country. Elizabeth had a favourite, who, if he is not greatly belied, did not yield to the subtlest poisoner that Italy ever produced. Osborn says that "he had *frequently heard Elizabeth* blamed for not removing Mary, Queen of Scots, in the Italian fashion, by poisoning her garments," &c., p. 231. And, in fact, Elizabeth herself lived from 1594 to 1598 in constant dread of being taken off in this way; and many attempts, which kept the people in a state of agitation, were actually made to effect it. Two men were hanged in 1598 for poisoning the queen's saddle; the arm-chair of Essex was found to be rubbed with some deleterious mixture; and several poisoned articles of dress, (among others, a girdle,) and pieces of furniture were publicly burned in Smithfield.

According to the custom of the times, Jonson regained the property of his comedy by these numerous alterations: it was thus acted, for the first time, in 1598, at the Black Friars, and Shakspeare's name stands at the head of the principal performers in it *. The commentators appear to consider this as a mark of peculiar condescension on the part of our great poet, choosing to forget that he was an actor by profession, and that he derived his fortune from the theatre. He was not yet so independent of wealth but that he continued on the stage at least sixteen years longer; and, in the course of that time probably played a part in more than one piece not greatly superior to the present comedy, without suspecting that he was conferring any very particular obligation on the authors.

To this period (1598) is commonly assigned the commencement of our author's acquaintance with Shakspeare. "Ben Jonson presented *Every Man in his Humour* to one of the leading players in that company of which Shakspeare was a member. After casting his eye over it superficially, the comedian was on the point of returning it with a peremptory refusal; when Shakspeare, who perhaps *had never till that instant seen* Jonson †, desired he might look into the play. He was so well pleased with it on perusal, that he recommended the work and the author to his fellows. Notwithstanding this kindness, the prologue to his play is nothing less than a satirical picture of the *Tempest*, *Lear*, *Henry V.*, &c."—*Dram. Miscel.*, vol. ii. p. 56.

"*Every Man in his Humour*, (says Mr. Malone, in twenty places,) was acted in 1598: it appears to be Jonson's first performance, and we may presume that *it was the very play* which was brought on the stage by the good offices of Shakspeare, who himself acted in it. *Malignant* and *envious* as Jonson was," &c.—*Shak.*, vol. i. p. 540. And the writers of our author's life in the *Bio. Brit.*, after giving us the same story a little embellished, are pleased to subjoin—"this *goodness* of Shakspeare was the more remarkable, as 'Jonson was, in his personal character, the very reverse of Shakspeare, as surly, ill-natured, proud, and disagreeable, as Shakspeare was gentle, good-natured, easy, and amiable ‡.'"

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* The old play probably remained at the Rose, where it had been brought out.

† Mr. Davies is subject to little fits of inconsistency. He seems to think, and not indeed without cause, that provided he indulges his malignity towards Jonson, the public will readily forgive the want of truth and sense. "At this time," he says, i. e. 1597, a year before Shakspeare (according to his own statement) had seen or known anything of our poet, "to have observed Ben Jonson with an *assumed* countenance of gaiety, and with *envy* in his heart, join the groupe of laughers and applauders of *Henry* IV. must have added to the pleasure of Shakspeare's real friends," vol. i. p. 278. This is forthwith taken for proved; and the passage is boldly referred to in the Index under the head of Jonson. "Ben Jonson *envious* of Shakspeare!" But thus the life of our great poet is written; and his admirers are not ashamed of it!

‡ This exquisite character of Jonson is quoted by the biographers, with great precision, from the "Works of his *friend* Drummond, Edin. 1711, fol. p. 222." It is given on the same authority in the enlarged edition of the *Theatrum Poetarum*; and more recently, by Mr. A. Chalmers, in the *Gen. Dict.* who, after repeating the poet's conversation with that hospitable gentleman, breaks out—"In short, Drummond *adds*, Jonson was," &c. vol. xix. p. 156. What will the reader say, what will he think, when he is assured that not one syllable of this quotation is to be found in any part of Drummond? It is the fabrication of one Shiels, a Scotchman, who compiled, for the booksellers, the Collection called *Cibber's Lives of the Poets*, and who, not finding his countryman's character of Jonson quite to his taste, interpolated, with kindred rancour, the abusive paragraph in question. This work was published in 1753; the *Bio. Brit*

Jonson was at this period struggling for a mere subsistence :—when his persevering pursuit of knowledge, therefore, amidst difficulties of every kind, when his lofty ideas of poësy, his moral purpose in dramatic satire, his scorn of the popularity procured by sacrificing to what he deemed the vicious habits of the stage, are taken into consideration, it may almost be wondered why such singular pleasure should be found in combining to overwhelm him with obloquy.

With respect to the story just quoted, no words, I presume, are needed to prove it an arrant fable. Nor is the variation of it, which is found in Rowe, any thing better. "Shakspeare's acquaintance with Ben Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity. Mr. Jonson, who was at that time *altogether unknown to the world*, had offered one of his plays to the players to have it acted ; and the person into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, was just upon the point of returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakspeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public favour *." —*Shak.*, vol. i. p. 12.

That Jonson was altogether "unknown to the world," is a palpable untruth. At this period, (1598) Jonson was as well known as Shakspeare, and perhaps, better. He was poor, indeed, and very poor †, and a mere retainer of the theatres ; but he was intimately acquainted with Henslowe and Alleyn, and with all the performers at their houses. He was familiar with Drayton and Chapman, and Rowley, and Middleton, and Fletcher ; he had been writing for three years, in conjunction with Marston, and Decker, and Chettle, and Porter, and Bird, and with most of the poets of the day : he was celebrated by Meares as one of the principal writers of tragedy ‡ ; and he had long been rising in reputation as a scholar and poet among the most distinguished characters of the age. At this moment he was employed on *Every Man out of his Humour*, which was acted in 1599 ; and, in the elegant Dedication of that comedy to the "Gentlemen of the Inns of Court," he says, "When I wrote this poem, I had *friendship with divers* in your Societies, who, as they were *great names* in learning, so were they no less examples of living. Of them and *then*, that I say no more, it was not despised."—And yet, Jonson was, at this time, "altogether unknown to the world !" and offered a virgin comedy

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in 1757, the others later. It thus appears, that of all who have so confidently quoted this passage "from Drummond," not one ever looked into him ; and thus has the scurrility of an obscure and hackney scribbler, who lived two centuries after Jonson, been palmed upon the public as the express testimony of one "who spoke of the poet from personal knowledge."

The detection of this flagrant imposture, "this innocent jeu d'esprit," will be ill-received. A calumny against Jonson is precious in the eyes of the commentators. I shall be quite satisfied, however, if, when they repeat this ribaldry, which they will be sure to do, they give it on the authority of Mr. Robert Shiels, and not on that of "Jonson's *friend*, Drummond of Hawthornden."

* In the first edition of his Life of Shakspeare, Rowe inserted the usual charges against Jonson of ingratitude, jealousy, &c. Subsequent inquiry proved the injustice of this attack, and he therefore with a proper sense of what was due to truth, to his own character, and to the public, omitted the whole in the next edition. This exploded falsehood Mr. Malone, with an intrepid defiance of all that Rowe respected, brings insultingly back to him, because, as he says, "he *believes* it"! In a subsequent page, Mr. Malone notices a paragraph respecting Shakspeare which also appeared in the first edition :—"but," says he, "as Mr. Rowe *suppressed the passage* in his second edition, it may be presumed *that he found reason* to change his opinion." *Shak.* vol. i. p. 482. It is a pity that this was not thought of in the former instance !

† "Lent the 18 of agust 1598, to bye a boocke called *Hoate anger sone cowld*, of Mr. Porter, Mr. Cheattell and Bengemen Johnson, in full payment the some of vi lb." *Shak.* vol. ii. p. 484.

"Lent unto Robert Shawe, and Jewbey the 23 of Octob. 1598, to lend unto Mr. Chapman one his playboocke and ij actes of a tragedie of *Benjemen's* plotte, the sum of iijlb." *Ibid.*

‡ Mr. Malone wonders why Meares should say this of Jonson, who had only written the *Comedy* of *Every Man in his Humour* : and he concludes that *tragedy* was used for both species of dramatic writing. But Meares expressly distinguishes them, and gives the names of the chief writers in comedy, in the next paragraph. It does not follow, because we have no tragedies extant of this early date, that Jonson had written none. In the page just quoted, mention is made of several tragedies in which our poet was concerned, and in which, probably, "having departed with his right," he retained no property. Add to this, that, in the dedication of *Catiline* to the Earl of Pembroke, he calls it "the best of his tragedies," an expression that he would scarcely have used, had he written none but *Sejanus* before it.

Rowe knew little of the dramatic history of that age. There was no such thing as writing plays, and then taking them to the players for acceptance. Rowe was thinking of the practice of his own times.

(which had already been three years on the stage) to a player in the humble hope that it might be accepted *! And this player discovered that *Every Man in his Humour* "would not do for the theatre," at a time when *Locrine* and old *Jeronymo*, and *Titus Andronicus*, and the worthless *Pericles*, were daily exhibiting with applause! This is but a small portion of the absurdities which the world is contented to take on trust in its eagerness to criminate Jonson; for this notable tissue of falsehood and folly is introduced solely to prove "the baseness and malignity of our poet's conduct towards Shakspeare."

It would be an abuse of the reader's patience, to add another word on the imaginary introduction of this play to the stage. It was brought out, as we have seen, at the Rose, a rival theatre with which Shakspeare had not the slightest concern. To be plain—whoever introduced Jonson to the notice of the players, we may be quite sure that it was not Shakspeare, whose merit, in this case, as far as appears, must be confined to procuring for his own theatre (in Blackfriars) an improved copy of a popular performance.†

Every Man in his Humour, though it did not, even in its altered state, much improve the finances of the author, yet brought him what he valued more. From this period, he perceptibly grew into acquaintance and familiarity with the first characters among the wise and great. This was not seen with equanimity by his dramatic associates, and the envy which it provoked pursued him to the end of his career. The writers on whom the theatres conducted by Henslowe and Alleyn principally relied at this time, were, besides our author, Chettle, Heywood, and Decker, men of very considerable talents, but who wrote on the spur of the occasion, and were perhaps in little better circumstances than Jonson himself. Marston and Decker, who had frequently laboured in conjunction with our poet, appear to have viewed his success with peculiar mortification, and to have lent themselves to the cabal already raised against him. What ground of offence they chose, or what motive they alleged, cannot now be told; but Jonson affirms that, at this period, they began "to provoke him, on every stage, with their petulant styles, as if they wished to single him out for their adversary."

His next piece was the comic satire of *Every Man out of his Humour*, in the Induction to which he addresses the audience in a strain that would not have disgraced the Grecian stage when Aristophanes was in his soberest, severest vein.

> "I fear no mood stamp'd in a private brow,
> When I am pleas'd t' unmask a public vice.
> I fear no strumpet's drugs, nor ruffian's stab
> Should I detect their hateful luxuries:
> No broker's, usurer's, or lawyer's gripe,
> Were I disposed to say they're all corrupt"—

After more of this, Asper (the author) turns from his friends to the stage:

> "I not observ'd this thronged round till now.
> Gracious and kind spectators, you are welcome!
> Apollo and the Muses feast your eyes
> With graceful objects, and may our Minerva
> Answer your hopes unto their largest strain!
> Yet here, judicious friends, mistake me not;
> I do not this to beg your patience,
> Or servilely to fawn on your applause,
> Like some dry brain, despairing in his merit.
> Let me be censured by the austerest brow.
> When I want art or judgment, tax me freely:
> Let envious censors, with their broadest eyes,
> Look through and through me, I pursue no favour."

This was not language calculated to win the audiences of those days, nor did Jonson, on

* The critics have already forgotten, that Jonson "had ambled by a waggon and played old Jeronymo;" that "he acted and wrote, but both ill, at several theatres;" that "he was, himself, the proprietor of a theatre in the Barbican;" that "he had killed Mr. Marlow the poet," and been "tutor to young Raleigh," long before he produced this comedy—these are falsehoods in which they all believe; though, with the same consistent absurdity, they hold that he was at this time, wholly unknown!

† The play, as we have it in the folio, was acted, Jonson informs us, in 1598. In the prologues to our ancient dramas

any occasion, stoop to court their favour by unworthy condescensions to their prejudices. He had nobler aims in view; to correct their taste, to inform their judgment, to improve their morals; and to these he steadily adhered through good and evil report, and through all the exigents of his chequered life. It cannot therefore be wondered that he was no favourite with the vulgar, and that those who trusted for a part of their success to the expedients thus openly condemned, should eagerly raise and zealously perpetuate a clamour against him: they could not, indeed, prevent his plays from being received; but they constituted a party sufficiently numerous to be heard even amidst the applause which followed his most popular pieces.

Every Man out of his Humour was, however, well received. "Queen Elizabeth (Davies says) drawn by its fame, honoured the play with her presence; and Jonson, to pay a respectful compliment to his sovereign, altered the conclusion of his play into an elegant panegyric. Mr. Collins, the poet, first pointed out to me the peculiar beauty of this address." *Dram. Miscel.* vol. ii. p. 77. That Elizabeth was pleased cannot be doubted; she was, indeed, among the first encouragers of the youthful poet, and her kindness towards him is thus noticed by Lord Falkland:

> "How great Eliza, the retreat of those
> Who, weak and injured, her protection chose,
> Her subjects' joy, the strength of her allies,
> The fear and wonder of her enemies,
> With her judicious favours, did infuse
> Courage and strength into his younger muse."

Hurd calls this a comedy founded upon "abstract passions;" and bids us notice "the absurdity of the attempt:" but Hurd is more than usually unfortunate when he meddles with Jonson, of whose works, in fact, he knows nothing. In the poet's days, a very different opinion prevailed, namely, that the piece was merely personal, and that he had filled the stage with real characters. Though this was not the case, yet we may collect, from the charge, that the satire was felt, and that he had touched the foibles of the time with no unskilful hand. "He did gather humours" (the old critic says) "wherever he went:" and a judgment more quick to perceive, or more dextrous to embody whatever was extravagant or ridiculous, will not readily be found. To confess the truth, however, the dramatic poet had not far to go, at this period, for his materials. The middle aisle of St. Paul's swarmed with new and eccentric characters; every tavern lent its aid, and even the theatres supplied a description of people whose fantastic affectations a poet even less observant than Jonson might turn to excellent account for the purposes of mirth or reproof. From these and similar sources, our author undoubtedly derived the substance of his dramas: the characters themselves are not personal, though traits of real life may be occasionally involved in them:* these were readily recognized, and eagerly appropriated by his enemies, who thus artfully raised the cry of personality against him of which the echo is yet heard.

Three distinct notices of Jonson appear in Mr. Henslowe's memorandum-book for the year

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care is usually taken to notice the variations which they had undergone, since their first appearance, if at all important. The present comedy had been radically changed; the names, the place of action, the circumstances, materially altered since it was first exhibited at the Rose, yet not the slightest allusion is made to it in any part of the prologue; a circumstance sufficient of itself, to prove that it was written and spoken previously to the re-modelling of the play, and, indeed, on its first appearance, for which it was expressly and exclusively calculated.

* Thus Tucca is said by Decker to speak the language of captain Hannam; and Aubrey tells us that Carlo Buffone was taken from one Charles Chester, "a bold impertinent fellow," who kept company with Sir Walter *in his youth*. *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 514. But besides that there is no similarity between the two characters, as may be seen by turning to the Dramatis Personæ of this comedy, the incident of which Aubrey speaks probably took place before Jonson was born, though he might have heard of it, and adopted it; if, after all, the story was not rather made up from the play. The only personal allusion which I can discover, is to Marston. Puntarvolo says to Carlo Buffone, "What, Carlo! now by the sincerity of my soul, welcome: and how dost thou, thou grand *Scourge*, or second Untruss of the time?" The reference, which *seems* very innocent, is evidently to the title of Marston's *Satires; (the Scourge of Villainie)*, but this goes no further than a name, for Carlo and Marston do not possess one feature in common. With respect to captain Hannam, he might talk extravagantly and beg impudently, without possessing the other qualities of that undaunted yet entertaining railer, captain Tucca.

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† Raleigh was born in 1552; in *his youth*, therefore, our author must have been in his cradle.

1599. The sum of forty shillings was advanced to him and Decker for a play which they were writing in conjunction; a like sum for another in which Chettle was joined with them; and a third sum of twenty shillings for a tragedy which he was probably writing alone*. None of these are now extant; but *Cynthia's Revels*, on which he was, at this time, employed, was brought out in the following year.

This Comical Satire (for so Jonson properly terms it) was evidently directed at the grave and formal manners of the court, to which, indeed, it was subsequently dedicated. After the atrocious execution of Mary, Whitehall appears to have grown extremely dull. Elizabeth herself lost her spirits, and became fretful and morose. The courtiers who could not be gay, became affected, and exchanged their former fashions for fantastic and apish refinements, *Euphuïsme* was now in the full tide of prosperity, and the manners were as absurdly pedantic as the language. As Jonson lived much with the great, this could not altogether escape him; and it is not improbable that he was encouraged by some of those about the queen to direct his satire against the reigning follies.

Cynthia's Revels was acted in 1600 "by the Children of the Queen's Chapel."† It was, at first, as the title-page to the 4to. expresses it, "privately acted." The puerile games, the ceremonious fopperies conducted with such inflexible gravity, might, to those who probably comprehended both the motive and the objects of the drama, be sufficiently entertaining: for its subsequent success, it must have been indebted to the delight which the good citizens took in seeing the fantastic tricks of the courtiers exposed to ridicule. The prologue to this play is beautifully written: and would seem to have been originally addressed to a select audience: (perhaps at Whitehall:) the epilogue is in a different strain, and its arrogant conclusion was long remembered to the author's annoyance.‡

That this drama should give offence to those whose grotesque humours it exposed, was, perhaps, to be expected; but it does not very clearly appear why the little knot of critics, headed by Marston and Decker, should take any part of it to themselves; as they manifestly affected to do. The characters which the majority fixed upon, cannot be known; but the leaders seem to have appropriated to themselves those of Hedon and Anaides. The resemblance is not obvious to us, and could not, one would think, be very perceptible to the keener optics of those days; but Marston and Decker were eager to revenge the imaginary insult,

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* "The Scotts Tragedy." The piece in which he joined with Chettle and Decker is called "Robert, the second king of Scottes."

† The commentators, who turn every circumstance of Jonson's life into accusations against him, have here discovered a notable proof of his "ferocious temper." He must have quarrelled with the "established comedians," they say, (meaning Shakspeare, Burbage, &c.) or he would not have taken his play from their stage to give it to the "Children," &c. These lynx-eyed critics do not perceive that "the Children" were as popular, and as well "established "as any other company, and that they shared the Blackfriars, at which this play was performed, with the lord chamberlain's servants. Having gratuitously supposed a quarrel, the next step is to make it up. "By the mediation of friends, and most likely by the *good offices of our gentle Shakspeare*, a reconciliation was effected between this *surly* writer and the comedians." *Dram. Mis.* vol. ii. p. 83.—But the "reconciliation," it seems, did not last long: "some new quarrel with the established comedians, I *suppose*, caused him to have recourse again to the Children of the Revels," p. 105. There is not a word of sense in all this. It was no more necessary that Jonson should offer all he wrote to the same company, than any other person: he had not, like Shakspeare, an interest or a property in the theatre, and he naturally carried his talents wherever they were likely to prove acceptable. The critics who insult over his slowness, and affirm that he was a year or two "about every play," must have excellent notions of œconomy, if they suppose that a family could be supported on the sale of it. He wrote, like his contemporaries, for many theatres, and probably mended many plays. The theatre, however, with which he was most closely connected at this time, was Henslowe's; and while his enemies are pleased to *suppose* a succession of quarrels with this and that theatre, he was evidently living on terms of friendship with them all; writing, at one and the same time, for the Rose and the Blackfriars, for the Fortune and the Globe.

‡ It is alluded to by the anonymous author of *Par Pari*, in his address to the reader.

> "Yet be not proude, though thou their praise dost gaine;
> 'Tis for a better pen than mine to say,
> By —— 'tis good, and if you lik't you may."

To bully critics in similar terms was then the mode. There is enough of it in Decker alone to prove that Jonson was far from singular in this indecent defiance.—But he was probably inflated for the moment with the favourable reception of the court; and would not allow the city to question its infallibility.

In this year *Every Man out of his Humour* was given to the press: it is dedicated to the gentlemen of the Inns of Court, and seems to be the first of our author's works that was printed.

and readily consented to lead the attack now meditated against him. Of this Jonson obtained full information; for the secret was ill kept by the poets; and as they persisted in ridiculing him on the stage, he found it necessary to draw up the *Poetaster*, in which, together with the untrussing, the whipping, and the stinging, he anticipated and answered many of the accusations subsequently brought against him in the *Satiromastix*. The high and magisterial language which our author held in the prologue to the first of his acknowledged pieces, has been already noticed; the same language (but in a loftier tone) is repeated in *Cynthia's Revels*, where, in imitation of the parabasis of the old comedy, the poet appears to speak in his own person; this novelty on the English stage was probably viewed with peculiar impatience, since much of the spleen of his enemies was directed against the speeches of Asper, and Crites in the last of his comic satires.

The *Poetaster* was brought out at the Blackfriars, by the Children of the Queen's Chapel, in 1601;* its object cannot be better given than in his own words:

> ——————"three years
> They did provoke me with their petulant styles
> On every stage; and I at last, unwilling,
> But weary, I confess, of so much trouble,
> Thought I would try if shame could win upon 'em,
> And therefore chose Augustus Cæsar's times,
> When wit and arts were at their height in Rome,
> To shew that Virgil, Horace, and the rest
> Of those great master spirits, did not want
> Detractors then, or practicers against them:
> And by this line, although no parallel,
> I hoped at last they would sit down and blush."

As Marston and Decker had headed the cabal against him, he introduced them under the respective names of Crispinus and Demetrius; Marston is very distinctly marked; Decker might, perhaps, have "sat still unquestioned," at least, with posterity, had not the justice of the satire filled him with rage, and induced him to appropriate the character of Demetrius to himself in an angry recrimination.

The *Poetaster* was written (Jonson says) in fifteen weeks, and it is certainly as creditable to his talents as his industry. It was favourably received by the public, though it gave offence to some of the military and the law. This could only arise from the slavish condition of the stage, which was then at the mercy of every captious officer who chose to complain to the master of the revels; for the satire, if such it be, is put into the mouths of such speakers as would almost convince an impartial spectator that it was designed for a compliment.† Of the soldiers, Jonson got quit without much difficulty; but the lawyers were not so easily shaken off; and he was indebted, in some degree, for his escape, to the kindness of one of his earliest friends, "the worthy master Richard Martin," who undertook for the innocency of his intentions to the lord chief-justice, and to whom he subsequently dedicated the play.

But there was yet a party which could neither be silenced nor shamed. The players, who had so long provoked him with their petulance on the stage, felt the bitterness of his reproof,

* In this year "*Bengemy*" was employed by Mr. Henslowe in "writing *adycions* for Jeronymo." They were so much to the manager's taste, that Mr. Alleyn was authorized to advance xxxxs. on them. Had the records of any other theatres been preserved, we should probably have found the name of our poet among their supporters, for he must have produced much more at this time than has reached us. *Every Man in his Humour*, as first written, and performed at the Rose, was printed this year. I do not believe that it was given to the press by Jonson, who must rather have wished for its suppression, as the improved play had now been four years before the public. It is evident that whatever he wrote for Mr. Henslowe was purchased outright:—the present copy, therefore, must have stolen into the world, from the prompter's book, as was not unfrequently the case.—It is observable that our author's name is mispelt in the title page. There is not a single instance, I am well persuaded, in which he writes his name Johnson.

† Nothing can more clearly mark the tone of hostility with which every act of Jonson is pursued, than the obloquy which is *still* heaped on him for these speeches. It would be far more just, as well as generous, in us to applaud the intrepid spirit with which he dared, in slavish times, to vent his thoughts, than to join in a silly clamour against his "arrogance and ill-nature." He stood forward as a moral satirist, and the abuses, both of the law and the military service, were legitimate objects of reprehension.

and had address enough to persuade their fellows that all were included in his satire. Jonson readily admits that he taxed some of the players, as, indeed, he had a just right to do; but he adds, that he touched but a few of them, and even those few he forbore to name. He treats their clamours, however, with supreme contempt, and only regrets the hostility of *some better natures*, whom they had drawn over to their side, and induced to *run in the same vile line with themselves*. By *better natures*, the commentators assure us that Shakspeare was meant; and Mr. Malone quotes the passage in more than one place to evince the *malignity* of Jonson—as if it were a crime in him to be unjustly calumniated! I trust that Jonson was not exhibited in a ridiculous light at the Blackfriars'; and, in any case, it is quite certain that the players on whom he retorts were to be found in the companies of the Swan, the Hope, the Fortune, and other houses situated on the river, or, as he expresses himself, "on the other side the Tiber." It would not redound greatly to the honour of Shakspeare's humanity, if he should be found to have used his "weight and credit in the scene," to depress a young writer dependent on it for subsistence. I do not, however, think that Shakspeare was meant *.

Be this as it may, Jonson was induced, after a few representations, to add to it, what he calls an Apologetical Dialogue, in which he bore the chief part. It was spoken only once, and then laid aside by command †. It is remarkable, the critics say, for nothing but arrogance. It is certainly not wanting in self-confidence; but it has something besides —a vein of high-toned indignation, springing from conscious innocence and worth; and a generous burst of pathos and poetry in the concluding speech, to which an equal will not easily be found.

If Jonson expected to silence his enemies by giving them "a brave defiance," or even by proving his own innocence, he speedily discovered his mistake. Decker, who had sustained the part of Demetrius, was (apparently to his own satisfaction) put forward by the rest ‡, and as he was not only a rapid but a popular writer, the choice of a champion was not injudicious. The *Satiromastix* was produced in 1602. Jonson had played with his subject; but Decker

* There is yet a charge from which it will not be so easy to exculpate Shakspeare. In the *Return from Parnassus*, written about this time (1602), Kempe and Burbage are introduced, and the former is made to say,—"Few of the University pen plays well; they smell too much of that writer, Ovid, and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talk too much of Proserpine and Jupiter. Why, here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down: ay, and Ben Jonson too. O that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow, he brought up Horace giving the poets a pill; but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit." To this, Burbage, who seems somewhat ashamed of his associate, merely replies, "It's a shrewd fellow, indeed:" and changes the subject.—"In what manner," Mr. Malone says, "Shakspeare put Jonson down, does not appear." I should think it clear enough. He put him down as he put down every other dramatic writer. "Nor does it appear," he continues, "how he made him *bewray his credit*. His retaliation, we may be well assured, contained no gross or illiberal attack, and, perhaps, did not go beyond a ballad or an epigram."—But with Mr. Malone's leave, if it went as far as either, Shakspeare was greatly to be blamed, for Jonson had given him no offence whatever. I will take upon myself to affirm that the *Poetaster* does not contain a single passage that can be tortured, by the utmost ingenuity of malice, into a reflection on our great poet. It will scarcely be credited, that the sentence last quoted should be immediately followed by these words: "Shakspeare has, *however*," (i. e. notwithstanding he had written a ballad against Jonson) "marked his disregard for the *calumniator* of his fame" (i. e. for the unoffending object of his ridicule) "by not leaving him any memorial by his Will." *Shak.* vol. i. p. 541. Let Mr. Malone answer for the unforgiving temper with which he has dishonoured Shakspeare; —I believe nothing of it. Kempe is brought forward as the type of ignorance, in this old drama; but a darker quality than ignorance must possess those, who draw from his language any indications of Jonson's "malignity" to Shakspeare. And again, with Mr. Malone's permission, how can we be *so sure* that the *ballad* or the *epigram* which is here supposed to be written against Jonson contained nothing gross or illiberal? Time has spared two specimens of Shakspeare's mode of "attack." It so happens that one of them is a *ballad*, and the other an *epigram*; the first written on a person whose park he had robbed, and the second on a friend who left him a legacy. If there be nothing "gross or illiberal" in either of these, the "assurance" may be trusted.

† Not in consequence of the interference of the town, as Mr. D'Israeli thinks; the town would, probably, have heard it with pleasure. Jonson's own account is, that "he was restrained from repeating it *by authority*." These words are found only in the 4to. edit. and Mr. D'Israeli probably consulted the fol.—*Quar. of Authors*, vol. iii. p. 135.

‡ Jonson must have been aware of this; for he makes one of the players say of Decker, "his doublet's a little decayed, otherwise he is a very simple honest fellow, sir, one Demetrius, a dresser of plays about the town, here; we have hired him to abuse Horace, and bring him in, in a play;" p. 118. And, a few lines lower, he makes Tucca promise that "Crispinus (Marston) shall help him." It might have been expected that Marston, who is, in fact, the *Poetaster*, would have been the principal in the meditated plan of revenge; but he was, perhaps, too slow for the wrath of his associates: it is also possible that he might not be equally exasperated with them; for it is observable that he is treated with some kind of deference as compared with his "hanger-on," and that more than one allusion is made to the respectability of his birth.

writes in downright passion, and foams through every page. He makes no pretensions to invention, but takes up the characters of his predecessor, turns them the *seamy side without*, and produces a coarse and ill-wrought caricature. Tucca, who, in Jonson's hands, is amusing with all his insolence and rapacity, degenerates with Decker into a mere candidate for Tyburn *. Nor is this the worst. In transferring the scene from the court of Augustus to England, Decker has the inconceivable folly to fix on William Rufus, a rude and ignorant soldier, whom he ridiculously terms "learning's true Mæcenas, poesy's king," for the champion of literature, when his brother, Henry I., who aspired to the reputation of a scholar, would have entered into his plot with equal facility †.

In the concluding lines of the Apologetical Dialogue, Jonson announces that, "since the comic muse had been so ominous to him, he would try if tragedy had a kinder aspect‡." He had two subjects at this time in view. The first, which was written for Mr. Henslowe's § theatre, does not appear; the second, *Sejanus*, was brought out at the Globe, in 1603. This tragedy, in which Shakspeare played a part, met with great opposition on its first presentation, and was withdrawn for a short time from the stage. The author, however, suffered neither in his reputation, nor his peace on the occasion: his fame was too well established to be affected by the fury of a party, and he proceeded, at leisure, to re-model his play.

About this time Jonson probably began to acquire that turn for conviviality for which he was afterwards noted. Sir Walter Raleigh, previously to his unfortunate engagement with the wretched Cobham and others, had instituted a meeting of *beaux esprits* at the Mermaid, a celebrated tavern in Friday-street. Of this club, which combined more talent and genius, perhaps, than ever met together before or since, our author was a member; and here, for many years, he regularly repaired with Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect. Here, in the full flow and confidence of friendship, the lively and interesting "wit-combats" took place between Shakspeare and our author; and hither, in probable allusion to them, Beaumont fondly lets his thoughts wander, in his letter to Jonson, from the country

> ——"What things have we seen,
> Done at the MERMAID! heard words that have been
> So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whom they came,
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest," &c.

* Although I cannot avoid thinking that Decker has failed altogether in the *Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*, I do not deem lightly of his *general* powers. He was a slovenly and a hasty writer, (perhaps from necessity,) but he was a keen and vigorous observer; and he has occasional flights of poetry, which would do honour to any talents. We have, I believe, but the smallest part of what he wrote; for, with the exception of Heywood, none of our old dramatists were more prolific.

† Hawkins, who, like the rest of his tribe, can see no fault in any one but Jonson, observes on this parody,—"We cannot help being inclined to favour Decker, who only meant to retaliate the insults of his rival,"—then follows the usual raving about Jonson's *envy*, &c. But Hawkins chooses to forget, as, indeed, they all do, that Decker was the aggressor, and that, in conjunction with others, he had been ridiculing Jonson on every stage for *three years* before he sat down to write the *Poetaster*. *Yet this is your "harmless" fairy!*

‡ Jonson does not mean by this, as Upton and others insinuate, that his comedies had been ill received,—for the contrary was the fact;—but that the present one (the *Poetaster*) had subjected him to the censure of the law, the army, &c.

§ The following notice is taken from Henslowe's memorandum-book. "Lent unto Bengemy Johnsone at the appoyntment of E. Alleyn and Wm. Birde the 22 June 1602, in earnest of a boocke called *Richard Crook-back*, and for new adycions for Jeronymo, the some of x lb." "This article," Mr. Malone observes, "ascertains that Jonson had the *audacity* to write a play after our author (Shakspeare) on the subject of *King Richard III.*" *Shak.* vol. ii. p. 484. If there be any "audacity" in this matter, which I am not inclined to dispute, it will not, I suspect, be found on the part of Jonson. I cannot discover on what grounds Mr. Malone takes upon himself to question the right of those who never acknowledged his authority, to use their own judgment, and dispose of their own property as they pleased. It might have been supposed that Henslowe and Alleyn, the one a very shrewd and the other a very sensible man, could be trusted with providing pieces for their own stage. It does not seem a necessary consequence that Shakspeare's selecting a particular part of our history should preclude the rest of the world from touching it; and he, "who never," as Mr. Malone says, "took up a subject which had not been previously dramatised by others," had surely the least right to complain of those who acted, or those who wrote on the same theme with himself. From the sum advanced on this play, the managers must have thought well of it. It has perished, like most of the pieces brought out at their theatre; because they endeavoured to keep them in their own hands as long as possible.

Fairer prospects now began to open on Jonson; Elizabeth was frugal, and paid as grudgingly for her amusements as for her more serious business; little, besides honour, was therefore derived from her patronage, and the poets were still left to the resources of their own talents; but James, who acceded to the crown at this period, was liberal to men of merit, and Jonson had the good fortune to be quickly received into his favour.

The court and city prepared to receive their new sovereign, in the taste of those times, with a magnificent display of scenery, speeches, &c., and our author was applied to for the design and execution of the pageant. Those who have been told so often of his "vindictiveness," &c. will be surprised, perhaps, to hear that his associate in this employment was Decker, the person by whom he had been so grossly treated a few months before. Jonson took to himself two-fifths of this splendid "Entertainment;" the rest was allotted to his coadjutor. Both seem to have exerted themselves greatly, and both printed an account of their respective parts: our author's description, which is equally learned and elegant, bears no marks of resentment against his late antagonist, who, in his publication, shews himself, in more than one place, yet a little sore of the *Poetaster*. The truth is, with deference to his "friend" Drummond*, that Jonson, far from being vindictive, was one of the most placable of mankind: he blustered, indeed, and talked angrily; but his heart was turned to affection, and his enmities appear to have been short-lived, while his friendships were durable and sincere.

James was something of a poet, and more of a scholar; what he cultivated in himself, he loved in others: he had discrimination enough to distinguish the pure and classical construction of the pageantry which had been displayed before him†; as well as the extraordinary merits of the spirited "*Panegyre* on the first meeting of his Parliament;" (p. 536.) and he appears, from that period, to have taken the poet under his especial protection. In this opinion of his genius as well as learning, he must have been strengthened by the next publication of Jonson, who had been summoned to Althorpe, to prepare a poetical compliment for the reception of the Queen and Prince Henry, when expected there on their journey from Scotland to London. He must have been well acquainted with this family: he terms Sir Robert Spencer his noble friend, and observes that "his principal object" in suffering the *Entertainment* (4to. 1603,) to come abroad was to do that serviceable right to him which his affection owed, and his lordship's merits challenged." The Spencers have been well-advised to cherish the name of the author of the *Fairy Queen*, as one of the chief honours of their family. It will not greatly derogate from them to acknowledge, at the same time, that Ben Jonson, in his early days, was among their friends and clients.

His next work, as far as any memorial of the date of his writings has reached us, was still for the gratification of the royal family. May-day had been, from the earliest times, a city holyday of high account, in the celebration of which our monarchs had often joined. James, who loved, above them all, to mingle in sociable converse with his people, had accepted for himself, his queen, and his court, an invitation to keep the festival at the seat of Sir W. Cornwallis, near Highgate, and Jonson was engaged to give grace and elegance to the "Entertainment," by a complimentary effusion‡. He did not discredit his employer, and his Majesty must have found still further reason to be satisfied with his selection. This year also Jonson revised his *Sejanus*. As it was first acted, *a second pen had good share in it*§; on its failure, he,

* His *friend* Drummond. So the commentators delight to call him on all occasions. The term is artfully chosen. It is meant to characterize the superlative infamy of Jonson, which could compel even this generous spirit, in despite of his tender regard for the poet, to blazon his vices, and bequeath them to posterity.

† "The king (say the writers of the *Bio. Brit.*) was no less pedant than pageant wise; and therefore, Jonson shewed particular address in flattering him by the introduction of several copies of Latin verse,"—for this, they proceed to ridicule him. The real fact is, that Jonson was *very sparing* of his "Latin verses" on this occasion, and that Decker has, at least, *three for his one!* Where Decker got them, I cannot tell—perhaps from his own stores; for he had a smattering of Latin, which he is somewhat too fond of showing:—but thus every act of Jonson is perverted by the malice or ignorance of his biographers!

‡ See p. 539.

§ Who this "second pen" was, is not known. I have supposed it (vol. iii. p. 6. ed. 1816) to be Fletcher (Shakspeare is entirely out of the question), but, if Beaumont's age would admit of it (he was in his nineteenth year), I should

with equal delicacy and integrity, determined not to expose his coadjutor to the chance of a second defeat; but to make himself responsible for the whole. The tragedy, thus recast, was received with applause, and kept possession of the stage till long after the Restoration. "It hath outlived," the author says, in the dedication of his play to Lord Aubigny, "the malice of the people, and begot itself a greater favour than the subject of it lost, *the love of good* men."

"*Sejanus*" was ushered into the world by several commendatory poems, to which Jonson refers the reader as explanatory of some points relative to its reception: among these voluntary vouchers for the merits of the tragedy is Marston, who had long since repented of the part which he took against the author, and resumed his old habits of kindness.

The *Satiromastix* appeared in 1602; the *Malecontent* was probably written in the following year, as two editions of it were printed so early as 1604. This play Marston dedicated to Jonson in terms that do the highest honour to his friend, as they seem to be expressly selected for the purpose of confuting the calumnies of Decker.

BENJAMIN JONSONIO
POETÆ
ELEGANTISSIMO
GRAVISSIMO
AMICO
SUO CANDIDO ET CORDATO
JOHANNES MARSTON
MUSARUM ALUMNUS
ASPERAM HANC SUAM THALIAM
D. D.

Nor was this all; for, in the epilogue to this play, he thus adverts to his "liberal and cordial friend," and his meditated tragedy:

"Then, till another's happier muse appears,
Till his Thalia feast your *learned* ears,
To whose *desertful lamps*, pleas'd fates impart,
Art above nature, *judgment* above art,
Receive this piece, which hope nor fear yet daunteth,
He that knows most, knows most how much he wanteth."

In the succeeding year (1605), Marston again addresses his "most worthy friend," as one whose work (*Sejanus*) would "even force applause from despairful envy;" yet the critics affirm that in 1606, when this poet published his *Sophonisba*†, he attacks him upon the score of this very tragedy, which is here declared to be unrivalled. Not a shadow of offence appears on the side of Jonson; yet because Marston changed his language, therefore, say the commentators, "it is probable that Ben's natural arrogance and self-sufficiency‡ had lessened their

more willingly lean to him. Be he who he may, however, he has no reason to be displeased with the liberal acknowledgment of his merits. "I have rather chosen (Jonson says) to put *weaker, and no doubt, less pleasing* of mine own, than to defraud so *happy a genius* of his right by my loathed usurpation." *Ibid.* The brutal scurrility with which Jonson is assailed on this point, has been noticed elsewhere. "Shakspeare (says Capell, was the happy genius whose pen 'had so good a share in this play;' for which assistance he is here *sneered* at by the person he gave it to, was quarrelled with at the time, and opposed and ill-treated ever after"! *School of Shak.* p. 479. It is excellently observed by Davies, after much abuse of Jonson—"As this play was *universally* exploded, I have a suspicion that the only parts *which escaped censure* were those written by Shakspeare," vol. ii. p. 85. The only saving part of this universally exploded play being removed, the whole became popular. Such is the logic of Mr. Davies! who adds, however—with a face like Ancient Pistol's at his leek,—"Jonson's name stood so high that, at the Restoration, the king's comedians, claiming a prior right to those of the duke of York, seized upon *Sejanus* and *Catiline*."

* Both Demetrius and Crispinus made their peace with Horace almost immediately after the appearance of this piece. It is simple dotage therefore to talk of this fray, as if it had embroiled the combatants for life. Jonson appears to have had no subsequent dispute with Decker; whatever might be the case with Marston, who was exceedingly wayward.

† It is not very probable that Mr. M. Lewis ever looked into Marston; yet some of the most loathsome parts of the *Monk* are to be found in this detestable play.

‡ This is, no doubt, a translation of Marston's *candido et cordato!*

friendship, since we find Marston casting some very severe glances at his *Sejanus* and *Catiline*." As *Catiline* was not in being till 1611, no glances could be cast at it in 1606; for the rest, if Marston did not know his own mind, it seems hard to blame Jonson for it; since whatever might be the demerits of *Sejanus*, they could not be greater in 1606, than when he praised it two years before. In a word, if this play be meant, (which is no care of mine,) it will be difficult to acquit Marston of the basest flattery, or the meanest revenge; the commentators, however, can descry no fault but in Jonson.

Prior to this publication an event had taken place, which involved Marston in serious difficulties. In conjunction with Chapman, he had brought out a comedy called *Eastward Hoe!* The play was well received, as, indeed, it deserved to be, for it is exceedingly pleasant; but there was a passage in it reflecting on the Scotch, which gave offence to Sir James Murray, who represented it in so strong a light to the king, that orders were given to arrest the authors. It does not appear that Jonson had any considerable share in the composition of this piece; but as he was undoubtedly privy to its writing, and an "accessary before the fact," he justly considered himself as equally implicated with the rest. He stood in such favour, however, that he was not molested; but this did not satisfy him; and he therefore, with a high sense of honour, "VOLUNTARILY" accompanied his two friends to prison, determined to share their fate. As usual, the whole blame is thrown upon Jonson, though, in the only record which remains of this transaction, he expressly declares that he had nothing to do with the offensive passage, "Chapman and Marston (as he told Drummond) having written it amongst them." "He indulged (say the writers of the *Bio. Brit.*) the *sourness of his disposition*, in a satirical comedy, written against the Scots*." And Mr. A. Chalmers adds that "it was indeed a foolish ebullition for a man in his circumstances to ridicule the Scotch nation in the court of a Scotish king." The steady friendship, the generous devotement of Jonson, are studiously kept out of sight, while Marston and Chapman are held up as sacrifices to the "sourness of his disposition."

They were not released, the biographers say, without much interest; and Camden and Selden are supposed to have supplicated the throne in favour of Jonson. This is a mere guess, and, at best, an unlucky one. Had such been needed, our author had far more powerful intercessors at court than either of those, whose influence with the sovereign was by no means equal to his own. It is probable that no very serious punishment was ever meditated; or if there were, that the desire to spare Jonson operated in their favour, and procured an unconditional pardon.

When they were first committed, a report had been propagated, Jonson says, that they should have their ears and noses cut, *i. e.* slit†. This had reached his mother; and, at an entertainment‡ which he made on his deliverance, "she drank to him, and shewed him a paper

* Written *against the Scots!*—would not this lead one to suppose that the Scotch were the principal objects of the piece? Yet the only mention which is made of them occurs in the following passage.§ "You shall live freely there" (*i. e.* the new settlement of Virginia) "without serjeants, or courtiers, or lawyers, or intelligencers; only a few industrious Scots perhaps, who indeed are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, when they are out on't, in the world, than they are: and, for my part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there, for we are all one countrymen now, ye know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than here." *Old Plays*, vol. iv. p. 250. This little burst of satire, (which is not found in Chetwood's edition,) was probably heard with applause. The times were well inclined to apply it; and so far its suppression might be expedient. With respect to the "*sourness*" of Jonson, it would be somewhat difficult to discover any signs of it in *Eastward Hoe!* which is uncommonly sprightly and good-humoured.—But the critics never looked into it.

† It is amusing to read the different versions of this passage. "His Majesty (says the *Bio. Brit.*) ordered that their ears and noses should be *cut off in the pillory.*" And Chetwood, more bloody still, adds, "that it was with the greatest difficulty, and incessant solicitations of the prime nobility, Jonson" (no other culprit is named, or even hinted at) "escaped a severe punishment, that is to say, having his ears nailed to the pillory, and cut off by the common hangman, and perpetual banishment!" *Life of B. Jonson*, p. iv. All this is raised upon the simple passage in the text, for there is no other! What is yet more ridiculous—it is highly probable that most of those who have maligned Jonson for "writing a satire against the Scotch," had, like Chetwood and the *Bio. Brit.* an edition of this comedy before them in which the Scotch are not once named, or even hinted at!

‡ At this entertainment "Camden, Selden, and others were present." This is the sole authority for their names being selected as intercessors for Jonson's pardon. And thus his Life is written!

§ The words of Drummond are, "he was accused by Sir James Murray to the king for writing *something* against the Scots *in a play* called *Eastward Hoe!*"

which she designed, if the sentence had taken effect, to have mixed with his drink, and it was strong and lusty poison. To shew that she was no churl, Jonson adds, she designed to have first drank of it herself." From such a mother he must have derived no small part of his unconquerable spirit.

Having obtained a pardon *, Mr. A. Chalmers says, Jonson endeavoured to conciliate his offended sovereign by taxing his genius to produce a double portion of flattery. He had, in the opening of this very paragraph, accused him of a rough and savage disposition which nothing could tame! The charge of "redoubled flattery," on this account, is also brought against him, but with much more virulence, by the writers of the *Bio. Brit.* It happens, however, somewhat unluckily for these ingenious speculators, that the masque which he produced on his release was not written at all to flatter the king. The fact is, that there were at this period (1605), several noble and royal foreigners in this country; and to receive them in a manner worthy of the splendour and magnificence of the English court, the Queen, who had not forgotten the exquisite entertainments of Althorpe and Highgate, "expressly injoined" the poet to prepare a Masque in which she and the prime beauties of the land might bear a part. This gave rise to the *Masque of Blackness*, in which the king is scarcely noticed, and which those who accuse the writer of "taxing his genius for a double portion of flattery to sooth his offended sovereign," will do well to read before they proceed to belie his character a second time.

"Jonson employed a year or two in composing a play †." This judicious remark, which Mr. Malone has introduced among the striking proofs of our author's "malevolence" to Shakspeare, is yet capable of some qualification. We have seen that this had been rather a busy year with Jonson; yet he found time to produce the comedy of the *Fox*, one of the dramas of which the nation may be justly proud. It was written, he says, "in five weeks," and we cannot doubt the truth of his assertion, which was openly made on the stage. No human powers, however, could have completed such a work in such a time, unless the author's mind had been previously stored with all the treasure of ancient and modern learning, on which he might draw at pleasure ‡. The triumph of Mr. Malone and others, therefore, over his slowness is somewhat like that of Mr. Thomas Thumb over the giants—"he made them first of all, and then he kill'd them!" Before Jonson was three-and-twenty, he had mastered the Greek and Roman classics, and was, at the period of which we are now speaking, among the first scholars of the age. Did Mr. Malone think that his "studies lay in Green's works?" He had written several of his Masques and Entertainments, and almost the whole of his Epigrams; he had translated Horace, and, as it would seem, Aristotle's Poetics, and prepared a voluminous body of notes to illustrate them; he had made prodigious collections in theology, history, and poetry, from the best writers, and, perhaps, drawn up his Grammar; yet the charge is still repeated, as if it were entitled to full credit. To be just, however, it was first

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[* If Gifford had lived to reprint the present essay, he would have noticed here a second imprisonment, which, soon after his release, Jonson underwent with Chapman, in consequence, it would seem, of supposed reflections cast upon some individual in a play of which they were the joint-authors. The letter from Jonson to the Earl of Salisbury, which mentions these particulars, will be found at the end of a note on a later part of this memoir, having been put into Gifford's hands by Mr. D'Israeli, "since that note had gone to press." A. Dyce.]

† *Shak.* vol. i. p. 542.

‡ Jonson was in the laudable habit of making large extracts from the striking passages, and writing notes, and observations of a critical nature on all the books which he read. His common-place book, therefore, was a repository of every thing valuable. Lord Falkland seems to have been astonished at the extent and variety of his collections. He says;

"His learning such, no author, old or new,
Escaped his reading that deserved his view;
And such his judgment, so exact his taste,
Of what was best in books, or what books best,
That had he join'd those notes his labours took,
From each most prais'd and praise-deserving book;
And could the world of that choice treasure boast,
It need not care though all the rest were lost."

brought forward by the poet's contemporaries *, and almost as soon as he began to write : it gave him, however, no concern ; indeed he rather falls in with it †. When the heroes of the *Poetaster*, which was written in fifteen weeks, maintained that he scarcely brought forth a play a year, he replied,

> ——— " 'tis true :
> I would they could not say that I did that :
> There's all the joy that I take in their trade ! "—

The *Fox* was received, as it well deserved to be, with general applause. The author's enemies however were not inactive : they could not venture to question his talents ; they therefore turned, as usual, their attacks against his character, and asserted that, under the person of Volpone, he had satirised Sutton, the founder of the Charter-House, his friend and benefactor ‡. It is not a little amusing to see the calumniators of our poet in that age, driven to the same absurdities as those of the present day. Two characters more opposite in every respect than those of Sutton and Volpone are not to be found in the history of mankind. Sutton inherited a large estate ; he was one of the greatest traders of his time, he had agents in every country, and ships on every sea : he had contracts, mines, mills, ploughs ; he was a naval commissioner, and master of the ordnance in the north ; in a word, one of the most

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* " Mr. Ben Jonson and Mr. Wm. Shakspeare being merrie at a tavern, Mr. Jonson begins this for his epitaph,

> Here lies Ben Jonson
> Who was once one———

he gives it to Mr. Shakspeare to make up, who presently writte,

> That, while he liv'd was a *slow* thing,
> And now, being dead, is *no*-thing."

This stuff is copied from the Ashmole papers, MS. 38. It is only an additional instance of what has been already observed, that the fabricators of these things invariably make Shakspeare the most severe.

It is said by Mr. Malone that the *slowness* of Jonson is admitted by his friends ; but they do not mean by this word what he does ;—Mr. Malone applies it to a dulness of imagination, a want of power to bring forth without long and difficult labour ; they use it of the patient revision of his productions. They speak of him as a prolific and rapid writer—whose respect for the public made him nicely weigh every word ;

> ———" and suffer nought to pass,
> But what could be no better than it was."

Or, as another has it ;

> " Venture no syllable unto the ear,
> Until the file would not make *smooth* but *wear*."

He was, in truth, too fastidious ; and this couplet of Cartwright furnishes the key to that bareness and rigidity which we have so frequently to regret in some of his writings.

† " Jonson justly spurns," Mr. Cumberland says, "at the critics and detractors of his day, who thought to convict him of dulness by testifying in fact to his diligence.—But when he *subsequently* boasted of his poetical dispatch, he forgot that he *had* noted Shakspeare with something less than friendly censure for the very quality he is vaunting himself upon." *Observer*, No. lxxv. What Mr. Cumberland had *forgotten*, it is hard to say : but this *vaunt* of Jonson was first made in 1601, while the allusion to Shakspeare occurs in the *Discoveries*, and is probably thirty years posterior to the passage which is here placed before it in point of time ! Besides, it is *not* of the rapidity of Shakspeare's composition that Jonson speaks, but the carelessness.—A man may write fast, and yet not wreck a vessel on the coast of Bohemia. The *Fox* was rapidly written ; but it is not, therefore, incorrect ; and what Mr. Cumberland adds of it is as creditable to his taste as learning. " It must on all hands be considered as the master-piece of a very capital artist ; a work that bears the stamp of elaborate design, a strong, and frequently a sublime vein of poetry, much sterling wit, comic humour, happy character, moral satire, and unrivalled erudition ; a work

> *Quod nec imber edax, aut Aquilo impotens*
> *Possit diruere*," &c.

‡ " Sutton's biographer (S. Herne) after noticing this report, says—' It is probable the poet never intended what they think : for in that age several other men were pointed at, and who was the true person, was *then* a matter of doubt !' *Dom. Carthus.* p. 42. It is no longer so—we are better judges of these matters than the contemporaries of Sutton, and decide without difficulty." I regret to find Mr. D'Israeli among the poet's accusers ; for he is an anxious inquirer after truth, and brings, as far as I have been able to discover, an unprejudiced mind to his investigations. His fault is too great a deference for names unworthy of his trust. This is an evil which every day will contribute to abate. Twice in one page (*Quarrels of Authors*, vol. iii. 134) he charges Jonson with bringing Sutton on the stage.

active characters of an active period. Now mark the description of Volpone, as given by himself, in the opening of the play :—

——— "I glory
More in the *cunning purchase* of my wealth
Than in the glad possession; since I gain
No *common* way. I *use no trade*, no *venture*,
I wound no earth with *plough-shares*, fat *no beasts*
To feed the shambles; have no *mills* for iron,
Oil, corn, or men, to grind them into powder;
I blow no subtle glass, expose no *ships*
To threatnings of the furrow-faced seas;
I turn no monies," &c. &c.

Sutton was a meek and pious man, Volpone is a daring infidel; Sutton was abstemious, but kind and charitable; Volpone is painted as the most selfish and unfeeling of voluptuaries :

——— "prepare
Me music, dances, banquets, all delights:
The Turk is not more sensual in his pleasure
Than will Volpone be."

Again : Volpone is a creature of ungovernable lust, a monster of seduction; Sutton was the husband of one wife, to whose memory he was so tenderly attached, that upon her death, which took place about two years before the date of this piece, he had retired from the world, to a life of strictness and reserve; he was, at this time, nearly fourscore, and bowed down to the grave with sorrow for his loss, while Volpone, in the full vigour of manhood, exclaims,—

"what should I do
But cocker up my genius, and live free
To all delights?—See, I am now as fresh,
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight,
As when, in that so celebrated scene,
For entertainment of the great Valois
I acted young Antinous?"

In a word, the contrast is so glaring, that if the commentators on Shakspeare had not afforded us a specimen of what ignorance grafted on malevolence can do, we should be lost in wonder at the obliquity of intellect which could detect the slightest resemblance of Sutton in the features of Volpone.

The *Fox* is dedicated, in a strain of unparalleled elegance and vigour, to the two Universities, before whom it had been represented with all the applause which might be anticipated from such distinguished and competent judges of its worth *. The English stage had hitherto seen nothing so truly classical, so learned, so correct, and so chaste.

About this time, our author, who had deeply studied the grounds of the controversy between the reformed and catholic churches, and convinced himself, by the aid of those *wiser guides* who followed truth alone, of the delusions of popery, made a solemn recantation of his errors, and was re-admitted into the bosom of the church, which he had abandoned twelve years before †. Drummond tells us that "he drank out the full cup of wine, at his first communion, in token of his true reconciliation." Jonson's feelings were always strong; and the energy of his character was impressed upon every act of his life; but this story is foisted into his con-

* There is an allusion to this circumstance in the verse of Jonson's friend E. S. (Edward Scorey?)

——"now he (the *Fox*) hath run his train and shown
His subtile body, where he best was known,
In both Minerva's cities, he doth yield
His well-form'd limbs upon this open field," &c.

† Among the works of our author, Wood inserts one printed in 1622, 8vo. and called *His Motives*. If Jonson really wrote such a book, it might be supposed to relate to this circumstance: but the probability is, that this industrious antiquary mistook the writer's name: of the work itself I have no knowledge whatever.

versations by his "friend," and has, perhaps, no better foundation than many others wantonly invented to discredit him. It may not, however, be irrelevant to observe, that more wine was drank at the altar in the poet's days, than in ours; and that the vestiges of this custom are not yet entirely obliterated, in remote situations.

Jonson had not been inactive between the first representation of the *Fox* and its publication. The queen's brother (Christian of Denmark) paid her a visit in the summer of 1606, and our poet was called upon to furnish some of the pageantries prepared for his amusement. Of these we have little remaining but a few epigrams in Latin verse, which were displayed round the walls of the inner court "at Theobald's," when the Earl of Salisbury received the royal brothers there on the 24th of July. In the subsequent summer (1607) Theobald's was delivered up to the Queen in exchange for Hatfield Chase. A magnificent entertainment was prepared on the occasion, at which James and his Queen, the two princes, the Duke of Lorraine, and all the principal nobility were present; and the house was transferred to the new possessor in an elegant poetical apologue composed by Jonson, and distinguished by his usual felicity of appropriate character and language. Cecil had done himself honour by his early patronage of our author; and he, who was one of the most grateful and affectionate of mankind, embalmed the ashes of his benefactor in strains that yet live.

Previously to this, however, Jonson had written his beautiful *Masque and Barriers* for the marriage of the Earl of Essex, which was celebrated at Whitehall with extraordinary magnificence, in the Christmas of 1606. The poet has entered with some complacency into the richness and variety of this exhibition, which seems to have astonished the beholders *: he drops a word too in justification of the strict regard to the pure models of antiquity, after which he usually constructed his fables. P. 552.

Hitherto the "flattery to which Jonson betook himself immediately after his release," has not appeared so "gross" as his biographers choose to represent it. Unfortunately for them, his next Masque, which he calls the *Queen's*, is still less to their purpose. "*Two years* (he

* We have other evidence than the poet's for this splendid display. The kindness of Mr. D'Israeli has furnished me with the following curious and interesting extract from a MS. letter of Mr. Pory to Sir Robert Cotton. Sir Robert, like most of the great men, at this time, when absent from court, had a correspondent (generally some secretary) there, who furnished them with regular accounts of the various occurrences of the day. Sir Robert was fortunate in his informant.†

—— "Inigo, Ben, and the actors, men and women, did their parts with great commendation. The conceit or soul of the Mask was Hymen bringing in a bride, and Juno Pronuba's priest a bridegroom, proclaiming that those two should be sacrificed to Union: and here the poet made an apostrophe to the Union of the Kingdoms. But before the sacrifice could be performed, Ben Jonson turned the globe of the earth, standing behind the altar, (p. 553.) and within the concave sat the eight men-maskers, representing the four Humours and the four Affections, who leaped forth to disturb the sacrifice to Union. But amidst their fury, Reason, that sat above them all, crowned with burning tapers, came down and silenced them. These eight, with Reason, their mediator, sat somewhat like the ladies in the Scollop-shell of the last year, (p. 544.) About the Globe hovered a middle region of clouds, in the centre whereof stood a grand concert of musicians, and upon the cantons sat the ladies, four at one corner and four at another, who descended upon the stage; not in the downright perpendicular fashion, like a bucket in a well, but came gently sloping down.‡ These eight, after the sacrifice was ended, represented the Eight Nuptial Powers of Juno Pronuba, who came down to confirm their Union. The men were clad in crimson, and the women in white. They had every one a white plume of the richest hern's feathers, and were so rich in jewels upon their heads as was most glorious. I think they hired and borrowed all the principal jewels and ropes of pearls both in court and city. The Spanish ambassador seemed but poor to the meanest of them.§ They danced all variety of dances, both severally and *promiscuè*, and then the women took the men as named by the Prince (Henry) who danced with as great perfection, and as settled a majesty as could be devised. The Spanish ambassador, the Archduke's ambassador, the Duke, &c. led out the Queen, the bride, and the greatest of the ladies." *Cott. Lib. Julii.* c. iii. It appears that Mr. Pory was present at the performance of this Masque on Twelfth-night, 1605-6.

† Pory is mentioned with great respect by Hackluyt. He had travelled much, and seen a good deal of courts and public affairs. He was also an excellent scholar. As he was a member of parliament, he must have been a person of some property.

‡ Here Milton found his—"smooth sliding without step:" in truth, he found much more in Jonson's Masques than his editors appear to suspect, or are willing to acknowledge.

§ This was not wanted to prove the unaccountable folly of Hurd in maintaining that the Masque in the *Tempest*, which Capell, the mere idolater of Shakspeare, affirms to be "weak throughout, faulty in rimes, and faulty in mythology," &c. *Notes on Temp.* p. 68. and which was danced and sung by the ordinary performers, to a couple of fiddles, perhaps, in the balcony of the stage, "*put to shame* all the Masques of Jonson not only in its construction, but in the splendour of its shew."

says) being now passed that her majesty had intermitted those delights, it was her pleasure again to glorify the court, and command that I should think on some fit presentment," &c. This produced the "*Masque of Beauty*," (a counterpart to that of "Blackness,") which was performed at court during the Christmas of 1608. In this, as in the preceding one, the performers were the queen, the prince, and the prime nobility of both sexes. At present, we are only told of the rudeness and barbarity of Whitehall; and Hume is so strangely ignorant of the manners of those times, as to assert that "James affected a rustic contempt of the fair sex, and banished them from his court *." Of his contempt I know nothing; but, that the ladies were not banished from his court, is proved beyond all possibility of doubt by the records of their names in the pages of our author. Year after year, and many times in the course of the same year, (for these masques were often repeated,) the court of James was thronged with all that was distinguished for birth and beauty, for rank and worth, for grace and elegance, and every female accomplishment.

The reputation of Jonson stood so high at this time, that few public solemnities were thought perfect without his assistance. The king had expressed a wish to dine with the Company of Merchant Tailors, who accordingly met to consult on the most honourable mode of receiving him. Stow has preserved the *minutes* of the court, which are not a little amusing: "Whereas the Company are informed that the King's most excellent majestie with our gratious Queene, and the noble prince and diuers honourable lords and others, determyne to dyne on the day of the eleccion of M. and Wardens, therefore the meeting was appointed to advise and consult how everie thinge may be performde for the reputacion and credit of the company, to his Majesties best lyking and contentment. And sir John Swynnerton" (afterwards lord-mayor) "is intreated to confer with master Benjamin Jonson, the poet, about a speech to be made to welcome his Majestie, and about music and other invencions which may give lyking and delight; by reason that the company doubt that their schoolmaster and scholleres be not acquainted with such kinde of entertaynments." This was done; and Stow tells us that the "Speeches" were delivered on the 16th of July 1607, in a chamber called "The King's Chamber."

It is well known that our author received periodical sums not only from public bodies, but from several of the nobility and gentry: these, it has been said, were not bestowed as free gifts, or as honourable testimonies of his superior talents, but extorted from reluctant hands by the dread of his satire †. This is *mera ærugo*. The ever active malice of his most determined enemies has hitherto been unable to discover, either in his own works, or in those of others, a single syllable to justify the infamous calumny. The truth is, that the monarchs of those times, though approached with more awe, and served with more respect than at present, yet lived more among their people. A year seldom passed without some royal progress, and corporate bodies were frequently encouraged to feast their sovereign. On all these occasions, the custom of the time,

> "And pity 'tis, so good a time had wings
> To fly away,"—

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* Hist. of England, vol. vi. p. 283.

† This is boldly advanced by Mr. A. Chalmers, and in the most offensive terms. "Disappointed (he says) in the hopes of wealth and independence which his high opinion of himself led him to form, Jonson degenerated even to the resources of a libeller, who extorts from fear what is denied to genius." To require from this calumniator of the poet's memory a proof of his assertion, would be to no purpose—FOR HE HAS NONE. He who produced in the page immediately preceding this, a wicked interpolation by Shiels, and fathered it, in direct terms, on Drummond, cannot be complimented with the supposition of recurring to original documents. But the *whole* of the charge is false. Jonson was not disappointed in his hopes of riches. He gave himself no concern about them. Even his "friend" Drummond admits that he was "careless to gain."—Wealth, in short, he heeded not, titles he rejected, and the only ambition which he ever felt was that of which Mr. Chalmers seeks to deprive him, an honest fame.

As to independence, Jonson relied on his talents for it.—His story, indeed, furnishes another melancholy proof of the instability of all human things. At the age of fifty-one, he probably felt neither doubts nor fears of his sufficiency; yet at this period, he was struck with the malady that finally carried him off. In the twelve sad years that followed, during which he did little more than move from his bed to his grave, he felt the evils of dependence; and let it not be charged on him as a crime that he sought to alleviate them—not by "libels," but by humble supplications for relief. Of these several are found, of the others NOT ONE WORD was ever in existence.

called for something more than a bare treat, some introductory compliment that might, as it were, ennoble the entertainment, and gratify at once the judgment and the taste. As these visits were irregular, and without much previous notice, it became an object of no small importance with those who were to receive them, to have a person always at command on whose abilities they could rely for an Entertainment that should neither disgrace themselves, nor their guests. Hence sprung the several pensions said to have been paid to Jonson, and which should rather be considered in the light of *retaining fees* than gratuitous donations, and still less, forced tributes to malevolence. Great and generous spirits like Sutton might, indeed, think their wealth not misemployed in supplying the deficiencies of fortune; but that most of what he received *was hire and salary*, scarcely admits of a reasonable doubt.

Be this as it may, he was now called upon for a *Masque* to celebrate the marriage of Lord Haddington. This, which was probably the most costly and magnificent ever exhibited in this or any other country, was first performed at Whitehall on Shrove Tuesday, 1608. The Scotch and English nobility vied with each other in splendour of apparel, and the king and queen bore a part in it.

Jonson was now busily employed on the *Silent Woman*, and the *Masque of Queens*, both of which appeared in 1609; the former written, it seems, to *ridicule Antony and Cleopatra*, and the latter to *rival Macbeth*, "of the success of whose witches he was jealous, as he fancied himself to be Shakspeare's superior*!" It will be time enough to exonerate Jonson from this charge when the commentators shall have ascertained the date of *Macbeth*, which is very far from being the case at present; meanwhile, we may venture to observe that the production of two such pieces in one year, is no less creditable to his industry than to his talents and learning. The Masque was published, with an ample commentary, at the request of Prince Henry, who was curious to learn the authorities from which the author had derived his incantations, &c. The critics of our days have been pleased to sneer at Jonson for the attire of his witches. They are always unlucky. "The device of their attire (Jonson says), was master Inigo Jones's;" whom, still more to confound them, he proceeds to compliment in the warmest terms that the sincerity of friendship could select. P. 574.

The year 1610, not less prolific than the preceding one, produced the beautiful *Masque of Oberon*, and the *Barriers*, written to celebrate the creation of Henry Prince of Wales, which took place on the 4th of June. The *Alchemist*, the noblest effort of Jonson's genius, appeared about the same time. This comedy he dedicated to Lady Wroth, the niece of Sir Philip Sidney, with whose family he maintained a constant intercourse of friendship; and, as if he meant to show his detractors that his obligations to the ancients were those of choice, not of necessity, he constructed the whole of this wonderful drama on the vices and follies of the age, and trusted to the extent and variety of his reading, for such apt allusions and illustrations as appear to spring spontaneously from the subject†.

Catiline, which followed the *Alchemist*, was brought out in 1611. "It was deservedly damned,"

* To omit the rest at present, Mr. Davies begins one of his chapters thus, (c. xxxiii.) "Ben Jonson's ridicule on *Antony and Cleopatra*.—Ben Jonson in his *Silent Woman* has treated this tragedy as a play full of nothing but fights at sea!" This good man is a humble follower of Mr. Malone. The sea-fights in *Antony and Cleopatra* are confined to a stage direction. "Alarum *afar off, as* at a sea-fight," i. e. a cracker was let off, so as to make a *faint noise*, just to signify that there was a *fight at a distance;* and therefore, when Morose, after enumerating a variety of the most horrid dins, adds, that he would even sit out a play *that was nothing but fights at sea*, he must mean to ridicule Shakspeare, for one that has *none!* At that very time, too, be it observed, there were scores of plays on the stage in which such fights were really exhibited: Heywood has more than one comedy with sea-fights in almost every act; and in Decker's *Whore of Babylon* there is a sea-fight that occupies the whole of a long scene; yet Jonson, who knew all this far better than ourselves, and who had been stunned a hundred times with rude representations of the *Spanish Armada* on every stage, could not speak of a sea-fight without being accused of directing the whole of his ridicule against a stage direction in Shakspeare! It is hard to say whether the propagators of these despicable calumnies, or the believers in them, are best intitled to our scorn.

† "Were the ancients," Mr. Headley says, "to reclaim their property, Jonson would not have a rag to cover his nakedness." With deference to this *wise young judge*, I am inclined to think that enough would remain to him of the *Alchemist* alone to obviate the danger of any indecent exposure. It is not a little singular that all the enemies of Jonson, from Dryden downwards, when they have to particularise his obligations to the ancients, refer to his two tragedies, as if he had written nothing besides, or as if they would have had him form a *Catiline* and *Sejanus* out of his own imagination!

Mr. Malone says ; but Mr. Malone's *aye and no, too, are no good divinity*, when applied to Jonson. Without questioning the accuracy of the term *deservedly*, it will be sufficient to state that it was not "damned" at all. It met, indeed, with opposition (like most of his plays) from the persevering enmity which pursued him through life ; but *Catiline* continued on the stage till driven from it, with every other drama, by the prevailing power of puritanism. The author inscribed it to his great patron, the earl of Pembroke, as being, in his opinion, the best of the tragedies which he had hitherto produced. He calls it "a legitimate poem," and, we may venture, notwithstanding the decision of Hurd *, (who appears not to have read it) to confirm his judgment. But "we know," says Davies, "from the author's own testimony that the play was condemned." Assuredly, we *know* no such thing. Jonson evidently took a strange kind of pleasure in exaggerating the opposition which he experienced from his persecutors ; and we are therefore in danger of misleading ourselves, if we adopt his expressions in all their force. It is not necessary to praise his conduct in this instance, which, to say the least of it, savours of a haughty and inflexible spirit ; though it may not be improper to advert to it occasionally.

Besides publishing his play, Jonson found leisure this year to amuse himself with arranging that immense farrago of burlesque "testimonies to the author's merit," which accompanied the first appearance of *Coryat's Crudities*. In this, he seems to have engaged at the desire of Prince Henry, who found entertainment in laughing at the simple vanity of "the Odcombian Traveller." Tom, it is probable, laughed more than any of them. His taste in matters of praise was not very delicate ; and he had cunning enough to discern that, at the expense of some extravagant ridicule, which could not much affect him in his absence, he was amusing his princely patron, spreading the knowledge of his book, and filling his pockets for another course of adventures. Jonson wrote the distichs, and the introductory character of *Thomas the Coryate*, in the person of "a charitable friend," to which he added some lines on the author's name. He procured verses from all his friends, and, among the rest, from Inigo Jones, whom he seems to have regarded with peculiar kindness, and to have recommended to notice with a degree of affection which deserved a better return from the growing fortunes of the architect than he was doomed to experience.

In the succeeding year our author was probably engaged on some of those exquisite Masques which appear in the folio of 1616, and to which no dates are prefixed. The death of Prince Henry threw a gloom over the nation, and saddened, for a short period, the gaiety of the court. Jonson seems to have taken advantage of the temporary cessation of festivity (for he bore no part in the celebration of the marriage of the princess) to make a second trip to the Continent.† How long he resided abroad, or what countries he visited, is no where told ; we only know, from an incidental remark in his conversations with Drummond, that he was at Paris in 1613. As he was connected with the court, and in habits of intercourse with all the literary characters of his time, he must have been amply provided with recommendations to the most distinguished personages abroad. He was introduced to the Cardinal du Perron, who, in compliment to his learning, shewed him his translation of Virgil, which Jonson did not approve. "He treated the Cardinal with all that bluntness which was so much his nature." Drummond merely says that he told him "it was naught ;" but this might be done without any bluntness of language, were it not a point agreed upon by his biographers, that he must be always "brutal and ferocious." His integrity, however, merits praise. Du Perron was a confirmed bigot, and, at this period, actively engaged in undermining the liberties of the Gallican church ; he had, therefore, little leisure for poetry, and that little was misemployed.

In 1614 Jonson produced his *Bartholomew Fair*, a popular piece, but chiefly remarkable for the obloquy to which it has given birth. "About this time," Mr. A. Chalmers says, "he com-

* "*Catiline*," he says, "is a specimen of all the errors of tragedy." Mr. A. Chalmers, who quotes the passage, joins his suffrage to that of the bishop, and speaks of it with very edifying contempt.

[† See addition to note, p. 4. A. Dyce.]

menced a quarrel with Inigo Jones, and made him the subject of his ridicule." It is not so much the business of Mr. Chalmers to inquire as to write :—but, indeed, he only repeats what has been said by Steevens and others :

——— *ast alii sex*
Et plures uno conclamant ore sophistæ.

With the exception of Ferabosco, Jonson has spoken with more kindness of Inigo Jones than of any of his coadjutors, as the reader may see, by turning to his Masques. He notices him for the fifth or sixth time, with unusual warmth, in the *Masque of Queens*, and we have just seen them playing the fool together in *Coryat's Crudities*. In the winter of 1612, Jones left this country for Italy, where he resided several years. What quarrel, therefore, could Jonson possibly *commence* with him in 1614? In what year Inigo returned from his travels, is not said, but, according to his biographer, (who was also his relation,) it must have been long after the appearance of *Bartholomew Fair*.* In the notes to that comedy, (written before I had read the life of the architect,) I was induced, from internal evidence, to express my doubts as to the identity of Lanthorn Leatherhead and Inigo Jones; at present, I disbelieve it altogether.† That some traits of personality are to be found in the character of Leatherhead I do not mean to deny; but from a few obscure hints scattered up and down our author's works, I am almost inclined to think that they point at the master of the revels (whoever he was) or his deputy. Mr. A. Chalmers, however, is so confident of his man, that he rakes into the scurrility of Walpole for fit language to express his sense of the poet's delinquency. "Whoever (says Lord Orford) was the aggressor, the *turbulent* temper of Jonson took care to be most in the wrong.—In his verses he fully exerted all that brutal abuse which his contemporaries were willing to think wit, and which only serves to shew the arrogance of the man who presumed to satirize Jones and rival Shakspeare."—It must be confessed that Shakspeare makes his appearance here somewhat unexpectedly :—much, however, to the satisfaction of the biographer, who subjoins, "If Jonson was the rival of Shakspeare he deserves all this (abuse :)—but with no other claims than his *Cataline* and *Sejanus*, how could he for a moment fancy himself the *rival* of Shakspeare?" How indeed! but when Mr. Chalmers shall find leisure to read what he prints, he will discover, 1st, that Jonson had other "claims;" and 2dly, that he did not fancy himself the "rival of Shakspeare."

As no date is affixed to his minor pieces, we know not how he was employed after the production of *Bartholomew Fair*,‡ till 1616, when he brought out his excellent comedy of the *Devil's an Ass*. A considerable time must be allotted for the preparation of the folio volume which was published this year, and contained, besides comedies and tragedies, the first book of his Epigrams, several Masques and Entertainments, and a collection of poems called the *Forest*.

* "After the death of Prince Henry in 1612, our architect made a second tour to Italy, and continued there some years, improving himself in his favourite art, till he was recalled by the death of the surveyor-general"—*Life of Jones*.

† The loose reports of the time weigh nothing with me: and those who have noticed the remarks on the imaginary resemblance of Sutton and Volpone will, I flatter myself, be inclined to think as lightly of them as myself.

‡ It may be safely assumed, however, that he was engaged either in seeking or imparting useful knowledge. While his enemies dream of nothing but his "envy" of some dramatic writer, I find his name, whenever it occurs in the writings of his contemporaries, incessantly connected with subjects of general literature. He appears, about this time, (1615,) to have carried on some correspondence with Selden, respecting the precise import of that passage in Deuteronomy, "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment, for all that do so are an abomination to the Lord;" c. xxii. 5. In conclusion, he desires his friend to put together what he had collected on the subject, and send it to him. Selden's answer is dated on the last day of February. It contains nearly eight folio pages full of the most curious and recondite reading—being desirous, he says, "to shew how ambitious he was not only of Jonson's love, but also of his judgment."

Nothing is more remarkable than the respect which this prodigy of learning constantly shews for the attainments of his friend.—"With regard, (Selden says,) to what the Greeks and Latins have of Adargatis, Derceto, Atargata, Derce (all one name) &c. you *best* know, being *most* conversant in the recondite parts of human learning," &c.; and he concludes, after a variety of extracts from the Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, &c.: "In the connexion of these *no vulgar* observations, if they had been to a *common learned* reader, there had been often room for divers pieces of theology dispersed in Latin and Greek authors, and fathers of the Church, but *your own most choice* and able store cannot but furnish you with whatever is fit that way to be thought. Whatever I have here collected, I consecrate to your love, and end with hope of your *instructing judgment*." Vol. iv. fol. p. 1691.

He seems to have meditated a complete edition of all his works; but he apparently grew weary towards the conclusion of the volume, and never (unless peculiarly called upon) had recourse to the press afterwards. The second folio is a wretched continuation of the first, printed from MSS. surreptitiously obtained, during his life, or ignorantly hurried through the press after his death. It bears a variety of dates from 1631 to 1641 inclusive. It is probable that he looked forward to a period of retirement and ease, when he might be enabled to collect, revise, and publish his works at leisure; but the loss of all his MSS. by fire, and the fatal illness which almost immediately afterwards seized him, rendered all such views abortive. It is remarkable that he calls his Epigrams "Book the first:" he had, therefore, others in his hand; but they have perished.

Shakspeare died this year: what the world lost by that event need not be told; Jonson (the commentators assure us) was freed by it from a man whom he "hated and feared through life." He had not, however, much leisure to enjoy his good fortune; for "such was the *enviousness* of his disposition, that he immediately became jealous of Chapman, who *now began to grow* into reputation, and being, by the death of Shakspeare, left without a rival, strove to continue so, and endeavoured to suppress as much as possible the rising fame of his friend!" This medley of malice and stupidity is taken from the *Bio. Dram.* At the period of Shakspeare's death, Chapman had nearly reached his grand climacteric, and, with the exception of one or two pieces, had written the *whole* of his dramatic works; yet this is the reverend youth who "now began to grow into fame," and to excite the jealousy of Jonson! The reader supposes, perhaps, that I have discovered these facts in some "rare MS. *penes me*;" to the disgrace of literature,* they are to be found on *the very page* which furnished the abuse of Jonson! But we have not yet done with this momentous period. Shakspeare, as we know from the authority of Mr. Malone, (enforced in a hundred places,) was persecuted by Jonson during his life with unceasing malevolence. While I was engaged on these pages, a letter of that gentleman to the Rev. Mr. Whalley, was put into my hands by Mr. Waldron, of which the following is a copy.

"Sir,—Having been out of town for some days; I did not receive your favour till last night. I shall with great pleasure add my mite of contribution to your new edition of Ben Jonson, though I have very little hopes of being able to throw any light on what has eluded your researches. At the same time I must honestly own to you that I have never read old Ben's plays with any degree of attention, and that he is an author so little to my taste that I have no pleasure in perusing him. However, as I have just said, you may command, sir, my best services, whenever the volumes are put into my hands: they are at present, I believe, in the possession of Mr. Reed. I agree with you entirely that no ridicule was intended against Shakspeare in the *Poetaster* for the use of the word *clutch*, or in the *Case is Altered*, for the *white of an egg*; nor against his *hot and moist* in *Othello*. Before I was honoured with your letter, I had observed in a little work of mine that is now in the press, (A Second Appendix to my Supplement to Shakspeare,) that the dates of the respective pieces refute the idea of his sneering at Shakspeare, in these places. And, indeed, I believe that even in those plays of his or Fletcher's, where a direct parody appears, no ridicule may possibly have been intended. But notwithstanding this, I think I have brought together decisive proofs of Jonson's malignity and jealousy of Shakspeare. The *Return from Parnassus* shews they were at variance so early as 1602, three years only after Shakspeare had patronized him by bringing *Every Man in his Humour* on the stage. In the prologue to that piece his *Winter Tale* is, I think, evidently ridiculed. This had always puzzled me, and I conjectured that this prologue was not spoken originally, but added at a subsequent period. On looking into the 4to. edit. which has lately fallen into my hands, I find my conjecture confirmed. *This* certainly, as well as the torrent of ridicule thrown out in *B. Fair* in 1614, adds great strength to your supposition that old Ben's jealousy did not display itself with full force till Shakspeare retired from the stage."

Queen Anne Street East, Dec. 28, 1782.

* I have said nothing of the biographers:—to suppose, indeed, that Mr. Stephen Jones should notice an error *though as wide as a church door*, would be to equal him in folly. Better optics than his, (see the *Theatrum Poetarum*, p. 252,) when Jonson is concerned, "don't" (as Bustapha well observes,) "know a lie when they see it."

The case of our author is thus rendered worse than ever! it now appears that so far from being relieved by the retirement of Shakspeare, his *jealousy* did not break out in full force till that event took place; and, as he was besides, tormented by the "rising fame of a new competitor," his situation can scarcely be contemplated without dismay. The reader, who has seen that he was of a disposition to stem the torrent of ill fortune, will be naturally anxious to learn by what extraordinary exertions of dramatic power he was enabled to overcome at once his "jealousy" of Shakspeare, and his "fear" of Chapman. Comedy after comedy, he will imagine, was now brought forward with a rapidity unknown before, teeming, in every act, with the most pointed ridicule, the most envenomed malignity. I anticipate his surprise, therefore, when he hears from me the simple fact—that for the long period of ten years from the "death" of Shakspeare, and the "rise" of Chapman, Jonson DID NOT WRITE ONE LINE FOR THE STAGE! But this surprise will be converted into scorn and indignation against his base calumniators when he further hears, that during the same period, in which he is accused of such active malevolence against both, the only memorials of it to be found are, 1st, the pleasing lines under the print of Shakspeare, and the generous burst of affection on his death; and, 2ndly, a viva voce declaration to Drummond, that "he *loved* Chapman," and a most kind and complimentary address to him on the completion of his Translation of Hesiod!* A date is the spear of Ithuriel to the enemies of Jonson. Touch their "facts" with it, and they start up in loathsome and revolting deformity.

The kindness of James for our poet, which seems to have progressively increased, was this year manifested by a very substantial act of beneficence. In consideration of his services, he conferred on him, by letters patent, a pension for life of a hundred marks. In courtesy, this has been termed creating him Poet Laureat; and, perhaps, it was so.† Hitherto, the laureatship

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* As there is not a word of our author respecting Chapman that does not breathe love and esteem for him, the reader may be pleased to see the return to it. "An Invective against Ben Jonson by Mr. George Chapman:"

"Greate-learned wittie Ben, be pleasde to light
The world with that three-forked fire; nor fright
All us, the sublearn'd with luciferus boast
That thou art most great, learnd—of all the earth
As being a thing betwixt a humane birth
And an infernall; no humanytie
Of the divine soul shewing man in thee," &c.

Ashmole MSS.

Chapman, whom I am unwilling to believe guilty of this malicious trash) died, I fear, poor and neglected. In another poem among the Ashmole papers, inscribed "The Genius of the Stage deploring the death of Ben Jonson;" after noticing the general sorrow, the writer says,

——"Why do Apollo's sons
Meet in such throngs, and whisper as they go?—
There are no more by sad affliction hurl'd,
And friends' neglect, from this inconstant world!
Chapman alone went so; He that's now gone,
Commands his tomb; he, scarce a grave or stone."

† The attachment of James to our author, is thus noticed by Lord Falkland, in an allusion to the circumstance before us. Dorus, he says, would tell

"How learned James,
Who favoured quiet, and the arts of peace,
Which, in his haleyon days found large increase,
Friend to the humblest, if deserving, swain,
Who was himself a part of Phœbus' train,
Declared great JONSON worthiest to receive
The garland which the Muses' hands did weave;
And though his bounty did sustain his days,
Gave a more welcome pension in his praise."

"Of all literary tastes (says Mr. Dibdin) James had the most strange and sterile." He probably thought that there was something more valuable in *literature* than an uncut catalogue on large paper, and thus far, perhaps, differed from the critic: in other respects, James cannot be said to evince much singularity of taste; but it is with this poor prince, as with Falstaff, "men of all sorts take a pride to gird at him." There seems no necessity for this. If James was not a wise man, he was very far, indeed, from being a fool; which is more, perhaps, than can be said of some of his persecutors. "James," says Mr. D'Israeli, who had just risen, from an examination of his works, "was no more a pedant than the ablest of his contemporaries; nor abhorred the taste of tobacco, nor

appears to have been a mere title, adopted at pleasure by those who were employed to write for the court, but conveying no privileges, and establishing no claim to a salary.* Occasional gratuities were undoubtedly bestowed on occasional services; but an annual and determinate sum seems to have been issued, for the first time, in favour of Jonson. The nominal laureat or court poet, when our author first came into notice, was Daniel, who was long the favourite of Elizabeth and her ladies, and who did not witness the growing popularity of the youthful bard, or hear of his being called upon for those Entertainments which he probably considered as within his own province, with very commendable fortitude. It is a subject of sincere regret that many of the latter days of this amiable poet, and virtuous man, should be overcast with unavailing gloom on this account, and that he should indulge any feeling of resentment against one, who took no undue course to secure the favour from which he had apparently fallen. On the regular appointment of Jonson, Daniel withdrew himself entirely from court. He died about three years afterwards, beloved, honoured, and lamented.†

We now approach the most unfortunate period of our author's life. In consequence of a warm invitation to Scotland, where he had many friends, especially among the connexions of the duke of Lenox, he determined, in the summer of this year, (1618) to pay a visit to that country. His journey was made on foot, and he appears to have spent several months with the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. "At Leith (says Taylor, the

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feared witches, more than they did; he was a great wit, a most acute disputant," &c. *Calam. of Authors*, vol. ii. 245. All this is simple truth; and it is mere dotage to re-echo, at this day, the senseless and savage yell of the non-conformists of James's time. They thirsted for blood, and their rage was kindled against him because his good fortune or his good sense kept him from rushing into a continental war, for which he had neither men nor money; and which, therefore, by involving him in difficulties, would, as they well knew, leave him at their mercy, and thus accelerate that overthrow of the Church and State, for which they so eagerly panted.

* Jonson, who was never satisfied without procuring all possible information upon every subject in which he was interested, appears, on this occasion, to have applied to Selden, for assistance in his researches; and Selden, who always found a singular pleasure in gratifying him, drew up expressly, and introduced into the second part of his learned work, *Titles of Honour*, a long chapter (the forty-third) "on the custom of giving crowns of laurel to poets." At the conclusion of which, he says, "Thus have I, by no unseasonable digression, performed a promise to you, my beloved Ben Jonson. Your curious learning and judgment may correct where I have erred, and add where my notes and memory have left me short. You are

——— omnia carmina doctus,
Et calles mython plasmata et historiam.

And so you both fully know what concerns it, and your singular excellency in the art most eminently deserves it."

† That Jonson's conduct towards Daniel had always been perfectly honourable, may be collected from many quarters. The celebrated John Florio (author of the *Dict. Ital.*) was brother-in-law to Daniel, and apparently much attached to his interests; yet he always lived on terms of great friendship with our author. In his Majesty's Library is a very beautiful copy of *The Fox*, which once belonged to Florio, with the following autograph of the poet: "To his loving Father and worthy friend, master John Florio, Ben Jonson seals this testimony of his friendship and love."

Sir Tobie Mathews has preserved a letter of Jonson's:—It is an answer to Donne, who had besought him (doubtless on prudential motives) to abstain from justifying himself against some false charge. No name is given; but I am inclined to think that the person alluded to in the letter was Lucy, countess of Bedford. She had certainly been, at one time, ill disposed towards our author; and, as it would appear, by the unhappy jealousy of Daniel, whom, as well as Donne, she warmly patronized. In the Epistle to the countess of Rutland, (p. 684.) there is an allusion to something of this kind;—but whatever be the cause, the letter is honourable to the poet's feelings.

If this lady was meant, she was not long in discovering that Jonson had been calumniated. A steady friendship grew between them; she shewed him many marks of favour, and he wrote some beautiful verses in her praise.

Sir,—You cannot but believe how dear and reverend your friendship is to me, (though all testimony on my part hath been too short to express me,) and therefore would I meet it with all obedience. My mind is not yet so deafened by injuries, but it hath an ear for counsel. Yet in this point that you presently dissuade, I wonder how I am misunderstood; or that you should call that an imaginary right, which is the proper justice that every clear man owes to his innocency. Exasperations I intend none, for truth cannot be sharp but to ill natures, or such weak ones whom the ill spirits suspicion, or credulity still possess. My lady may believe whisperings, receive tales, suspect and condemn my honesty, and I may not answer, on the pain of losing her! as if she, who had this prejudice of me were not already lost!—O no, she will do me no hurt, she will think and speak well of my faculties.—She cannot there judge me; or if she could, I would exchange all glory (if I had all men's abilities) which could come that way, for honest simplicity.—But there is a greater penalty threatened, the loss of you, my true friend; for others I reckon not, who were never had. You have so subscribed yourself. Alas! how easy is a man accused that is forsaken of defence!—Well, my modesty shall sit down, and (let the world call it guilt or what it will) I will yet thank you that counsel me to a silence in these oppressures, when confidence in my right, and friends may abandon me. And lest yourself may undergo some hazard, for my questioned reputation, and draw jealousies or hatred upon you, I desire to be left to mine own innocence, which shall acquit me, or heaven shall be guilty.

Your ever true lover,
Ben Jonson.

Water-poet) I found my long-approved and assured good friend, master Benjamin Jonson, at one master John Stuart's house. I thank him for his great kindness; for, at my taking leave of him, he gave me a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings value to drink his health in England;* and withall willed me to remember his kind commendations to all his friends. So with a friendly farewell, I left him as well as I hope never to see him in a worse estate; for he is among noblemen and gentlemen that know his true worth and their own honours, where with much respective (respectful) love he is entertained." This was about the 20th of September. Jonson probably paid many other visits; but he reserved the last of them for Mr. William Drummond, the poet of Hawthornden, with whom he passed the greater part of the month of April, 1619.†

It is not known at what period, or in what manner, Jonson's acquaintance with Drummond began; but the ardour with which he cherished his friendship is almost unexampled: he seems, upon every occasion, to labour for language to express his grateful sense of it; and very depraved must have been the mind that could witness such effusions of tenderness with a determination to watch the softest moment, and betray the confidence of his guest. For this perfidious purpose no one ever afforded greater facilities than Jonson. He *wore his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at:* a bird of prey, therefore, like Drummond, had a noble quarry before him; and he could strike at it without stooping.

It is much to be lamented that our author did not fall into kindly hands. His learning, his judgment, his love of anecdote, his extensive acquaintance with the poets, statesmen, and eminent characters of the age, of whom he talked without reserve, would have rendered his conversations, had they been recorded with such a decent respect for the characters of the living as courtesy demanded, the most valuable body of contemporary criticism that had ever appeared. Such was not Drummond's object. He only sought to injure the man whom he had decoyed under his roof; and he therefore gave his remarks in rude and naked deformity. Even thus, however, without one qualifying word, without one introductory or explanatory line, there is little in them that can be disputed; while the vigour, perspicuity, and integrity of judgment which they uniformly display are certainly worthy of commendation. As these "Conversations" form the text from which our author's enemies draw their topics of abuse, and as they have hitherto been unfairly quoted,‡ I subjoin a faithful copy of the criticisms, from the old folio. What relates to our author's personal history, has been already given.

"HEADS OF A CONVERSATION, &c.

"Ben Johnson used to say, that many Epigrams were ill, because they expressed in the end what should have been understood by what was said before, as that of Sir John Davies. That

* This was a considerable present; but Jonson's hand and heart were ever open to his acquaintance. All his pleasures were social; and while health and fortune smiled upon him, he was no niggard either of his time or his talents to those who needed them. There is something striking in Taylor's concluding sentence, when the result of the visit to Drummond is considered:—but there is one *evil that walks*, which keener eyes than John's have often failed to discover.

Taylor's "Pennyless Pilgrimage" to Scotland gave rise to some ridiculous reports, and it is curious to see with what a serious air he sets about refuting them. "Many shallow-brained critics (he says) do lay an aspersion on me—that I was set on by others, or did undergoe this project, either in malice or mockage of master Benjamin Jonson. I vow, by the faith of a Christian, that their imaginations are all wide; for He is a gentleman to whom I am so much obliged for many undeserved courtesies that I have received from him, and from others, *by his favour*, that I durst never be so impudent or ingrateful as to suffer any man's persuasions or mine own instigation, to incite me to make so bad a requital for so much goodness."

I have only to add, in justice to this honest man, that his gratitude outlived the subject of it. He paid the tribute of a verse to his benefactor's memory;—the verse, indeed, was mean; but poor Taylor had nothing better to give.

[† No acquaintance seems to have existed between Jonson and Drummond till some months after the former had reached Edinburgh. The precise time of Jonson's visit to Hawthornden is uncertain, but *it was undoubtedly previous to the 17th of January*, 1619.—See Mr. D. Laing's Preface to *Notes* of *B. Jonson's Conversations*, &c.

After the remarks which have been drawn forth, in various quarters, by Gifford's furious attack on the poet of Hawthornden, no reader perhaps may now require to be informed that it is altogether unjust; but whoever wishes to see a complete and circumstantial vindication of Drummond's motives and character, will find it in the Preface above mentioned.—A. Dyce.]

‡ They have, without any exception, been taken from Cibber's Lives of the Poets.

he had a pastoral intitled the *May Lord;* his own name is Alkin, Ethra the Countess of Bedford, Mogbel Overbury, the old Countess of Suffolk, an enchantress; other names are given to Somerset, his lady, Pembroke, the Countess of Rutland, lady Wroth. In his first scene Alkin comes in mending his broken pipe. [*He bringeth in,* says our author (Drummond) *clowns making mirth and foolish sports, contrary to all other pastorals.*] He had also a design to write a Fisher or Pastoral (Piscatory?) play, and make the stage of it in the Lomond lake; and also to write his foot-pilgrimage hither, and to call it a Discovery. In a poem, he called Edinburgh

"The Heart of Scotland, Britain's other Eye."

That he had an intention to have made a play like Plautus's *Amphytruo*, but left it off, for that he could never find two so like one to the other, that he could persuade the spectator that they were one.

"That he had a design to write an epic poem, and was to call it *Chorologia*, of the Worthies of his country, raised by Fame, and was to dedicate it to his country: it is all in couplets, for he detested all other rhymes. He said, he had written a *Discourse of Poetry*, both against Campion and Daniel, especially the last, where he proves couplets to be the best sort of verses, especially when they are broke like hexameters, and that cross rhymes and stanzas, because the purpose would lead beyond eight lines, were all forced.

"His censure (judgment) of the English poets was this: that Sidney did not keep a decorum in making every one speak as well as himself. Spenser's stanza pleased him not, nor his matter; the meaning of the Allegory of his *Fairy Queen* he had delivered in writing to Sir Walter Raleigh, which was, that by the bleating (blatant) beast, he understood the Puritans, and by the false Duessa, the Queen of Scots. He told, that Spenser's goods were robbed by the Irish, and his house and a little child burnt, he and his wife escaped, and after died for want of bread in King-street: he refused twenty pieces sent him by my Lord Essex, and said he was sure he had no time to spend them. Samuel Daniel was a good, honest man, had no children, and was no poet;* and that he had wrote the *Civil Wars*, and yet had not one battle in all his book. That Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, if he had performed what he promised, to write the deeds of all the Worthies, had been excellent. That he was challenged for intituling one book *Mortimeriades:* that Sir John Davies played on Drayton in an epigram, who, in his sonnet, concluded his mistress might have been the ninth Worthy, and said, he used a phrase like Dametas in *Arcadia*, who said his mistress for wit might be a giant.

That Silvester's translation of Du Bartas was not well done; and that he wrote his verses before he understood to confer; and these of Fairfax were not good. That the translations of Homer and Virgil in long Alexandrines, were but prose.† That Sir John Harington's *Ariosto*, under all translations, was the worst: that when Sir John desired him to tell the truth of his Epigrams, he answered him, that he loved not the truth, for they were narrations, not epigrams. He said Donne was originally a poet, his grandfather on the mother side was Heywood the epigrammatist: that Donne for want of being understood would perish. He esteemed him the first poet in the world for some things; his verses of the lost Orchadine he had by heart, and that passage of the Calm, 'that dust and feathers did not stir, all was so quiet.' He affirmed that Donne wrote all his best pieces before he was twenty-five years of age: the conceit of Donne's Transformation, or Μετεμψυχωσις, was that he sought the soul of that apple, which Eve pulled, and thereafter made it the soul of a bitch, then of a she-

* Jonson explains himself in what he says below of Du Bartas—"He was no poet, but a verser, *because he wrote not fiction.*" The allusion is to Daniel's narrative poem of the *Civil Wars*. He elsewhere expressly styles Daniel a *verser* in this sense.

† So Daniel in his answer to Campion:—"I find my Homer-Lucan, as if he gloried to seem to have no bounds, passing over the rhyme, albeit he were confined within his measure, to be therein, in my conceit, most happy; for so thereby, they who care not for verse or rhyme, may pass it over without taking notice thereof, and please themselves with a well-measured *prose.*" This is pretty nearly what Jonson means: and, indeed, had his remarks been given to us by any but an enemy, we should, I am convinced, have found little to qualify or correct in them.

wolf, and so of a woman: his general purpose was to have brought it into all the bodies of the heretics from the soul of Cain, and at last left it in the body of Calvin. He only wrote one sheet of this, and since he was made a Doctor, repented hugely, and resolved to destroy all his poems. He told Donne that his *Anniversary* was profane and full of blasphemies; that if it had been written on the Virgin Mary it had been tolerable: to which Donne answered, that he described the idea of a woman, and not as she was. He said Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sense, for, in one of his plays, he brought in a number of men, saying, they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by a hundred miles.* That Sir Walter Raleigh esteemed more fame than conscience. The best wits in England were employed in making his History; Ben himself had written a piece to him of the Punick War, which he altered and set in his book.

He said there was no such ground for an Heroic Poem as King Arthur's fiction, and that Sir P. Sidney had an intention to have transformed all his Arcadia to the stories of King Arthur. He said Owen was a poor pedantic school-master, sweeping his living from the posteriors of little children, and had nothing good in him, his epigrams being bare narrations. Francis Beaumont died before he was thirty years of age, who, he said, was a good poet, as were Fletcher and Chapman, whom he loved. That Sir William Alexander was not half kind to him, and neglected him, because a friend to Drayton: that Sir R. Ayrton loved him dearly.† He fought several times with Marston; and says, that Marston wrote his father-in-law's preachings, and his father-in-law his comedies."‡

Such are the remarks of Jonson on his contemporaries: set down in malice, abridged without judgment, and published without shame, what is there yet in them to justify the obloquy with which they are constantly assailed, or to support the malicious conclusions drawn from them by Drummond? Or who, that leaned with such confidence on the bosom of a beloved friend, who treacherously encouraged the credulous affection—would have passed the ordeal with more honour than Jonson?—But to proceed.

"His judgment of stranger poets was, That he thought not Bartas a poet, but a verser, because he wrote not fiction. He cursed Petrarch for redacting verses into sonnets, which he said was like that tyrant's bed, where some who were too short, were racked, others too long cut short. That Guarini in his *Pastor Fido* kept no decorum in making shepherds speak as well as himself. That he told Cardinal du Perron (when he was in France, 1613) who shewed him his translation of Virgil, that it was naught: that the best pieces of Ronsard were his Odes. [*But all this was to no purpose,* (says our author) *for he never understood the French or Italian languages.*§] He said Petronius, Plinius Secundus, and Plautus spoke best Latin; and that

* This is the tritest of all our author's observations. No one ever read the play without noticing the "absurdity," as Dr. Johnson calls it; yet for this simple *truism*, for this casual remark in the freedom of conversation, Jonson is held up to the indignation of the world, as if the blunder was invisible to all but himself, or, as if he had uttered the most deliberate and spiteful calumny!

† "He was (Aubrey says) according to Mr. J. Dryden, who had seen his verses in MS. one of the best poets of his time. He was acquainted with all the witts (learned men) of his time in England. Mr. Thomas Hobbes of Malmbury told me he made use of him, together with Ben Jonson, for an Aristarchus, when he drew up the Epistle Dedicatory for his translation of Thucydides." *Letters*, &c. vol. ii. p. 200.

‡ The petty contentions in which Jonson was involved by the captiousness of Marston, have been already noticed. What follows seems a humorous allusion to the sombre air of Marston's comedies, as contrasted with the cheerful tone of his father-in-law's discourses:—But who was this father-in-law? Nay, who was Marston? None of his biographers know any thing of either; and yet it appears to me that something on the subject of both has been, unconsciously, delivered by Wood. William Wilkes, he tells us, was chaplain to king James, before whom he often preached to his great content. This person "died at Barford S. Martin in Wiltshire, of which he was rector, leaving a daughter named Mary, who was married to John Marston, of the city of Coventry, gentleman. Which John dying 25 June 1634, was buried in the church belonging to the Temple in London, near to the body of John Marston his father, sometimes a counsellor of the Middle Temple." I flatter myself that I have here recovered both father and son, since all that is known of the latter corresponds with these particulars.

§ It is observable that every addition by Drummond is tinctured with spleen: What a tissue of malevolence must the original record of these conversations have been! When Jonson says that he wrote his praise of Sylvester before he was able to compare the translation with the original, and, fifteen years afterwards, declares that he was wrong, I should conceive, without more authority, that he had made himself master of French in the interval. There can, indeed, be no doubt of it; (Drummond's assertion goes for nothing) for he hardly conversed with Cardinal du Perron on the merits of French poetry without understanding the language. In fact, so common an acquirement was not a

Tacitus wrote the secrets of the council and senate, as Suetonius did those of the cabinet and court: that Lucan, taken in parts, was excellent, but altogether, naught: that Quintilian's 6, 7, and 8 books were not only to be read, but altogether digested: that Juvenal, Horace, and Martial were to be read for delight, and so was Pindar; but Hippocrates for health.

"Of the English nation he said, that Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* was best for church-matters, and Selden's *Titles of Honour* for antiquities.—Here our author relates that the censure (judgment) of his verses was—That they were all good, especially his Epitaph on prince Henry,* save that they smelled too much of the schools, and were not after the fancy of the times: for a child, says he, may write after the fashion of the Greek and Latin verse in running; yet that he wished for pleasing the king, that piece of *Forth Feasting* had been his own."

"As Ben Jonson (say the collectors of Drummond's works,) has been very liberal of his censures (opinions) on all his contemporaries, so our author *does not spare* him."—

But Jonson's censures are merely critical, or, if the reader pleases, hypercritical: and with the exception of Raleigh, who is simply charged with taking credit to himself for the labours of others, he belies no man's reputation, blasts no man's moral character—the apology for the slander of his host, therefore,

> ——— who should against his murderer shut the door,
> Not bear the knife himself,—

is weaker than water.

"—For he says, Ben Johnson was a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest, jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived: a dissembler of the parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good that he wanted; thinketh nothing well done but what either he himself or some of his friends have said or done. He is passionately kind and angry, careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if he be well answered at himself; interprets best sayings and deeds often to the worst. He was for any religion, as being versed in both ;† oppressed with fancy which hath overmastered his reason, a *general* disease in *many* poets: his inventions are smooth and easy, but above all he excelleth in a translation.‡ When the play of the *Silent Woman* was first acted, there were found verses

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matter of boast, especially in one so much about the court as Jonson, and in the habit of hearing it spoken by almost every one around him.

* "Tears on the Death of Meliades." *Drum. Poems*, folio, p. 15.

† To attempt a refutation of the absurd abuse poured on Jonson by this cankered hypocrite, would be useless, as the history of the poet's whole life is a refutation of it: but it may not be amiss to call the attention of the reader to this passage, of which the logic is only to be equalled by the candour—"He was well versed in theology, *therefore* he was without religion!" What religion Drummond was "versed" in, I know not:—certainly, not in that which says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

‡ In this place Shiels interpolated the scurrilous passage already given. (p. 12.) I am not sure that Drummond himself is not indebted for some of his popularity to this forged panegyric on Shakspeare at the cost of Jonson, which is quoted with such delight by all that poet's biographers.

It may not be amiss, however, to observe that Drummond appears to have known or thought as little of Shakspeare as of any writer of the time. He never mentions him but once.—To afford an opportunity of contrasting the "censures" of Ben with those of a master hand, his editors kindly subjoin to the passage quoted above, "Mr. Drummond's character of several authors."

"The authors I have seen," saith he, "on the subject of love are—Sidney, Daniel, Drayton, Spenser,—the last we have are Sir W. Alexander and Shakspeare, who have lately published their works."—folio, p. 226. Not a word more of the latter, though he recurs to Alexander, (whom he places next to Petrarch,) to Daniel, Drayton, Donne, Sylvester, and others. Such is his "character" of Shakspeare! In his letters several poets are mentioned, and notices of plays occasionally occur; but of Shakspeare's not a syllable. I much question whether Drummond ever read a play of our great poet. That he had no esteem for his writings is tolerably clear; as it is, that he preferred the dull and lifeless Alexander to him.

About the year 1627 Drummond gave "a noble present of books and manuscripts to the college of Edinburgh."—So say the editors of his works, (folio 1711.) or I should have termed it, generally speaking, a collection of rubbish not worth the hire of the cart that took it away. Of this rare present a catalogue was published, in which the books are carefully arranged under the names of their respective authors. Under that of "William Shakspeare" there appears —what, does the reader think?—*Love's Labour Lost.*

after on the stage against him, concluding that that play was well named the *Silent Woman*, because there was never one *man* to say Plaudite to it." *Drum. Works*, folio, 1711, p. 224-6.

The writers of Jonson's life in the *Bio. Brit.* after selecting the most envenomed passages of the "Conversations," (always, however, with due admiration of the exemplary friendship of Drummond,) proceed thus: "In short (adds Drummond, folio, 1711, p. 222,) Jonson was," &c. Overcome by the tender enthusiasm of this exquisite burst of friendship, the biographers indulge in a beatific vision of our author's happiness. "He passed," they say, "some months * with this favourite brother poet, this *ingenuous friend*, to whom he opened his heart with a most unreserved freedom, and confidence, the *sweetest gift* of friendship!" It would appear, that in the case of Jonson, words and actions lost their usual import, and that the blackest perfidy, when directed against him, suddenly changed into kindness and liberality.

The words put into Drummond's mouth, do not, indeed, belong to him. Of this, however, the critics, who trusted merely to Shiels, and quote a work which they never saw, were ignorant. No matter: there is still enough to justify the rhapsody on the "sweets of friendship!" It must not be concealed, however, that there have been persons free enough to question the purity of Drummond's conduct, and that even the wretched scribbler who interpolated the passage, cannot avoid saying, "We have inserted Ben's conversations—though, perhaps, it was not altogether fair of Mr. Drummond to commit to writing things that passed over a bottle, and which perhaps were heedlessly advanced. As few people are so wise as not to speak imprudently sometimes, it is not the part of a man who invites another to his table to expose what may drop inadvertently." *Cib. Lives*, vol. i. p. 310. This gentle reproof from Lauder the second, is extremely pleasant!—perhaps, it was a *compunctious visiting*. Mr. A. Chalmers too, has an awkward observation:—Drummond's return (he says) to the unreserved conduct of Jonson "has been thought *not very liberal*†." Is it possible! Fie, fie!—"Not *very* liberal!" To do Mr. Chalmers justice, he has no doubts of this kind, himself; in tenderness, however, to those who have, he suggests "that this *suspicion* of illiberality is considerably lessened, when we reflect that Drummond appears not to have intended to publish his remarks," &c.‡ Mr. Chalmers never heard, perhaps, of a legacy of half-a-crown left to a hungry Scotsman to fire off a pistol which the ruffian, who loaded and levelled it, had not the courage to discharge. At any rate he seems to think that there is nothing unusual or improper in framing a libellous attack on the character and reputation of a friend, keeping it carefully in store for thirty years, and finally bequeathing it, fairly engrossed, to the caprice or cupidity of an executor!

The parting scene at Hawthornden was undoubtedly tender; for Drummond, who had hitherto concealed his malice, was too practised an *artificer of fraud*, to pull off the mask at such a moment. Ben, therefore, who saw no more than his enemies were pleased to expose to his view, went on his way with a heart overflowing with respect and gratitude, while his host, with a hand yet warm from the pressure of affection, retired to his closet, and having thanked God that he was not a "drunkard," a "dissembler," a "braggard," *as other men* were, or even one "that interpreted best deeds and sayings to the worst," *like this Jonson*, sat complacently down to destroy his character (as he fondly hoped) for ever.

Jonson reached London in the beginning of May, and soon after dispatched the following letter:—

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* *He passed some months.*] This is for ever repeated; although the persons who had the care of Drummond's papers and who drew up the account of his life, expressly say, that Jonson staid with him about *three weeks!* He arrived (p. 34.) at Hawthornden in the beginning of April, 1619, and left it, on his return to London, about the end of the same month. [See additional Note, p 34. A. Dyce.]

† Full justice will not be done to the niceness of Mr. Chalmers's feelings, on this point, unless we call to mind that he expressly includes the ribaldry of Shiels in Drummond's sketch of Jonson's character.

‡ I will help Mr. Chalmers to Chetwood's opinion on the subject: "This false friend (Drummond) durst not have declared his vile sentiments had our author been alive to answer him; I look, therefore, upon all that he has brought against him, as the malice and envy of a bad heart." *Life of Jonson*, p. 55.

"To my worthy, honoured, and beloved friend, Mr. W. Drummond.

"Most loving" (poor Jonson!) "and beloved sir, against which titles I should most knowingly offend, if I made you not some account of myself, to come even with your friendship. I am arrived safely, with a most Catholic welcome, and my reports not unacceptable to his Majesty. He professed (thank God) some joy to see me, and is pleased to hear of the purpose of my book: * to which I most earnestly solicit you for your promise of the inscriptions at Pinky, some things concerning the Loch of Lomond, touching the government of Edinburgh, to urge Mr. James Scot, and what else you can procure for me with all speed—though these requests be full of trouble, I hope they shall neither burthen nor weary such a friendship, whose commands to me, I will ever interpret a pleasure. News we have none here, but what is making against the Queen's funeral,† whereof I have somewhat in hand which shall look upon you with the next. Salute the beloved Fentons, the Nisbets, the Scots, the Levingstons, and all the honest and honoured names with you, especially Mr. James Wroth, his wife, your sister, &c. And if you forget yourself, you believe not in

Your most true friend and lover,

BEN JONSON.

London, May 10*th*, 1619."

The answer to this does not appear; but a second letter which Drummond sent in consequence of another application from our author, begins thus:

"WORTHY FRIEND,

The uncertainty of your abode was the cause of my silence—I have adventured this packet upon hopes that a man so famous cannot be in any place either of the city or court,‡ where he shall not be found out. In my last (the missing letter) I sent you a description of Loch Lomond, with a map of Inch-merionach, which may, by your book, be made most famous," &c.———

July 1, 1619.

We hear nothing further of Drummond till the end of this year, when he addressed another letter§ "to his worthy friend, master Ben Jonson."

"SIR,—Here you have that Epigram which you desired (p. 692) with another of the like argument. If there be any other thing in this country which my power can reach, command it; there *is nothing I wish more than to be in the catalogue of them that love you.*‖ I have heard from court that the late masque ¶ was not so approved of the King, as in former times, and that your absence was regretted. Such applause *hath true worth* even of those who are otherwise not for it. Thus, to the next occasion, taking my leave, I remain

Your *loving friend*,

W. D."

* The "Discovery," (p. 35.) which was to contain the Description of Scotland, with the Episode of his "Journey thither," &c. This passage is worthy of notice, as it incidentally shews the estimation in which Jonson was held by James. Those who so readily condemn him to poverty and obscurity are little aware, perhaps, that for the space of twenty years, he was associated with all that was noble, or great, or virtuous, or wise: The implicit believers in the commentators on our great poet, are in too forlorn a state of imbecility to encourage any hopes of returning reason; but there are others who may one day be expected to discover that there are better authorities for a Life of Jonson than captain Tucca, Will. Kempe, and Shiels, the Scotsman.

† Ann died in March. The poem which Jonson wrote on the occasion, is lost.

‡ Jonson had left London towards the end of May, and was, at this time, residing at Christ Church, Oxford, with his true friend, Corbet (afterwards bishop of Norwich) and others of that College.

[§ Gifford was not aware that the date of this letter is "January 17, 1619." See Mr. D. Laing's Preface to *Notes of B. Jonson's Conversations*, &c., p. ix.—A. DYCE.]

‖ Hypocrite to the last! What, the "liar," the "drunkard," the "atheist"! This is almost too much. A voluntary plunge in infamy was by no means necessary here: it was not your credulous correspondent (whoever else it might be) that "interpreted best sayings and deeds to the worst."

¶ I know not who was called in to supply the place of Jonson during his northern tour. The king was grown somewhat fastidious perhaps after those exquisite Entertainments, the *Vision of Delight*, and *Pleasure reconciled to Virtue*; and talents of no ordinary kind might have fallen short of their excellencies without much injury to the possessor's reputation.

Enough of Drummond, with whose "friendship" for our author, the common sense of the reader will, I trust, be no longer insulted, except from the lips of hopeless idiotism—*longa manantia labra saliva.*

"Crowned with the favour of his sovereign, Jonson saw (say the writers of the *Bio. Brit.*) the most distinguished wits of his time crowding his train, and courting his acquaintance; and in this spirit he was invited to Christ Church by Dr. Corbet, then senior student of that college *." Here Wood tells us, he continued some time writing and composing of plays, and was created Master of Arts (July 19) 1619. The historian is wrong in the first part of his assertion. Jonson certainly "composed" no plays at Oxford or elsewhere: this was a labour from which he always delighted to escape, and he was now in such a comparative state of affluence as to justify his indulging in pursuits more congenial to his feelings†. Several of

* "Thus," exclaims Mr. Headley, "Jonson was rescued from the arms of a sister University who had long treated the Muses with indignity. We do not find that Ben expressed any regret at the *change of situation:* companions whose minds and pursuits were similar to his own were not always to be found in the gross atmosphere of the muddy Cam, though easily met with on the more genial banks of the Isis." *Beauties of English Poetry*, p. xxxviii. Mr. Headley was an ingenious young man; but like other ingenious young men, talked sometimes of what he did not understand. He is so ignorant of Jonson's history as to suppose that he was then resident at Cambridge—this, however, may be easily overlooked; but his attempt to implicate the poet in his personal quarrels, in his splenetic and vulgar abuse of Cambridge, merits castigation. Jonson neither felt nor expressed any disrespect to Cambridge.—In the Dedication of the *Fox* to both Universities, he calls them "most noble and most equal sisters;" and mentions, in terms of respectful gratitude, his obligations to their "favour and affection." From this language he never varied; and, unfortunately for Mr. Headley, Cambridge, which had also conferred on him a Master of Arts degree, was fondly remembered by him to the last.‡

This critic, as might reasonably be expected, entertains a supreme contempt for Jonson's writings, of which he manifests a surprising knowledge! "While Drayton (he says) was adopting a style that the present age may peruse, &c. Jonson" (who is always the victim) "unable to digest the mass of his reading, peopled his pages with the heathen mythology," p. lii. Mr. Headley had evidently heard "of Jonson's learning;" the rest followed of course. But how stands the fact? That of all the writers for the stage, from old Heywood to Sir Aston Cockayne inclusive, there is not one whose pages are so free from fable as Jonson's. I will venture to affirm that more of the *heathen mythology* may be found in a single scene, nay, in a single speech, of Shakspeare, Fletcher, Massinger, and Shirley, than in the whole of Jonson's thirteen comedies. Nothing is so remarkable as his rigid exclusion of the deities of Greece and Rome. Neither as embellishments nor illustrations do they appear in his pages, yet Mr. Headley (and he is not singular, or I should have left him to his folly) assumes, as the distinguishing characteristic of the author, that *they are peopled with them!*

But Mr. Headley's candour is as conspicuous as his knowledge. "A strong and original vein of humour (he says) is Ben's *peculiar forte;* take away that, and he is undeserving of the fame he has attained"! *Ibid.* It was well observed by the French tailor, upon the magnificent view from Richmond Hill—"All this is very fine, to be sure;—but take away the river and the trees, and it will be nothing"!

† "Both inclination and ambition (say the writers of the *Bio. Brit.*) concurred in prompting Jonson to turn from Masques and Entertainments to the graver and weightier works of the drama." This, (which is re-echoed by all his biographers,) like every thing else respecting him, is said at random. "Ambition" was on the side of the Masques—and with regard to his "inclination for the drama," he expressly declares that he had it not. These gentlemen, however, are so pleased with their observation, that they repeat it on the production of the *New Inn;* to the writing of which he was driven by absolute want. So much is said of our author, and so little known!

I have, on several occasions, noted the little pleasure which Jonson apparently took in writing for the stage; but I hardly expected so decisive a proof of it as has reached me since this note was put to the press. The ever active kindness of Mr. D'Israeli has just furnished me with the following letter. It was found among the Hatfield state papers by Dr. Birch, who was preparing a selection of them for the press, when he was interrupted by his last illness.

The letter is inscribed—"Ben Jonson to the Earl of Salisbury, praying his lordship's protection against some evil reports." It shews (what indeed every circumstance of his life proves) that he was high-spirited, dauntless; confident in his worth, more confident in his innocence; complaining when wronged, with dignity, and soliciting when afflicted, with decorum.

The theatrical records of these times are so imperfect, that the circumstance and the play to which our author alludes, are equally obscure. It would seem that not long after his release, (in the beginning of 1605,) he was accused of reflecting on some one in a play written by Chapman and himself, and again imprisoned with his friend. It would be vain to indulge in farther conjecture. There are many points of similarity between the letter, and the dedication of the *Fox*, which may be consulted with advantage. The letter itself is truly admirable, and well deserved the success which, we know, from collateral circumstances, it instantly found. I rejoice in its preservation, and transcribe it with pleasure.

"Most truly honourable, 605.

"It hath still been the tyranny of my fortune so to oppress my endeavours that before I can shew myself grateful

‡ When Dr. Birch was writing the life of Jonson for the *Gen. Dict.* folio, 1738, he applied to a member of St. John's College for information respecting the residence of the poet, &c. This person procured several memoranda for his use, from the learned T. Baker, one of the fellows. The last of them runs thus: "Mr. Baker adds that there has always been a tradition handed down, that he was of our college—The Registrar tells me that there are several books in our Library with Ben Jonson's name, given by him to the college; particularly an ancient edition of Aristotle's Works."

It is observable that this life of Jonson is entirely free from the deplorable raving about the poet's *envy*, &c. which disgraces all the subsequent accounts. Birch could not forge, and he would not calumniate.

his most beautiful Masques were, however, composed about this period, both for the nobility and the court, as well as some of those pieces which are mentioned in the *Execration on Vulcan*, and which were destroyed together with his study. There perished his Commentary on the Poetics, his Grammar complete, of which we have now but the fragments, his Journey into Scotland, his May Lord, and several other dramas. There too were lost the unfinished Life of Henry V.* the Rape of Proserpine, the poem in celebration of the Ladies of Great Britain, to which he more than once alludes, and what perhaps, we ought to regret more than all, a vast body of philological collections, with notes, from the classics, the fruit of twenty years' laborious study.

It is probable that Jonson spent much of his time at the country seats of the nobility and gentry, as he has allusions to several visits of this kind; and we know that he attended on the court in some of the royal progresses†. He was at Burleigh on the Hill, and at Belvoir Castle, and at Windsor when his Masque of the *Gipsies Metamorphosed* was performed at these places, respectively, and introduced several little compliments into the piece, as new candidates arrived, and claimed admission into the list of the *Dramatis Personæ*. He must also have been at Newmarket with the court, where his Masques were occasionally represented.

While he was on these progresses, he obtained from his Majesty, who seems to have been unusually pleased with the *Masque of Gipsies*, in which he bore a part, a reversionary grant of

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in the least for former benefits, I am enforced to provoke your bounties for more. May it not seem grievous to your lordship, that now my innocence calls upon you (next the Deity) to her defence. God himself is not averted at just men's cries; and you that approach that divine goodness and supply it here on earth in your places and honours cannot employ your aid more worthily than to the common succour of honesty and virtue, how humbly soever it be placed.

"I am here, my most honoured lord, unexamined and unheard, committed to a vile prison, and with me a gentleman, (whose name may, perhaps, have come to your lordship) one Mr. George Chapman, a learned and honest man. The cause (would I could name some worthier, though I wish we had known none worthy our imprisonment,) is (the words irk me that our fortune hath necessitated us to so despised a course,) a play, my lord; whereof we hope there is no man can justly complain that hath the virtue to think but favourably of himself, if our judge bring an equal ear; marry, if with prejudice we be made guilty afore our time, we must embrace the asinine virtue, patience. My noble lord, they deal not charitably who are witty in another man's works, and utter sometimes their own malicious meanings under our words. I protest to your honour, and call God to testimony, (since my first error,‡ which, yet, is punished in me more with my shame than it was then with my bondage,) I have so attempered my style, that I have given no cause to any good man of grief; and if to any ill, by touching at any general vice, it hath always been with a regard and sparing of particular persons. I may be otherwise reported; but if all that be accused should be presently guilty, there are few men would stand in the state of innocence.

"I beseech your most honourable lordship, suffer not other men's errors or faults past to be made my crimes; but let me be examined both by all my works past and this present; and not trust to rumour but my books (for she is an unjust deliverer both of great and of small actions) whether I have ever (many things I have written private or public) given offence to a nation, to a public order or state, or any person of honour or authority; but have equally laboured to keep their dignity as mine own person, safe. If others have transgressed, let me not be entitled to their follies. But lest in being too diligent for my excuse, I may incur the suspicion of being guilty, I become a most humble suitor to your lordship that with the honourable lord Chamberlain,§ (to whom I have in like manner petitioned) you will be pleased to be the grateful means of our coming to answer; or if in your wisdoms it shall be thought necessary, that your lordship will be the most honoured cause of our liberty, where freeing us from one prison you will remove us to another; which is eternally to bind us and our muses to the thankful honouring of you and yours to posterity, as your own virtues have by many descents of ancestors ennobled you to time,

Your honour's most devoted in heart as words,

BEN JONSON.

"To the most nobly virtuous and thrice honoured Earl of Salisbury. 1605."

* *Henry* V.] In this history, Jonson tells us in one of his most popular poems, he was assisted by Cotton, Carew, and Selden: yet Mr. A. Chalmers gives this rare intelligence solely on the authority of Oldys! "See," he says, 'Oldys's manuscript notes to Langbaine in *Brit. Mus.*"

† On one of these occasions he had an opportunity of serving Selden, who had grievously offended James by the indirect tendency of his arguments on the divine right of tythes. "The storm was blown over," his biographer says, "by the interest of his friend Ben Jonson, with the king." Fresh offence, however, was taken soon afterwards, and Selden was summoned to Theobalds, where his Majesty then was, on his return from Newmarket. "Not being as yet acquainted with the court or with the king, he got master Ben Jonson, who was then at Theobalds, to introduce him." *Life of Selden.* The steadiness of our author's friendship calls for no remark: it was a part of his character; but it should not be omitted that Selden, who is expressly declared by his biographers, "to be, in 1618, *yet* unacquainted with the court," is said by all the writers of Jonson's life, to have procured the poet's release from imprisonment by his interest there, in 1605!.

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‡ In *Eastward Hoe!* See p. 22.

§ Thomas Earl of Suffolk. Jonson was not unmindful of his kindness. See p. 670.

the office of Master of the Revels. The king, by letters patent dated Oct. 5, 1621, granted him, by the style and addition of "our beloved servant Benjamin Jonson, gentleman, the said office to be held and enjoyed by him and his assigns, during his life, from and after the death of sir George Buc, and sir John Astley, or as soon as the office should become vacant by resignation, forfeiture, or surrender*." In contemplation, perhaps, of his speedy accession to this office, James was desirous of conferring upon him the honour of knighthood. Jonson, for whom wealth and title had no charms, and who was well aware that a distinction of this nature would exasperate the envy which pursued him from his earliest years, shrunk from the meditated kindness of his sovereign, and prevailed on some of his friends about the court to dissuade his royal master from his purpose.†

Jonson received no advantage from the grant specified above, as sir J. Astley survived him: it appears, however, that, finding himself incapable, during his last illness, of performing the duties of the office, supposing it to devolve upon him, he had been graciously permitted by Charles to transfer the patent to his son, who died in 1635. Why Mr. Malone should suppose (*Shak.* vol. ii. p. 311) that he was not on good terms with his father, I cannot tell. Fuller only says that Jonson "was not very happy in his children:" but an indulgent and tender parent like Jonson may be sensibly afflicted by the conduct of a child, without much diminution of affection, or interruption of kindness.

From 1621, when the *Gipsies Metamorphosed* was performed at Windsor, Jonson continued, apparently, to pass his time greatly to his satisfaction. Every Twelfth-night produced a Masque; and visits to his friends, correspondence with the literati of this and other countries, and occasional pieces of poetry, filled up the rest of his time‡. Mr. Malone, who, from his crazy tripod, pronounces that Jonson had "stalked, for two centuries, on the stilts of artificial reputation," was little aware, perhaps, of the extent of his acquaintance with the learned, and of the estimation in which they held his talents: at any rate, the following passage from the Geneva edit. of Farnaby's Martial (and I could produce many such) must have escaped his knowledge:

"*Martialem solum à clariss. viro Petro Scriverio emendatum editumque desiderabam, quem nulla mea aut amicorum cura parare potuit; cujus tamen vicem non rarò supplevit amica opera* Ben Jonsonii *viri (quod quæ ille per ludum scripserit, seriò legentibus liquido apparebit) in poetis omnibus versatissimi, historiarum, morum, rituum, antiquitatum indagatoris exquisitissimi, et (quod semper in illo adverti) non contenti brachio levi tesquâ et dignos vindice nodos transmittere, sed penitissimos usque sensus ratione, lectione, ingenio eruere desudantis; digni denique (utcunque à probatis merito probetur suo) meliori theatro quam* quo malevolorum invidiam pascat,§ *quanquam et hoc regium est posse invidium cùm mereri tum pati. Ille, inquam, mihi emendationes aliquot suppeditavit ex C. V. Scriverii Martiale, cujus copia illi facta Lugduni Bat. a viro non sine doctrinæ et humanitatis honorifica præfatione nominando Dan. Heinsio, &c.*" ‖

* *Shak.* vol. i. p. 626. Mr. Malone observes that "it would appear from a passage in the *Satiromastix* that Ben had made some attempts to procure the reversion of this place before the death of Elizabeth." Mr. Malone is unquestionably right; though he has failed to draw from it the only proper conclusion—namely, that at this period, Jonson was neither so obscure nor so unfriended as he would have us believe.

† "A friend told me this Faire time (Stourbridge) that Ben Johnson was not knighted, but scaped it narrowly, for that his majestie would have done it, had there not been means made (himself not unwilling) to avoyd it. Sep. 15, 1621." Extracted from a letter of the celebrated Joseph Mead of C. Col. Cambridge to sir Martin Stuteville. *Baker's MSS.* vol. xxxii., p. 355. Sir M. Stuteville was a friend and admirer of Jonson. One of his family has some verses on the poet's death, preserved among the Ashmole papers. They are kind and laudatory; but merit no particular notice.

‡ He is said to have assisted Middleton and Fletcher in writing *The Widow*, which must have appeared about this time. This comedy was very popular, and, not undeservedly, for it has a considerable degree of merit. I cannot, however, discover many traces of Jonson in it. The authors' names rest, I believe, on the authority of the editor, A. Gough, who sent the play to the press in 1652.

§ This learned man, we see, notices the malevolence which incessantly pursued Jonson on the stage. We now hear of nothing but Jonson's *envy*:—those who lived and conversed with him, speak of the *envy* of others:—It was *then* the lowest description of scribblers which persecuted him; and I should wrong the modesty of those who abuse him *now*, if I termed them the lights of the age.

‖ Jonson presented a copy of this edit. to Mr. Briggs, (probably a relation of the celebrated mathematician,) with the following letter written on a blank leaf:

It has not been hitherto observed that Jonson was in possession of a most excellent library, which, assisted by a readiness of memory altogether surprising, facilitated the acquirement of that information for which he was so frequently solicited by his own countrymen, as well as strangers He began to collect the best editions of the classics at an early period, and it may be doubted whether any private library in the kingdom was, at that time, so rich in scarce and valuable books as his own. He was ever ready to communicate them to his friends: not only was his study open to their researches*; but its contents were always at their disposal. It cannot be too often repeated that this writer, who has been described as a mere mass of spleen and ill-nature, was, in fact, the frankest and most liberal of mankind. I am fully warranted in saying that more valuable books given to individuals by Jonson are yet to be met with, than by any person of that age. Scores of them have fallen under my own inspection, and I have heard of abundance of others†. The following passage may amuse the reader from the exquisite absurdity of its conclusion. "In the Upper Library of Trinity College," (it is Warton who speaks,) "is a Vossius's *Greek Historians*, with a series of MS. notes. It appears, by a Latin mem. in Dr. Bathurst's hand-writing, that this book originally belonged to Ben Jonson, who gave it to Dr. Langbaine.—Jonson's name being mentioned, I cannot forbear adding"—(Here I verily expected some compliment to his learning, or liberality)—"that in the character of Volpone, Aubrey tells us, Jonson intended Sutton, the founder of the Charter-house!" *Life of Bathurst*, 8vo. p. 148. It seems as if it were indispensable that the name of Jonson must always be followed by some stupid calumny‡.

We have long lost sight of Inigo Jones; he now reappears as Jonson's coadjutor in the Masque of *Time Vindicated*, 1623§. As none of those pieces which appear in the folio of 1641 were given to the press by Jonson, it is not possible to say whether he shared in any produced

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"Amico Summo
D.
R. Briggesio.

Eccum, tibi librum, mi Briggesie, quem heri, pene cum convitio, a me efflagitasti, mitto. Volvic ac re aff... etiam hodie, ne diutius moratus, me læsi officii rcum apud te faceret. Est Farnabii mei Martialis. Non ille Jesuitarum castratus, eviratus, et prorsus sine Martiali Martialis. Iste illum integrum tibi virumque præbet, nec minus castum sed magis virilem. Annotationes etiam suas apposuit, tales autem ut videri possit sine commentario, commentator. Tu fac ut illam perlegas, protegas, et faveas homini in tanto sale, epulisque Mart. nec insulso nec jejuno. Dignus enim est, qui Virgiliis suis mereatur, ut foret

Toto notus in orbe Martialis,

quod de se ingeniosissimus poeta prædicare ausus sit, et vere; suffragante etiam

Jonsonio tuo.

Qui xº. Aug. M. DCXXIII.
amicitiæ et studii ergo
hoc levidense
D. D."

* The learned Selden, in speaking of a book which he had occasion to examine, and which was not in his extensive collection, says—"I presume that I have sufficiently manifested this out of Euripides his Orestes, which when I was to use, not having the scholiast, out of whom I hoped some aid, I went, for this purpose, to see it in the well furnisht librarie of my beloved friend, that singular poet, master Ben Jonson, whose special worth in literature, accurate judgment, and performance, known only to that few which are truly able to know him, hath had from me, ever since I began to learn, an increasing admiration." *Titles of Honour*, 1614. fol. p. 93.

† I have great pleasure in copying the following passage from Mr. D'Israeli, because it is the result of conviction acting on a liberal mind. "No poet has left behind him, in MS. so many testimonies of personal fondness as Jonson, by inscriptions and addresses, in the copies of his works, which he presented to his friends: Of these, I have seen more than one, fervent and impressive." *Quar. of Authors*, vol. iii. p. 25.

‡ It may be added here, that Warton appears to have known about as much of Jonson and his writings as Mr. Headley. In his notes on Milton's *Arcades*, he says (but with no friendly voice) that "Echo *frequently* appears in the masques of Jonson." Frequently! In *Pan's Anniversary* (as I think) a musical close is directed to be repeated:—and this is all the Echo. Again: "Jonson was too proud to assist or be assisted," a sentiment quoted for its justice by Mr. Chalmers. Now, Jonson solicited and accepted assistance, or, as he calls it, "succour," from Selden, Cotton, Carew, and many others; and he undoubtedly assisted, or joined with, more writers than any person of the age in which he lived!

§ The mention of this Masque gives me an opportunity of noticing a well-known song by G. Wither, "Shall I, wasting in despair," &c. published in a little vol. 1625, with an "Answere to each verse by master Johnson." If the reader will turn to "Time Vindicated," (vol. viii. p. 3; ed. 1816,) where I have pointed out, for the first time, the object of the poet's satire, he will need no farther proof that Jonson was little likely to busy himself with parodying the verses of Wither, however popular. He was not prone, at any time, to mix his *heels with other men's heads*; and least of all, would he have joined in *this kind of chase*, with a declared enemy.—That the "Song" is printed with his name, signifies nothing. It was current with the public; and he gave himself no concern about the matter

previously to the present one. At all events, no symptoms of ill-will are to be found ; and there is good reason to suppose that hitherto nothing had occurred to interrupt their friendship. In *Pan's Anniversary* (1625), Inigo again assisted Jonson, and his name is duly mentioned in the title-page, where it takes place of the poet's, a circumstance, as it appears, of some moment. This little piece was the last which Jonson had the good fortune to write for James I. who died on the 27th of March in this year, and in whom he lost the most indulgent of masters, the most benevolent of sovereigns. Charles, indeed, both knew and valued Jonson ; but he was not so competent a judge of literary talents, nor was he, either by nature or habit, so familiar with his servants, or so condescending to their affairs, as the easy and good-natured James.

A long series of years had now elapsed since our author turned his thoughts to the theatre. From 1616 to 1625, he appears to have forgotten that there was such a place * ; he was now, however, forcibly reminded of it, and wrote the *Staple of News*, a comedy of no ordinary merit. Two evils were, at this time, rapidly gaining upon the poet, want and disease. The first, he certainly might have warded off, at least for some time, had he been gifted with the slightest portion of economy ; but he was altogether thoughtless and profuse, and his long sickness, therefore, overtook him totally unprovided. From the accession to the death of James, nothing is to be found respecting his necessities ; not a complaint, not a murmur,—but other times were at hand, and we shall soon hear of petitionary poems, and supplications for relief.

The disease which attacked him about the end of this year, was the palsy. He seems to have laboured from his youth under a scorbutic affection, (derived, probably from his parents,) and which assailed him with increasing virulence as his constitution gave way : to this, must be added a tendency to dropsy, not the least of his evils.

From the first stroke of the palsy, he gradually recovered, so far, at least, as to be able, in some measure, to pursue his usual avocations ; and, in 1626, produced the pleasant Antimasque of *Jophiel*, to vary a preceding Entertainment. The Masques, for the three following years, do not appear ; nor is it known that any were written by our author : indeed, from a hint in the Epilogue to his next play, it seems as if the court had ceased to call on him for the customary contribution. Meanwhile his infirmities rapidly increased, and with them his wants : he was no longer able to leave his room, or to move in it without assistance ; and, in this condition, he applied again to the theatre, and produced the comedy of the *New Inn*, which was brought out Jan. 19, 1629-30. The fate of this drama is well-known : it was driven from the stage, and pursued with brutal hostility by his ungenerous and unrelenting enemies †. The epilogue forms a melancholy contrast to some of his earlier productions, and cannot, indeed, be contemplated without a feeling of pity :

" If you expect more than you had to-night;
The maker is sick and sad ‡:—

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* See p 32.

† *Censure of the New Inn.*

" Thou sayst no palsye doth thy braine-pan vex,
I praye the tell me what an apoplex
Thy Pegasus can stirr, yett thy best care
Makes him but shuffle like the parson's mare,
Who from his own side witt sayes thus by mee,
He hath bequeath'd his bellye unto thee ;
To holde that little learning which is fled
Into thy gutts from out thy emptye head," &c.
Ashmole MSS.

These are the softest lines which I could pick out from about fourscore ; and these, with the verses of Gill (vol. vi. p. 123, Ed. 1816.) and Chapman (p. 32.) furnish a correct sample of the disposition of those who attacked our author in his own times. Of all the libels on him which have fallen in my way, I do not recollect one that possessed common humanity or common sense : they never speak of any injury, or provocation received from the poet ; but claim to be the mere effusions of wanton malice ; yet the Walpoles, *et id genus omne*, dream of nothing but " the overpowering brutality of Jonson."

‡ It should be recorded to his praise, that nothing could suppress his ardour for improvement. It is in the midst of

——— he sent things fit
In all the numbers both of verse and wit.
If they have not miscarried: if they have,
All that his faint and faltering tongue doth crave,
Is, that you not impute it to his brain;
That's yet unhurt, although, set round with pain,
It cannot long hold out: all strength must yield;
Yet judgment would the last be in the field,
With the true poet."——

An allusion to the king and queen which follows this extract, awoke the slumbering kindness of Charles, and he instantly sent him a hundred pounds, (a truly royal present,) for which the poet, with an overflowing heart, returned him thanks in three poems, written at short intervals, and all labouring for adequate language to express the fulness of gratitude, respect, and duty*.

This timely relief appears to have produced a favourable change in the poet's mind, and encouraged him to apply to the benevolence of his sovereign for an extension of kindness. There is a flow of gaiety and good humour in the little poem which he wrote, and called a humble *Petition to the best of monarchs, masters, men,* that contrasts very happily with the gloomy and desponding tone of the passage in the preceding page. It is to the honour of Charles, that he not only granted the prayer of the petition, ("that he would be pleased to make the 100 marks of his father 100 pounds,") but liberally added of himself a tierce of canary†, (Jonson's favourite wine,) which has been continued to his successors, and of which the first glass should, in gratitude, be offered by them to the poet's memory. The warrant is given below‡.

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these afflicting circumstances that he writes a poetical epistle to Howell, earnestly soliciting his aid to procure Davies's Welsh Grammar, for which he was unable to seek himself. Jonson's lines are lost: but Howell has given his reply to them. Howell notices the extensive collection of grammars, of which Jonson was already possessed.

* This transaction is thus wilfully perverted by Shiels. "In 1629 Ben fell sick, Charles I. was supplicated in his favour, and sent him *ten guineas.* When the messenger delivered the sum, Ben said, "His majesty has sent me ten guineas *because I am poor, and live in an alley; go and tell him, that his soul lives in an alley.*" This impudent falsehood is still repeated, even by those who have the poet's own acknowledgments for a hundred pounds before them; and Smollett was eager to insert it in his *History of England,* because it bore hard upon Charles. The writers of the *Bio. Brit.* have given one of Jonson's grateful poems to the king—"not so much," they properly say, "to confute, as to *shame* the story."—But who shames a slanderer!

† Milton has been unjustly charged with reflecting on Charles for his attachment to the drama: But though Milton did not urge this as a crime against the king, other writers of that disastrous period did. "Had king Charles (says one of them) but studied scripture half so much as BEN JONSON or SHAKSPEARE, he would have learned that when Amaziah," &c. *Appeal to all Rational Men on King Charles's Trial,* by J. Cooke, 1649.

‡ CHARLES, R.

Charles, by the grace of God, Kinge of England, Scotland, Fraunce, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. to the Theasurer, Chancellour, under Theasurer, Chamberlens, and Barons of the Exchequer of vs, our heirs and successours, now beinge, and that hereafter shall be, and to all other the officers and ministers of the said court, and of the receipt, there now beinge, and that hereafter shall be; and to all others to whom these presents shall come, or to whom it shall or may apperteyn, greeting. Whereas our late most deare father King James of happy memorie, by his letters pattents under the great seale of England, bearing date at Westminster, the first day of February, in the thirteenth year of his reign of England (for the considerations therein expressed) did give and graunt unto our well beloved servaunt, Benjamin Jonson, one annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred marks of lawful money of Englande, during his life, to be paid out of the said Exchequer, at the feast of the Anunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary, the Nativity of St. John Baptist, St. Michael the Archangel, and the birth of our Lord God, quarterly, as by the said letters patents more at large may appear. Which annuity or pension, together with the said letters patents, the said Benjamin Jonson hath lately surrendered vnto vs. Know yee nowe, that wee, for divers good considerations vs at this present especially movinge, and in consideration of the good and acceptable service, done vnto vs and our said father by the said Benjamin Johnson, and especially to encourage him to procede in those services of his witt and penn, which wee have enioined vnto him, and which we expect from him, are graciously pleased to augment and encrease the said annuitie or pension of one hundred marks, vnto an annuitie of one hundred pounds of lawful money of England for his life. And for the better effecting thereof of our especial grace, certen knowledge and meer motion, we have given and graunted, and by these presents for vs, our heirs and successors, upon the surrender aforesaid, do give and graunt unto the said Benjamin Johnson, one annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred pounds of England by the year, to have, hold, and yearly to receive the said annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred pounds of lawful money of England, by the year, unto the said Benjamin Johnson or his assignes, from the feast of ovr Lord God last past, before the date hereof, for and during the natural life of him the said Benjamin Johnson, at the receipt of the Exchequer of vs, our heirs and successours, out of the treasure of vs, our heirs and successours, from time to time there remayning, by the Theasurer and Chamberlens of vs, our heirs, and successours there, for the time beinge, as the foresaid four usual terms of the year (that is to say) at the feast of the Annuntiation of the blessed Virgin Mary, the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, St. Michael the Archangel, and the birth of our Lord God, by even and equal

From 1627, the date of the *Fortunate Isles*, no masque appears to have been written by our author; at this period, however, the king, whose kindness had revived in all its force, commanded him, in conjunction with Inigo Jones, to prepare the usual Entertainments for the festivity of the new year. The first piece was *Love's Triumph through Callipolis*, which seems to have been well received; the second, which was produced about two months after it, was *Chloridia*, better known by its having given birth to the dispute between these ancient friends, than by any merit of its own. Both masques were printed before the end of the year, and the "Inventors" were said, in the title-page, to be Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones; a fatal collocation of names for the declining poet. His complaints, meanwhile, increased; and, with them, his necessities. He rarely went abroad, and, as his helpless state made assistance absolutely necessary, he seems, about this time, to have taken into his service a respectable woman, who managed his little household, and continued with him till he died. It has been already observed, that Jonson was utterly devoid of worldly prudence; what was liberally given was lavishly spent, and he was seldom free from want. He was, indeed, like his mother, "no churl;" his table was ever free to his friends; and we learn from Howell, that he gave repasts even in those evil days, which an epicure might have shared with delight. Wine he always considered as necessary—and perhaps it was so—to counteract the occasional influence of that morbid tendency to melancholy generated by a constitutional affection of the scurvy; which also rendered society desirable, and, in some measure, indispensable to him.

Jonson was not called on for a masque in the following year; and this source of emolument, which he could ill forego, was therefore lost to him. Those who have been accustomed to hear of nothing but his unprovoked persecution of Inigo Jones, will be somewhat startled to find that this person, forgetful of old attachments, made use of his growing favour at court to depress and ruin a bed-ridden and necessitous friend. For the knowledge of his ungenerous conduct, in this instance, not a little important in the history of our calumniated poet, I am again indebted to the kindness of Mr. D'Israeli.

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portions quarterly to be paid. The first payment thereof to begin at the feast of the Annuntiation of the blessed Virgin Mary, next before the date of these presents. Wherefore our will and pleasure is, and we do by these presents for vs, our heirs and successors, require, command, and authorise the said Theasurer, Chancellour, under Theasurer, Chamberlens, and Barons, and other officers and ministers of the said Exchequer, now and for the time being, not only to paie or cause to be paide vnto the said Benjamin Johnson, or his assignes, the said annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred pounds of lawful money of England according to our pleasure before expressed: and also from time to time to give full allowance of the same, according to the true meaning of these presents. And these presents, and the enrollment thereof, shall be unto all men whom it shall concern, sufficient warrant and discharge for the payinge and allowinge of the same accordingly, without any farther or other warrant to be in that behalf procured or obtained. And further know yee, that wee of our more especial grace, certen knowledge and meer motion, have given and granted, and by these presents for us, our heires and successors, do give and graunt unto the said Benjamin Johnson and his assigns, one terse of Canary Spanish wine yearly: to have, hold, perceive, receive, and take the said terse of Canary Spanish wine unto the said Benjamin Jonson and his assigns during the term of his natural life out of our store of wines yearly, and from time to time remayninge at or in our cellers within or belonging to our palace of Whitehall. And for the better effecting of our will and pleasure herein, we do hereby require and command all and singular officers and ministers whom it shall or may concerne, or who shall have the care or charge of our said wines, that they or some one of them do deliver or cause to be delivered the said terse of wine yearly, and once in every year vnto the said Benjamin Johnson or his assignes, during the terme of his natural life, at such time and times as he or they shall demand or desire the same. And these presents or the inrollment thereof shall be unto all men whom it shall concerne a sufficient warrant and discharge in that behalf, although express mention, &c. In witness, &c.

Ex. per Ro. Heath.

Witness, &c.

Maie it please your most excellent Majestie,

This conteyneth your Majestie's graunte unto Benjamin Johnson, your majestie's servaunte, during his life, of a pension of 100*l. per annum*, and of a terse of Spanish wine yearly out of your majestie's store remaining at White-hall. And is done upon surrender of a former letters patents granted unto him by your late royal father, of a pension of 106 marks *per annum*.

Signified to be your Majestie's pleasure by the Lord Theasurer,

RO. HEATH.

Endorsed thus *March* 1630

Expl. apud Westm' vicesimo sexto die Martii anno R Ris Caroli quinto.

per WINDEBANK

"Extract of a Letter from Mr. Pory to sir Thomas Puckering, Bart.

"The last Sunday at night, the king's Mask was acted in the banquetting house, the queen's being suspended till another time, by reason of a soreness which fell into one of her delicate eyes.

"The inventor or poet of this Mask was Mr. Aurelian Townshend, sometime toward (steward) to the lord treasurer Salisbury; Ben Jonson being, for this time, discarded by reason of the *predominant power of his antagonist* Inigo Jones, who, this time twelvemonth, was angry with him *for putting his own name before his* in the title-page; which Ben Jonson has made the subject of a bitter satire or two against Inigo."

Jan. 12, 163$\frac{1}{2}$.

"Whoever was the aggressor," says Walpole, "the turbulence and brutality of Jonson were sure to place him most in the wrong." This assertion is not quite clear in the present case, in which the magnanimity of Jones is as disputable as his humanity. He seems, indeed, to have persecuted Jonson with implacable malice:—not only *for this time* was the poet laid aside by his influence, but for the residue of his melancholy existence. His conduct, for the rest, fully justifies the strongest lines in the *Expostulation*, p. 658:

> "O shows, shows, shows!
> The eloquence of masques! what need of prose—
> Or verse, or prose to express," &c.

since it cannot be denied that whatever ravages disease had made on the faculties of Jonson, he was yet many degrees above master Aurelian Townshend, of whom no one, I believe, ever heard before. The truth is, that Jones wanted, as Jonson has it, to be the *Dominus Do-all of the work*, and to engross all the praise. This avarice of credit is not unpleasantly touched in the ridiculous interlude annexed to *the Tale of a Tub*:

> *Med.* "I have a little knowledge in design,
> Which I can vary, sir, to *infinito*.
> *Tub. Ad infinitum*, sir, you mean.
> *Med.* I do;
> I stand not on my Latin: I'll invent;
> But I must be alone then, join'd with no man."

In fact, Jones had no taste for poetry, and an obscure ballad maker, who could string together a few rhymes to explain the scenery, was more acceptable to him than a man of talent, who might aspire to a share of the praise given to the Entertainment.

The cruelty of Jones in depriving our author of the court patronage had an unfavourable effect upon his circumstances in many respects. The city, from whom he had been accustomed to receive an annual sum by way of securing his services, when occasion called for them, seem to have watched the moment of declining favour, and withdrawn their bounty*.

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* Of this Jonson complains with great indignation to the Earl of Newcastle, in a petitionary letter, written with some humour as well as spirit. He calls it their *chanderly pension*. It deserved a better name, for it was a hundred nobles per ann., a sum which could ill be spared by him at such a time. The Court of aldermen withdrew it Dec. 19th, 1631. It appears from this letter that Jonson had somewhat recovered from the first stroke of the palsy; the second, the fatal stroke, he places in 1628.

[Gifford was not aware that the "annual sum," which Jonson received from the city, was his salary as City Chronologer, in which office he succeeded Thomas Middleton the dramatist,—that his salary was for a considerable time withdrawn, because he had presented no "fruits of his labours in that his place,"—and that it was afterwards restored with arrearages, at the intercession of the King. These facts are ascertained by the following entries in the City Records:—

"Martis Secundo die Septembris 1628 Annoque R Rs Caroli Angliæ &c quarto.

Hamersly Mayor. Rep. No. 42. f. 271. Item: this daie Beniamyn Johnson Gent is by this Court admitted to be the Citties Chronologer in place of Mr. Thomas Middleton deceased, to have hold exercise and enioye the same place and to have and receive for that his service out of the Chamber of London the some of one hundred Nobles per Annum to contynue duringe the pleasure of this Court and the First quarters payment to begin att Michaelmas next."

"Jovis decimo die Novembris 1631 Annoque Regni Regis Caroli Angliæ &c septimo.

Whitmore Mayor. Rep N 46. f. 8. Item: it is ordered by this Court that Mr. Chamberlen shall forbeare to pay any more fee or wages unto Beniamine Johnson the Citties Chronologer until he shall haue presented unto this Court some fruits of his labours in that his place."

The example was probably followed by many who would not have introduced it, and as his salary was, at all times, irregularly paid, he was once more reduced to extremities, and driven to address a pathetic epistle to the lord treasurer Weston, for relief *. In this, he says, that disease and want, with their associates, had beset him for five years, and that his muse

> "Now lay block'd up and straiten'd, narrow'd in,
> Fix'd to the bed and boards, unlike to win
> Health, or scarce breath, as she had never been!" †

This appears to be his last "mendicant epistle," and it was not written in vain. Assistance reached him from various quarters; and some alleviating circumstances of another kind contributed at the same time to smooth the bed of pain, and heal his wounded spirit. He received several copies of complimentary verses from the admirers of his talents; and his munificent patron, the Earl of Newcastle, who had incidentally heard of it, applied to him for a transcript of some of them. Jonson's answer follows:

"My noblest Lord, and my patron by excellence,

I have here obeyed your commands, and sent you a packet of my own praises; which I should not have done if I had any stock of modesty in store:—but 'obedience is better than sacrifice,'—and you command it. I am now like an old bankrupt in wit, that am driven to pay debts on my friends' credit; and, for want of satisfying letters to subscribe bills of exchange.

Your devoted

BEN JONSON.

4th February, 1632.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Newcastle."

This letter enclosed several poems; among which were two by the celebrated Lord Falkland, never printed; a third, printed without a name in *Wit Restored*, but here signed Nic. Oldisworth; and a fourth of considerable length by R. Goodwin, ‡ of which this is the concluding couplet:

> "Other oblivion, BEN, thou ne'er wilt find
> Than that, which, with thee, puts out all mankind."—

"Jovis xviij^{o} die Septembris 1634 Annoque R Rs Caroli Angliæ &c decimo.

Mowlson Mayor. Rep. N. 48, f. 433. Item: this day Mr. Recorder and Sir James Hamersley Knight and Alderman declared unto this Court His Majesty's pleasure signified unto them by the right hon^{ble} the Earle of Dorsett for and in the behalfe of Beniamine Johnson the Cittyes Chronologer, Whereupon it is ordered by this Court that his yearely pencion of one hundred nobles out of the Chamber of London shalbe continued and that Mr. Chamberlen shall satisfie and pay unto him his arrerages thereof."

Jonson, no doubt, continued to hold this office till his death: he was succeeded in it by Francis Quarles. See my *Account of Middleton and his Works*, pp. xl.—xlii., where the above extracts from the City Records were first printed. —A. DYCE.]

* The following letter was probably written at this period.

My noblest Lord and best Patron,

I send no borrowing epistle to provoke your lordship, for I have neither fortune to repay, nor security to engage, that will be taken: but I make a most humble petition to your lordship's bounty to succour my presen necessities this good time [festival] of Easter, and it shall conclude all begging requests hereafter on the behalf

of your truest beadsman and

most thankful servant,

B. J

To the Earl of Newcastle, [no date]

[*Harl MSS.* 4955.]

† About this time Randolph, whom he had adopted, addressed to him, with filial reverence, "a gratulatory poem;" in which he thus refers to his disease:

> "And here, as piety bids me, I intreat
> Phœbus to lend thee some of his own heat,
> To cure thy *palsie*, else I will complain
> He has no skill in herbs, and we in vain
> Style him the god of physic: 'twere his praise
> To make thee as immortal as thy lays," &c.

‡ Of this person I know no more than is found in Aubrey. "He was (he says) a general scholar and had

Lord Falkland, who is insulted by Walpole for the meanness of his poetry, (which yet is superior to his own,) speaks of it with a modesty which must take away all inclination to censure. I know, he says,

"That what I here have writ
May praise my friendship, but condemn my wit."

Our author was now employed upon the *Magnetic Lady*, which was brought out in the October term of this year. "It was generally esteemed," Langbaine tells us, "an excellent play, though, in the poet's days, it found some enemies*;" among whom he specifies the younger Gill, of whose ribaldry a specimen will be found, vol. vi. p. 122, Ed. 1816. I have, elsewhere, noticed the inaccuracy of the dates prefixed to Howell's *Letters*. He speaks of this drama as in existence in 1629; but if the licenser's authority were not sufficient (which it is) for assigning it to the present year, there is an incidental passage in a letter from Mr. Pory to Sir Tho. Puckering, (Sept. 20th, 1632,) which would put it out of dispute. "Ben Jonson, who I thought had been dead, has written a play against the next term, called the *Magnetic Lady*." *Harl. MSS.* vol. 7000. We may collect from this, that Jonson had ceased to appear abroad, and was entirely lost to those who looked for him only at Whitehall and the theatres. Indeed, his maladies had recently increased, and left him as little leisure as power for literary exertions of any kind. Dryden calls his last plays his "dotages†"—they want indeed, much of the freedom and vigour of his early performances; but they exhibit no signs of mental imbecility, and one of them, the *New Inn*, has more than one passage of merit‡. There is, however, a want of generosity in this triumph over the poet's declining years. His perseverance in writing was, in truth, a misfortune; but it was forced upon him by the urgent calls of his situation. There were, indeed, intervals of ease and comfort, and in these he wrote with his usual happiness; but he was unable to wait for them, and his "bed-ridden and afflicted muse" was frequently urged to exertions of which she was manifestly incapable.

A few trifling pieces of poetry close the melancholy account of this year. It is evident, however, that we have but a small part of what was written. Something was probably lost in the confusion which followed his death, and more in the wreck of his patron's fortunes; but, exclusively of these, it appears that we have not all our author's printed works. The following letter, which (though undated) appears to be written about this period, alludes to a work of which nothing is now to be found.

"My Lord,

The faith of a fast friend with the duties of an humble servant, and the hearty prayers of a religious beadsman, all kindled upon this altar to your honour, my honourable lady, your hopeful issue, and your right noble brother, be ever my sacrifice!

"It is the lewd printer's fault that I can send your lordship no more of my book. I sent you one piece before the fair by Mr. Witherington, and now I send you this other morsel. The fine gentleman that walks the town; the Fiend; but before he will perfect the rest, I fear, he will come himself to be a part under the title of the absolute knave, which he hath played with me.

witt; was a great historian and an excellent poet." *Letters*, vol. iii. 360. The Editors of these letters are at a loss for the meaning of the next sentence. "The journey into France crept in. Bishop Corbet's poems was made by him." Read it thus, and the difficulty will vanish. "The Journey into France, crept into Bishop Corbet's poems, was made by him." But can this be so?

* There is an amiable trait recorded of Inigo Jones. He was present at the first representation of this play, and made himself remarkable by his boisterous ridicule of it. "He grew fat," Gill says, "with laughing"! "Whoever was the aggressor, Jonson always took care to be most in the wrong: such was his BRUTALITY," &c.

† Meaning, it may be presumed, the *New Inn*, the *Magnetic Lady*, and the *Tale of a Tub*.

‡ The good taste of Mr. Lamb has led him to make considerable extracts from this play, which is so unfeelingly ridiculed by the commentators on Shakspeare, who never condescended to open it. He concludes with a remark that does equal credit to his liberality and his judgment. "These, and the preceding extracts, (from the *Case is Altered* and the *Poetaster*,) may serve to shew the poetical fancy and elegance of mind of the supposed rugged old bard. A thousand beautiful passages might be added from those numerous court-masques and entertainments, which he was in the daily habit of producing, to prove the same thing; but they do not fall within my plan." *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets.*

"My printer and I shall afford subject enough for a tragi-comedy; for with his delays and vexation, I am almost become blind; and if heaven be so just, in the metamorphosis, to turn him into that creature which he most resembles, a dog with a bell to lead me between Whitehall and my lodging, I may bid the world good night.

And so I do.

BEN JONSON.

To the Earl of Newcastle."

[*Harl. MS.* 4955.]

The *Tale of a Tub*, the last work of Jonson, that was submitted to the stage, appeared in 1633. It makes no great pretensions to notice; yet it is correctly and even characteristically written: but though there may be something to amuse, there is little to interest; and it was probably not often called for. In the last scene of this comedy, Jonson had introduced a ridiculous piece of machinery, at the expense of his powerful enemy, Inigo Jones, who had, however, (as may be easily supposed), sufficient influence with the master of the revels, to prevent its appearance.

In the spring of this year, Charles visited his native kingdom. He was splendidly entertained on the road by the nobility and gentry; but by none of them with such lavish magnificence as by the Earl of Newcastle. Jonson was applied to on the occasion for one of those little congratulatory interludes which usually made a part of the royal entertainments; and the following letter, from the grateful poet, probably accompanied *Love's Welcome at Welbeck* *.

"My noble Lord, and my best Patron,

I have done the business your lordship trusted me with; and the morning after I received by my beloved friend, master Payne, your lordship's timely gratuity—I style it such, for it fell like the dew of heaven on my necessities—I pray to God my work may have deserved it; I meant it should in the working it, and I have hope the performance will conclude it. In the mean time, I tell your lordship what I seriously think—God sends you these chargeable and magnificent honours of making feasts, to mix with your charitable succours, dropt upon me your servant; who have nothing to claim of merit but a cheerful undertaking whatsoever your lordship's judgment thinks me able to perform.† I am in the number of your humblest servants, my lord, and the most willing; and do joy in the good friendship and fellowship of my right learned friend, master Payne, than whom your lordship could not have employed a more diligent and judicious man, or that hath treated me with more humanity; which makes me cheerfully to insert myself into your lordship's commands, and so sure a clientele.

Wholly and only your lordship's.

BEN JONSON.

To the Earl of Newcastle."

It would be a heart-rending task minutely to trace the progress of our author's decline from the period at which we are arrived. He continued, while his *faint and faltering tongue* could articulate, to pay his annual duty to his royal master, and he wrote, at the request of the Earl of Newcastle, another little interlude to grace the reception of the king and queen at Bolsover, called also *Love's Welcome;* but this appears to be almost the last of his works, if we except

* P. 660. There was, indeed, another public occasion on which our author was employed to write; namely, the christening of a son of the earl of Newcastle, to whom some of the royal family stood sponsors. Of this little interlude (hitherto unpublished) some account will be found in the opening of the last volume.—ED. 1816.

† In this humble and thankful style is conceived all that has reached us of Jonson's correspondence with his patrons. Gratitude, indeed, was one of the feelings which peculiarly marked his character. I know, says Eliot (Jonson's personal enemy), in an epistle to the earl of Montgomery,

"I know
That Jonson much of what he has, does owe
To you, and to your family, and is never
Slow to profess it," &c. *Poems*, p. 108.

the satires on Inigo Jones, which, according to the dates assigned by Howell, were not written till 1635*.

One bright and sunny ray yet broke through the gloom which hung over his closing hours. In this he produced the *Sad Shepherd*, a pastoral drama of exquisite beauty, which may not only be safely opposed to the most perfect of his early works, but to any similar performance in any age or country. The better half of this drama was unfortunately lost in the confusion that followed his death; for, that he had put the last hand to it, I see no reason to doubt†. This was apparently the close of his labours. Among his papers were found the plot and opening of a domestic tragedy on the story of *Mortimer, Earl of March*, together with the *Discoveries* and the *Grammar of the English Language*, on both of which he probably continued to write while he could hold a pen. The minute accuracy of the Grammar, and the spirit and elegance, the judgment and learning displayed in every part of the Discoveries, are worthy of all praise. It may, indeed, be said, that they are the recollections of better days; and, in some measure, this is undoubtedly the case: but no difference of style or manner is anywhere apparent, and it is certain, from internal evidence, that a considerable portion of the latter work must have been written a short time before his dissolution.

That event was now rapidly approaching. He had evidently received a religious education from his parents, and his works sufficiently shew that he was not without serious impressions of his duty towards his Maker; these grew more frequent and strong perhaps in his affliction, and it is gratifying to learn from the Bishop of Winchester, who often visited him during his long confinement, that he expressed the deepest sorrow and contrition for "profaning the scripture in his plays." It is proper to observe, however, that the memory of the good Izaac Walton, (who gives us this part of the bishop's conversation,) must have deceived him in this place. Jonson has no profanations of scripture in his plays: He has, indeed, profanations of the sacred name (like all his contemporaries), and of these he did well to repent "with horror." In this instance, it *was good for him to have been afflicted;* and, as his remorse was poignant, it is a part of christian charity to hope that it was not in vain. He died on the 6th of August, 1637, and was buried on the 9th in Westminster Abbey, "in the north aisle, in the path of square stone opposite to the scutcheon of Robertus de Ros." A common pavement stone, Mr. A. Chalmers says, was laid over his grave, with the short and irreverent inscription of *O rare Ben Jonson!* There was nothing *irreverent* however intended by this brief epiphonema. His friends designed to raise a noble monument to his memory, by subscription, and till this was ready nothing more was required than to cover his ashes decently with the stone which had been removed. While this was doing, Aubrey tells us, Sir John Young, of Great Milton, Oxfordshire, whom he familiarly calls Jack Young, chanced to pass through the abbey, and, not enduring that the remains of so great a man should lie at all without a memorial, "gave one of the workmen eighteen-pence to cut the words in question." The subscription was fully successful; but the troubles which were hourly becoming more serious, and which not long after broke out into open rebellion, prevented the execution of the monument, and the money was returned to the subscribers.

Although Jonson had probably experienced some neglect towards the termination of his days, yet the respect for his memory was very general, and his death was long lamented as a public loss. Many of the elegies written on the occasion were collected by Dr. Duppa, Bishop of Winchester, and tutor to the Prince of Wales, and published a few months after the poet's

* Since I have had an opportunity of examining the Museum MSS. I have less confidence in these *dates* than before. Oldys is completely justified in his doubts of their accuracy.

† It is not altogether improbable that we owe the loss of this pastoral drama to the circumstance of shutting up the theatres this year. (1636.) There is an allusion to this circumstance in Habington's Elegy on our author's death:

——"Heaven, before thy fate,
That thou thyself mightst thine own dirges hear,
Made the sad stage close mourner for a year," &c.

death,* under the title of JONSONUS VIRBIUS. For this act of pious friendship, Duppa received the thanks of his contemporaries; and, among the rest, of Davenant, who compliments him on the occasion in a poem of some merit. As the collection is of rare occurrence, and contains several pieces by the most celebrated names of the time, it is reprinted at the end of Jonson's Works, together with short notices of the respective authors, furnished by the kindness of my liberal and ingenious friend, Octavius Gilchrist, at a moment when kindness is doubly felt; when I was overwhelmed with affliction for an irreparable loss, and incapable of the slightest exertion.

Jonson left no family. His wife appears to have died some time before his journey into Scotland, and he never married again. Most of his children died young, and none survived him.

His person was large and corpulent. He had, Aubrey says, been fair and smooth-skinned, but a scorbutic humour appears to have fallen, at an early period, into his face, and to have scarred it in a very perceptible degree: still, however, he must have been, while young, a personable man. Decker, as we have seen, describes him as a mere monster in the *Satiromastix*; but this is a scenical picture, the distorted representation of an exasperated enemy. Randolph and others of his friends and admirers, who could only have known him in his advanced age, trace a resemblance in him to the head of Menander, as exhibited on ancient medals. We are not left, however, to contending reports, as many portraits of him were taken in his own time, several of which are come down to us sufficiently perfect to shew that his features were neither irregular nor unpleasing. After he had attained the age of forty, an unfavourable change took place in his figure, to which we find frequent allusions in his writings. He speaks of his "mountain belly, and his ungracious gait," and is always foremost to jest at what did not, perhaps, escape the pleasantry of his companions.

Whalley, who sometimes sacrifices his better judgment to the opinions of others, tells us that "his disposition was reserved and saturnine." This is contradicted by the whole tenour of his life. "He was, moreover, (he adds) not a little oppressed with the gloom of a splenetic imagination, and, as an instance of it, he told Drummond that he had lain a whole night fancying he saw the Carthaginians and Romans fighting on his great toe." † Who does not see that Jonson was giving, in the friendly flow of conversation, an account of some casual aberration of reason, produced by a passing fever, and which no one but his perfidious entertainer would have treasured up, or sought to pervert to an unworthy purpose! That he had occasional fits of gloom may be readily granted; and we know whence they sprung:—apart from these, he was frank and unreserved, and it is impossible to read the accounts of the meetings at the Mermaid and the Apollo without amazement at the perversity which could thus misstate his character.

Lord Clarendon tells us, that "his conversation was very good, and with men of most note;" and the excellent Lord Falkland (vol. ix. p. 5. Ed. 1816) observes that, upon a near acquaintance with him, he was doubtful whether his candour or his talents were the greater. No man, in fact, had lived more in the world than Jonson, conversed with a greater variety of characters, was quicker to remark, or abler to retain, the peculiarities of each: this, with his habitual frankness of communication, rendered his society as delightful as it was instructive. The testimony of Lord Clarendon is of the highest authority. He lived, he says, "many years on terms of the most friendly intercourse with our author," and he was, in consequence, no ill judge of the society in which he was to be found: it is therefore not without equal surprise and sorrow that I find the editor of Dryden's Works repeatedly accusing him of "delighting

* The imprimatur to this little volume is dated Jan. 23, 163⅞. Gataker told Aubrey that the title of *Jonsonus Virbius* was given to it by lord Falkland.

† He told Drummond no such thing "as an instance," &c. Whalley, like the rest, looked only to Shiels, who has again interpolated his own ribaldry, and joined two passages together, which, in his author, are perfectly distinct, and relate to different qualities. But enough of this despicable scribbler, whom I gladly abandon to the admiration of those who, with Mr. Malone, think forgery, when employed in the ruin of Jonson's reputation, "*an innocent jeu-d'esprit.*" *Shak.* vol. i. p. 619.

*in low company** and *profane* conversation." Would the exemplary Earl of Clarendon have termed this conversation *very good?* or such company, *men of most note?* Were Camden and Selden, and Hawkins and Martin, and Cary and Morrison, were Corbett, and Hackett, and Duppa, and Morley, and King, (all bishops) low company? Were the Digbys, the Spensers, the Ogles, the Cecils, the Sidneys, the Sackvilles, low company? Were Coke and Egerton, and Pembroke and Portland and Aubigny, low company?—Yet with these Jonson lived from youth to age; and even his sick-chamber, and his death-bed, were consecrated by the frequent resort of the wise and good:—

> "To HIM how daily flock'd, what reverence gave
> All that had wit, or would be thought to have;
> How the wise too did with mere wits agree:
> As Pembroke, Portland, and grave D'Aubigny;
> Nor thought the rigid'st senator a shame,
> To add his praise to so deserv'd a fame!"
>
> *Falkland's Ecl.*

Such is the language of one who cherished his acquaintance to the last: and yet we are required to believe, on the word of a writer of the present day, that Jonson delighted in "gross and vulgar society!"† The charge of "profane conversation" is contradicted by the

* This contradicts even the reports of the poet's enemies. The charge against him during his life is not that he delighted in low company, but—that he aspired to society far above his rank.

† With the contempt expressed for the poet's talents I have nothing to do; but I must not suffer his moral character to be defamed, in silence. The object is to debase Jonson by assimilating him to Shadwell. "Huge corpulence, much coarseness of manners, and an ungentlemanly vulgarity of dialect ‡ seem to have distinguished both." Again: "Shadwell seems to have imitated Ben Jonson in gross and coarse sensual indulgence and profane conversation." vol. x. 445. "Again: "Shadwell resembled Jonson in the brutal coarseness of his conversation, and his vulgar and intemperate pleasures." Again: "Shadwell followed Jonson as *closely as possible;* he was brutal in his conversation, and much addicted *to the use of opium*," &c. This is the wantonness of injustice. If the elevation of Dryden made it necessary to overwhelm Shadwell with contempt, there seems to be no absolute necessity for dragging Jonson forward at every turn. Jonson never injured Dryden. If he was praised and loved by Shadwell, it ought not be attributed to him as a crime, for he had long been in his grave.

"Jonson is described as wearing a loose coachman's coat, frequenting the Mermaid Tavern, where *he drunk seas of Canary*, then reeling home to bed, and after a profuse perspiration, arising to his dramatic studies." *Life of Dryden*, p. 265. The passage from which the above is taken, stands thus in Mr. Malone: "I have heard (Aubrey says) Mr. Lacy the player say that Ben Jonson was wont to wear a coat, like a coachman's coat, with slits under the arm-pit." Lacy has good authority for this circumstance; but to what period does it refer? To the last year of Jonson's life; when the poet, with that respect for the public which he always cherished, sent for him to his sick chamber, to give him a list of words in the Yorkshire dialect for the *Sad Shepherd*, on which he was then employed. Lacy, who did not leave Yorkshire till 1631 or 1632, could know little of Jonson but the form of his coat, which truly seems very well adapted to one who could barely move from his bed to his "studying chair, which was of straw, such as old women use, and such as Aulus Gellius is drawn in." But, continues Aubrey,—"he would many times exceed in drink, (this is not quite fairly translated, *he drank seas of Canary,*) then he would tumble home to bed, and when he had thoroughly perspired, then to study." That Jonson was fond, too fond, if the reader pleases, of good wine and good company, we know; but there is yet a word to be said on this passage. Aubrey leaps at once over forty years of Jonson's life: from 1596 to 1636, all that he tells us, with the exception of the passage just quoted, is, that he died in Westminster, and was buried there! Yet this is the foundation of the endless attacks upon him for *brutality* and *swinish licentiousness*. Aubrey knew nothing of our author but what he gathered from conversation, and Kent himself had not a better gift at *marring a plain tale in the telling*. Even in the short report of Lacy, he confounds the *Sad Shepherd* with the *Tale of a Tub*, though he had only to open it. And what does the reader imagine to be the origin of this charge of Jonson's "exceeding in drink, tumbling home to study," &c.? Simply, a character of himself put (in sport) into the mouth of Carlo Buffone, whom he expressly warns us against, as "a scurrilous and profane jester, as a violent railer, an immeasureable liar, and one that, swifter than Circe, transformed every person into deformity," &c. This is his speech: *Carlo.* "When the poet comes abroad (once in a fortnight' and makes a good meal among players, he has *caninum appetitum*, (marry, at home he keeps a good philosophical

‡ Vulgarity of dialect! If this be meant of Jonson's conversation, it is contradicted by the testimony of all his acquaintance: if, of his compositions,—it is sufficient to answer, that Jonson was by far the most correct and elegant prose writer of his time. The last of his works, the *Discoveries*, may be produced not to confute, as the writers of the *Bio. Brit.* say, but to shame, such accusations. One of Decker's earliest charges against our author is, the scrupulous accuracy of his language; and the good bishop of Chichester, (Dr. H. King,) says of him—

> "It is but truth; thou taught'st the ruder age,
> To speak by grammar, and reform'dst the stage."

To these may be added the testimony of E. Bolton, (whom Warton calls "that sensible old English critic," and Ritson, "that man of learning,") who, after stating his opinion of the most celebrated writers down to his own times, (1600) says, "But if I should declare mine own rudeness rudely, I should then confess that I never tasted English more to my liking, nor more smart, and put to the height of use in poetry, than in that vital, judicious, and most practicable language of master Benjamin Jonson." *Hypercritica.* It is true that Jonson had not, at this period, written the *Silent Woman*, the *Fox*, or the *Alchemist;* and therefore as much of "an ungentlemanly vulgarity of dialect" as these pieces afford, must be subtracted from the commendations of Edmund Bolton.

whole tenour of his life. "For my own part," he says, in his manly appeal to the two Universities, "I can affirm, and from a *most clear conscience*, that I have ever trembled to *think towards the least profaneness*;" and he is borne out by all that remains of his works.* But his enemies rely on the authority of the infamous Shiels, who, not content with the scurrility which he has put into the mouth of Drummond, adds from himself, that "Jonson took every occasion to ridicule religion in his plays, and make it his sport in conversation!" (*Cibber's Lives*, &c. vol. i. p. 236.) His plays have been for two centuries before the public, and may be confidently appealed to on the present occasion. There is not a single passage in them which can be construed by the most inveterate of his persecutors into any "ridicule of religion:"—but I will not disgrace the poet any farther by defending him against a convicted liar; though I must be permitted, for the last time, to express my sincere regret that a blind hatred of Jonson should lead so many "better natures" to build their accusations on such authority. The poet's fortunes, like Marc Antony's, have "corrupted honest men."

I have already expressed my satisfaction at his repentance.—"He had undoubtedly," as Whalley says, "a deep sense of religion, and was under its influence." His Epigrams, Underwoods, and other collections of poetry, bear abundant testimony of his serious disposition: sometimes his feelings of duty are rational, solemn, and pathetic; at other times they partake of his constitutional infirmity, and become gloomy and terrific.

> "Great and good God; can I not think of thee,
> But it must straight my melancholy be?—
> I know my state, both full of shame and scorn,
> Conceived in sin, and unto labour born;
> Standing with fear, and must with horror fall,
> And destin'd unto judgment after all," &c.
>
> p. 686.

"It may be offered too (Whalley adds) in his favour, that his offences against piety and good manners are very few. Were authority or example an excuse for vice, there are more indecencies in a single play of the poet's contemporaries, than in all the comedies which he ever wrote: and even Shakspeare, whose *modesty is so remarkable*, has his peccant redundancies not less in number than those of Jonson." (*Life*, &c. p. liv.) Where Whalley discovered the "remarkable modesty of Shakspeare,"† as he has not told us, it would, perhaps, be useless to inquire. Was he aware of the opinion of the poet's contemporaries on this head? His

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diet, beans and butter milk) and will take you off three, four, five of these (draughts of Canary) one after another, and look villainously the while, like a one-headed Cerberus, and then when his belly is well balaced, and his brains rigged a little, he sails away, as if he would work wonders when he came home." *Every Man out of his Humour.* And this scurrility, which is given by Jonson as a striking example of the propensity of the speaker to defame "every honourable or revered person who came within the reach of his eye, by adulterate similes," (see p. 33.) is taken by Aubrey as a genuine delineation of character, and made, by the poet's enemies, the distinguishing feature of his whole life! Aubrey's addition to this precious story is too curious to be omitted. "Ben Jonson had one eie lower than t'other, like Clun the player. Perhaps he begott Clun!" *Letters*, &c. vol. iii. p. 415.—Had this passage been quoted with the rest, we should have had incontinency added to "brutality and impiety."

* And, in his *Underwoods*, after adjuring his friend Colby, in a high strain of moral philosophy, to shun the usual vices of the army, he adds, as the most momentous charge of all—

> "And last, *blaspheme not.* I did never hear
> Man thought the valianter, for he durst swear," &c.

It should be observed that Anthony Wood's life of Jonson is incorrect in almost every part. He formed it on two documents; the MSS. of Aubrey, and the letter of Izaac Walton, which contains the passage already quoted, and which Aubrey also procured for him. Aubrey's authority is seldom to be relied on. A greater blunderer never existed, as Wood himself discovered when it was too late—he calls him "a roving magotty-pated man;" and such he truly was. Izaac Walton cannot be mentioned without respect:—but his letter was written nearly half a century after Jonson's death, and when the writer was in his eighty-seventh year. It is made up of the common stories of the time, and a few anecdotes procured while he was writing, from the bishop of Winchester, who must himself, at the date of Izaac's letter, have been verging on ninety. It is not easy to discover what was the bishop's and what was Walton's—but on these Wood constructed his life of Jonson. He brings little of his own but a few dates.

† Steevens observes on a note of Warburton, in which he speaks of Shakspeare's delicacy somewhat in the style of Whalley—"Dr. Warburton's recollection must have been weak, or his zeal for his author extravagant. Otherwise, he could not have ventured to countenance him on the score of delicacy; his offensive metaphors and allusions being undoubtedly more frequent than those of all his dramatic predecessors or contemporaries." *Shak.* vol. vi. p. 351.

peccant redundancies too, are delicately contrasted with our author's "daring profanation of the Scriptures." The fact is, that the crime which is falsely charged on the one, falls with dreadful effect upon the other. Shakspeare is, in truth, the coryphæus of profanation. Texts of scripture are adduced by him with the most wanton levity; and, like his own Hal, he has led to *damnable iteration*. He too, let us hope, regarded his conduct in this respect "with horror," though no record of it be found on earth.

Jonson's guilt was of a different degree:—

> "He turn'd no scripture phrases to a jest,
> And was inspired with rapture, not possest!"—

it consisted, as is already observed, of an abuse of the sacred name in idle exclamations. Profane swearing was unhappily the vice of the time; from the monarch on the throne to the peasant in his shed, all were familiarised to oaths of fearful import. Catholicism had introduced (as it everywhere does) expressions not to be repeated with impunity; adjurations by limbs, wounds, sufferings; by attributes, mysteries, &c. which, when they lost the reverence once attached to them, all, in short, that concealed their inherent turpitude, presented features of peculiar deformity. The most offensive of Jonson's dramas, in this respect, are the early 4tos, and of these, the first sketch of *Every Man in his Humour*;—this, however, was not given to the press by him:—the folio edit. the only one which appears to have experienced his care, is free from many of the blemishes which deform the others. His most usual oath in the latter, was an unmeaning exclamation, "by G—d so!" from this, when his works were reprinted, he withdrew the G, and thus rendered the nonsense harmless. I am not afraid to confess that, in a few instances, where there was reason to suppose that he had overlooked it, I have surreptitiously abstracted the same letter. I know the importance of fidelity; but no considerations on earth can tempt me to the wanton or heedless propagation of impiety. I have always regarded with feelings of peculiar horror that fool-hardy accuracy which with blind and bold irreverence ferrets out every blasphemous word which the author's better feelings had thrown aside, and felicitates the reader on the pernicious discovery. More than one editor of our old poets might be named—but *ignoti alta jaceant nocte!**

Jonson's love of conviviality has been already noticed.† His attachment to wine he never denied; indeed, in this case, as in many others, he seems to have pleased himself with exaggerating his foibles, and playing into the hands of his enemies. I know not his motives for this conduct: pride was, perhaps, at the bottom of it; and he appears to act as if he would have it thought that the accusations of such characters as were banded against him could neither disturb nor disgrace him. With all this, however, it is not true, as Drummond says,

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* It may yet be observed that the whole of Jonson's later works (i. e. all the dramatic pieces produced during the last twenty-three years of his life), are remarkably free from rash ejaculations. The office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, however, supplies us with a very curious instance of the danger which he ran, notwithstanding his innocence, of being again charged with "blasphemy." The *Magnetic Lady* is void of all offence: yet for the profane language of this play, the author, then sick in bed, was questioned by the Master of the Revels; and it was not till the performers were confronted with him, that they confessed themselves "to have introduced the oaths complained of into their respective parts, without his authority or even knowledge." vol. vi. p. 2. Ed. 1816.

† It should be observed, however, that most of what we have on this subject, was written after Jonson's death. The celebrity of his name made the *Apollo* famous, and those who belonged to the club when he died, or were successively admitted into it,‡ and who looked on themselves as his "sons," seem to have thought it an act of filial duty to exaggerate the jovial propensities of their "father." Hence a thousand songs, and invocations of this kind—

> "Fetch me Ben Jonson's scull, and fill't with sack,
> Rich as the wine he drank, when the whole pack
> Of jolly Sisters pledged, and did agree,
> It was no sin to be as gay as he:—
> If there be any weakness in the wine,
> There 's virtue in the cup to mak't divine, &c,"
>
> *Preparations to Study*, 1641.

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‡ Even this conferred distinction. One of Shadwell's characters in *Bury Fair*, makes it his peculiar boast that "he was made Ben Jonson's son in the Apollo." It was not suspected in those days that the founder of this convivial society would be regarded hereafter as a "sullen" and "repulsive" misanthrope.

that "drink was one of the elements in which he lived," or, as has been more recently asserted, that he was "an habitual sot." The immensity of his literary acquisitions,* and the number and extent of his productions, refute the slander, no less than the gravity, dignity, wisdom, and piety of those with whom he passed his life from manhood to extreme old age. That he was frequently found at the Mermaid, in his earlier years, and at his own club (St. Dunstan's) in his declining age, we know; but so were many of the most wise and virtuous of his contemporaries. Domestic entertainments were, at that time, rare: the accommodations of a private house were ill calculated for the purposes of a social meeting; and taverns and ordinaries are therefore almost the only places in which we hear of such assemblies. This, undoubtedly, gives an appearance of licentiousness to the age, which, in strictness, does not belong to it. Long after the period of which we are now speaking, we seldom hear of the eminent characters of the day in their domestic circles; they constantly appear at coffee-houses, which had usurped the place of ordinaries; and it was not till the accession of the present royal family, which brought with it the stability of internal peace, that the mansions of the middle class received those advantages which made home the centre of social as well as of individual happiness and comfort.

"Jonson hath been often represented as of an envious, arrogant, overbearing temper, and insolent and haughty in his converse; but these ungracious drawings were the performance of his enemies; who certainly were not solicitous to give a flattering likeness of the original. But considering the provocations he received, with the mean and contemptible talents of those who opposed him, what we condemn as vanity or conceit, might be only the exertions of conscious and insulted merit."† It may be so, but instead of endeavouring to account for the origin of some of those ill qualities, or to apologize for them, it would have been more judicious to deny the existence of them altogether. It is not true that Jonson was envious of his contemporaries:‡—he was liberal of commendation; and more than enough remains to prove that he rejoiced in their merits, and forwarded their success; he assisted Selden, and Hacket, and Raleigh, and Hobbes, and many others; in a word, his advice, his skill, his pen were always at the command of his friends, and they were not sparingly employed by them. Neither is it true that he was "insolent and haughty in his converse." His conversation (Lord Clarendon says) was very good; and it must, in fact, have been so, since he had the faculty of endearing himself to all who approached him. To say nothing of the distinguished characters of both sexes with whom he had grown old in a constant intercourse of friendship and familiarity, the

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* While Jonson puts a ridiculous account of himself into the mouth of an "immeasurable liar," for the purpose of dramatic satire, he thus describes, in his own person, the real nature of his employment:

> "I that spend half my nights, and all my days,
> Here in a cell, to get a dark pale face,
> To come forth worth the ivy and the bays;
> And, in this age, can hope no other grace,"—

yet his enemies persist in taking his character from Carlo Buffone!

† Whalley. *Life of Jonson*, p. lv.

‡ Every act of Jonson's life is perverted. He told Drummond that he could have wished the *Feasting of the Forth* had been his own. This was evidently meant to convey the most cordial approbation; yet Lord Woodhouselee cannot advert to the words without attempting to give them a malicious turn. The poem was so beautiful, it seems, that it "attracted the *envy* of Ben Jonson." Beautiful, indeed, it is:—but if Jonson *envied* Drummond, so he did "his beloved" Beaumont:

> "What fate is mine, that when thou praisest me
> For writing better, I must *envy* thee!"

so he did Fletcher:

> "Most knowing Jonson, proud to call him son,
> In friendly *envy* swore he had outdone
> His very self," &c.

so he did Cartwright and many others—and it is for this peculiar strain of generous applause, that he is taxed with hatred of all merit!

men of genius and talents who succeeded them, the hope and pride of the coming age,* all flocked to Jonson, all aspired to become his "sons," all looked up to him for encouragement and advice, and all boasted of the pleasure and advantage derived from his society. Innumerable proofs of this might be accumulated without difficulty, for such was the rank of Jonson, such the space which he occupied in the literary sphere, that his name is found in contact with almost every eminent character of the day.

That he had a lofty opinion of himself may be allowed; indeed, he never affected to conceal it:—but this did not lead to any undue contempt of others, as may be seen by what he says of Camden, Selden, and an infinite number besides, whose names occur in his Underwoods, Epigrams, and smaller pieces. In truth, this self-complacency frequently attends great learning; and our author's learning was of gigantic bulk. The degree of genius and fancy which a man possesses, he can scarcely be said to ascertain by comparison:—he may, indeed, over-rate it; but he may also set it too low: and there are instances in which these qualities have been unconsciously possessed.—But no man can be profoundly learned without knowing it: he cannot conceal from himself that the acquisition has been made with infinite labour; and he can form no very inadequate judgment of its degree, compared with that of others. This will account, in some measure, for that over-weening pride in which many of the most celebrated literary characters have indulged, and which, when unsupported by taste and judgment, and the better qualities of the mind, is, in truth, sufficiently offensive.

"In his studies Jonson was laborious and indefatigable: his reading was copious and extensive; his memory so tenacious and strong that, when turned of forty, he could have repeated all that he ever wrote: his judgment was accurate and solid; and often consulted by those who knew him well, in branches of very curious learning, and far remote from the flowery paths loved and frequented by the muses."† But, however widely diverged his occasional excursions might be, he always returned, with renovated ardour, to the companions of his youth, the classics of Greece and Rome, with whom his acquaintance was most familiar. "When I was in Oxon (Aubrey says) Bishop Skinner, who lay at our college, (Trinity,) was wont to say that Ben Jonson understood an author as well as any man in England." Of this there is no doubt; and it may be fairly questioned whether "England" ever possessed a better scholar than this extraordinary man, whose name is become a bye-word, in our time, for "dulness," and whose character is thought to be of no further importance than as it serves to form a parallel with the "brutality," "sottishness," and "impiety" of Shadwell!

"In his friendships he was cautious and sincere, yet accused of levity and ingratitude to his friends; but his accusers were the criminals, insensible of the charms, and strangers to the privileges of friendship; for the powers of friendship, not the least of virtues, can only be experienced by the virtuous and the good." This is not one of my predecessor's happiest passages; but it contains some truths among a few errors. *Caution* and Jonson should never be coupled together; the quality, whatever be its value, was unfortunately unknown to him: his whole history proves that he was open and unsuspecting; eager to trust, and confident no less of the sincerity than of the affection of his associates. Whalley adds that "Jonson was sparing in his commendations of the works of others: but that when he commends, he commends with warmth and sincerity, and that a man of sense is cautious of giving characters," &c. But here again, he should have ascertained the existence of the fact, before he proceeded to account for it.—It is by no means "true," as he expresses it, that Jonson was sparing of his commendations: ‡ on the contrary, as has been more than once observed, he was

* The duke of Buckingham (Sheffield) used to talk with great satisfaction of his being taken to see Jonson, then in his decline, when he was a boy. He always retained a veneration for the aged poet, which probably did him no service with Dryden.

† Whal. *Life*, &c. p. lv.

‡ Whalley found this in Langbaine: but when the facts are at hand, it is worse than folly to copy the mistakes of former writers. Langbaine has, unfortunately, too many of these blunders: he observes, for instance, from Marston's publisher, that this poet "is free from all ribaldry, obscenity," &c. and he is followed by the editors of the *Bio. Dram.*

lavish of them; and there are *far more* laudatory poems by him than by any writer of the age. Sufficient proofs of this will be found in the succeeding volumes, and Whalley must have studied his author with little attention not to discover that too great a promptitude to praise, was one of his besetting faults.

"This sparingness (continues the biographer) probably gave occasion to accuse him of envy." The *sparingness*, as we have just seen, exists only in the imagination of the critics; but (suppose it to be real) why should a canon of this nature be enforced against Jonson, which was never applied to any other person? If silence be a proof of envy, what becomes of Shakspeare! With a single exception,* I cannot discover that he ever mentioned one of his contemporaries with commendation, or bestowed a line of praise on any publication of his time. Yet he is spoken of (and no doubt justly,) as the soul of liberality; while our author, who found something to approve in every work that appeared, and praised almost every writer by name, is constantly described as envious of all around him, and sedulously engaged in decrying their merits.

"In conclusion," says Whalley, "he is accused of jealousy and ill-nature." It is well that we are arrived at the last of his bad qualities:—but in sober truth they seem to be charged on him with as little justice as the rest. Of what, or of whom could he be "jealous?" From the accession to the death of James, which comprehends almost the whole period of his active life, he was, as has already appeared, the "beloved servant" of his prince, the companion and friend of the nobility and gentry, and the acknowledged head of the learned part of society. None but those who have looked into the literary memoirs of his age, published as well as unpublished, can form a correct idea of the frequency with which he is named, and the intimacy of his connection with the most esteemed writers of the time. Of "ill-nature," he does not appear to have had a spark in him: a constitutional warmth of temper, and great quickness of feeling gave indeed a tone of bluntness to his language: but it went no farther; and while many proofs of the fervour of his friendship may be cited, his whole life does not furnish an instance of one unkind act.† He adopted a proud and overbearing tone when speaking of his enemies;—but has it ever been inquired who these enemies were? As far as we are enabled to judge, they consisted principally of obscure actors and writers, who attacked him at his entrance into public life with a degree of wanton hostility which his subsequent success embittered and envenomed: add to this, that they are spoken of in the mass, and can seldom be recognised but when, in their impatience of truth, they start forward, individually, and claim the resemblance. Opposed to these, he was not likely to be nice in his selection of terms; and a more temperate and modest person than our author, might have felt a little spleen at being called from the studies which he loved, to defend himself against such antagonists: but his general deportment was open; his fits of anger, if violent, were momentary, and his disposition placable, and kind.

Age and infirmity had little effect upon the general bent of his temper. Though his prevailing complaint, which was of a paralytic nature, must have occasionally affected his mind and debilitated his understanding, yet he continued frank and sociable to the end. The last circumstance recorded of him, is to be found in a letter of Howell to sir Tho. Hawkins,‡ from which it appears, that at a "solemn supper given by the poet, when good company, excellent cheer, choice wine, and jovial welcome, had opened his heart and loosened his tongue, he

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the *Theatrum Poetarum*, the *Gen. Dict.* &c.—whereas, we have but to open his works to be convinced that Marston was the most scurrilous, filthy, and obscene writer of his time. Such is the negligence or ignorance of those who undertake to treat of our dramatic history!

* He joined with Jonson in some commendatory verses printed at the end of a little volume of poetry by Robert Chester.

† After what has been said of his "ill-nature," it will scarcely be believed that, in all his writings, while hundreds of contemporary names are introduced with praise, there are not half a dozen to be found accompanied by any mark of reprobation: indeed I recollect no person of any note, but Inigo Jones, whom he has satirized by name.

‡ The date is April 1636; but it should probably be corrected, as should the next letter respecting Jonson, also dated 1636, to 1637, for it speaks of his death.

began to raise himself at the expense of others." This incidental trait, in the closing scene of his life, is, with the usual candour of his biographers, eagerly seized upon as "the leading feature of his character." It was not thus, however, that Howell thought, and acted :—"for my part," he says, "I am content to dispense with this Roman infirmity of Ben, now time hath snowed upon his pericranium." He no where hints that this was the ordinary conduct of Jonson ; much less that it had been the practice of his better days. And if, (as Mr. Gilchrist justly observes,) "when he was old and bed-ridden, and his former vigour fled, he dwelt with some degree of fondness on his early efforts ; if he experienced some fears, lest

'fickle fame
Should twine round some new minion's head,
The fading wreath for which he bled,'—

it will not be necessary to have attained his eminence to admit, that these were apprehensions which might be entertained by him without any violent impeachment of his moral character."

From a retrospect of what has been said, an opinion may be formed of the frailties and defects, as well as of the excellencies of this eminent man, without much hazard of error :—and I must have made a bad estimate of the human powers as well as of the human heart, if the latter be not found to preponderate ; and if some degree of regret be not expressed by many of those, whom the ignorance or malice of his enemies has hitherto encouraged to calumniate his name.

It yet remains to say a few words on his poetical character ; which may, perhaps, be more correctly appreciated if we take a cursory view of the state of dramatic literature, at the period of his first appearance as a writer.

The long reign of Elizabeth, though sufficiently agitated to keep the mind alert, was yet a season of comparative stability and peace. The nobility, who had been nursed in domestic turbulence, for which there was now no place, and the more active spirits among the gentry, for whom entertainment could no longer be found in feudal grandeur and hospitality, took advantage of the diversity of employment happily opened, and spread themselves in every direction. They put forth, in the language of Shakspeare,

"Some to the wars, to try their fortunes there ;
Some to discover islands far away ;
Some to the studious universities ;"——

and the effect of these various pursuits was speedily discernible. The feelings, narrowed and embittered in household feuds, expanded and purified themselves in distant warfare, and a high sense of honour and generosity, and chivalrous valour, ran with electric speed from bosom to bosom, on the return of the first adventurers in the Flemish campaigns : while the wonderful reports of discoveries, by the intrepid mariners who opened the route since so successfully pursued, faithfully committed to writing, and acting at once upon the cupidity and curiosity of the times, produced an inconceivable effect in diffusing a thirst for novelties among a people, who, no longer driven in hostile array to destroy one another, and combat for interests in which they took little concern, had leisure for looking around them, and consulting their own amusement.

The fluctuating state of religion, from the incoherent Reformation of Henry VIII. to the Protestantism of Edward, the relapse into Popery under Mary, and the return to a purer faith with Elizabeth, interested the hopes and fears of the nation in an extraordinary degree, and while it invigorated the fancy, improved the understanding, by making a certain portion of literature necessary to those who contended on either side of this important question. About the middle of Elizabeth's reign, the ardour of theological controversy appears to have suffered a considerable abatement, in consequence, perhaps, of the marked preponderancy of the Protestant cause : the impulse which had been communicated, however, continued to act upon the public mind, and a craving for mental enjoyment was very widely diffused. The *Mysteries*,

which were indissolubly connected with the old superstitions; and even the *Moralities* (many of which were not without merit,) were yet of too rude a nature, in the present improved state of information, to afford much rational delight.—But this "craving" was most sensibly felt in the metropolis, which began about this time to increase rapidly in population and interest. England, in fact, had been improving from the time of Henry VII.; the middle class of society had, in almost every county, acquired wealth by trade and commerce, and with it that propensity to dissipation and amusement, and that love of litigation, which always attend the first steps to consequence among a rising people. This brought numbers to the capital at particular seasons of the year, for whom it was desirable to provide entertainment; and happily caterers of every description were at hand. Many of those who had probably entered on a learned education, with a view of being received into the munificent establishments of the old religion, were, by the destruction of monasteries, &c. abandoned to their fortunes, and compelled to seek other modes of subsistence. The taste for reading was sufficiently general to warrant a reliance, in some degree, on the profits of the press; and London possessed allurements of a powerful nature for the literary adventurer. Many young men of abilities, therefore, deserted the colleges, and flocked to the metropolis, to procure the means of enjoying its advantages by their talents, now first become a source of regular profit. Translation was the great resource, and Spain and Italy supplied the principal part of the materials. The romances, novels, and poems of both countries, more especially those of the latter, at first *done* into English, and, when practice had given somewhat of hardihood, imitated and varied in every possible form, were poured forth with a rapidity which it would be difficult to describe or credit. Meanwhile, a humbler class of writers, or rather of performers, for it is more than probable that both professions were united in the same person, were insensibly gaining upon the public attention by rude attempts at the drama, which they exhibited to admiring crowds in the galleries of inn-yards, halls, and such vacant rooms as they could most readily procure.

The popularity of these entertainments quickly attracted the notice of those who were already in some degree of credit with the town for their writings, and opened to view a source of emolument superior to that of their present occupation: they turned their thoughts therefore to the stage, and though their plays were yet unformed and rude, they boasted an evident superiority over those of their immediate predecessors. Small theatres now rose in various parts of the city. Green, Nashe, Lily, Peele, Marlow, Kyd, Lodge, and others, all wrote for them, and irritated and gratified the public curiosity by an endless succession of pieces, of which few perhaps were wholly destitute of merit. Compared with the unlettered and ignorant race which they supplanted, these men must have appeared to their contemporaries as very extraordinary writers, and hence we may account for the lavish praise which they received in their own times, and which, with respect to some of them, was more fairly obtained than we now seem inclined to allow. Be they what they may, however, they left in the tiring-rooms of the several theatres a countless number of dramas which those who came immediately after them, Munday, Chettle, Hathaway, &c. who, with more knowledge of the stage, fell beneath them in genius and learning, found sufficient encouragement in adapting to the improved state of the times.

It was soon after this period that Shakspeare reached London; and his first employ, like that of most of the poets his contemporaries, was the amending of the productions of others. Jonson followed at no long interval of time, and had recourse to the same means of procuring a subsistence. Shakspeare happily formed a permanent connection with one company, for whom he wrote and acted; while Jonson was compelled to carry his talents from theatre to theatre, as they were required, and had perhaps as seldom the choice as the conduct of his subject.

"From whatever cause it may have arisen, (Mr. Malone says) dramatic poetry a little before Shakspeare appeared, certainly assumed a better though still an exceptionable form." The cause is sufficiently apparent in the education which Peele, Marlow, and others whom he names, had received at the two Universities, and in the acknowledged genius which they

possessed. Peele and Marlow had exquisite feelings for poetry; both excelled in description, to which the former lent beauty, and the latter sublimity, though they occasionally fell into meanness or bombast. Green abounded in narrative, Lodge had humour, and Nash an inexhaustible vein of caustic raillery, never yet surpassed. Even the quaint pedantry of Lily was not without merit, and we are indebted to it for many of the pleasantest parodies of Shakspeare. It was impossible that such men should write in vain, or that those who had witnessed the effect of their productions should return to the former puerilities. The form of their dramas, as Mr. Malone says, was "exceptionable;" but much was done, and master spirits were now at hand to set the seal of perfection to what had been so auspiciously begun. The wonderful powers of Shakspeare, though then but carelessly displayed, must have attracted notice, and prompted the rival theatres to exertions of the most strenuous kind. The demand for novelty was incessant, and the race of dramatic writers was thus multiplied beyond credibility.

It is not easy to ascertain with any precision how long Shakspeare had been in possession of the stage when Jonson commenced his dramatic career. Mr. Malone and Mr. G. Chalmers differ as to the period of his first essay, which is placed by the former in 1589, and by the latter two years later. The matter is of no great moment, for the production of such a drama as the *First Part of Henry VI.* (which is the point in dispute) can confer no distinction on any abilities whatever; but in 1593, when Jonson, then in his nineteenth year, had begun to write for the theatres, he was rapidly advancing to pre-eminence.

It is somewhat singular that the literary characters who immediately preceded Jonson, should have made no improvement in the construction of their fables; but the plot of *Tamburlaine* is not a whit more regular, or skilful than that of *Gorboduc* or *Locrine*. Beyond Seneca, these writers seldom appear to have looked; and from him they drew little but the tameness of his dialogue, and the inflation of his sentiments: their serious scenes were still histories, and sometimes lives; and their comic ones, though replete with grotesque humour, were without dependence, object, or end. To reform this seemed worthy of Jonson, and to this his earliest as well as his latest efforts were directed. However great might be the talents and genius now employed on the stage, he could not but see that an opening was still left for the introduction of a more regular drama than had hitherto appeared. The superiority of the ancients in this respect was forcibly impressed on his young and ardent mind; and though his admiration of their productions might be occasionally carried too far, it led to beneficial results. "The poets (Whalley says) when Jonson first appeared, generally drew their plots from some romance, or novel," (or from the rude annals of domestic warfare,) "and from thence also they derived the different incidents of the various scenes, and the resemblance between the copy and the original was every way exact. The same wildness and extravagance of fable prevailed in both, all the absurdities of the story being faithfully transcribed into the play."* Anomalies like these, our author, to whom the truth and simplicity of the ancient stage were already familiar, must have regarded with no very favourable eye, and he had no sooner acquired a little credit with the managers, than he resolved to embody his own conceptions, and model his future pieces upon the plan of his classic masters. For this purpose, it was necessary, that he should invent his own plots—We are not acquainted with his earliest essays; but the piece which stands at the head of his printed works exhibited no unfavourable specimen of his judgment, taste, and learning; and was, in fact, the first regular comedy in the English language.

So much has been incidentally said of our author's dramatic powers, in various parts of these volumes, that a very cursory notice of them is required here; little more, in fact, appears necessary, than a brief mention of those qualities by which he was chiefly distinguished.

To do Jonson full justice, we must regard him in the light in which he evidently viewed

* Life of Jonson, p. vii.

himself, that of a moral satirist. If the comedies of the contemporaries of his early days effected any beneficial purpose; if they led to the exposure and detestation of any evil quality, or the correction of any prevalent folly, it was by accident, not design; but with Jonson this was the primary object. We see it in the first play which he is known to have written; and he has himself called our attention to the same circumstance in that which he produced at "the close and shutting up of his circle."

With this aim in view, Jonson came to the theatre possessed of many advantages. We may collect from *The Case is Altered,* and *Every Man in his Humour,* that he was recent from the study of Plautus and Terence: but this was little; all the stores of ancient literature were open to him, and he was familiar not only with the perfect productions of the Greek dramatists, but with the fragments which lie scattered among the works of the sophists and grammarians, and which, in his days, were not to be found without much cost and labour. Nor was he merely learned; for he appears to have entered with the same ardour into the productions of his own times, and to have acquired a very considerable degree of information on every topic connected with the arts then known and cultivated. Nature had besides given him a quick and almost intuitive faculty of discerning the ridiculous, a powerful and original vein of humour, and a genius, if not sublime, yet occasionally so raised by intense contemplation of the sublimest models, as to bear no very distant resemblance of it.

It has been the practice of the poet's biographers to institute a comparisom between him and Shakspeare. These parallels have not been always "after the manner of Plutarch;" but indeed, their utility in any case will not be very apparent; unless it should be admitted, that Shakspeare is best set off by throwing every object brought near him into shade. Shakspeare wants no light but his own. As he never has been equalled, and in all human probability never will be equalled, it seems an invidious employ, at best, to speculate minutely on the precise degree in which others fell short of him. Let him with his own Julius Cæsar *bestride the narrow world like a colossus;* that is his due; but let not the rest be compelled to *walk under his huge legs, and peep about to find themselves dishonourable graves.*—"Putting aside, therefore, (as Cumberland says,) any further mention of Shakspeare, who was a poet out of all rule, and beyond all compass of criticism, one whose excellencies are above comparison, and whose errors beyond number,"* I return to our author.

The judgment of Jonson was correct and severe, and his knowledge of human nature extensive and profound. He was familiar with the various combinations of the humours and affections, and with the nice and evanescent tints by which the extremes of opposing qualities melt into one another, and are lost to the vulgar eye: but the art which he possessed in perfection, was that of marking in the happiest manner the different shades of the same quality, in different minds, so as to discriminate the voluptuous from the voluptuous, the covetous from the covetous, &c.

In what Hurd calls "picturing," he was excellent. His characters are delineated with a breadth and vigour as well as truth that display a master hand; his figures stand prominent on the canvas, bold and muscular, though not elegant; his attitudes, though sometimes ungraceful, are always just, while his strict observation of proportion (in which he was eminently skilled,) occasionally mellowed the hard and rigid tone of his colouring, and by the mere force of symmetry gave a warmth to the whole, as pleasing as it was unexpected. Such, in a word, was his success, that it may be doubted whether he has been surpassed or even equalled by any of those who have attempted to tread in his steps. The striking failure of Decker in Captain Tucca has been already noticed; that of Congreve in Noll Bluff, is still more marked. Congreve designed it, Whalley says, for an imitation of Bobadil: but Noll is a beaten idiot, a character too contemptible for farce, and fit only to amuse the rabble round the stage of a mountebank. Even Ford, if we can suppose for a moment that Shakspeare had Kitely in view, will scarcely be allowed to be either so just, so natural, or so respectable a character as his prototype.

* *Observ.* No. lxxv.

In the plots of his comedies, which were constructed from his own materials, he is deserving of undisputed praise. Without violence, without, indeed, any visible effort, the various events of the story are so linked together, that they have the appearance of accidental introduction; yet they all contribute to the main design, and support that just harmony which alone constitutes a perfect fable. Such, in fact, is the rigid accuracy of his plans, that it requires a constant and almost painful attention to trace out their various bearings and dependencies. Nothing is left to chance; before he sat down to write, he had evidently arranged every circumstance in his mind; preparations are made for incidents which do not immediately occur, and hints are dropped which can only be comprehended, at the unravelling of the piece. The play does not end with Jonson, because the fifth act is come to a conclusion; nor are the most important events precipitated, and the most violent revolutions of character suddenly effected, because the progress of the story has involved the poet in difficulties from which he cannot otherwise extricate himself. This praise, whatever be its worth, is enhanced by the rigid attention paid to the unities; to say nothing of those of place and character, that of time is so well observed in most of his comedies, that the representation occupies scarcely an hour more on the stage than the action would require in real life.

With such extraordinary requisites for the stage, joined to a strain of poetry always manly, frequently lofty, and sometimes almost sublime, it may, at first, appear strange that his dramas are not more in vogue; but a little attention to his peculiar modes and habits of thinking will, perhaps, enable us in some measure to account for it. The grace and urbanity which mark his lighter pieces he laid aside whenever he approached the stage, and put on the censor with the sock. This system (whether wise or unwise,) naturally led to circumstances which affect his popularity as a writer; he was obliged, as one of his critics justly observes, "to hunt down his own characters," and, to continue the metaphor, he was frequently carried too far in the chase.

But there are other causes which render his comedies less amusing than the masterly skill employed upon them would seem to warrant our expecting. Jonson was the painter of humours, not of passions. It was not his object (supposing it to have been in his power) to assume a leading passion, and so mix and qualify it with others incidental to our common nature, as to produce a being instantly recognized as one of our kind. Generally speaking, his characters have but one predominating quality: his merit (whatever it be) consists in the felicity with which he combines a certain number of such personages, distinct from one another, into a well ordered and regular plot, dexterously preserving the unities of time and place, and exhibiting all the probabilities which the most rigid admirer of the ancient models could possibly demand. Passions indeed, like humours, may be unamiable; but they can scarcely be uninteresting. There is a natural loftiness and swelling in ambition, love, hatred, &c. which fills the mind, and, when tempered with the gentler feelings, interests while it agitates. Humours are far less tractable. If they fortunately happen to contain in themselves the seeds of ridicule; then indeed, like the solemn vanity of Bobadil and the fantastic gravity of Puntarvolo, they become the source of infinite amusement; but this must not always be looked for: nor should we degrade Jonson by considering him in the light of a dramatic writer, bound, like the miserable hirelings of the modern stage, to produce a certain *quantum* of laughter. Many humours and modes of common life are neither amusing in themselves, nor capable of being made so by any extraneous ingenuity whatever: the vapourers in *Bartholomew Fair*, and the jeerers in the *Staple of News*, are instances in point.—But further, Jonson would have defeated his own purpose, if he had attempted to elicit entertainment from them: he wished to exhibit them in an odious and disgusting light, and thus to extirpate what he considered as pests, from the commerce of real life. It was in the character of the poet to bring forward such nuisances as interrupted the peace, or disturbed the happiness of private society; and he is therefore careful to warn the audience, in his occasional addresses, that it is less his aim to *make their cheeks red* with laughter than to feast their understanding, and minister to their rational improvement. "At all the theatres," says Mr. Malone, (*Shak.*

vol. ii. p. 177.) "it appears that noise and shew were what chiefly attracted an audience." Of these Jonson had little; indeed, he always speaks of them with dislike: and he was so sensible that he must be heard with attention to effect that *profit* which he professed to mingle with *delight*, that his prologues are invariably directed to this end.

There is yet another obstacle to the poet's popularity, besides the unamiable and uninteresting nature of some of his characters, namely a want of just discrimination. He seems to have been deficient in that true tact or feeling of propriety which Shakspeare possessed in full excellence. He appears to have had an equal value for all his characters, and he labours upon the most unimportant, and even disagreeable of them, with the same fond and paternal assiduity which accompanies his happiest efforts. He seldom appears to think that he has said enough; he does not perceive that he has wearied his audience, and that all attention is withdrawn from his exertions: and he continues, like the unfortunate lutanist of Dryden, to finger his instrument long after it has ceased to make music to any ear but his own.

What has been said applies chiefly to his comedies. His tragedies, of which two only are come down to us, do not call for much additional remark. Both are taken from the Roman story, and he has apparently succeeded in his principal object, which was to exhibit the characters of the drama to the spectators of his days, precisely as they appeared to those of their own. The plan was scholastic, but it was not judicious. The difference between the dramatis personæ and the spectators was too wide; and the very accuracy to which he aspired would seem to take away much of the power of pleasing. Had he drawn men instead of Romans, his success might have been more assured; but the ideas, the language, the allusions could only be readily caught by the contemporaries of Augustus and Tiberius; and it redounds not a little to the author's praise, that he has familiarised us, in some measure, to the living features of an age so distant from our own.

Hurd, who is seldom just to our author, has entered into an elaborate examination of his *Catiline* and *Sejanus;* both of which he condemns. It would be tedious to repeat his observations; but the object of them is to shew that as the laws of the drama confine the poet to a particular action, it is wrong to dwell on its concomitant circumstances. The critic has totally mistaken the nature of these pieces. He appears to be thinking of the Athenian, instead of the English stage. Jonson's tragedies are not confined to one great event; they are, in fact, like those of Shakspeare, whom he probably had in view, histories, embracing an indefinite period of time, and shifting, with the action, from place to place. Why, with his profound knowledge of the ancient models, and with that respect for them which, on other occasions, he appears so forward to enforce, he deviated from them so widely in these instances, it is, perhaps, vain to inquire. He had adverted to this, and, probably, accounted for it, in his "Observations on the *Art of Poetry*;"* but these are unfortunately lost; and we can only discover that the motives which influenced him in the conduct of his earliest tragedies, remained in force when, at the close of life, he drew out the plot of his *Mortimer*, which has all the irregularity of *Catiline* and *Sejanus*.

Hurd has justly objected to the protracted conclusion of *Sejanus*. Undoubtedly the curtain should have dropped before the entrance of Terentius. Jonson was so sensible of his error in this respect, that he never lingered over the catastrophe of any of his subsequent pieces. In his censure of the chorus, the critic is not so correct. Jonson expressly disclaims all intention of imitating the chorus of the ancient tragedy, for which, as he says, the English stage could neither afford "state nor splendour;" the remarks, therefore, do not apply.—The chorus of *Catiline* (for *Sejanus* has none,) was never sung, nor intended to be sung, on the stage: it is, in fact, a simple string of moral reflections arising from the subject, as contemplated in the closet; appropriated to no character, but appended to the play, in mere conformity with the practice of his times.

The Masques and Entertainments of Jonson must not be overlooked. In the composition

* See p. 137.

of these he greatly delighted, and was, as he justly says of himself, an artificer. With him they began, and with him they may be said to have ended; for I recollect but few after his time, intitled to any particular degree of praise, with the exception of Comus, of whose poetical excellence (for, as a masque, it is defective,) it is scarcely possible to speak too highly.

Pageants and masquerades had long been sufficiently familiar to the people of this country. The latter were somewhat more grotesque, perhaps, than those of the present day; but they had no distinguishing feature, and existed in much the same form here as in every other part of Catholic Europe: having in fact one common origin, that of the Processions, which, though seriously, and even piously set on foot, were too commonly tumultuous, farcical, and profane. Pageants (I do not speak of those proud displays of pasteboard giants and monsters which amazed the good citizens on holidays) were the reliques of knight-errantry. The shows were costly and magnificent, but tasteless and laborious, consisting principally of a triumph, i. e. a grand entry of knights decorated with all the pomp of those gaudy days; broken by an interlude taken from some tender adventure of Arthur and his knights, or some pedantic allegory in that store-house of grave absurdity, the *Romance of the Rose*, in which the pains and pleasures of a love-suit were personified, and Hope and Fear, and Jealousy and Joy fiercely assailed in castles and towers with fantastic names. In these boisterous amusements the ladies bore no great part, though they were sometimes called upon to advance "in measure" to the storm of some refractory Passion or Affection.

Warton says that these shows, which he improperly terms masques, attained their greatest height under Henry VIII. Certain it is that, during the earlier years of this licentious tyrant, the court exhibited an unusual degree of splendour, but neither then, nor during the life of Elizabeth, did the masque acquire that unity of design, that exclusive character which it assumed on the accession of James. With the diffusion of knowledge and taste came the desire of something more worthy the name of courtly entertainment than the dull and unnatural allegories of the metaphysical romance, or the simple introduction of an interlude of "baboons and satyrs."

James had more literature than taste or elegance, but he was frank and sociable; and inclined to expensive shows. What he wanted, however, his queen possessed in full excellence. She was, Sully says, "a bold and enterprising woman;" she loved pomp and understood it, and, above all, she was fond of masques and revels.—She aspired to convert Whitehall, which had lately been another cave of Trophonius, into a temple of delight; for this purpose, she called around her the most accomplished of the nobility, and associated them with her in those splendid amusements which she proposed to create, and which alone she could fully enjoy, as she never was familiar with the language. The poetical powers of our author were not unknown to her, for she had witnessed them at Althorpe and elsewhere, and she seems to have engaged him to embody her conceptions, shortly after she arrived at Whitehall.

The masque, as it attained its highest degree of excellence in the hands of Jonson, admitted of dialogue, singing, and dancing:—these were not independent of one another, as in the entertainments of the old court, but combined, by the introduction of some ingenious fable, into an harmonious whole. The ground-work was assumed at will; but our author, to whom the whole mythology of Greece and Rome lay open, generally drew his personages from that inexhaustible treasury of elegance and beauty: having formed the plan, he called in the aid of the sister arts; for the essence of the masque was pomp and glory, and it could only breathe in the atmosphere of a court. Thus, while the stage was in a state of absolute nudity, moveable scenery of the most costly and splendid kind was lavished on the mask, the most celebrated masters were employed on the songs and dances, and all that the kingdom afforded of voca. and instrumental excellence was employed to embellish the exhibition.

Thus magnificently constructed, the masque was not committed to ordinary performers. It was composed, as Lord Bacon says, for princes, and by princes it was played. The prime nobility of both sexes, led on by James and his queen, took upon themselves the respective characters; and it may be justly questioned whether a nobler display of grace and elegance

and beauty was ever beheld than appeared in the masques of Jonson. The songs in these entertainments were probably entrusted to professional men; but the dialogue, and above all, the dances, which were adapted to the fable, and not acquired without much study and practice, were executed by the court themselves. The skill with which these ornaments were designed, and the inexpressible grace with which they were executed, appear to have left a vivid impression on the poet's mind; and there is, accordingly, no part of his description in which he seems to labour so much for adequate language to mark his admiration, as that of the dances.

"In curious knots and mazes so,
The Spring, at first, was taught to go;
And Zephyr, when he came to woo
His Flora, had their motions too:
And thus did Venus learn to lead
The Idalian brawls, and so to tread,
As if the wind, not she, did walk,
Nor press'd a flower, nor bow'd a stalk."

It is after witnessing the "measures" here so beautifully delineated that Aurora thus interrupts the performers—

"I was not wearier where I lay,
By frozen Tithon's side, to-night,
Than I am willing now to stay,
And be a part of your delight:
But I am urged by the Day,
Against my will, to bid you come away." *

While Jonson thus laboured to perfect the more elegant parts of these gay fancies, he did not forget to provide amusements of another kind, which he called Antimasques, (parodies, or opposites of the main masque,) borrowed, it would seem, from the old masquerade, and already familiar to the people. These were calculated to diversify the entertainment, and to afford a breathing-time to the principal performers. The poet was here tied to no rules; he might be as wild and extravagant as he pleased: the whole world of fancy was before him; "Satyres, Fooles, Wildemen, Antiques, Ethiopes, Pigmies, and Beastes," as Lord Bacon has it, (with an eye perhaps to our author,) came trooping at his call. These were probably played by the menials of the palace, assisted by actors from the regular theatres. In this part of the plot Jonson stands almost alone: his antimasques are not, like those of his contemporaries, mere extravagancies, independent of the main story; generally speaking, they serve to promote or illustrate it, however fantastic they appear, and are not unfrequently the vehicle of useful satire, conveyed with equal freedom and humour. Whatever they were, however, they were the occasion of much mirth: they were eagerly "hearkened after," as the cook says in *Neptune's Triumph*, and always received with pleasure.

In these devices, as has been already observed, our author took great delight, and during the life of his royal patron, never failed to exert his best faculties on the composition of them. "Had nature (says Cumberland) been as liberal in her gifts to Jonson as learning was in opening her stores to his acquirements, the world might have seen a poet, to whom there had been nothing since the days of Homer, *aut simile aut secundum.*"† But nature had been no step-mother to Jonson; and when the critic adds, that the poet "stocked his mind with such a mass of other men's thoughts that his imagination had not power to struggle through the crowd," he does not perceive that he has taken up a different question, and proved no part of what he supposed himself to have decided.—But, omitting the consideration of this, whatever may be the case of the poet in his severer studies, in his masques his imagination is neither oppressed nor obscured. In these, he makes his appearance like his own DELIGHT, "accompanied with Grace, Love, Harmony, Revel, Sport, and Laughter."‡ If, as the critic will have it, he was a "literary behemoth," it must be granted that here, at least, he *writhed his lithe proboscis* with

* P. 606. † Critique on *Every Man in his Humour*, p. lii. ‡ P. 605.

playfulness and ease. His unbounded learning is merely an adjunct to his fancy. His mythological personages, amid the most scrupulous preservation of their respective attributes, move with elasticity and vigour; and while the dialogue is distinguished by a masculine strength, and freedom, the lyrical part of these gay pastimes is clothed with all the richness and luxuriance of poetry. Araspes, the friend and confident of Cyrus, could only account for his perfidy to the man whom he loved and revered, by supposing that he had two souls, one prompting him to evil, the other to good. A notion of a similar kind will sometimes suggest itself to the reader of Jonson. In his tragedies he was cautious and strict, tremblingly apprehensive of starting from the bounds of regularity, and constantly rejecting every idea which was not supplied by the authorities before him; in some of his comedies too, and in several of his longer poems the same hardness and severity are displayed; he perseveres in the ungrateful task of compression till the finer parts of his machinery are deprived of play, and the whole stiffened, cramped, and impaired: but no sooner has he taken down his lyre, no sooner touched on his lighter pieces, than all is changed as if by magic, and he seems a new person. His genius awakes at once, his imagination becomes fertile, ardent, versatile, and excursive; his taste pure and elegant; and all his faculties attuned to sprightliness and pleasure.

Such were the Masques of Jonson, in which, as Mr. Malone says, "the wretched taste of those times found amusement." That James and his court delighted in them cannot be doubted, and we have only to open the Memoirs of Winwood and others to discover with what interest they were followed by the nobility of both sexes.—Can we wonder at this? There were few entertainments of a public kind at which they could appear, and none in which they could participate. Here all was worthy of their hours of relaxation.* Mythologues of classic purity, in which, as Hurd observes, the soundest moral lessons came recommended by the charm of numbers, were set forth with all the splendour of royalty, while Jones and Lanier, and Lawes and Ferrabosco, lavished all the grace and elegance of their respective arts on the embellishment of the entertainment.

But in what was "the taste of the times *wretched?*" In poetry, painting, architecture, they have not since been equalled; in theology, moral philosophy, they are not even now surpassed; and it ill becomes us, who live in an age which can scarcely produce a Bartholomew Fair farce, to arraign the taste of a period which possessed a cluster of writers, of whom the meanest would now be esteemed a prodigy.—And why is it assumed that the followers of the court of James were deficient in what Mr. Malone is pleased to call taste? To say nothing of the men, (who were trained to a high sense of decorum and intellectual discernment under Elizabeth,) the Veres, the Wroths, the Derbys, the Bedfords, the Rutlands, the Cliffords, and the Arundels, who danced in the fairy rings, in the gay and gallant circles of these enchanting devices, of which our most splendid shows are, at best, but beggarly parodies, were fully as accomplished in every internal and external grace as those who, in our days, have succeeded to their names and honours.

Mr. Malone sets down the masques of James, (probably because they were written by Jonson,) as "bungling shews;" when he has to speak of one produced by Heywood in 1636, he is then disposed to admit that the "art of scenery" was somewhat improved! This is merely absurd. The art had attained its utmost degree of excellence at the death of this monarch; it declined under his successor; and, notwithstanding all the efforts of Inigo Jones, and his poet, master Aurelian Townshend, it gradually lost its distinguishing characteristics, and fell back into the pageant and masquerade from which the genius and learning of our author had so happily reclaimed it.

A few years after the Restoration, an attempt was made by Charles II. to revive this species of entertainment. The daughter of James II. (then Duke of York), and many of the young nobility of both sexes, appeared in a masque written by Crowne, called *Calisto:* but the

* "Masques (says one of the completest gentlemen of that age), the courtly recreations of gallant gentlemen and ladies of honour, striving to exceed one the other in their measures and changes, and in their repasts of wit, have been beyond the power of envy to disgrace." Higford's *Institution of a Gentleman.*

passion did not spread; nor was it possible that it should. Crowne, though not altogether illiterate, was devoid of fancy, and the court itself was too frivolous, too ignorant, and too licentious for the enjoyment of elegant and rational pleasures. We hear of the masque no more.

Some time elapsed, after the death of our author, before any of his later productions appeared; two small editions of his minor pieces were at length sent to the press in 1640, and in the subsequent year a wretched reprint of the first folio, and a second volume of the same size, containing his dramatic pieces from 1612, several masques, and all that could be found of his occasional poetry, were published together. Several of the comedies appear to have been taken from the prompter's book, and surreptitiously printed (but not published) during the author's life; how the rest were procured, I know not.

Such of his dramas as were revived at the Restoration were printed separately; and in 1692 the whole of his writings were again collected, and published in one huge folio volume. The demand for his works must have been considerable for those days, since in 1715 the booksellers were encouraged to prepare another edition, which they gave the world in six volumes 8vo. This publication was merely a reprint of the old copy, and with this, defective as it was, the town was content till the year 1756, when a more complete edition, in seven volumes 8vo, was published by the Rev. Peter Whalley, LL.B.

Mr. Whalley had received an academical education, and he was competent, in some measure, to the undertaking. He did little, however, for the poet; the form of the old editions was rigidly observed, and though a few notes were subjoined, they were seldom of material import, and never explanatory of the author's general views, though they occasionally touched on his language. It is not a little remarkable that this gentleman, who was master of the Grammar School of Christ's Hospital, and must naturally have been somewhat conversant with the ancient writers, should not have ventured on one remark of a literary nature, everything of this kind, which occurs in his edition, being, as I discovered with some surprise, taken from Upton and others.

Whether Whalley was diffident of himself, or the gentlemen volunteered their assistance, I have no means of knowing, but he availed himself occasionally of the aid of Sympson and Seward, (the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher,) who led him astray, and where he would have been simply wrong, if left to himself, rendered him absurd. In one pleasant way of making notes, and swelling the bulk of the book, they all agreed. None of them printed from the earliest editions;* they took up the latest which they could find, and went smoothly on till they were stopt by some palpable error of the press. This, as the clown says, *was meat and drink to them;* they immediately set themselves to conjecture what the word should be, and after a little burst of vanity, at which it is impossible to forbear a smile, they turned, for the first time, to the old copy, and invited the public to witness their sagacity, and partake in their triumph. An example or two taken at random from Whalley, will make this clear.

"Long may he round about him see
His roses and his lilies *bloom!*
Long may his only love and he,
Joy in ideas of their own!"

"I have no objection to *bloom*, but only as it does not rhyme very exactly with *own;* I conjectured therefore that it should be *blown;* and found my conjecture authorized by the old folio." vol. vii. p. 16.

"Valour wins applause,
That dares but to *mention* the weaker cause."

"No great applause of valour can be due to any one merely for *mentioning* the weaker side. This

* Whalley's text was that of the Booksellers' edition, in 8vo. This had been in Theobald's hands, and an incidental remark by him, of no moment whatever, here and there appeared in the margin.

led me to conjecture that *maintain* was the word designed by the poet, and upon consulting the first folio, I found it so to be!" vol. v. 297.

"Your *fortress* who hath bred you to this hour.

Fortress is an error. Mr. Sympson likewise saw the mistake, and ingeniously sent me *fautress*, which I should have made use of, had not the old folio prevented me, and read *fostress!*"

Whalley prefixed to his edition a Life of the author; not injudicious in the main, but composed in a style so uncouth and antiquated, that I could not prevail on myself to reprint it, though I have thought it my duty to make a few extracts from it; chiefly, however, for the purpose of correcting the mistakes into which the writer had been led by too implicit a reliance on his authorities.

The reception of this work was sufficiently favourable to encourage the author to undertake a revision of it preparatory to a second edition. I cannot discover, however, that any substantial improvement was meditated, none at least was introduced, and the text remained in every instance as it stood before. The bulk of the work, indeed, was materially increased by the admission of an immense farrago of parallel passages, taken, for the most part, from the numerous republications of Shakspeare, to which the last century had given birth. He did not proceed with this revision much beyond the comedies; circumstances, with which I am but imperfectly acquainted, interrupted his literary pursuits, and this among the rest. It is said that the extravagance of a young wife involved him in pecuniary difficulties of a serious kind, and obliged him to leave his home. In this distress he was received into the house of Mr. Waldron, where he lay concealed for some time; when the place of his retreat was at length discovered, he took refuge in Flanders, where he died after a few months' residence, in the summer of 1791.

Under the hospitable roof of this worthy and amiable man, Whalley resumed the care of Jonson; but want of books, and, perhaps, of sufficient composure of mind, rendered his attempts ineffectual, and the manuscript was finally abandoned to his friend; who, in the year 1792, commenced the publication of it in Numbers. The success apparently fell short of the expectations of the editor, as the work was not continued beyond the second number.

Mr. Waldron neither possessed, nor pretended to be possessed of, scholastic learning; but he was laborious, accurate, conversant with the stage, and imbued with a rational love of the ancient drama, which he had studied with success. He appears to have collated Whalley's copy with the early editions; and, on attentively retracing his steps, previously to the arrangement of the text for the present publication, I found much to approve in the caution and judgment with which he had uniformly proceeded. His friendship for Whalley, however, had led him to form far too high an estimate of that gentleman's qualifications; and beyond the revision which I have just mentioned, he seems to have contemplated no alteration of the papers left in his hands.

Many years had elapsed since the failure, last mentioned, when the republication of Jonson was proposed to me by Mr. George Nicol, to whom Whalley's corrected copy had been consigned by Mr. Waldron. I was well aware of the labour and difficulty of the task; but my objections were overcome by the encouragement of my friend, and I undertook the edition, confident that I was not about to encumber the public with a superfluous work, for Jonson had now been long out of the bookseller's hands.—One motive there yet was, which had some influence on my determination,—a desire, though late, to render justice to the moral character of the author, and rescue him from the calumnies of his inveterate persecutors. My mind had been prejudiced at an early period, by the commentators on our old dramas, and I verily believed, as they repeatedly assured me, that "the great object of Jonson's life was the persecution of Shakspeare," nor was it until I became acquainted with the dates of his respective performances, that I ventured to question the accuracy of the critics, or to

entertain a suspicion that they were actuated by unworthy motives, and could only be relieved from the charge of wanton malevolence, by the plea of incorrigible folly.

Previously to the arrangement of the text, it became necessary to collate the old editions. In the execution of this part of the work, the mode adopted in the revision of Massinger was carefully followed: if the approbation of the public may be trusted, no change was required.

Had any standard of orthoëpy obtained among our old writers, it might not be improper to preserve it; but to copy the vagaries of a careless press, would be an affectation of accuracy at once impertinent and unprofitable. Our author appears, indeed, to affect a derivative mode of spelling; but his attention frequently relaxes, and the variations of his text are considerable; the first folio differs from the quarto, and the second folio from both. In general, writers trusted entirely to the printers, who, on their parts, piqued themselves but little on justifying this confidence. "I never (says the author of *Father Hubbard's Tales*) wisht myself a better fortune than to fall into the hands of a true-spelling printer,"—and he was not so lucky. There seems no plausible reason for continuing to present Jonson alone to the public in the uncouth and antiquated garb of his age: the barbarous contractions, therefore, the syncopes and apocopes, which deformed the old folios, (for the quartos are remarkably free from them,) have been regulated, and, in some cases removed, and the appearance of the poet's page assimilated, in a great degree, to that of his contemporaries, who spoke and wrote the same language as himself. Whalley, as has been just observed, though the modernized impressions of Shakspeare and others were before him, contented himself with simply reprinting the former text, with all its archaisms and anomalies; the same word was differently spelt in the same page, and sometimes in the same line; the pointing was seldom disturbed, the scenes were divided as the old books divided them, and not an *exit* or *entrance* was superadded; yet it could not have escaped him that no part of this arrangement made the slightest claim to uniformity or even truth. In fact, the object of the old division would almost appear to be that of throwing every obstacle in the way of the reader, and making that which could, in no case, be easy, a matter of extreme difficulty. A certain number of the dramatis personæ are set down at long intervals, but no hint is given when they appear or disappear, individually, and much time has been expended in the obscure and humble labour of inserting a name which, after all, may not be found correctly placed. Jonson, probably, adopted this costive mode from the ancient drama, but it seems to have escaped him that the Greek and Roman stage seldom permitted more than four characters to be present at the same time; whereas he has frequently introduced (especially in his *Catiline* and *Sejanus*), double, and sometimes treble that number. The scenery too, (by which nothing more is intended than the supposed place of action,) was everywhere obscure, and, in the tragedies, perplexed and involved above measure. Our author, like his contemporaries, seems, in these, to have taken advantage of the poverty of the stage, and the easy faith of the audience, to represent events in the same spot, which must, in fact, have occurred in different places. Be this as it may, an attempt has been made to specify the scene in every action; and it is necessary to intreat the indulgence of the public towards this first effort to give a *local habitation and a name*, to what before had neither. In this, I have consulted the ease of the reader, who could scarcely be expected to turn the page forward and backward to ascertain the site of every event, especially as the difficulty occurs, for the most part, in those pieces which possess the fewest charms of sentiment, action, or language, to lure him on through doubt and obscurity to the point of elucidation. That the poet will be more read on this account, I dare not flatter myself; but I venture to hope that he will be comprehended with more facility; and, in this, I have already found my reward. Slight, however, as the effect may appear, it has not been produced without some pains;—nor should I have been able to complete it entirely to my own satisfaction, or greatly to the advantage of the reader, had I not fortunately found in Mr. Thomas Turner, (of Mr. Bulmer's office,) a friend whose readiness to oblige was only equalled by his professional skill; and whose acquaintance with various parts of literature, far removed from the common track of reading, has been beneficially exerted through the course of this undertaking.

It appears from Mr. Whalley's correspondence, that his enlarged copy had been in the hands of Steevens, Reed, and Malone. What they took, or what they gave, I am unable to say; but my first care was to throw it all aside: my objection to an idle accumulation of examples upon every trite or indecorous expression, is by no means weakened since the publication of Massinger, though I have been openly reproved for the nakedness of my pages, and the obstinate refusal to illustrate "after the manner of Mr. Collins," the admired colloquies of Hircius and Spungius!* What I could find of utility in my predecessor's observations, is retained, though with occasional variations of his language: my own notes have run to a greater length than was originally intended; but the ground was, in a manner, unbeaten. They are chiefly illustrative of obsolete phrases and customs, of personal and historical notices connected with the subject, together with such incidental touches on the character and conduct of the respective pieces, as the occasion seemed to demand. There will also be found some explanatory remarks on the language of Shakspeare, a part of the work which should have been extended, (as there is nothing which I so much desire as to see him relieved from the ponderous ignorance of his commentators,) had I not once flattered myself that an opportunity might hereafter occur of serving him more effectually:—that day-dream is passed; and I am left to regret that I was so chary of my observations.

There is little to add. Assuredly, I anticipated more gratification from the termination of this undertaking than I seem to experience. I cannot give pleasure where I once hoped to give it; and fame, or if it must be so, vanity, appears, I know not how, in colours of less seductive brightness:—the fairy vision has receded as I advanced; and the toilsome way is terminated amidst prospects of no cheering kind: I cannot conceal from myself how little has been done for an author of such exalted claims; nor how greatly I have fallen short of the justice which I once hoped to render to him. The work is now before the public. It is not exempt from errors, as will easily be discovered; and the origin of some of them may be found in the lights (all favourable to the poet) which have broken in upon me since its commencement; such as it is, however, it is given with a free and independent spirit. No difficulty has been evaded, no labour shunned: neither hopes nor fears of a personal nature have had the slightest influence upon the conduct of the undertaking; what has been strongly felt has been strongly expressed; and if, before the occasional warmth of my language be challenged, the violence and injustice which I have had to repel, be examined, I shall not, in this instance at least, be alarmed at the result.

What remains is pleasure. The generosity by which I was enabled to furnish so correct a text of Massinger has accompanied me with a double portion of frankness on the present occasion. Every early edition of these dramas, and almost every copy, has been tendered to my use. Mr. Kemble, whose kindness is perpetual, opened his vast collection to me with unbounded liberality. Mr. Waldron, who has taken the warmest interest in my success, not only supplied me with much valuable matter, collected from various sources during the long period that his attention was fixed on our author, but procured from Mr. Parke and other gentlemen, notices of scattered poems, plays, &c. which have been used with advantage. Of my friend Octavius Gilchrist, no particular mention is required here; his name will be found in various parts of these volumes, in connection with information that will always be received with satisfaction. The Rev. Mr. Bandinell has been already noticed; and I have now to add the name of Mr. Philip Bliss, who forwarded my researches at the Bodleian with all the alacrity of friendship; nor must I forget Mr. Petrie, to whose kindness I have been singularly obliged, and to whom I am indebted for the knowledge of many useful MSS. in our public

* After explaining myself so fully, as I thought, on this subject, it is with pain that I find myself compelled to return to it. I should think no sacrifice on my part too great, if I could but convince the grovelling editors of our old dramatists that the filth and obscenity which they so sedulously toil to explain, is better understood by ninety-nine out of every hundred readers than by themselves, and that the turpitude of corrupting the remaining one is a crime for which their ignorance offers no adequate excuse. A plodding cold-blooded Aretine is despicable; a sprightly one is detestable; and both are among the worst pests of society.

repositories. I forbear to mention more—but I should do violence to my own feelings, in closing this part of the work without adding that, if the reader has derived either amusement or information from the explanatory notes diffused over these volumes, it is to the unprecedented kindness of Richard Heber, Esq. that he is mainly indebted. The liberality with which this gentleman communicates the literary treasures of his extensive collection is too well known to be particularly insisted on here ; but he has claims to my thankfulness which must not be passed in silence. To open his library to all my requests was not sufficient in his eyes, he therefore spontaneously furnished me with a number of rare and valuable pieces material to my success, and with several of which I was not acquainted even by name. In diligently availing myself of these aids, I have constantly borne in mind that I was making the return most pleasing to my generous friend, though scarcely full enough to satisfy myself.

I have yet to mention the very Reverend the Dean of Westminster. Avocations of a nature far removed from studies of this kind engross his leisure ; yet no one acquainted with any publication of mine, can require to be told that no part of the present work has passed the press without his anxious revision.—But with what feelings do I trace the words—*the Dean of Westminster !*—Five-and-forty springs have now passed over my head, since I first found Dr. Ireland, some years my junior, in our little school, at his spelling-book. During this long period, our friendship has been without a cloud ; my delight in youth, my pride and consolation in age. I have followed, with an interest that few can feel and none can know, the progress of my friend from the humble state of a curate to the elevated situation which he has now reached, and in every successive change have seen, with inexpressible delight, his reputation and the wishes of the public precede his advancement. His piety, his learning, his conscientious discharge of his sacred duties, his unwearied zeal to promote the interests of all around him, will be the theme of other times and other pens : it is sufficient for my happiness to have witnessed at the close of a career, prolonged by Infinite Goodness far beyond my expectations, the friend and companion of my heart in that dignified place, which while it renders his talents and his virtues more conspicuous, derives every advantage from their wider influence and exertion.

ANCIENT

COMMENDATORY VERSES

ON

JONSON.

ON SEJANUS.

So brings the wealth-contracting jeweller
  Pearls and dear stones from richest stores and streams,
As thy accomplish'd travail doth confer
  From skill enriched souls their wealthier gems;
So doth his hand enchase in ammel'd gold,
  Cut, and adorn'd beyond their native merits,
His solid flames, as thine hath here inroll'd
  In more than golden verse, those better'd spirits;
So he entreasures princes' cabinets,
  As thy wealth will their wished libraries;
So, on the throat of the rude sea, he sets
  His vent'rous foot, for his illustrious prize;
And through wild desarts, arm'd with wilder beasts;
  As thou adventur'st on the multitude,
Upon the boggy, and engulfed breasts
  Of hirelings, sworn to find most right, most rude:
And he, in storms at sea, doth not endure,
  Nor in vast deserts amongst wolves, more danger;
Than we, that would with virtue live secure,
  Sustain for her in every vice's anger.
Nor is this Allegory unjustly rackt
  To this strange length: only, that jewels are,
In estimation merely, so exact:
  And thy work, in itself, is dear and rare;
Wherein Minerva had been vanquished,
  Had she, by it, her sacred looms advanc'd,
And through thy subject woven her graphic thread,
  Contending therein, to be more entranc'd;
For, though thy hand was scarce addrest to draw
  The semicircle of SEJANUS' life,
Thy muse yet makes it the whole sphere, and law
  To all state-lives; and bounds ambition's strife,
And as a little brook creeps from his spring,
  With shallow tremblings, through the lowest vales,
As if he fear'd his stream abroad to bring,
  Lest prophane feet should wrong it, and rude gales
But finding happy channels, and supplies
  Of other fords mixt with his modest course,
He grows a goodly river, and descries
  The strength that mann'd him, since he left his source,
Then takes he in delightsome meads and groves,
  And, with his two-edg'd waters, flourishes

Before great palaces, and all men's loves
Build by his shores, to greet his passages:
So thy chaste muse, by virtuous self-mistrust,
Which is a true mark of the truest merit;
In virgin fear of men's illiterate lust,
Shut her soft wings, and durst not shew her spirit;
Till, nobly cherisht, now thou let'st her fly,
Singing the sable Orgies of the Muses,
And in the highest pitch of Tragedy,
Mak'st her command, all things thy ground produces.
Besides, thy poem hath this due respect,
That it lets nothing pass, without observing
Worthy instruction; or that might correct
Rude manners, and renown the well deserving:
Performing such a lively evidence
In thy narrations, that thy hearers still
Thou turn'st to thy spectators; and the sense
That thy spectators have of good or ill,
Thou inject'st jointly to thy readers' souls.
So dear is held, so deckt thy numerous task,
As thou putt'st handles to the Thespian bowls,
Or stuck'st rich plumes in the Palladian cask.
All thy worth, yet, thyself must patronise,
By quaffing more of the Castalian head;
In expiscation of whose mysteries,
Our nets must still be clogg'd with heavy lead,
To make them sink, and catch: for cheerful gold
Was never found in the Pierian streams,
But wants, and scorns, and shames for silver sold.
What, what shall we elect in these extremes?
Now by the shafts of the great Cyrrhan poet,
That bear all light, that is, about the world;
I would have all dull poet-haters know it,
They shall be soul-bound, and in darkness hurl'd,
A thousand years (as Satan was, their sire)
Ere any, worthy the poetic name,
(Might I, that warm but at the Muses' fire,
Presume to guard it) should let deathless Fame
Light half a beam of all her hundred eyes,
At his dim taper, in their memories.
Fly, fly, you are too near; so, odorous flowers
Being held too near the sensor of our sense,
Render not pure, nor so sincere their powers,
As being held a little distance thence.
O could the world but feel how sweet a touch
The knowledge hath, which is in love with goodness,
(If Poesy were not ravished so much,
And her compos'd rage, held the simplest woodness,
Though of all heats, that temper human brains,
Hers ever was most subtle, high and holy,
First binding savage lives in civil chains,
Solely religious, and adored solely:
If men felt this, they would not think a love,
That gives itself, in her, did vanities give;
Who is (in earth, though low) in worth above,
Most able t' honour life, though least to live.
And so, good friend, safe passage to thy freight,
To thee a long peace, through a virtuous strife,
In which let 's both contend to virtue's height,
Not making fame our object, but good life.

GEORGE CHAPMAN

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, BEN JONSON, UPON HIS SEJANUS.

In that this book doth deign SEJANUS name,
Him unto more than Cæsar's love it brings :
For where he could not with ambition's wings,
One quill doth heave him to the height of fame.
Ye great ones though (whose ends may be the same)
Know, that, however we do flatter kings,
Their favours (like themselves) are fading things,
With no less envy had, than lost with shame.
Nor make yourselves less honest than you are,
To make our author wiser than he is :
Ne of such crimes accuse him, which I dare
By all his muses swear be none of his.
The men are not, some faults may be these times :
He acts those men, and they did act these crimes.

HUGH HOLLAND.

ON SEJANUS.

When I respect thy argument, I see
An image of those times : but when I view
The wit, the workmanship, so rich, so true,
The times themselves do seem retriev'd to me.
And as SEJANUS, in thy tragedy,
Falleth from Cæsar's grace ; even so the crew
Of common play-wrights, whom opinion blew
Big with false greatness, are disgrac'd by thee
Thus, in one tragedy, thou makest twain :
And, since fair works of justice fit the part
Of tragic writers, Muses do ordain
That all tragedians, ministers of their art,
Who shall hereafter follow on this tract,
In writing well, thy Tragedy shall act.

CYGNUS.

ON SEJANUS.

SEJANUS, great, and eminent in Rome,
Raised above all the senate, both in grace
Of princes favour, authority, and place,
And popular dependance ; yet, how soon,
Even with the instant of his overthrow,
Is all this pride and greatness now forgot,
By them which did his state not treason know ?
His very flatterers, that did adorn
Their necks with his rich medals, now in flame
Consume them, and would lose even his name,
Or else recite it with reproach, or scorn !
This was his Roman fate. But now thy Muse
To us that neither knew his height, nor fall,
Hath raised him up with such memorial,
All future states and times his name shall use.
What, not his good, nor ill could once extend
To the next age, thy verse, industrious,
And learned friend, hath made illustrious
To this. Nor shall his, or thy fame have end.

TH. R.

AMICIS, AMICI NOSTRI DIGNISSIMI, B. J. DIGNISSIMIS, EPIGRAMMA. D. JOHANNES MARSTONIUS.

Ye ready friends, spare your unneedful bays,
This work despairful envy must even praise :
Phœbus hath voiced it loud through echoing skies,
SEJANUS' fall shall force thy merit rise ;
For never English shall, or hath before
Spoke fuller graced. He could say much, not more.

ON SEJANUS.

How high a poor man shows in low estate
Whose base is firm, and whole frame competent,
That sees this cedar, made the shrub of fate,
Th' one's little, lasting ; th' others confluence spent.
And as the lightning comes behind the thunder
From the torn cloud, yet first invades our sense :
So every violent fortune, that to wonder
Hoists men aloft, is a clear evidence
Of a vaunt-courring blow the fates have given
To his forc'd state : swift lightning blinds his eyes,
While thunder, from comparison-hating heaven,
Dischargeth on his height, and there it lies !
If men will shun swol'n fortune's ruinous blasts,
Let them use temperance : nothing violent lasts.

WILLIAM STRACHEY.

ON SEJANUS.

Thy poem (pardon me) is mere deceit,
Yet such deceit, as thou that dost beguile,
Art juster far than they who use no wile ;
And they who are deceived by this feat,
More wise, than such who can eschew thy cheat :
For thou hast given each part so just a style,
That men suppose the action now on file ;
(And men suppose, who are of best conceit.)
Yet some there be, that are not mov'd hereby,
And others are so quick, that they will spy
Where later times are in some speech unweav'd,
Those, wary simples ; and these, simple elves ;
They are so dull, they cannot be deceiv'd,
These so unjust, they will deceive themselves.

ΦΙΛΟΣ

ON SEJANUS.

When in the Globe's fair ring, our world's best stage
I saw SEJANUS set with that rich foil,
I look'd the author should have born the spoil
Of conquest, from the writers of the age :
But when I view'd the people's beastly rage,
Bent to confound thy grave, and learned toil,
That cost thee so much sweat, and so much oil,
My indignation I could hardly assuage.

And many there (in passion) scarce could tell
Whether thy fault, or theirs deserv'd most blame ;
Thine, for so shewing, theirs, to wrong the same :
But both they left within that doubtful hell,
From whence, this publication sets thee free :
They, for their ignorance, still damned be.

EV. B.

AMICISSIMO, ET MERITISSIMO BEN. JONSON, IN VOLPONEM.

Quod arte ausus es hic tuâ, Poeta,
Si auderent hominum deique juris
Consulti, veteres sequi æmulariérque,
O omnes saperemus ad salutem.
His sed sunt veteres araneosi ;
Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu
Illos quòd sequeris novator audis.
Fac tamen quod agis ; tuique primâ
Libri canitie induantur horâ :
Nam chartis pueritia est neganda,
Nascuntúrque senes, oportet, illi
Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.
Priscis, ingenium facit, labórque
Te parem ; hos superes, ut et futuros,
Ex nostrâ vitiositate sumas,
Quâ priscos superamus, et futuros.

J. DONNE.

AD UTRAMQUE ACADEMIAM, DE BENJAMIN JONSONIO, IN VOLPONEM.

Hic ille est primus, qui doctum drama Britannis,
Graiorum antiqua, et Latii monimenta theatri,
Tanquam explorator versans, fœlicibus ausis
Præbebit : magnis cœptis, gemina astra, favete.
Alterutrâ veteres contenti laude : Cothurnum hic,
Atque pari soccum tractat Sol scenicus arte ;
Das Volpone jocos, fletus Sejane dedisti.
At si Jonsonias mulctatas limite musas
Angusto plangent quiquam : Vos, dicite, contrà,
O nimiùm miseros quibus Anglis Anglica lingua,
Aut non sat nota est ; aut queis (seu trans mare natis)
Haud nota omnino ! Vegetet cum tempore vates,
Mutabit patriam, fiétque ipse Anglus Apollo.

E. BOLTON.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND MASTER BEN. JONSON, UPON HIS FOX.

If it might stand with justice, to allow
The swift conversion of all follies ; now,
Such is my mercy, that I could admit
All sorts should equally approve the wit
Of this thy even work : whose growing fame
Shall raise thee high, and thou it, with thy name.
And did not manners, and my love command
Me to forbear to make those understand,
Whom thou, perhaps, hast in thy wiser doom
Long since, firmly resolv'd, shall never come
To know more than they do ; I would have shewn
To all the world, the art, which thou alone

Hast taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,
And other rites, delivered with the grace
Of comic style, which only, is far more
Than any English stage hath known before.
But since our subtle gallants think it good
To like of nought that may be understood,
Lest they should be disprov'd: or have, at best,
Stomachs so raw, that nothing can digest
But what's obscene, or barks: let us desire
They may continue, simply, to admire
Fine cloaths, and strange words; and may live, in age,
To see themselves ill brought upon the stage,
And like it. Whilst thy bold, and knowing Muse
Contemns all praise, but such as thou wouldst choose.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

ON VOLPONE.

If thou dar'st bite this Fox, then read my rhymes;
Thou guilty art of some of these foul crimes:
Which else, are neither his nor thine, but Time's.

If thou dost like it, well; it will imply
Thou lik'st with judgment, or best company:
And he, that doth not so, doth yet envy

The ancient forms reduced, as in this age
The vices, are; and bare-faced on the stage:
So boys were taught to abhor seen drunkards rage.

T. R.

TO MY GOOD FRIEND MASTER JONSON.

The strange new follies of this idle age,
In strange new forms, presented on the stage
By thy quick muse, so pleas'd judicious eyes;
That th' once admired ancient comedies'
Fashions, like clothes grown out of fashion, lay
Lock'd up from use: until thy Fox' birth-day,
In an old garb, shew'd so much art, and wit,
As they the laurel gave to thee, and it.

D. D.

ON VOLPONE.

The Fox, that eas'd thee of thy modest fears,
And earth'd himself, alive, into our ears
Will so, in death, commend his worth, and thee
As neither can, by praises, mended be:
'Tis friendly folly, thou may'st thank, and blame,
To praise a book, whose forehead bears thy name.
Then JONSON, only this (among the rest,)
I, ever, have observ'd, thy last work's best:
Pace, gently on; thy worth, yet higher, raise;
'Till thou write best, as well as the best plays.

J. C

ON VOLPONE.

Come, yet, more forth, Volpone, and thy chase
Perform to all length, for thy breath will serve thee ;
The usurer shall, never, wear thy case :
Men do not hunt to kill, but to preserve thee.
Before the best hounds, thou dost, still, but play ;
And, for our whelps, alas, they yelp in vain :
Thou hast no earth ; thou hunt'st the milk-white way ;
And, through th' Elysian fields, dost make thy train.
And as the symbol of life's guard, the hare,
That, sleeping, wakes ; and, for her fear, was saf't :
So, thou shalt be advanc'd, and made a star,
Pole to all wits, believ'd in, for thy craft.
In which the scenes both mark, and mystery
Is hit, and sounded, to please best, and worst ;
To all which, since thou mak'st so sweet a cry,
Take all thy best fare, and be nothing curst.

G. C.

ON VOLPONE.

Volpone now is dead indeed, and lies
Exposed to the censure of all eyes,
And mouths ; now he hath run his train, and shewn
His subtle body, where he best was known ;
In both Minerva's cities : he doth yield,
His well-form'd limbs upon this open field.
Who, if they now appear so fair in sight,
How did they, when they were endow'd with spright
Of action ? In thy praise let this be read,
The Fox will live, when all his hounds be dead.

E. S.

TO BEN JONSON, ON VOLPONE.

Forgive thy friends ; they would, but cannot praise,
Enough the wit, art, language of thy plays :
Forgive thy foes ; they will not praise thee. Why ?
Thy fate hath thought it best, they should envy.
Faith, for thy Fox's sake, forgive then those
Who are nor worthy to be friends, nor foes.
Or, for their own brave sake, let them be still
Fools at thy mercy, and like what they will.

J F.

ON THE SILENT WOMAN.

Hear, you bad writers, and though you not see,
I will inform you where you happy be :
Provide the most malicious thoughts you can,
And bend them all against some private man,
To bring him, not his vices, on the stage ;
Your envy shall be clad in some poor rage,
And your expressing of him shall be such,
That he himself shall think he hath no touch.
Where he that strongly writes, although he mean
To scourge but vices in a labour'd scene,
Yet private faults shall be so well exprest,
As men do act 'em, that each private breast,
That finds these errors in itself, shall say,
He meant me, not my vices, in the play.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

TO MY FRIEND BEN JONSON, UPON HIS ALCHEMIST

A master, read in flattery's great skill,
Could not pass truth, though he would force his will,
By praising this too much, to get more praise
In his art, than you out of yours do raise.
Nor can full truth be utter'd of your worth,
Unless you your own praises do set forth:
None else can write so skilfully, to shew
Your praise: Ages shall pay, yet still must owe.
All I dare say, is, you have written well;
In what exceeding height, I dare not tell.

GEORGE LUCY.

ON THE ALCHEMIST.

The Alchemist, a play for strength of wit,
And true art, made to shame what hath been writ
In former ages; I except no worth
Of what or Greeks or Latins have brought forth;
Is now to be presented to your ear,
For which I wish each man were a Muse here
To know, and in his soul be fit to be
Judge of this master-piece of comedy;
That when we hear but once of JONSON's name,
Whose mention shall make proud the breath of fame,
We may agree, and crowns of laurel bring
A justice unto him the poet's king.
But he is dead: time, envious of that bliss
Which we possest in that great brain of his,
By putting out this light, hath dark'ned all
The sphere of Poesy, and we let fall
At best unworthy elegies on his hearse,
A tribute that we owe his living verse;
Which, though some men that never reach'd him may
Decry, that love all folly in a play,
THE WISER FEW SHALL THIS DISTINCTION HAVE,
TO KNEEL, NOT TREAD, UPON HIS HONOUR'D GRAVE.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

Jonson, t' whose name wise art did bow, and wit
Is only justified by honouring it:
To hear whose touch, how would the learned quire
With silence stoop? and when he took his lyre,
Apollo stopt his lute, asham'd to see
A rival to the god of harmony, &c.

SHIRLEY's POEMS, p. 159.

TO MY FRIEND BEN JONSON, UPON HIS CATILINE.

If thou had'st itch'd after the wild applause
Of common people, and hadst made thy laws
In writing, such, as catch'd at present voice,
I should commend the thing, but not thy choice.
But thou hast squar'd thy rules by what is good,
And art three ages, yet, from understood
And (I dare say) in it there lies much wit
Lost, till the readers can grow up to it.
Which they can ne'er out-grow, to find it ill,
But must fall back again, or like it still.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND BEN JONSON, ON HIS CATILINE.

He, that dares wrong this play, it should appear
Dares utter more than other men dare hear,
That have their wits about them ; yet such men,
Dear friend, must see your book, and read ; and then
Out of their learned ignorance, cry ill,
And lay you by, calling for mad Pasquil,
Or Green's dear Groatsworth, or Tom Coryate,
Or the new Lexicon, with the errant pate :
And pick away, from all these several ends,
And dirty ones, to make their as-wise friends
Believe they are translators. Of this, pity !
There is a great plague hanging o'er the city ;
Unless she purge her judgment presently.
But, O thou happy man, that must not die,
As these things shall ; leaving no more behind
But a thin memory, like a passing wind
That blows, and is forgotten, ere they are cold.
Thy labours shall outlive thee ; and, like gold
Stampt for continuance, shall be current, where
There is a sun, a people, or a year.

JOHN FLETCHER.

TO HIS WORTHY AND BELOVED FRIEND MASTER BEN JONSON ON HIS CATILINE.

Had the great thoughts of Catiline been good,
The memory of his name, stream of his blood,
His plots past into acts, (which would have turn'd
His infamy to fame, though Rome had burn'd,)
Had not begot him equal grace with men,
As this, that he is writ by such a pen :
Whose inspirations, if great Rome had had,
Her good things had been better'd, and her bad
Undone ; the first for joy, the last for fear,
That such a Muse should spread them, to our ear.
But woe to us then ! for thy laureat brow
If Rome enjoy'd had, we had wanted now.
But, in this age, where jigs and dances move,
How few there are, that this pure work approve.
Yet, better than I rail at, thou canst scorn
Censures that die, ere they be thoroughly born.
Each subject, thou, still thee each subject raises,
And whosoe'er thy book, himself dispraises.

NAT. FIELD.

AD V. Cl. BEN. JONSONIUM, CARMEN PROTREPTICON.

Raptam Threicii lyram Neanthus
Pulset ; carmina circulis Palæmon
Scribat ; qui manibus facit deabus
Illotis, metuat Probum. Placere
Te doctis juvat auribus, placere
Te raris juvat auribus. Camœnas
Cùm totus legerem tuas (Camœnæ
Nam totum rogitant tuæ, nec ullam
Qui pigrè trahat oscitationem,
Lectorem) et numeros, acumen, artem,
Mirum judicium, quod ipse censor,
Jonsoni, nimium licèt malignus,
Si doctus simùl, exigat, viderem,

Sermonem et nitidum, facetiásque
Dignas Mercurio, novásque gnomas
Morum sed veterum, tuique juris
Quicquid dramaticum tui legebam,
Tam semper fore, támque te loquutum,
Ut nec Lemnia notior sigillo
Tellus, nec maculâ sacrandus Apis,
Non cesto Venus, aut comis Apollo,
Quàm musâ fueris sciente notus,
Quàm musâ fueris tuâ notatus,
Illâ, quæ unica, sidus ut refulgens,
Stricturas, superat comis, minorum:
In mentem subiit Stolonis illud,
Lingua Pieridas fuisse Plauti
Usuras, Ciceronis atque dictum,
Saturno genitum phrasi Platonis,
Musæ si Latio, Jovisque Athenis
Dixissent. Fore jam sed hunc et illas
Ionsonî numeros puto loquutos,
Anglis si fuerint utrique fati.
Tam, mi, tu sophiam doces amœnè
Sparsìm tamque sophos amœna sternis!
Sed, tot delicias, minùs placebat,
Sparsis distraherent tot in libellis
Cerdoi caculæ. Volumen unum,
Quod seri Britonum terant nepotes,
Optabam, et thyasus chorúsque amantum
Musas hoc cupiunt, tui laborum
Et quicquid reliquum est, adhuc tuisque
Servatum pluteis. Tibi at videmur
Non tàm quærere quàm parare nobis
Laudem, dum volumus palàm merentis
Tot laurus cupidi reposta scripta;
Dum secernere te tuasque musas
Audemus numero ungulæ liquorem
Gustante, et veteres novem sorores
Et Sirenibus et solent cicadis:
Dum et secernere posse te videmur,
Efflictim petimus novúmque librum,
Qui nullo sacer haut petatur ævo,
Qui nullo sacer exolescat ævo,
Qui curis niteat tuis secundis;
Ut nos scire aliquid simul putetur.
Atqui hoc macte sies, velutque valpar,
Quod diis inferium, tibi sacremus,
Ut nobis benè sit; tuámque frontem
Perfundant ederæ recentiores
Et splendor novus. Invident coronam
Hanc tantam patriæ tibique (quantâ
Æternùm à merito tuo superbum
Anglorum genus esse possit olim)
Tantùm qui penitùs volunt amœnas
Sublatas literas, timéntve lucem
Ionsonî nimiam tenebriones.

J. SELDEN.

TO BEN JONSON, ON HIS WORKS.

May I subscribe a name? dares my bold quill
Write that or good or ill,
Whose frame is of that height, that, to mine eye,
Its head is in the sky?
Yes. Since the most censures, believes, and saith
By an implicit faith:
Lest their misfortune make them chance amiss,
I'll waft them right by this.
Of all I know thou only art the man
That dares but what he can:
Yet by performance shows he can do more
Than hath been done before,
Or will be after; (such assurance gives
Perfection where it lives.)
Words speak thy matter; matter fills thy words:
And choice that grace affords,
That both are best: and both most fitly placed,
Are with new Venus graced
From artful method. All in this point meet,
With good to mingle sweet.
These are thy lower parts. What stands above
Who sees not yet must love,
When on the base he reads Ben Jonson's name,
And hears the rest from fame.
This from my love of truth: which pays this due
To your just worth, not you.

ED. HEYWARD.

ON THE AUTHOR OF THIS VOLUME, THE POET LAUREAT, BEN JONSON.

Here is a poet! whose unmuddled strains
Shew that he held all Helicon in 's brains.
What here is writ, is sterling; every line
Was well allow'd of by the Muses nine.
When for the stage a drama he did lay,
Tragic or comic, he still bore away
The sock and buskin; clearer notes than his
No swan e'er sung upon our Thamesis;
For lyric sweetness in an ode, or sonnet,
To Ben the best of wits might vail their bonnet.
His genius justly, in an entheat rage,
Oft lash'd the dull-sworn factors for the stage:
For Alchymy, though 't make a glorious gloss,
Compar'd with Gold is bullion and base dross.

WILL. HODGSON.

ON HIS ELABORATED PLAYS.—EPIGRAM.

Each like an Indian ship or hull appears,
That took a voyage for some certain years,
To plough the sea, and furrow up the main,
And brought rich ingots from his loaden brain.
His art the sun; his labours were the lines;
His solid stuff the treasure of his mines.

WILL. HODGSON.

IN BENJAMINUM JONSONUM, POETAM LAUREATUM, ET DRAMATICORUM SUI SECULI FACILE PRINCIPEM.

Jonsone, Angliacæ decus immortale Camœnæ,
Magne pater vatum, Aoniæ Coryphæe catervæ,
Benjamine, (tibi nec vanum nominis omen,)
Cui tam dextera Pallas adest, tam dexter Apollo;
Laurigeros egit quoties tua Musa triumphos!
Laudibus en quantis, quanto evehit Anglia plausu
Jonsonum, pleni moderantem frœna theatri!
Per te scena loqui didicit: tibi candida vena,
Et jocus innocuus; nec quem tua fabula mordet
Dente Theonino, sed pravis aspera tantum
Moribus, insanum multo sale defricat ævum.
Nec fescennino ludit tua carmine Musa;
Nec petulans aures amat incestare theatri,
Aut fœdare oculos obscœnis improba nugis:
Sunt tibi tam castæ veneres, plenæque pudoris.
Scenam nulla tuam perfrictâ fronte puella
Intrat, nec quenquam tenerœ capit illice vocis,
Nec spectatorem patranti frangit ocello,
Dramate tu recto, tu linguæ idiomate puro,
Exornas soccósque leves, grandésque cothurnos.
Si Lyricus, tu jam Flaccus; si comicus, alter
Plautus es ingenio, tersivè Terentius oris
Anglicus, aut, Græcos si fortè imitere, Menander,
Cujus versu usus, ceu sacro emblemate, Paulus:
Sin Tragicus, magni jam præceptore Neronis
Altiùs eloqueris, Senecâ et prædivite major,
(Ingenii at tantùm dives tu divite venâ,)
Grandiùs ore tonas, verborum et fulmina vibras.
Tu captatores, locupleti hamata, seníque,
Munera mittentes, Vulpino decipis astu
Callidus incautos, et fraudem fraude retexis:
Atque hæredipetas corvos deludis hiantes,
Vaná spe lactans, cera nec scribis in ima.
Per te nec leno aut meretrix impunè per urbem
Grassatur, stolidæ et tendit sua retia pubi.
Nec mœchus, nec fur, incastigatus oberrat,
Illæsúsve, tuæ prudenti verbere scenæ.
Sic vitium omne vafer *tuus ipse ut* Horatius *olim,*
Tangis, et admissus circum præcordia ludis.
Per te audax Catilina, nefas horrendus Alastor
Dum struit infandum, cædésque et funera passim
Molitur Romæ, facundi consulis ore
Ingenióque perit; patriæ et dum perfidus enses
Intentat jugulo, franguntur colla Cethegi;
Quicquid Sylla minax, ipsis è faucibus Orci,
Et fortunati demurmuret umbra tyranni:
Nempe faces flammásque extinguit flumine lactis
Tullius, Angliaco meliùs sic ore locutus.
Culmine tu rapiens magnum devolvis ab alto
Sejanum; ille potens populum, pavidúmque senatum
Rexerat imperio nuper, dum solus habenas
Tractaret Romæ, nutu et tremefecerat orbem,
Cæsare confisus; nunc verso cardine rerum
Mole suá miser ipse cadens, et pondere pressus,
Concutit attonitum lapsu graviore theatrum,
Ingentémque trahit turbá plaudente ruinam.

Sic nullum exemplo crimen tu linquis inultum,
Sive et avarities, et amor vesanus habendi,
Sive sit ambitio, et dominandi cæca libido.
Crimina sic hominum versu tortore flagellas,
Et vitia exponis toti ludibria plebi;
Protinus illa tuo sordent explosa theatro,
Dramáque virtutis schola fit, prælectio scena,
Histrio philosophus, morum vel denique censor,
Et ludi, Jonsone, tui sic seria ducunt.
Ergo tua effigies, nostris spectanda plateis,
(Quam meliùs toti ostendit tua Pagina mundo)
Non hominis, sed viva Poesios extat imago;
Benjamini icon, capitísque insigne poetæ;
*Nomen et ingenii, Jonsoni nomen habetur.**

SIR EDWARD HERBERT, UPON HIS FRIEND MR. BEN JONSON, AND HIS TRANSLATION.

'Twas not enough, Ben Jonson, to be thought
Of English poets best, but to have brought
In greater state, to their acquaintance, one
Made equal to himself and thee; that none
Might be thy second; while thy glory is
To be the Horace of our times, and his.

TO BEN JONSON.

"'Tis dangerous to praise; besides the task
Which to do't well, will ask
An age of time and judgment; who can then
Be prais'd, and by what pen?
Yet, I know both, whilst thee I safely chuse
My subject, and my Muse.
For sure, henceforth our poets shall implore
Thy aid, which lends them more,
Than can their tired Apollo, or the Nine
She wits, or mighty wine.
The deities are bankrupts, and must be
Glad to beg art of thee.
Some they might once perchance on thee bestow:
But, now, to thee they owe:
Who dost in daily bounty more wit spend,
Than they could ever lend.
Thus thou didst build the Globe, which, but for thee,
Should want its axle-tree;
And, like a careful founder, thou dost now
Leave rules for ever, how
To keep't in reparations, which will do
More good, than to build two.
It was an able stock, thou gav'st before;
Yet, lo, a richer store!
Which doth, by a prevention, make us quit
With a dear year of wit:
Come when it will, by this thy name shall last
Until Fame's utmost blast," &c.

BARTON HOLYDAY

* *Musæ Subsecivæ* J. Duporti, *Cantabrigiæ*, 8vo 1676, p. 8

TO MASTER JONSON.

BEN,
The world is much in debt, and though it may
Some petty reck'nings to small poets pay:
Pardon if at thy glorious sum they stick,
Being too large for their arithmetic.
If they could prize the genius of a scene,
The learned sweat that makes a language clean,
Or understand the faith of ancient skill,
Drawn from the tragic, comic, lyric quill;
The Greek and Roman denizen'd by thee,
And both made richer in thy poetry;
This they may know, and knowing this still grudge,
That yet they are not fit of thee to judge.
I prophesy more strength to after time,
Whose joy shall call this isle the poets' clime,
Because 'twas thine, and unto thee return
The borrow'd flames, with which thy Muse shall burn.
Then when the stock of others fame is spent,
Thy poetry shall keep its own old rent.

ZOUCH TOWNLEY

AD BENJAMINUM JONSONUM.

Injus te voco, JONSONI venito:
Adsum, qui plagii et malæ rapinæ
Te ad Phœbi peragam reum tribunal,
Assidente choro novem dearum.
Quædam dramata scilicet diserta,
Nuper quæ Elysii roseti in umbrâ,
Fœstivissimus omnium poeta,
Plautus composuit, diisque tandem
Stellato exhibuit poli in theatro,
Movendo superis leves cachinnos,
Et risos tetrico Jovi ciendo,
Axe plausibus intonante utroque;
Hæc tu dramata scilicet diserta,
Clepsisti superis negotiosis,
Quæ tu nunc tua venditare pergis:
In jus te voco, Jonsoni venito.
En pro te pater ipse, Rexque Phœbus
Assurgit modò, Jonsoni, palamque
Testatur, tua serio fuisse
Illa dramata, teque condidisse
Sese non modò conscio, at juvante:
Unde ergò sibi Plautus illa tandem
Nactus exhibuit, Jovi Deisque?
Maiæ Filius, et Nepos Atlantis,
Pennatus celeres pedes, at ungues
Viscatus, volucer puer, vaferque,
Furto condere quidlibet jocoso,
Ut quondam facibus suis Amorem
Per ludos viduavit, et pharetrâ,
Sic nuper (siquidem solet frequenter
Tecum ludere, plaudere, et jocari)
Neglectas tibi clepsit has papyrus
Secumque ad superos abire jussit:
Jam victus taceo pudore, vincis
Phœbo Judice, JONSONI, et Patrono.

* *Caroli Fitzgeofridi Affan. Oxoniæ.*

ON BEN JONSON.

Mirror of poets, mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy stage,
Pleas'd and displeas'd with her own faults, endures
A remedy like those whom music cures.
Thou hast alone those various inclinations,
Which Nature gives to ages, sexes, nations,
So traced with thy all-resembling pen,
That whate'er custom has impos'd on men,
Or ill-got habit, which deforms them so,
That scarce a brother can his brother know,
Is represented to the wond'ring eyes
Of all that see or read thy comedies;
Whoever in those glasses looks, may find
The spots return'd, or graces of his mind:
And by the help of so divine an art,
At leisure view, and dress his nobler part.
Narcissus cozened by that flatt'ring well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, discovering the deform'd estate
Of his fond mind, preserv'd himself with hate;
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had
Beheld what his high fancy once embraced
Virtue with colours, speech, and motion graced
The sundry postures of thy copious Muse,
Who would express a thousand tongues must use;
Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art,
For as thou couldst all characters impart:
So none could render thine, who still escapes
Like Proteus in variety of shapes:
Who was, nor this, nor that, but all we find,
And all we can imagine in mankind.

E. WALLER.

ON MASTER BENJAMIN JONSON.

After the rare arch-poet Jonson died,
The sock grew loathsome, and the buskin's pride,
Together with the stage's glory, stood
Each like a poor and pitied widowhood.
The cirque prophan'd was; and all postures rackt:
For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.
Then temper flew from words; and men did squeak,
Look red, and blow, and bluster, but not speak:
No holy rage, or frantic fires did stir,
Or flash about the spacious theatre.
No clap of hands, or shout, or praises-proof
Did crack the play-house sides, or cleave her roof.
Artless the scene was; and that monstrous sin
Of deep and arrant ignorance came in;
Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hist
At thy unequall'd play, the Alchemist:
Oh fie upon 'em! Lastly too, all wit
In utter darkness did, and still will sit;
Sleeping the luckless age out, till that she
Her resurrection has again with thee.

Herrick's *Hesperides*, 1648, p. 173.

ON BEN JONSON.

Here lies JONSON with the rest
Of the poets ; but the best.
Reader, would'st thou more have known ?
Ask his story, not this stone ;
That will speak what this can't tell,
Of his glory. So farewell !

Ibid. p. 342.

AN ODE FOR BEN JONSON.

Ah BEN !
Say how, or when
Shall we thy guests
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun ?
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad ;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My BEN
Or come agen ;
Or send to us
Thy wits great over-plus :
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it ;
Lest we that talent spend :
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock ; the store
Of such a wit : the world should have no more.

Ibid. p. 342

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND MY HONOURED FRIEND,

MASTER CAMDEN,

CLARENCIEUX.

Sir,—There are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world, who will esteem all office, done you in this kind, an injury; so solemn a vice it is with them to use the authority of their ignorance, to the crying down of Poetry, or the professors: but my gratitude must not leave to correct their error; since I am none of those that can suffer the benefits conferred upon my youth to perish with my age. It is a frail memory that remembers but present things: and, had the favour of the times so conspired with my disposition, as it could have brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, and number of the fruits, the first. Now I pray you to accept this; such wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush; nor of my studies, repent you to have been the instructer: and for the profession of my thankfulness, I am sure it will, with good men, find either praise or excuse. Your true lover,

Ben Jonson.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Knowell, *an old Gentleman.*
Edward Knowell, *his Son.*
Brainworm, *the Father's Man.*
George Downright, *a plain Squire.*
Wellbred, *his Half-Brother.*
Kitely, *a Merchant.*
Captain Bobadill, *a Paul's Man.*
Master Stephen, *a Country Gull.*
Master Mathew, *the Town Gull.*
Thomas Cash, *Kitely's Cashier.*

Oliver Cob, *a Water-bearer.*
Justice Clement, *an old merry Magistrate.*
Roger Formal, *his Clerk.*
Wellbred's Servant.

Dame Kitely, *Kitely's Wife.*
Mistress Bridget, *his Sister.*
Tib, *Cob's Wife.*

Servants, &c.

SCENE,—London.

PROLOGUE.

Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not better'd much;
Yet ours for want hath not so loved the stage,
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himself must justly hate:
To make a child now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
Past threescore years; or, with three rusty swords,
And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.
He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please:
Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard
The gentlewomen; nor roll'd bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come;
But deeds, and language, such as men do use,
And persons, such as comedy would choose,
When she would shew an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.
Except we make them such, by loving still
Our popular errors, when we know they're ill.
I mean such errors as you'll all confess,
By laughing at them, they deserve no less:
Which when you heartily do, there's hope left then,
You, that have so grac'd monsters, may like men.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter Knowell, *at the door of his house.*

Know. A goodly day toward, and a fresh morning.—Brainworm!

Enter Brainworm.

Call up your young master: bid him rise, sir.
Tell him, I have some business to employ him.

Brai. I will, sir, presently.

Know. But hear you, sirrah,
If he be at his book, disturb him not.

Brai. Very good, sir. [*Exit.*

Know. How happy yet should I esteem myself,
Could I, by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain course of study he affects.
He is a scholar, if a man may trust

The liberal voice of fame in her report,
Of good account in both our Universities,
Either of which hath favoured him with graces:
But their indulgence must not spring in me
A fond opinion that he cannot err.
Myself was once a student, and indeed,
Fed with the self-same humour he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
That fruitless and unprofitable art,
Good unto none, but least to the professors;
Which then I thought the mistress of all knowledge:
But since, time and the truth have waked my judgment,
And reason taught me better to distinguish
The vain from the useful learnings.

Enter MASTER STEPHEN.

Cousin Stephen,
What news with you, that you are here so early?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

Know. That's kindly done; you are welcome, coz.

Step. Ay, I know that, sir; I would not have come else. How does my cousin Edward, uncle?

Know. O, well, coz; go in and see; I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting; I would fain borrow it.

Know. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

Step. No, wusse; but I'll practise against next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

Know. O, most ridiculous!

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle: —Why, you know an a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him: they are more studied than the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallants company without them; and by gadslid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every humdrum: hang them, scroyles! there's nothing in them i' the world. What do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a ducking to Islington ponds! A fine jest, i' faith! 'Slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry; I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

Know. You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb, go to!
Nay, never look at me, 'tis I that speak;
Take't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you.
Have you not yet found means enow to waste
That which your friends have left you, but you must
Go cast away your money on a buzzard,
And know not how to keep it, when you have done?
O, it is comely! this will make you a gentleman!
Well, cousin, well, I see you are e'en past hope
Of all reclaim:—ay, so; now you are told on't,
You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Know. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;
That would I have you do: and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I, you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it;
And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd have you sober, and contain yourself,
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now, at first,
As you may keep the same proportion still:
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of
Except you make, or hold it. [yours,

Enter a Servant.

Who comes here?

Serv. Save you, gentlemen!

Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend; yet you are welcome: and I assure you mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex land. He has but one son in all the world, I am his next heir, at the common law, master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cousin die, as there's hope he will: I have a pretty living o' mine own too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, sir.

Step. In good time, sir! why, and in very good time, sir! You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir! you were best not, sir; an you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too; go to: and they can give it again soundly too, an need be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

Serv. Good master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion! an you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither, in't.

Know. Cousin, cousin, will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whoreson, base fellow! a mechanical serving-man! By this cudgel, an 'twere not for shame, I would——

Know. What would you do, you peremptory gull?
If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.
You see the honest man demeans himself
Modestly tow'rds you, giving no reply
To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion;
And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage
As void of wit, as of humanity.
Go, get you in; 'fore heaven, I am ashamed
Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me.

[*Exit* MASTER STEPHEN.

Serv. I pray, sir, is this master Knowell's house?

Know. Yes, marry is it, sir.

Serv. I should inquire for a gentleman here, one

master Edward Knowell; do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

Know. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? cry you mercy, sir: I was required by a gentleman in the city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Know. To me, sir! What do you mean? pray you remember your court'sy. [*Reads.*] *To his most selected friend, master Edward Knowell.* What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it? Nay, pray you be covered.

Serv. One master Wellbred, sir.

Know. Master Wellbred! a young gentleman, is he not?

Serv. The same, sir; master Kitely married his sister; the rich merchant in the Old Jewry.

Know. You say very true.—Brainworm!

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brai. Sir.

Know. Make this honest friend drink here: pray you, go in.

[*Exeunt* BRAINWORM *and* Servant.

This letter is directed to my son;
Yet I am Edward Knowell too, and may,
With the safe conscience of good manners, use
The fellow's error to my satisfaction.
Well, I will break it ope, (old men are curious,)
Be it but for the style's sake and the phrase;
To see if both do answer my son's praises,
Who is almost grown the idolater
Of this young Wellbred. What have we here? What's this?

[*Reads.*] Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends in the Old Jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there? yet, if thou dost, come over, and but see our frippery; change an old shirt for a whole smock with us: do not conceive that antipathy between us and Hogsden, as was between Jews and hogs-flesh. Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, on the north-west wall: an I had been his son, I had saved him the labour long since, if taking in all the young wenches that pass by at the back-door, and codling every kernel of the fruit for them, would have served. But, pr'ythee, come over to me quickly, this morning; I have such a present for thee!—our Turkey company never sent the like to the Grand Signior. One is a rhymer, sir, of your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think him himself poet-major of the town, willing to be shown, and worthy to be seen. The other—I will not venture his description with you, till you come, because I would have you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guildhall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allowed your viaticum.

From the Windmill.

From the Bordello it might come as well,
The Spittle, or Pict-hatch. Is this the man
My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
The choicest brain, the times have sent us forth!
I know not what he may be in the arts,
Nor what in schools; but, surely, for his manners,
I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch;
Worse by possession of such great good gifts,
Being the master of so loose a spirit.
Why, what unhallowed ruffian would have writ
In such a scurrilous manner to a friend!
Why should he think I tell my apricots,
Or play the Hesperian dragon with my fruit,
To watch it? Well, my son, I had thought you
Had had more judgment to have made election
Of your companions, than t' have ta'en on trust
Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare
No argument or subject from their jest.
But I perceive affection makes a fool
Of any man too much the father.—Brainworm!

Enter BRAINWORM

Brai. Sir.

Know. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Brai. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

Know. And where is your young master?

Brai. In his chamber, sir.

Know. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Brai. No, sir, he saw him not.

Know. Take you this letter, and deliver it my son; but with no notice that I have opened it, on your life.

Brai. O Lord, sir! that were a jest indeed. [*Exit.*

Know. I am resolved I will not stop his journey,
Nor practise any violent means to stay
The unbridled course of youth in him; for that
Restrain'd, grows more impatient; and in kind
Like to the eager, but the generous greyhound,
Who ne'er so little from his game withheld,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.
There is a way of winning more by love,
And urging of the modesty, than fear:
Force works on servile natures, not the free.
He that's compell'd to goodness, may be good,
But 'tis but for that fit; where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit.
Then, if they stray, but warn them, and the same
They should for virtue have done, they'll do for shame. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* KNOWELL'S *House.*

Enter E. KNOWELL, *with a letter in his hand, followed by* BRAINWORM.

E. Know. Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brai. Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. Know. That scarce contents me. What countenance, prithee, made he in the reading of it? was he angry, or pleased?

Brai. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Know. No! how know'st thou then that he did either?

Brai. Marry, sir, because he charged me, on my life, to tell nobody that he open'd it; which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it revealed.

E. Know. That's true: well, I thank thee, Brainworm.

Enter STEPHEN.

Step. O, Brainworm, didst thou not see a fellow here in what-sha-call-him doublet? he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brai. Yes, master Stephen; what of him?

Step. O, I have such a mind to beat him—— where is he, canst thou tell?

Brai. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, master Stephen.

Step. Gone! which way? when went he? how long since?

Brai. He is rid hence; he took horse at the street-door,

Step. And I staid in the fields! Whoreson scanlerbag rogue! O that I had but a horse to fetch him back again!

Brai. Why, you may have my master's gelding, to save your longing, sir.

Step. But I have no boots, that's the spite on't.

Brai. Why, a fine wisp of hay, roll'd hard, master Stephen.

Step. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now: let him e'en go and hang. Prithee, help to truss me a little: he does so vex me—

Brai. You'll be worse vexed when you are trussed, master Stephen. Best keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold; your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't: how dost thou like my leg, Brainworm?

Brai. A very good leg, Master Stephen; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh! the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair of silk against winter, that I go to dwell in the town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose—

Brai. Believe me, Master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness, I think it would: I have a reasonable good leg.

Brai. You have an excellent good leg, master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for it. [*Exit.*

Step. Another time will serve, Brainworm. Gramercy for this.

E. Know. Ha, ha, ha:

Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me; an he do—

E. Know. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him good with him! He cannot but think most virtuously, both of me, and the sender, sure, that make the careful costermonger of him in our familiar epistles. Well, if he read this with patience I'll be gelt, and troll ballads for Master John Trundle yonder, the rest of my mortality. It is true, and likely, my father may have as much patience as another man, for he takes much physic; and oft taking physic makes a man very patient. But would your packet, Master Wellbred, had arrived at him in such a minute of his patience! then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens——(*sees* MASTER STEPHEN.] What, my wise cousin! nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more toward the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: oh, for a fourth, Fortune, if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee——

Step. Oh, now I see who he laughed at: he laughed at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an he had laughed at me——

E. Know. How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little: I thought you had laughed at me, cousin.

E. Know. Why, what an I had, coz? what would you have done?

Step. By this light, I would have told mine uncle.

E. Know. Nay, if you would have told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

E. Know. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why then——

E. Know. What then?

Step. I am satisfied; it is sufficient.

E. Know. Why, be so, gentle coz: and, I pray you, let me entreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for this morning by a friend in the Old Jewry, to come to him; it is but crossing over the fields to Moorgate: Will you bear me company? I protest it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one an it were; you shall command me twice so far as Moorgate, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest—

E. Know. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

Step. By my fackings, but I will, by your leave:—I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of at this time.

E. Know. You speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

E. Know. Your turn, coz! do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk of your turn in this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer at a conduit! fie! A wight that, hitherto, his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the savour of a strong spirit, and he! this man! so graced, gilded, or, to use a more fit metaphor, so tin-foiled by nature, as not ten housewives' pewter, again a good time, shows more bright to the world than he! and he! (as I said last, so I say again, and still shall say it) this man! to conceal such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory, as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoaky lawn, or a black cyprus! O, coz! it cannot be answered; go not about it: Drake's old ship at Deptford may sooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head, so: and let the idea of what you are be portrayed in your face, that men may read in your physnomy, *here within this place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature,* which is all one. What think you of this, coz?

Step. Why, I do think of it: and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentlemanlike, than I have been, I'll insure you.

E. Know. Why, that's resolute, master Stephen! —Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound.—Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Know. Follow me! you must go before.

Step. Nay, an I must, I will. Pray you shew me, good cousin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Lane before* COB'S *House.*

Enter MASTER MATHEW.

Mat. I think this be the house: what, ho!

Enter COB.

Cob. Who's there? O, master Mathew! give your worship good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob! how dost thou, good Cob? dost thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob. Ay, sir, I and my lineage have kept a poor house here, in our days.

Mat. Thy lineage, monsieur Cob! what lineage, what lineage?

Cob. Why, sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely. Mine ance'try came from a king's belly, no worse man; and yet no man neither, by your worship's leave, I did lie in that, but herring, the king of fish (from his belly I proceed), one of the monarchs of the world, I assure you. The first red herring that was broiled in Adam and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from, by the harrot's book. His cob was my great, great, mighty great grandfather.

Mat. Why mighty, why mighty, I pray thee?

Cob. O, it was a mighty while ago, sir, and a mighty great cob.

Mat. How know'st thou that?

Cob. How know I! why, I smell his ghost ever and anon.

Mat. Smell a ghost! O unsavoury jest! and the ghost of a herring cob?

Cob. Ay, sir: With favour of your worship's nose, master Mathew, why not the ghost of a herring cob, as well as the ghost of Rasher Bacon?

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou would'st say.

Cob. I say Rasher Bacon. They were both broiled on the coals; and a man may smell broiled meat, I hope! you are a scholar, upsolve me that now.

Mat. O raw ignorance!—Cob, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one captain Bobadill, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my guest, sir, you mean.

Mat. Thy guest! alas, ha, ha, ha!

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir? do you not mean captain Bobadill?

Mat. Cob, pray thee advise thyself well: do not wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house; he! he lodge in such a base obscure place as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed if thou'dst give it him.

Cob. I will not give it him though, sir. Mass, I thought somewhat was in it, we could not get him to bed all night: Well, sir; though he lie not on my bed, he lies on my bench: an't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapt about him, as though he had neither won nor lost, and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done to-night.

Mat. Why, was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so: perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token, or some such device, sir, I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water and not with wine—Give me my tankard there, ho!—God be wi' you, sir. It's six o'clock: I should have carried two turns by this. What ho! my stopple; come.

Enter TIB *with a water-tankard.*

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house! a gentleman of his havings! Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What, Tib; shew this gentleman up to the captain. [*Exit* TIB *with* MASTER MATHEW.] Oh, an my house were the Brazen-head now! faith it would e'en speak *Moe fools yet.* You should have some now would take this Master Mathew to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is, (O, my guest is a fine man!) and they flout him invincibly. He useth every day to a merchant's house where I serve water, one master Kitely's, in the Old Jewry; and here's the jest, he is in love with my master's sister, Mrs. Bridget, and calls her mistress; and there he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes, reading of these same abominable, vile (a pox on 'em! I cannot abide them,) rascally verses, poetrie, poetrie, and speaking of interludes; 'twill make a man burst to hear him. And the wenches, they do so jeer, and ti-he at him—Well, should they do so much to me, I'd forswear them all, by the foot of Pharaoh! There's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you hear swear such an oath? O, I have a guest—he teaches me—he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: *By St. George! the foot of Pharaoh! the body of me! as I am a gentleman and a soldier!* such dainty oaths! and withal he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth at's tonnels.—Well, he owes me forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixpence at a time, besides his lodging: I would I had it! I shall have it, he says, the next action. Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman [*Exit*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* COB'S *House.*

BOBADILL *discovered lying on a bench.*

Bob. Hostess, hostess!

Enter TIB.

Tib. What say you, sir?

Bob. A cup of thy small beer, sweet hostess.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.

Bob. A gentleman! 'odso, I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Bob. What a plague—what meant he?

Mat. (*below.*) Captain Bobadill!

Bob. Who's there?—Take away the bason, good hostess;—Come up, sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house, here!

Enter MATHEW.

Mat. Save you, sir; save you, captain!

Bob. Gentle master Mathew! Is it you, sir? please you to sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

Bob. Marry, by young Wellbred, and others.—Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body o' me! it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven: Now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private.

Bob. Ay, sir: sit down, I pray you. Master

Mathew, in any case possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who, I, sir? no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir! I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book have you there? What! Go by, Hieronymo?

Mat. Ay: did you ever see it acted? Is't not well penned?

Bob. Well penned! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was: they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when, as I am a gentleman, read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live upon the face of the earth again.

[*While* MASTER MATHEW *reads*, BOBADILL *makes himself ready.*

Mat. Indeed here are a number of fine speeches in this book. *O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!* there's a conceit! *fountains fraught with tears! O life, no life, but lively form of death!* another. *O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!* a third. *Confused and fill'd with murder and misdeeds!* a fourth. O, the muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. *To thee, the purest object to my sense,*
The most refined essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.
If they prove rough, unpolish'd, harsh, and rude,
Haste made the waste: thus mildly I conclude.

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

Mat. This, sir! a toy of mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses. But when will you come and see my study? good faith, I can shew you some very good things I have done of late—That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak of the fashion, master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly: This other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful and gentlemanlike: yet he condemned, and cried it down for the most pied and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook! he! why he has no more judgment than a malt-horse: By St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay: he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle. He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rusty proverbs: a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes: he brags he will give me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! he the bastinado! how came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I termed it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be; for I was sure it was none of his word: but when, when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, an 'twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. The bastinado! a most proper and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither, you shall chartel him; I'll show you a trick or two you shall kill him with at pleasure: the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge in the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom, of whom, have you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utterable skill, sir.

Bob. By heaven, no, not I; no skill in the earth; some small rudiments in the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have professed it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use, than mine own practice, I assure you.—Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly. Lend us another bed-staff—the woman does not understand the words of action.—Look you, sir: exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence, thus:—give it the gentleman, and leave us. [*Exit* TIB.] So, sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard; so! indifferent: hollow your body more, sir, thus: now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time—oh, you disorder your point most irregularly.

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?

Bob. O, out of measure ill: a well-experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

Bob. Why, thus, sir,—make a thrust at me—[MASTER MATHEW *pushes at* BOBADILL.] come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body: The best-practised gallants of the time name it the passado; a most desperate thrust, believe it.

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me. I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, sir.

Bob. Venue! fie; most gross denomination as ever I heard: O, the stoccata, while you live, sir; note that.—Come, put on your cloke, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted; some tavern, or so—and have a bit. I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by

my direction; and then I will teach you your trick: you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you, by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point in the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand! you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, except it were hail-shot, and spread. What money have you about you, master Mathew?

Mat. Faith, I have not past a two shilling or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least; but come; we will have a bunch of radish and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach: and then we'll call upon young Wellbred: perhaps we shall meet the Corydon his brother there, and put him to the question.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The* Old Jewry. *A Hall in* Kitely's *House.*

Enter Kitely, Cash, *and* Downright.

Kit. Thomas, come hither.
There lies a note within upon my desk;
Here take my key: it is no matter neither.—
Where is the boy?

Cash. Within, sir, in the warehouse.

Kit. Let him tell over straight that Spanish gold,
And weigh it, with the pieces of eight. Do you
See the delivery of those silver stuffs
To Master Lucar: tell him, if he will,
He shall have the grograns, at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him on the Exchange anon.

Cash. Good, sir. [*Exit.*

Kit. Do you see that fellow, brother Downright?

Dow. Ay, what of him?

Kit. He is a jewel, brother.
I took him of a child up at my door,
And christen'd him, gave him mine own name, Thomas;
Since bred him at the Hospital; where proving
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my cashier,
And giv'n him, who had none, a surname, Cash:
And find him in his place so full of faith,
That I durst trust my life into his hands.

Dow. So would not I in any bastard's, brother,
As it is like he is, although I knew
Myself his father. But you said you had somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother; what is't, what is't?

Kit. Faith, I am very loath to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience:
But that I know your judgment is of strength,
Against the nearness of affection——

Dow. What need this circumstance? pray you, be direct.

Kit. I will not say how much I do ascribe
Unto your friendship, nor in what regard
I hold your love; but let my past behaviour,
And usage of your sister, [both] confirm
How well I have been affected to your——

Dow. You are too tedious; come to the matter, the matter.

Kit. Then, without further ceremony, thus.
My brother Wellbred, sir, I know not how,
Of late is much declined in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne'er trust me if I were not proud of him:
Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage,
And what was chief, it show'd not borrow'd in him,
But all he did became him as his own,
And seem'd as perfect, proper, and possest,
As breath with life, or colour with the blood.
But now, his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and deprived of grace,
And he himself withal so far fallen off
From that first place, as scarce no note remains,
To tell men's judgments where he lately stood.
He's grown a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetful of his friends; and not content
To stale himself in all societies,
He makes my house here common as a mart,
A theatre, a public receptacle
For giddy humour, and diseased riot;
And here, as in a tavern or a stews,
He and his wild associates spend their hours,
In repetition of lascivious jests,
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,
Control my servants; and, indeed, what not?

Dow. 'Sdeins, I know not what I should say to him, in the whole world! He values me at a crack'd three-farthings, for aught I see. It will never out of the flesh that's bred in the bone. I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve; but counsel to him is as good as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse. Well! he knows what to trust to, for George: let him spend, and spend, and domineer, till his heart ake; an he think to be relieved by me, when he is got into one o' your city pounds, the counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear, i' faith; and claps his dish at the wrong man's door: I'll lay my hand on my halfpenny, ere I part with it to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

Kit. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath! he mads me; I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger! But, why are you so tame? why do not you speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kit. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade me.
But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it,
(Though but with plain and easy circumstance,)
It would both come much better to his sense,
And savour less of stomach, or of passion.
You are his elder brother, and that title
Both gives and warrants your authority,
Which, by your presence seconded, must breed
A kind of duty in him, and regard:
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but add contempt to his neglect,
Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred,
That in the rearing would come tottering down,
And in the ruin bury all our love.
Nay, more than this, brother; if I should speak,
He would be ready, from his heat of humour,
And overflowing of the vapour in him,
To blow the ears of his familiars,

With the false breath of telling what disgraces,
And low disparagements, I had put upon him.
Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
Make their loose comments upon every word,
Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over,
From my flat cap unto my shining shoes;
And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,
Beget some slander that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be, think you? marry, this:
They would give out, because my wife is fair,
Myself but lately married, and my sister
Here sojourning a virgin in my house,
That I were jealous!—nay, as sure as death,
That they would say: and, how that I had quar-
My brother purposely, thereby to find [rell'd
An apt pretext to banish them my house.

Dow. Mass, perhaps so; they're like enough to do it.

Kit. Brother, they would, believe it; so should I,
Like one of these penurious quack-salvers,
But set the bills up to mine own disgrace,
And try experiments upon myself;
Lend scorn and envy opportunity
To stab my reputation and good name——

Enter MASTER MATHEW *struggling with* BOBADILL.

Mat. I will speak to him.

Bob. Speak to him! away! By the foot of Pharaoh, you shall not! you shall not do him that grace.—The time of day to you, gentleman o' the house. Is master Wellbred stirring?

Dow. How then? what should he do?

Bob. Gentleman of the house, it is to you: is he within, sir?

Kit. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I assure you.

Dow. Why, do you hear? you!

Bob. The gentleman citizen hath satisfied me; I'll talk to no scavenger. [*Exeunt* BOB *and* MAT.

Dow. How! scavenger! stay, sir, stay!

Kit. Nay, brother Downright.

Dow. 'Heart! stand you away, an you love me.

Kit. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother, good faith you shall not; I will overrule you.

Dow. Ha! scavenger! well, go to, I say little: but, by this good day (God forgive me I should swear), if I put it up so, say I am the rankest cow that ever pist. 'Sdeins, an I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-street again while I live; I'll sit in a barn with madge-howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger! heart!—and I'll go near to fill that huge tumbrel-slop of yours with somewhat, an I have good luck: your Garagantua breech cannot carry it away so.

Kit. Oh, do not fret yourself thus; never think on't.

Dow. These are my brother's consorts, these! these are his camerades, his walking mates! he's a gallant, a cavaliero too, right hangman cut! Let me not live, an I could not find in my heart to swinge the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him first. I am grieved it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses: Well, as he brews, so shall he drink, for George, again. Yet he shall hear on't, and that tightly too, an I live, i' faith.

Kit. But, brother, let your reprehension, then,
Run in an easy current, not o'er high
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler;
But rather use the soft persuading way,
Whose powers will work more gently, and compose
The imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaim;
More winning, than enforcing the consent.

Dow. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

Kit. How now! [*Bell rings.*] Oh, the bell rings to breakfast. Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife company till I come; I'll but give order for some despatch of business to my servants.

[*Exit* DOWNRIGHT.

Enter COB, *with his tankard.*

Kit. What, Cob! our maids will have you by the back, i' faith, for coming so late this morning.

Cob. Perhaps so, sir; take heed somebody have not them by the belly, for walking so late in the evening. [*Exit.*

Kit. Well; yet my troubled spirit's somewhat
Though not reposed in that security [eased,
As I could wish: but I must be content,
Howe'er I set a face on't to the world.
Would I had lost this finger at a venture,
So Wellbred had ne'er lodged within my house.
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,
That any woman should be honest long.
Is't like, that factious beauty will preserve
The public weal of chastity unshaken,
When such strong motives muster, and make head
Against her single peace? No, no: beware.
When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,
And spirits of one kind and quality
Come once to parley in the pride of blood,
It is no slow conspiracy that follows.
Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time
Had answer'd their affections, all the world
Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold.
Marry, I hope they have not got that start;
For opportunity hath balk'd them yet,
And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears
To attend the impositions of my heart.
My presence shall be as an iron bar,
'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire:
Yea, every look or glance mine eye ejects,
Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,
When he forgets the limits of prescription.

Enter DAME KITELY *and* BRIDGET.

Dame K. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the rose-water above in the closet. [*Exit* BRIDGET.] —Sweet-heart, will you come in to breakfast?

Kit. An she have overheard me now!—

Dame K. I pray thee, good muss, we stay for you.

Kit. By heaven, I would not for a thousand angels.

Dame K. What ail you, sweet-heart? are you not well? speak, good muss.

Kit. Troth my head akes extremely on a sudden.

Dame K. [*putting her hand to his forehead.*] O, the Lord!

Kit. How now! What?

Dame K. Alas, how it burns! Muss, keep you warm; good truth it is this new disease, there's a number are troubled withal. For love's sake, sweet-heart, come in, out of the air. [swers!

Kit. How simple, and how subtle are her an-
A new disease, and many troubled with it?
Why true; she heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame K. I pray thee, good sweet-heart, come in; the air will do you harm, in troth.

Kit. The air! she has me in the wind.—Sweet-

heart, I'll come to you presently; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame K. Pray Heaven it do. [*Exit.*

Kit. A new disease! I know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poor mortals plague;
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the brain. First it begins
Solely to work upon the phantasy,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,
As soon corrupts the judgment; and from thence,
Sends like contagion to the memory:
Still each to other giving the infection,
Which as a subtle vapour spreads itself
Confusedly through every sensive part,
Till not a thought or motion in the mind
Be free from the black poison of suspect.
Ah! but what misery is it to know this?
Or, knowing it, to want the mind's erection
In such extremes? Well, I will once more strive,
In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,
And shake the fever off that thus shakes me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Moorfields.

Enter Brainworm *disguised like a maimed Soldier.*

Brain. 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see myself translated thus, from a poor creature to a creator; for now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace: and yet the lie, to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the fico. O, sir, it holds for good polity ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us: so much for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends to follow my young master, dry-foot, over Moorfields to London, this morning; now, I knowing of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master (for so must we that are blue waiters, and men of hope and service do, or perhaps we may wear motley at the year's end, and who wears motley, you know), have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscado, and intercept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloke, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with captain Cæsar, I am made for ever, i' faith. Well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of these lance-knights, my arm here, and my—— Odso! my young master, and his cousin, master Stephen, as I am true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier!

Enter E. Knowell *and* Stephen

E. Know. So, sir! and how then, coz?

Step. 'Sfoot! I have lost my purse, I think.

E. Know. How! lost your purse? where? when had you it?

Step. I cannot tell; stay.

Brai. 'Slid, I am afeard they will know me: would I could get by them!

E. Know. What, have you it?

Step. No; I think I was bewitched, I—— [*Cries.*

E. Know. Nay, do not weep the loss; hang it, let it go.

Step. Oh, it's here: No, an it had been lost, I had not cared, but for a jet ring mistress Mary sent me.

E. Know. A jet ring! O the poesie, the poesie?

Step. Fine, i' faith.—

Though Fancy sleep,
My love is deep.

Meaning, that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

E. Know. Most excellent!

Step. And then I sent her another, and my poesie was,

The deeper the sweeter,
I'll be judg'd by St. Peter.

E. Know. How, by St. Peter? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the metre.

E. Know. Well, there the saint was your good patron, he help'd you at your need; thank him, thank him.

Brai. I cannot take leave on 'em so; I will venture, come what will. [*Comes forward.*] Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very excellent good blade here? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier; one that, in the better state of my fortunes, scorned so mean a refuge; but now it is the humour of necessity to have it so. You seem to be gentlemen well affected to martial men, else I should rather die with silence, than live with shame: however, vouchsafe to remember it is my want speaks, not myself; this condition agrees not with my spirit——

E. Know. Where hast thou served?

Brai. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungary, Dalmatia, Poland, where not, sir? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land any time this fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna; I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf, a gentleman-slave in the gallies, thrice; where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs; and yet, being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brai. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend; but what though! I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brai. I assure you, the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

E. Know. Ay, with a velvet scabbard, I think.

Step. Nay, an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat; I'd not wear it as it is, an you would give me an angel.

Brai. At your worship's pleasure, sir: nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard. But tell me, what shall I give you for it? An it had a silver hilt—

E. Know. Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold, there's a shilling, fellow; take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another shilling, fellow; I scorn to be out-bidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like Higginbottom, and may have a rapier for money!

E. Know. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut! I'll buy this i' the field, so I will; I have a mind to't, because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

E. Know. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

E. Know. Come away, you are a fool.

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted; but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow me for your money.

Brai. At your service, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of* MOORFIELDS.

Enter KNOWELL.

Know. I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter,
Sent to my son; nor leave t' admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom, since myself was one.—
When I was young, he lived not in the stews
Durst have conceived a scorn, and utter'd it,
On a gray head; age was authority
Against a buffoon, and a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life: so much
The sanctity of some prevail'd for others.
But now we all are fallen; youth, from their fear,
And age, from that which bred it, good example.
Nay, would ourselves were not the first, even parents,
That did destroy the hopes in our own children;
Or they not learn'd our vices in their cradles,
And suck'd in our ill customs with their milk;
Ere all their teeth be born, or they can speak,
We make their palates cunning; the first words
We form their tongues with, are licentious jests:
Can it call whore? cry bastard? O, then, kiss it!
A witty child! can't swear? the father's darling!
Give it two plums. Nay, rather than't shall learn
No bawdy song, the mother herself will teach it!—
But this is in the infancy, the days
Of the long coat; when it puts on the breeches,
It will put off all this: Ay, it is like,
When it is gone into the bone already!
No, no; this dye goes deeper than the coat,
Or shirt, or skin; it stains into the liver,
And heart, in some: and, rather than it should not,
Note what we fathers do! look how we live!
What mistresses we keep! at what expense,
In our sons' eyes! where they may handle our gifts,
Hear our lascivious courtships, see our dalliance,
Taste of the same provoking meats with us,
To ruin of our states! Nay, when our own
Portion is fled, to prey on their remainder,
We call them into fellowship of vice;
Bait 'em with the young chamber-maid, to seal,
And teach 'em all bad ways to buy affliction.
This is one path: but there are millions more,
In which we spoil our own, with leading them.
Well, I thank heaven, I never yet was he
That travell'd with my son, before sixteen,
To shew him the Venetian courtezans;
Nor read the grammar of cheating I had made,
To my sharp boy, at twelve; repeating still
The rule, *Get money; still, get money, boy;*
No matter by what means; money will do
More, boy, than my lord's letter. Neither have I
Drest snails or mushrooms curiously before him,
Perfumed my sauces, and taught him to make them;
Preceding still, with my gray gluttony,
At all the ord'naries, and only fear'd
His palate should degenerate, not his manners.
These are the trade of fathers now; however,
My son, I hope, hath met within my threshold
None of these household precedents, which are strong,
And swift, to rape youth to their precipice.
But let the house at home be ne'er so clean
Swept, or kept sweet from filth, nay dust and cobwebs,
If he will live abroad with his companions,
In dung and leystals, it is worth a fear;
Nor is the danger of conversing less
Than all that I have mention'd of example.

Enter BRAINWORM, *disguised as before.*

Brai. My master! nay, faith, have at you; I am flesh'd now, I have sped so well. [*aside.*] Worshipful sir, I beseech you, respect the estate of a poor soldier; I am ashamed of this base course of life,—God's my comfort—but extremity provokes me to't: what remedy?

Kno. I have not for you, now.

Brai. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been: a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

Kno. Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brai. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value; the king of heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: Sweet worship.——

Kno. Nay, an you be so importunate——

Brai. Oh, tender sir! need will have its course: I was not made to this vile use. Well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much: it's hard when a man hath served in his prince's cause, and be thus [*weeps*]. Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of time. By this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper; I had suck'd the hilts long before, I am a pagan else: Sweet honour——

Kno. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,
To think a fellow of thy outward presence,
Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,
Be so degenerate, and sordid-base.
Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg,
To practise such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election.
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
Or honest labour; nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better than to beg:
But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in;
Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.
Now, afore me, whate'er he be, that should
Relieve a person of thy quality,
While thou insist'st in this loose desperate course,
I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

Brai. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other course, if so——

Kno. Ay,
You'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

Brai. Alas, sir, where should a man seek? in the wars, there's no ascent by desert in these days; but———and for service, would it were as soon purchased, as wished for! the air's my comfort.—[*Sighs.*]—I know what I would say.

Kno. What's thy name?

Brai. Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

Kno. Fitz-Sword!

Say that a man should entertain thee now,
Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brai. Sir, by the place and honour of a soldier——

Kno. Nay, nay, I like not these affected oaths; Speak plainly, man, what think'st thou of my words?

Brai. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy as my service should be honest.

Kno. Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if thy deeds
Will carry a proportion to thy words. [*Exit.*

Brai. Yes, sir, straight; I'll but garter my hose. Oh that my belly were hoop'd now, for I am ready to burst with laughing! never was bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid, was there ever seen a fox in years to betray himself thus! now shall I be possest of all his counsels; and, by that conduit, my young master. Well, he is resolved to prove my honesty; faith, and I'm resolved to prove his patience: Oh, I shall abuse him intolerably. This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the soldier for ever. He will never come within the sign of it, the sight of a cassock, or a musket-rest again. He will hate the musters at Mile-end for it, to his dying day. It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip at an instant: why, this is better than to have staid his journey: well, I'll follow him. Oh, how I long to be employed! [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The* Old Jewry. *A Room in the Windmill Tavern.*

Enter Master Mathew, Wellbred, *and* Bobadill.

Mat. Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you too.

Wel. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who, my brother Downright?

Bob. He. Mr. Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a——

Wel. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part——

Wel. Good captain, faces about to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, sir, an there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George!

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is of a rustical cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion.

Wel. Oh, master Mathew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few, *quos æquus amavit Jupiter.*

Mat. I understand you, sir.

Wel. No question, you do,—or you do not, sir.

Enter E. Knowell *and* Master Stephen.

Ned Knowell! by my soul, welcome: how dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls the better, while I live, for this, my dear Fury; now, I see there's some love in thee. Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of: nay, what a drowsy humour is this now! why dost thou not speak?

E. Know. Oh, you are a fine gallant; you sent me a rare letter.

Wel. Why, was't not rare?

E. Know. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like; match it in all Plíny, or Symmachus's epistles, and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marle what camel it was, that had the carriage of it; for, doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it.

Wel. Why?

E. Know. Why, say'st thou! why, dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day too, could have mistaken my father for me?

Wel. 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. Know. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't, now: but I'll assure you, my father had the full view of your flourishing style some hour before I saw it.

Wel. What a dull slave was this! but, sirrah, what said he to it, i'faith?

E. Know. Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Wel. What, what?

E. Know. Marry, that thou art some strange, dissolute young fellow, and I—a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Wel. Tut! that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly: but, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in them, if thou hear'st 'em once go; my wind-instruments; I'll wind them up———But what strange piece of silence is this, the sign of the Dumb Man?

E. Know. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an he please; he has his humour, sir.

Wel. Oh, what is't, what is't?

E. Know. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension: I'll leave him to the mercy of your search; if you can take him, so!

Wel. Well, captain Bobadill, master Mathew, pray you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir, [*to* Stephen,] but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

Step. My name is master Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir; his father is mine uncle, sir: I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall

command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for master Wellbred's sake, (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please,) I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts; I love few words.

E. Know. And I fewer, sir; I have scarce enough to thank you.

Mat. But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it?

Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir; your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself, divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper, presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

E. Know. Sure he utters them then by the gross. [*Aside.*

Step. Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure.

E. Know. I'faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

Mat. Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study, it's at your service.

Step. I thank you, sir, I shall be bold. I warrant you; have you a stool there to be melancholy upon?

Mat. That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'em, when you see them.

Wel. Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst them! I might see self-love burnt for her heresy. [*Aside.*

Step. Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E. Know. Oh ay, excellent.

Wel. Captain Bobadill, why muse you so?

E. Know. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service, was performed tomorrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now.

E. Know. In what place, captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleaguering of Strigonium, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of—what do you call it? last year, by the Genoways; but that, of all other, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier!

Step. So! I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman.

E. Know. Then, you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigonium, and what do you call't?

Bob. O lord, sir! By St. George, I was the first man that entered the breach; and had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives.

E. Know. 'Twas pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, i'faith. But, was it possible?

Mat. Pray you mark this discourse, sir.

Step. So I do.

Bob. I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

E. Know. You must bring me to the rack, first. [*Aside.*

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet sir; they had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think), confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire; I, spying his intendment, discharged my petronel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put 'em pell-mell to the sword.

Wel. To the sword! To the rapier, captain.

E. Know. Oh, it was a good figure observed, sir: but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth: you shall perceive, sir. [*Shews his rapier.*] It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana, or so; tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em: I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Step. I marle whether it be a Toledo or no.

Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, sir; yes, faith, it is.

Bob. This a Toledo! Pish!

Step. Why do you pish, captain?

Bob. A Fleming, by heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder a-piece, an I would have a thousand of them.

E. Know. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

Wel. Where bought you it, master Stephen?

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier: a hundred of lice go with him! He swore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poor provant rapier, no better.

Mat. Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on't better.

E. Know. Nay, the longer you look on't, the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by—I have forgot the captain's oath, I thought to have sworn by it—an e'er I meet him——

Wel. O, it is past help now, sir; you must have patience.

Step. Whoreson, coney-catching rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

E. Know. A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach! would I had him here, you should see an I had a stomach.

Wel. It's better as it is.—Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

Enter BRAINWORM, *disguised as before.*

E. Know. A miracle, cousin; look here, look here!

Step. Oh—od's lid! By your leave, do you know me, sir?

Brai. Ay, sir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

Brai. Yes, marry did I, sir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha?

Brai. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none.

Brai. No, sir, I confess it; it is none.

Step. Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confest it:—Od's will, an you had not confest it——

E. Know. Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear!

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Wel. Why, you have done like a gentleman; he has confest it, what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour, do you see.

E. Know. Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour: a pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how dost thou like him?

Wel. Oh it's a most precious fool, make much on him: I can compare him to nothing more happily than a drum; for every one may play upon him.

E. Know. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

Brai. Sir, shall I intreat a word with you?

E. Know. With me, sir? you have not another Toledo to sell, have you?

Brai. You are conceited, sir: Your name is Master Knowell, as I take it?

E. Know. You are in the right; you mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

Brai. No, sir; I am none of that coat.

E. Know. Of as bare a coat, though: well, say sir.

Brai. [*taking* E. KNOW. *aside.*] Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed, this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed, I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, Brainworm.

E. Know. Brainworm! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape?

Brai. The breath of your letter, sir, this morning; the same that blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you.

E. Know. My father!

Brai. Nay, never start, 'tis true; he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare in the snow.

E. Know. Sirrah Wellbred, what shall we do, sirrah? my father is come over after me.

Wel. Thy father! Where is he?

Brai. At justice Clement's house, in Coleman-street, where he but stays my return; and then—

Wel. Who's this? Brainworm!

Brai. The same, sir.

Wel. Why how, in the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus?

Brai. Faith, a device, a device; nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here; withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

Wel. But art thou sure he will stay thy return?

Brai. Do I live, sir? what a question is that!

Wel. We'll prorogue his expectation, then, a little: Brainworm, thou shalt go with us.—Come on, gentlemen.—Nay, I pray thee, sweet Ned, droop not; 'heart, an our wits be so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding brain can outstrip us all, would we were e'en prest to make porters of, and serve out the remnant of our days in Thames-street, or at Custom-house key, in a civil war against the carmen!

Brai. Amen, amen, amen, say I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—THE OLD JEWRY. KITELY'S *Warehouse.*

Enter KITELY *and* CASH.

Kit. What says he, Thomas? did you speak with him?

Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

Kit. Has he the money ready, can you tell?

Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

Kit. O, that is well; fetch me my cloak, my cloak!— [*Exit* CASH.
Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come;
Ay, that will be the least; and then 'twill be
An hour before I can dispatch with him,
Or very near; well, I will say two hours.
Two hours! ha! things never dreamt of yet,
May be contrived, ay, and effected too,
In two hours' absence; well, I will not go.
Two hours! No, fleering Opportunity,
I will not give your subtilty that scope.
Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd,
That sets his doors wide open to a thief,
And shews the felon where his treasure lies?
Again, what earthy spirit but will attempt
To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,
When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes?
I will not go. Business, *go by* for once.
No, beauty, no; you are of too good caract,
To be left so, without a guard, or open.
Your lustre, too, 'll inflame at any distance,
Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth straws;
Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,
Nay, make a porter leap you with his burden.
You must be then kept up, close, and well watch'd,
For, give you opportunity, no quick-sand
Devours or swallows swifter! He that lends
His wife, if she be fair, or time or place,
Compels her to be false. I will not go!
The dangers are too many:—and then the dressing
Is a most main attractive! Our great heads,
Within this city, never were in safety, ['em;
Since our wives wore these little caps: I'll change
I'll change 'em straight in mine: mine shall no more
Wear three-piled acorns, to make my horns ake.
Nor will I go; I am resolved for that.

Re-enter CASH *with a cloak.*

Carry in my cloak again. Yet stay. Yet do, too:
I will defer going, on all occasions.

Cash. Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with the bonds.

Kit. That's true: fool on me! I had clean for-got it;
I must go. What's a clock? [got it;

Cash. Exchange-time, sir.

Kit. 'Heart, then will Wellbred presently be
With one or other of his loose consorts. [here too,
I am a knave, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolve.
My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imaginations run like sands,
Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd:
So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less, to put in act.—It shall be so.
Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,
He knows not to deceive me.—Thomas!

Cash. Sir.

Kit. Yet now I have bethought me too, I will Thomas, is Cob within? [not.—

Cash. I think he be, sir. [him.

Kit. But he'll prate too, there is no speech of
No, there were no man on the earth to Thomas,
If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.
But should he have a chink in him, I were gone,

Lost in my fame for ever, talk for th' Exchange!
The manner he hath stood with, till this present,
Doth promise no such change: what should I fear then?
Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.
Thomas—you may deceive me, but, I hope—
Your love to me is more——
Cash. Sir, if a servant's
Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are
More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.
Kit. I thank you heartily, Thomas: give me your hand:
With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,
A secret to impart unto you—but,
When once you have it, I must seal your lips up;
So far I tell you, Thomas.
Cash. Sir, for that—
Kit. Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem you, Thomas,
When I will let you in thus to my private.
It is a thing sits nearer to my crest,
Than thou art 'ware of, Thomas; if thou should'st
Reveal it, but——
Cash. How, I reveal it?
Kit. Nay,
I do not think thou would'st; but if thou should'st,
'Twere a great weakness.
Cash. A great treachery:
Give it no other name.
Kit. Thou wilt not do't, then?
Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever!
Kit. He will not swear, he has some reservation,
Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning sure;
Else, being urg'd so much, how should he choose
But lend an oath to all this protestation?
He's no precisian, that I'm certain of,
Nor rigid Roman Catholic: he'll play
At fayles, and tick-tack; I have heard him swear.
What should I think of it? urge him again,
And by some other way! I will do so.
Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose:—
Yes, you did swear?
Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you——
Kit. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word,
But, if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st good;
I am resolv'd without it; at thy pleasure.
Cash. By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest,
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.
Kit. It is too much; these ceremonies need not:
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither, near; we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is,
—Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture.
[*Aside.*
I have of late, by divers observations——
But whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no,
Being not taken lawfully? ha! say you?
I will ask council ere I do proceed:— [*Aside.*
Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.
Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.
Kit. I will think:—and, Thomas,
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.
Cash. I will, sir.
Kit. And hear you, if your mistress's brother,
Chance to bring hither any gentleman, [Wellbred,
Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word.
Cash. Very well, sir.
Kit. To the Exchange, do you hear?
Or here in Coleman-street, to justice Clement's.
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.
Cash. I will not, sir.
Kit. I pray you have a care on't.
Or, whether he come or no, if any other,
Stranger, or else; fail not to send me word.
Cash. I shall not, sir.
Kit. Be it your special business
Now to remember it.
Cash. Sir, I warrant you.
Kit. But, Thomas, this is not the secret, Thomas,
I told you of.
Cash. No, sir; I do suppose it.
Kit. Believe me, it is not.
Cash. Sir, I do believe you. [Thomas,
Kit. By heaven it is not, that's enough: but,
I would not you should utter it, do you see,
To any creature living; yet I care not.
Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much;
It was a trial of you, when I meant
So deep a secret to you, I mean not this,
But that I have to tell you; this is nothing, this.
But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you,
Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here.—
No greater hell than to be slave to fear. [*Exit.*
Cash. Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here! [head? ha!
Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take
Best dream no longer of this running humour,
For fear I sink; the violence of the stream
Already hath transported me so far,
That I can feel no ground at all: but soft—
Oh, 'tis our water-bearer: somewhat has crost him now.

Enter COB, *hastily.*

Cob. Fasting-days! what tell you me of fasting-days? 'Slid, would they were all on a light fire for me! they say the whole world shall be consumed with fire one day, but would I had these Ember-weeks and villanous Fridays burnt in the mean time, and then——
Cash. Why, how now, Cob? what moves thee to this choler, ha?
Cob. Collar, master Thomas! I scorn your collar, I, sir; I am none o' your cart-horse, though I carry and draw water. An you offer to ride me with your collar or halter either, I may hap shew you a jade's trick, sir.
Cash. O, you'll slip your head out of the collar? why, goodman Cob, you mistake me.
Cob. Nay, I have my rheum, and I can be angry as well as another, sir.
Cash. Thy rheum, Cob! thy humour, thy humour—thou mistak'st.
Cob. Humour! mack, I think it be so indeed; what is that humour? some rare thing, I warrant.
Cash. Marry I'll tell thee, Cob: it is a gentleman-like monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time, by affectation; and fed by folly.
Cob. How! must it be fed?
Cash. Oh ay, humour is nothing if it be not fed: didst thou never hear that? it's a common phrase, *feed my humour.*
Cob. I'll none on it: humour, avaunt! I know you not, be gone! let who will make hungry meals for your monstership, it shall not be I.

Feed you, quoth he! 'slid, I have much ado to feed myself; especially on these lean rascally days too; an't had been any other day but a fasting-day—a plague on them all for me! By this light, one might have done the commonwealth good service, and have drown'd them all in the flood, two or three hundred thousand years ago. O, I do stomach them hugely. I have a maw now, an 'twere for sir Bevis his horse, against them.

Cash. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so out of love with fasting-days?

Cob. Marry, that which will make any man out of love with 'em, I think; their bad conditions, an you will needs know. First, they are of a Flemish breed, I am sure on't, for they raven up more butter than all the days of the week beside; next, they stink of fish and leek-porridge miserably; thirdly, they'll keep a man devoutly hungry all day, and at night send him supperless to bed.

Cash. Indeed, these are faults, Cob.

Cob. Nay, an this were all, 'twere something; but they are the only known enemies to my generation. A fasting-day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to wrack; poor cobs! they smoak for it, they are made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in passion: and your maids too know this, and yet would have me turn Hannibal, and eat my own flesh and blood. My princely coz, [*pulls out a red herring*] fear nothing; I have not the heart to devour you, an I might be made as rich as king Cophetua. O that I had room for my tears, I could weep salt-water enough now to preserve the lives of ten thousand thousand of my kin! But I may curse none but these filthy almanacks; for an't were not for them, these days of persecution would never be known. I'll be hang'd an some fishmonger's son do not make of 'em, and puts in more fasting-days than he should do, because he would utter his father's dried stock-fish and stinking conger.

Cash. 'Slight peace! thou'lt be beaten like a stock-fish else: here's master Mathew.

Enter WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, BRAINWORM, MATHEW, BOBADILL, *and* STEPHEN.

Now must I look out for a messenger to my master. [*Exit with* COB.

Wel. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried!

E. Know. Ay, and our ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not?

Wel. Yes, faith; but was it possible thou shouldst not know him? I forgive master Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

E. Know. 'Fore God, not I, an I might have been join'd patten with one of the seven wise masters for knowing him. He had so writhen himself into the habit of one of your poor infantry, your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round; such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your provost and his half-dozen of halberdiers do what they can; and have translated begging out of the old hackney-pace to a fine easy amble, and made it run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling. Into the likeness of one of these reformados had he moulded himself so perfectly, observing every trick of their action, as, varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed, all with so special and exquisite a grace, that, hadst thou seen him, thou wouldst have sworn he might have been serjeant-major, if not lieutenant-coronel to the regiment.

Wel. Why, Brainworm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

E. Know. An artificer! an architect. Except a man had studied begging all his life time, and been a weaver of language from his infancy for the cloathing of it, I never saw his rival.

Wel. Where got'st thou this coat, I marle?

Brai. Of a Hounsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

Wel. That cannot be, if the proverb hold; for *A crafty knave needs no broker.*

Brai. True, sir; but I did *need a broker, ergo*—

Wel. Well put off:—*no crafty knave*, you'll say.

E. Know. Tut, he has more of these shifts.

Brai. And yet, where I have one the broker has ten, sir.

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Francis! Martin! ne'er a one to be found now? what a spite's this!

Wel. How now, Thomas? Is my brother Kitely within?

Cash. No, sir, my master went forth e'en now; but master Downright is within.—Cob! what, Cob! Is he gone too?

Wel. Whither went your master, Thomas, canst thou tell?

Cash. I know not: to justice Clement's, I think, sir—Cob! [*Exit.*

E. Know. Justice Clement! what's he?

Wel. Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city-magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad, merry old fellow in Europe. I shewed him you the other day.

E. Know. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he is a very strange presence, methinks; it shews as if he stood out of the rank from other men: I have heard many of his jests in the University. They say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Wel. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving of God; any thing, indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Gasper! Martin! Cob! 'Heart, where should they be, trow?

Bob. Master Kitely's man, pray thee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match! no time but now to *vouchsafe*?—Francis! Cob! [*Exit.*

Bob. Body o' me! here's the remainder of seven pound since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidado: did you never take any, master Stephen?

Step. No, truly, sir; but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one-and-twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only: therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis most divine. Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind; so, it makes an antidote, that, had you taken the most deadly poisonous plant in all Italy, it should

expel it, and clarify you, with as much ease as I speak. And for your green wound,—your Balsamum and your St. John's wort, are all mere gulleries and trash to it, especially your Trinidado: your Nicotian is good too. I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I profess myself no quacksalver. Only thus much; by Hercules, I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

E. Know. This speech would have done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

Re-enter CASH *with* COB.

Cash. At justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman-street.

Cob. Oh, oh!

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee, master Kitely's man?

Cash. Would his match and he, and pipe and all, were at Sancto Domingo! I had forgot it. [*Exit.*

Cob. Ods me, I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco. It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers: there were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight; one of them, they say, will never scape it: he voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward and downward. By the stocks, an there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco-pipe: why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it; it's little better than ratsbane or rosaker.

[BOBADILL *beats him.*

All. Oh, good captain, hold, hold!

Bob. You base cullion, you!

Re-enter CASH

Cash. Sir, here's your match.—Come, thou must needs be talking too, thou'rt well enough served.

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you: well, it shall be a dear beating, an I live.

Bob. Do you prate, do you murmur?

E. Know. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool? Away, knave.

Wel. Thomas, get him away.

[*Exit* CASH *with* COB.

Bob. A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Cæsar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd have stabb'd him to the earth.

Wel. Marry, the law forbid, sir!

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

Step. Oh, he swears most admirably! By Pharaoh's foot! Body o' Cæsar!—I shall never do it, sure. Upon mine honour, and by St. George!—No, I have not the right grace.

Mat. Master Stephen, will you any? By this air, the most divine tobacco that ever I drunk.

Step. None, I thank you, sir. O, this gentleman does it rarely too: but nothing like the other. By this air! [*practises at the post.*] As I am a gentleman! By—— [*Exeunt* BOB. *and* MAT.

Brai. [*pointing to* MASTER STEPHEN.] Master, glance, glance! master Wellbred!

Step. As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest—

Wel. You are a fool; it needs no affidavit.

E. Know. Cousin, will you any tobacco?

Step. I, sir! Upon my reputation——

E. Know. How now, cousin!

Step. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soldier, indeed———

Wel. No, master Stephen! As I remember, your name is entered in the artillery-garden.

Step. Ay, sir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear, as I am a soldier, by that?

E. Know. O yes, that you may; it is all you have for your money.

Step. Then, as I am a gentleman, and a soldier, it is "divine tobacco!"

Wel. But soft, where's master Mathew? Gone?

Brai. No, sir; they went in here.

Wel. O let's follow them: master Mathew is gone to salute his mistress in verse; we shall have the happiness to hear some of his poetry now; he never comes unfurnished.—Brainworm!

Step. Brainworm! Where? Is this Brainworm?

E. Know. Ay, cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me! By this air! St. George! and the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. Rare! Your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

E. Know. 'Tis larded with them; a kind of French dressing, if you love it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—COLEMAN-STREET. *A Room in* JUSTICE CLEMENT'S *House.*

Enter KITELY *and* COB.

Kit. Ha! how many are there, say'st thou?

Cob. Marry, sir, your brother, master Wellbred—

Kit. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers? let me see, one, two; mass, I know not well, there are so many.

Kit. How! so many?

Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them at the most.

Kit. A swarm, a swarm!
Spite of the devil, how they sting my head
With forked stings, thus wide and large! But, Cob,
How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?

Cob. A little while, sir.

Kit. Didst thou come running?

Cob. No, sir.

Kit. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste.
Bane to my fortunes! what meant I to marry?
I, that before was rank'd in such content,
My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,
Being free master of mine own free thoughts,
And now become a slave? What! never sigh;
Be of good cheer, man; for thou art a cuckold:
'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when such flowing store,
Plenty itself, falls into my wife's lap,
The cornucopiæ will be mine, I know.—
But, Cob,
What entertainment had they? I am sure [ha?
My sister and my wife would bid them welcome:

Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.

Kit. No;
Their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voice,
Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival,
Had lost her motion, state and faculty.—
Cob,
Which of them was it that first kiss'd my wife,
My sister, I should say?—My wife, alas!
I fear not her: ha! who was it say'st thou? [of it?

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth

Kit. Oh, ay, good Cob, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell than your worship's company, if I saw any body to be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the post in the middle of the warehouse; for there I left them all at their tobacco, with a pox!

Kit. How! were they not gone in then ere thou

Cob. O no, sir. [cam'st?

Kit. Spite of the devil! what do I stay here then? Cob, follow me. [*Exit.*

Cob. Nay, soft and fair; I have eggs on the spit; I cannot go yet, sir. Now am I, for some five and fifty reasons, hammering, hammering revenge: oh for three or four gallons of vinegar, to sharpen my wits! Revenge, vinegar revenge, vinegar and mustard revenge! Nay, an he had not lien in my house, 'twould never have grieved me; but being my guest, one that, I'll be sworn, my wife has lent him her smock off her back, while his own shirt has been at washing; pawned her neck-kerchers for clean bands for him; sold almost all my platters, to buy him tobacco; and he to turn monster of ingratitude, and strike his lawful host! Well, I hope to raise up an host of fury for't: here comes justice Clement.

Enter JUSTICE CLEMENT, KNOWELL, *and* FORMAL.

Clem. What's master Kitely gone, Roger?

Form. Ay, sir.

Clem. 'Heart o'me! what made him leave us so abruptly?—How now, sirrah! what make you here? what would you have, ha?

Cob. An't please your worship, I am a poor neighbour of your worship's——

Clem. A poor neighbour of mine! Why, speak, poor neighbour.

Cob. I dwell, sir, at the sign of the Water-tankard, hard by the Green Lattice: I have paid scot and lot there any time this eighteen years.

Clem. To the Green Lattice?

Cob. No, sir, to the parish: Marry, I have seldom scaped scot-free at the Lattice.

Clem. O, well; what business has my poor neighbour with me?

Cob. An't like your worship, I am come to crave the peace of your worship.

Clem. Of me, knave! Peace of me, knave! Did I ever hurt thee, or threaten thee, or wrong thee, ha?

Cob. No, sir; but your worship's warrant for one that has wrong'd me, sir: his arms are at too much liberty, I would fain have them bound to a treaty of peace, an my credit could compass it with your worship.

Clem. Thou goest far enough about for't, I am sure.

Kno. Why, dost thou go in danger of thy life for him, friend?

Cob. No, sir; but I go in danger of my death every hour, by his means; an I die within a twelvemonth and a day, I may swear by the law of the land that he killed me.

Clem. How, how, knave, swear he killed thee, and by the law? What pretence, what colour hast thou for that?

Cob. Marry, an't please your worship, both black and blue; colour enough, I warrant you. I have it here to shew your worship.

Clem. What is he that gave you this, sirrah?

Cob. A gentleman and a soldier, he says, he is, of the city here.

Clem. A soldier of the city! What call you him?

Cob. Captain Bobadill.

Clem. Bobadill! and why did he bob and beat you, sirrah? How began the quarrel betwixt you, ha? speak truly, knave, I advise you.

Cob. Marry, indeed, an't please your worship, only because I spake against their vagrant tobacco, as I came by them when they were taking on't; for nothing else.

Clem. Ha! you speak against tobacco? Formal, his name.

Form. What's your name, sirrah?

Cob. Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

Clem. Tell Oliver Cob he shall go to the jail, Formal.

Form. Oliver Cob, my master, justice Clement, says you shall go to the jail.

Cob. O, I beseech your worship, for God's sake, dear master justice!

Clem. 'Sprecious! an such drunkards and tankards as you are, come to dispute of tobacco once, I have done: Away with him!

Cob. O, good master justice! Sweet old gentleman! [*To* KNOWELL.

Know. "Sweet Oliver," would I could do thee any good!—justice Clement, let me intreat you, sir.

Clem. What! a thread-bare rascal, a beggar, a slave that never drunk out of better than piss-pot metal in his life! and he to deprave and abuse the virtue of an herb so generally received in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabins of soldiers!—Roger, away with him! Od's precious——I say, go to.

Cob. Dear master justice, let me be beaten again, I have deserved it; but not the prison, I beseech you.

Know. Alas, poor Oliver!

Clem. Roger, make him a warrant:—he shall not go, I but fear the knave.

Form. Do not stink, sweet Oliver, you shall not go; my master will give you a warrant.

Cob. O, the lord maintain his worship, his worthy worship!

Clem. Away, dispatch him. [*Exeunt* FORM. *and* COB.] How now, master Knowell, in dumps, in dumps! Come, this becomes not.

Know. Sir, would I could not feel my cares.

Clem. Your cares are nothing: they are like my cap, soon put on, and as soon put off. What! your son is old enough to govern himself; let him run his course, it's the only way to make him a staid man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, then you had reason; you had reason to take care: but, being none of these, mirth's my witness, an I had twice so many cares as you have, I'd drown them all in a cup of sack. Come, come, let's try it: I muse your parcel of a soldier returns not all this while. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* KITELY'S *House.*

Enter DOWNRIGHT *and* DAME KITELY.

Down. Well, sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.

Dame K. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it; you see my brother brings them in here; they are his friends.

Down. His friends! his fiends. 'Slud! they do nothing but haunt him up and down like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villainy that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of them: an 'twere not more for your husband's sake than any thing else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'em; they should say, and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis nobody's fault but yours; for an you had done as you might have done, they should have been parboiled, and baked too, every mother's son, ere they should have come in, e'er a one of them.

Dame K. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? what a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd mad the patient'st body in the world, to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason.

Enter MISTRESS BRIDGET, MASTER MATHEW, *and* BOBADILL; *followed, at a distance, by* WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, STEPHEN, *and* BRAINWORM.

Brid. Servant, in troth you are too prodigal
Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth
Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

Mat. You say well, mistress, and I mean as well.

Down. Hoy-day, here is stuff!

Well. O, now stand close; pray Heaven, she can get him to read! he should do it of his own natural impudency.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy—

Down. To mock an ape withal! O, I could sew up his mouth, now.

Dame K. Sister, I pray you let's hear it.

Down. Are you rhime-given too?

Mat. Mistress, I'll read it if you please.

Brid. Pray you do, servant.

Down. O, here's no foppery! Death! I can endure the stocks better. [*Exit.*

E. Know. What ails thy brother? can he not hold his water at reading of a ballad?

Wel. O, no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bag-pipe; but mark; you lose the protestation.

Mat. Faith, I did it in a humour; I know not how it is; but please you come near, sir. This gentleman has judgment, he knows how to censure of a —— pray you, sir, you can judge.

Step. Not I, sir; upon my reputation, and by the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. O, chide your cousin for swearing.

E. Know. Not I, so long as he does not forswear himself.

Bob. Master Mathew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress, and her fair sister: fie! while ou live avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall, sir; well, *incipere dulce.*

E. Know. How! *insipere dulce!* a sweet thing to be a fool, indeed!

Wel. What, do you take *incipere* in that sense?

E. Know. You do not, you! This was your villainy, to gull him with a motte.

Wel. O, the benchers' phrase: *pauca verba, pauca verba!*

Mat. *Rare creature, let me speak without offence,*
Would God my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.

E. Know. This is in Hero and Leander.

Wel. O, ay: peace, we shall have more of this.

Mat. *Be not unkind and fair: misshapen stuff*
Is of behaviour boisterous and rough.

Wel. How like you that, sir?

[MASTER STEPHEN *shakes his head.*

E. Know. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an there be any brain in it.

Mat. But observe the catastrophe, now:
And I in duty will exceed all other,
As you in beauty do excel Love's mother.

E. Know. Well, I'll have him free of the wit-brokers, for he utters nothing but stolen remnants.

Wel. O, forgive it him.

E. Know. A filching rogue, hang him!—and from the dead! it's worse than sacrilege.

WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, *and* MASTER STEPHEN, *come forward.*

Wel. Sister, what have you here, verses? pray you let's see: who made these verses? they are excellent good.

Mat. O, Master Wellbred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good in the morning; I made them *ex tempore* this morning.

Wel. How! *ex tempore?*

Mat. Ay, would I might be hanged else; ask Captain Bobadill: he saw me write them, at the ——pox on it!—the Star, yonder.

Brai. Can he find in his heart to curse the stars so?

E. Know. Faith, his are even with him; they have curst him enough already.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

E. Know. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz.

Step. Body o' Cæsar, they are admirable! the best that I ever heard, as I am a soldier!

Re-enter DOWNRIGHT.

Down. I am vext, I can hold ne'er a bone of me still: Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here.

Wel. Sister, you have a simple servant here, that crowns your beauty with such encomiums and devices; you may see what it is to be the mistress of a wit, that can make your perfections so transparent, that every blear eye may look through them, and see him drowned over head and ears in the deep well of desire: Sister Kitely, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.

Down. O, monster! impudence itself! tricks!

Dame K. Tricks, brother! what tricks!

Brid. Nay, speak, I pray you, what tricks?

Dame K. Ay, never spare any body here; but say, what tricks.

Brid. Passion of my heart, do tricks!

Wel. 'Slight, here's a trick vied and revied! Why, you monkies, you, what a cater-wauling do you keep! has he not given you rhimes and verses and tricks?

Down. O, the fiend!

Wel. Nay, you lamp of virginity, that take it in snuff so, come, and cherish this tame poetical fury in your servant; you'll be begg'd else shortly for a concealment: go to, reward his muse. You cannot give him less than a shilling in conscience, for the book he had it out of cost him a teston at least. How now, gallants! Master Mathew! Captain! what, all sons of silence, no spirit?

Down. Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss; this is no tavern nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

Wel. How now; whose cow has calved?

Down. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it, I, sir; you and your companions mend yourselves when I have done.

Wel. My companions!

Down. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say; I am not afraid of you, nor them neither; your hang-byes here. You must have your poets and your potlings, your soldados and foolados to follow you up and down the city; and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah, you ballad-singer, and slops your fellow there, get you out, get you home; or by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

Wel. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do; cut off his ears! cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do you see; touch any man here, and by this hand I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Down. Yea, that would I fain see, boy.

[*They all draw.*

Dame K. O Jesu! murder! Thomas! Gasper!

Brid. Help, help! Thomas!

Enter CASH *and some of the house to part them.*

E. Know. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

Bob. Well, sirrah, you Holofernes; by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this; I will, by this good heaven! nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen; by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him.

[*Offer to fight again, and are parted.*

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Down. You whoreson, bragging coystril!

Enter KITELY.

Kit. Why, how now! what's the matter, what's the stir here?
Whence springs the quarrel? Thomas! where is he?
Put up your weapons, and put off this rage:
My wife and sister, they are cause of this.
What, Thomas! where is this knave?

Cash. Here, sir.

Wel. Come, let's go: this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this.

Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his ancient humour.

[*Exeunt* WEL., STEP., E. KNO., BOB, *and* BRAI.

Kit. Why, how now, brother, who enforced this brawl?

Down. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil. And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em ere I sleep, perhaps; especially Bob there, he that's all manner of shapes; and songs and sonnets, his fellow.

Brid. Brother, indeed you are too violent,
Too sudden in your humour: and you know
My brother Wellbred's temper will not bear
Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence,
Where every slight disgrace he should receive
Might wound him in opinion and respect.

Down. Respect! what talk you of respect among such, as have no spark of manhood, nor good manners? 'Sdeins, I am ashamed to hear you! respect!

[*Exit.*

Brid. Yes, there was one a civil gentleman,
And very worthily demean'd himself.

Kit. O, that was some love of yours, sister.

Brid. A love of mine! I would it were no worse. brother;
You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for.

Dame K. Indeed he seem'd to be a gentleman of an exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts.

[*Exeunt* DAME KITELY *and* BRIDGET.

Kit. Her love, by heaven! my wife's minion.
Fair disposition! excellent good parts!
Death! these phrases are intolerable.
Good parts! how should she know his parts?
His parts! Well, well, well, well, well, well;
It is too plain, too clear: Thomas, come hither.
What, are they gone?

Cash. Ay, sir, they went in.

My mistress, and your sister——

Kit. Are any of the gallants within?

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kit. Art thou sure of it?

Cash. I can assure you, sir.

Kit. What gentleman was that they praised so, Thomas?

Cash. One, they call him Master Knowell, a handsome young gentleman, sir.

Kit. Ay, I thought so; my mind gave me as much:
I'll die, but they have hid him in the house,
Somewhere; I'll go and search; go with me, Thomas:
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Lane before* COB'S *House.*

Enter COB.

Cob. [*knocks at the door.*] What, Tib! Tib, I say!

Tib. [*within.*] How now, what cuckold is that knocks so hard?

Enter TIB.

O, husband! is it you? What's the news?

Cob. Nay, you have stunn'd me, i'faith; you have given me a knock o' the forehead will stick by me. Cuckold! 'Slid, cuckold!

Tib. Away, you fool! did I know it was you that knock'd? Come, come, you may call me as bad when you list.

Cob. May I? Tib, you are a whore.

Tib. You lie in your throat, husband.

Cob. How, the lie! and in my throat too! do you long to be stabb'd, ha?

Tib. Why, you are no soldier, I hope.

Cob. O, must you be stabb'd by a soldier? Mass, that's true! when was Bobadill here, your captain? that rogue, that foist, that fencing Burgullion? I'll tickle him, i'faith.

Tib. Why, what's the matter, trow?

Cob. O, he has basted me rarely, sumptuously! but I have it here in black and white, [*pulls out the warrant,*] for his black and blue, shall pay him. O, the justice, the honestest old brave Trojan in London; I do honour the very flea of his dog. A plague on him, though, he put me once in a villanous filthy fear; marry, it vanished away like the smoke of tobacco; but I was smoked soundly first. I thank the devil, and his good angel, my guest. Well, wife, or Tib, which you will, get you in, and lock the door; I charge you let nobody in to you, wife; nobody in to you; those are my words: not Captain Bob himself, nor the fiend in his likeness. You are a woman, you have flesh and blood enough in you to be tempted; therefore keep the door shut upon all comers.

Tib. I warrant you, there shall nobody enter here without my consent.

Cob. Nor with your consent, sweet Tib; and so I leave you.

Tib. It's more than you know, whether you leave me so.

Cob. How?

Tib. Why, *sweet.*

Cob. Tut, sweet or sour, thou art a flower.
Keep close thy door, I ask no more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Windmill Tavern.*

Enter E. KNOWELL, WELLBRED, STEPHEN, *and* BRAINWORM, *disguised as before.*

E. Know. Well, Brainworm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Wel. I'faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties: but, at any hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him.

Brai. I warrant you, sir; fear nothing; I have a nimble soul has waked all forces of my phant'sie by this time, and put them in true motion. What you have possest me withal, I'll discharge it amply, sir; make it no question. [*Exit.*

Wel. Forth, and prosper, Brainworm. Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

E. Know. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent if it take.

Wel. Take, man! why it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not: but, tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget as thou pretend'st?

E. Know. Friend, am I worth belief?

Wel. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and, except I conceived very worthily of her, thou should'st not have her.

E. Know. Nay, that I am afraid will be a question yet, whether I shall have her, or no.

Wel. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

E. Know. Nay, do not swear.

Wel. By this hand thou shalt have her; I'll go fetch her presently. 'Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest man I'll bring her.

E. Know. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Wel. Why, by ——what shall I swear by? thou shalt have her, as I am ———

E. Know. Praythee, be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion to make my desires complete.

Wel. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The* OLD JEWRY.

Enter FORMAL *and* KNOWELL.

Form. Was your man a soldier, sir?

Know. Ay, a knave,
I took him begging o' the way, this morning,
As I came over Moorfields.

Enter BRAINWORM, *disguised as before.*

O, here he is!—you've made fair speed, believe me
Where, in the name of sloth, could you be thus?

Brai. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

Know. How so?

Brai. O, sir, your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch ——indeed all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son, as to yourself.

Know. How should that be, unless that villain, Brainworm,
Have told him of the letter, and discover'd
All that I strictly charg'd him to conceal?
'Tis so.

Brai. I am partly o' the faith 'tis so, indeed.

Know. But, how should he know thee to be my man?

Brai. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art. Is not your son a scholar, sir?

Know. Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied
Unto such hellish practice: if it were,
I had just cause to weep my part in him,
And curse the time of his creation.
But, where didst thou find them, Fitz-Sword?

Brai. You should rather ask where they found me, sir; for I'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when, of a sudden, a voice calls, *Mr. Knowell's man!* another cries, *Soldier!* and thus half a dozen of them, till they had call'd me within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seem'd men, and out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or four score oaths to accompany them; and all to tell me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which when they could not get out of me, (as, I protest, they must have dissected, and made an anatomy of me first, and so I told them,) they lock'd me up into a room in the top of a high house, whence by great miracle (having a light heart) I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so 'scaped. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lock'd up, there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens' wives with them at a feast; and your son, master Edward, withdrew with one of them, and has 'pointed to meet her anon at one Cob's house, a water-bearer that dwells by the

Wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

Know. Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not.

Go thou along with justice Clement's man,
And stay there for me. At one Cob's house, say'st thou?

Brai. Ay, sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit* KNOW.] Yes—invisible! Much wench, or much son! 'Slight, when he has staid there three or four hours, travailling with the expectation of wonders, and at length be deliver'd of air! O the sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! But now I mean to appear no more afore him in this shape: I have another trick to act yet. O that I were so happy as to light on a nupson now of this justice's novice!—Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

Form. Not a whit, sir. Pray you what do you mean, sir?

Brai. I was putting up some papers.

Form. You have been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

Brai. Marry have I, sir, to my loss, and expense of all, almost.

Form. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine on you, if it please you to accept it—

Brai. O, sir———

Form. But to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars; they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end.

Brai. No, I assure you, sir; why at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know;—and more too somewhat. [*Aside.*

Form. No better time than now, sir; we'll go to the Windmill: there we shall have a cup of neat grist, we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the Windmill.

Brai. I'll follow you, sir;—and make grist of you, if I have good luck. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—MOORFIELDS.

Enter MATHEW, E. KNOWELL, BOBADILL, *and* STEPHEN.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him where we were to-day, Mr. Wellbred's half brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel, by this daylight.

E. Know. We were now speaking of him: captain Bobadill tells me he is fallen foul of you too.

Mat. O, ay, sir, he threatened me with the bastinado.

Bob. Ay, but I think, I taught you prevention this morning, for that: You shall kill him beyond question; if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick. [*Fences.*

Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hay!

[*Practises at a post with his cudgel.*

Mat. Rare, captain!

Bob. Tut! 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a ——punto.

E. Know. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. O good sir! yes, I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travel for knowledge, in that mystery only, there came three or four of them to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my presence at their schools: and withal so much importuned me, that I protest to you, as I am a gentleman, I was ashamed of their rude demeanour out of all measure: Well, I told them that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite, in diameter, to my humour; but, if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. Know. So, sir! then you tried their skill?

Bob. Alas, soon tried: you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I graced them exceedingly, shewed them some two or three tricks of prevention have purchased them since a credit to admiration: they cannot deny this; and yet now they hate me, and why? because I am excellent; and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Know. This is strange and barbarous, as ever I heard.

Bob. Nay, for a more instance of their prepostrous natures; but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, which were then my quarters; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinary: where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself, I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for them: yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed, for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

E. Know. Ay, believe me, may you, sir: and in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no! what's a peculiar man to a nation? not seen.

E. Know. O, but your skill, sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords,—observe me,—I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general; but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Know. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passada, your montanto; till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of

March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us: Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcase to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

E. Know. Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Know. I would not stand in Downright's state then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me: if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his mind: but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

E. Know. Ods so, look where he is! yonder he goes. [DOWNRIGHT *crosses the stage.*

Down. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bob. It is not he, is it?

E. Know. Yes faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hang'd then if that were he.

E. Know. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that were he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

E. Know. That I think, sir.

Re-enter DOWNRIGHT.

But see, he is come again.

Down. O, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you? Come, draw to your tools; draw, gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee; hear me———

Down. Draw your weapon then.

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on it till now ——Body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Master Mathew.

Down. 'Sdeath! you will not draw then?

[*Disarms and beats him.* MATHEW *runs away.*

Bob. Hold, hold! under thy favour forbear!

Down. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist you! You'll control the point, you! Your consort is gone; had he staid he had shared with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Know. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other: but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself: that will prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir; I desire good construction in fair sort. I never sustain'd the like disgrace, by heaven! sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Know. Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid! an these be your tricks, your passadoes, and your montantos, I'll none of them. [*Exit* BOBADILL.] O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make them! Come, coz.

Step. Mass, I'll have this cloak.

E. Know. 'Ods will, 'tis Downright's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might have ta'en it up as well as I: I'll wear it, so I will.

E. Know. How an he see it? he'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. Ay, but he shall not have it: I'll say I bought it.

E. Know. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in* KITELY'S *House.*

Enter KITELY, WELLBRED, DAME KITELY, *and* BRIDGET.

Kit. Now, trust me, brother, you were much to blame,
T'incense his anger, and disturb the peace
Of my poor house, where there are centinels,
That every minute watch to give alarms
Of civil war, without adjection
Of your assistance or occasion.

Wel. No harm done, brother, I warrant you: since there is no harm done, anger costs a man nothing; and a tall man is never his own man till he be angry. To keep his valour in obscurity, is to keep himself as it were in a cloak-bag. What's a musician, unless he play? What's a tall man unless he fight? For, indeed, all this my wise brother stands upon absolutely; and that made me fall in with him so resolutely.

Dame K. Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Wel. Might, sister? so might the good warm clothes your husband wears be poisoned, for any thing he knows: or the wholesome wine he drank, even now at the table.

Kit. Now, God forbid! O me! now I remember
My wife drank to me last, and changed the cup,
And bade me wear this cursed suit to day.
See, if Heaven suffer murder undiscover'd!
I feel me ill; give me some mithridate,
Some mithridate and oil, good sister, fetch me;
O, I am sick at heart! I burn, I burn.
If you will save my life, go fetch it me.

Wel. O strange humour! my very breath has poison'd him.

Brid. Good brother, be content, what do you mean? [you.
The strength of these extreme conceits will kill

Dame K. Beshrew your heart-blood, brother Wellbred, now,
For putting such a toy into his head!

Wel. Is a fit simile a toy? will he be poison'd with a simile? Brother Kitely, what a strange and idle imagination is this! For shame, be wiser. O' my soul there's no such matter.

Kit. Am I not sick? how am I then not poison'd? Am I not poison'd? how am I then so sick?

Dame K. If you be sick, your own thoughts make you sick.

Wel. His jealousy is the poison he has taken.

Enter BRAINWORM, *disguised in* FORMAL'S *clothes.*

Brai. Master Kitely, my master, justice Clement, salutes you; and desires to speak with you with all possible speed.

Kit. No time but now, when I think I am sick, very sick! well, I will wait upon his worship. Thomas! Cob! I must seek them out, and set them sentinels till I return. Thomas! Cob! Thomas! [*Exit.*

Wel. This is perfectly rare, Brainworm; [*takes him aside.*] but how got'st thou this apparel of the justice's man?

Brai. Marry, sir, my proper fine pen-man would needs bestow the grist on me, at the Windmill, to hear some martial discourse; where I so marshall'd him, that I made him drunk with admiration: and, because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him stark naked as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill to watch him till my return; which shall be, when I have pawn'd his apparel, and spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

Wel. Well, thou art a successful merry knave, Brainworm: his absence will be a good subject for more mirth. I pray thee return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister Bridget at the Tower instantly; for, here, tell him the house is so stored with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say; and than the Tower, I know no better air, nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away. [*Exit* BRAI.

Re-enter KITELY, *talking aside to* CASH.

Kit. Come hither, Thomas. Now my secret's ripe,
And thou shalt have it: lay to both thine ears.
Hark what I say to thee. I must go forth, Thomas;
Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch,
Note every gallant, and observe him well,
That enters in my absence to thy mistress:
If she would shew him rooms, the jest is stale,
Follow them, Thomas, or else hang on him,
And let him not go after; mark their looks;
Note if she offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy about him;
But praise his leg, or foot; or if she say
The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand,
How hot it is; O, that's a monstrous thing!
Note me all this, good Thomas, mark their sighs,
And if they do but whisper, break 'em off:
I'll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this?
Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

Cash. As truth's self, sir.

Kit. Why, I believe thee: Where is Cob, now? Cob! [*Exit.*

Dame K. He's ever calling for Cob: I wonder how he employs Cob so.

Wel. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question for you that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in; but this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes your husband haun's her house; marry, to what end? I cannot altogether accuse him; imagine you what you think convenient: but I have known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, sister.

Dame K. Never said you truer than that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning. Thomas, fetch your cloak and go with me. [*Exit* CASH.] I'll after him presently: I would to fortune I could take him there, i' faith, I'd return him his own, I warrant him! [*Exit.*

Wel. So, let 'em go; this may make sport anon. Now, my fair sister-in-law, that you knew but how happy a thing it were to be fair and beautiful.

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Wel. That's true; that's even the fault of it; for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching.—But, sister, whether it touch you or no, it touches your beauties; and I am sure they will abide the touch; an they do not, a plague of all ceruse, say I! and it touches me too in part, though not in the—— Well, there's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected toward you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Knowell is the man, sister: there's no exception against the party. You are ripe for a husband; and a minute's loss to such an occasion, is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul he loves you; will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man: but this motion of yours savours of an old knight adventurer's servant a little too much, methinks.

Wel. What's that, sister?

Brid. Marry, of the squire.

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But see, who is return'd to hinder us!

Re-enter KITELY.

Kit. What villany is this? call'd out on a false message!
This was some plot; I was not sent for.—Bridget,
Where is your sister?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kit. How! is my wife gone forth? whither, for God's sake?

Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kit. Abroad with Thomas! oh, that villain dors
He hath discover'd all unto my wife. [me:
Beast that I was, to trust him! whither, I pray you,
Went she?

Brid. I know not, sir.

Wel. I'll tell you, brother,
Whither I suspect she's gone.

Kit. Whither, good brother?

Wel. To Cob's house, I believe: but, keep my counsel.

Kit. I will, I will: to Cob's house! doth she haunt Cob's?
She's gone a purpose now to cuckold me,
With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour,
Hath told her all. [*Exit.*

Wel. Come, he is once more gone,
Sister, let's lose no time; the affair is worth it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Street.*

Enter MATHEW *and* BOBADILL.

Mat. I wonder, captain, what they will say of my going away, ha?

Bob. Why, what should they say, but as of a discreet gentleman; quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments? and that's all.

Mat. Why so! but what can they say of your beating?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery used, laid on strongly, borne most patiently; and that's all.

Mat. Ay, but would any man have offered it in Venice, as you say?

Bob. Tut! I assure you, no: you shall have there your nobilis, your gentilezza, come in bravely upon your reverse, stand you close, stand you firm, stand you fair, save your retricato with his left leg, come to the assalto with the right, thrust with brave steel, defy your base wood! But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was fascinated, by Jupiter; fascinated; but I will be unwitch'd, and revenged by law.

Mat. Do you hear? is it not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested and brought before justice Clement?

Bob. It were not amiss; would we had it!

Enter BRAINWORM *disguised as* FORMAL.

Mat. Why, here comes his man; let's speak to him.

Bob. Agreed, do you speak.

Mat. Save you, sir!

Brai. With all my heart, sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one Downright hath abused this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make our amends by law: now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant, to bring him afore your master, you shall be well considered, I assure you, sir.

Brai. Sir, you know my service is my living; such favours as these gotten of my master is his only preferment, and therefore you must consider me as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, sir?

Brai. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account; yet, be he what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand you shall have it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do, captain? he asks a brace of angels, you have no money?

Bob. Not a cross, by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but twopence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and radish: let's find him some pawn.

Bob. Pawn! we have none to the value of his demand.

Mat. O, yes; I'll pawn this jewel in my ear, and you may pawn your silk-stockings, and pull up your boots, they will ne'er be mist: it must be done now.

Bob. Well, an there be no remedy, I'll step aside and pull them off. [*Withdraws.*

Mat. Do you hear, sir? we have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; look you, sir, this jewel, and that gentleman's silk-stockings; because we would have it dispatch'd ere we went to our chambers.

Brai. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently. What's his name, say you? Down right?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Downright.

Brai. What manner of man is he?

Mat. A tall big man, sir; he goes in a cloak most commonly of silk-russet, laid about with russet lace.

Brai. 'Tis very good, sir.

Mat. Here, sir, here's my jewel.

Bob. [*returning.*] And here are my stockings.

Brai. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you this warrant presently; but who will you have to serve it?

Mat. That's true, captain; that must be considered.

Bob. Body o'me, I know not; 'tis service of danger.

Brai. Why, you were best get one o'the varlets of the city, a serjeant: I'll appoint you one, if you please.

Mat. Will you, sir? why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, sir.

[*Exeunt* BOB *and* MAT.

Brai. This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloak of the justice's man's at the broker's, for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself; and get either more pawns, or more money of Downright, for the arrest. [*Exit*

SCENE VIII.—*The Lane before* COB'S *House.*

Enter KNOWELL.

Know. Oh, here it is; I am glad I have found it now:
Ho! who is within here? [*Tib.* [*within.*] I am within, sir; what's your pleasure?

Know. To know who is within beside yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

Know. O, fear you the constable? then I doubt not,
You have some guests within deserve that fear;
I'll fetch him straight.

Enter TIB.

Tib. O' God's name, sir!

Know. Go to: Come, tell me, is not young Knowell here?

Tib. Young Knowell! I know none such, sir, o'mine honesty.

Know. Your honesty, dame! it flies too lightly from you.
There is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable! the man is mad, I think.

[*Exit, and claps to the door.*

Enter DAME KITELY *and* CASH.

Cash. Ho! who keeps house here?

Know. O, this is the female copesmate of my son:
Now shall I meet him straight. [

Dame K. Knock, Thomas, hard.

Cash. Ho, goodwife!

Re-enter TIB.

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?

Dame K. Why, woman, grieves it you to ope your door?
Belike you get something to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these questions, pray ye?

Dame K. So strange you make it! is not my husband here?

Know. Her husband!

Dame K. My tried husband, master Kitely?

Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.
Dame K. No, dame, he does it not for need, but pleasure.
Tib. Neither for need nor pleasure is he here.
Know. This is but a device to baulk me withal:

Enter KITELY, *muffled in his cloak.*

Soft, who is this? 'tis not my son disguised?
Dame K. [*spies her husband, and runs to him.*]
O, sir, have I forestall'd your honest market,
Found your close walks? You stand amazed now, do you?
I'faith, I am glad I have smok'd you yet at last.
What is your jewel, trow? In, come, let's see her;
Fetch forth your housewife, dame; if she be fairer,
In any honest judgment, than myself,
I'll be content with it: but she is change,
She feeds you fat, she soothes your appetite,
And you are well! Your wife, an honest woman,
Is meat twice sod to you, sir! O, you treachour!
Know. She cannot counterfeit thus palpably.
Kit. Out on thy more than strumpet impudence!
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken
Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,
This hoary-headed letcher, this old goat,
Close at your villany, and would'st thou 'scuse it
With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?
O, old incontinent, [*to* KNOWELL.] dost thou not shame,
When all thy powers in chastity are spent,
To have a mind so hot? and to entice,
And feed the enticements of a lustful woman?
Dame K. Out, I defy thee, I, dissembling wretch!
Kit. Defy me, strumpet! Ask thy pander here,
Can he deny it; or that wicked elder?
Know. Why, hear you, sir.
Kit. Tut, tut, tut; never speak:
Thy guilty conscience will discover thee. [man?
Know. What lunacy is this, that haunts this
Kit. Well, good wife bawd, Cob's wife, and you,
That make your husband such a hoddy-doddy;
And you, young apple-squire, and old cuckold-maker;
I'll have you every one before a justice:
Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.
Know. Marry, with all my heart, sir, I go willingly;
Though I do taste this as a trick put on me,
To punish my impertinent search, and justly,
And half forgive my son for the device.
Kit. Come, will you go?
Dame K. Go! to thy shame believe it.

Enter COB.

Cob. Why, what's the matter here, what's here to do?
Kit. O, Cob, art thou come? I have been abused,
And in thy house; was never man so wrong'd!
Cob. 'Slid, in my house, my master Kitely! who wrongs you in my house?
Kit. Marry, young lust in old, and old in young here:
Thy wife's their bawd, here have I taken them.
Cob. How, bawd! is my house come to that? Am I preferr'd thither? Did I not charge you to keep your doors shut, Isbel? and—you let them lie open for all comers! [*Beats his wife.*
Know. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife.
This is madness in thee.
Cob. Why, is there no cause?
Kit. Yes, I'll shew cause before the justice, Cob: Come, let her go with me.
Cob. Nay, she shall go.
Tib. Nay, I will go. I'll see an you may be allowed to make a bundle of hemp of your right and lawful wife thus, at every cuckoldy knave's pleasure. Why do you not go?
Kit. A bitter quean! Come, we will have you tamed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*A Street.*

Enter BRAINWORM, *disguised as a City Serjeant.*

Brai. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself, being in this serjeant's gown. A man of my present profession never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says, he rests him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; pray Heaven I come well off!

Enter MATHEW *and* BOBADILL.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown.
Bob. Let's go in quest of him.
Mat. 'Save you, friend! are not you here by appointment of justice Clement's man?
Brai. Yes, an't please you, sir; he told me, two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master, which I have about me, to be served on one Downright.
Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and see where the party comes you must arrest; serve it upon him quickly, afore he be aware.
Bob. Bear back, master Mathew.

Enter STEPHEN *in* DOWNRIGHT'S *cloak.*

Brai. Master Downright, I arrest you in the queen's name, and must carry you afore a justice by virtue of this warrant.
Step. Me, friend! I am no Downright, I; I am master Stephen: You do not well to arrest me, I tell you truly; I am in nobody's bonds nor books, I would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid afore my time!
Brai. Why, now you are deceived, gentlemen.
Bob. He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us: but see, here a'comes indeed; this is he, officer.

Enter DOWNRIGHT.

Down. Why how now, signior gull! are you turn'd filcher of late? Come, deliver my cloak.
Step. Your cloak, sir! I bought it even now, in open market.
Brai. Master Downright, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen.
Down. These gentlemen? these rascals! [*Offers to beat them.*
Brai. Keep the peace, I charge you in her majesty's name.
Down. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?
Brai. Go before master justice Clement, to answer that they can object against you, sir: I I will use you kindly, sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the justice, captain.

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, afore heaven! [*Exeunt* Bob. *and* Mat.

Down. Gull, you'll give me my cloak.

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Down. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brai. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me! I scorn it. There, take your cloak, I'll none on't.

Down. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the justice's; bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak? what would you have?

Down. I'll have you answer it, sir.

Brai. Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Dow. I'll have no words taken: bring him along.

Brai. Sir, I may choose to do that, I may take bail.

Down. 'Tis true, you may take bail, and choose at another time; but you shall not now, varlet: bring him along, or I'll swinge you.

Brai. Sir, I pity the gentleman's case: here's your money again.

Down. 'Sdeins, tell not me of my money; bring him away, I say.

Brai. I warrant you he will go with you of himself, sir.

Dow. Yet more ado?

Brai. I have made a fair mash on't. [*Aside.*

Step. Must I go?

Brai. I know no remedy, master Stephen.

Down. Come along afore me here; I do not love your hanging look behind.

Step. Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it: can he, fellow?

Brai. I think not, sir; it is but a whipping matter, sure.

Step. Why then let him do his worst, I am resolute. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coleman Street. *A Hall in* Justice Clement's *House.*

Enter Clement, Knowell, Kitely, *Dame* Kitely, Tib, Cash, Cob, *and Servants.*

Clem. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave: my chair, sirrah. You, master Knowell, say you went thither to meet your son?

Know. Ay, sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither?

Know. That did mine own man, sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Know. Nay, I know not now; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for me.

Clem. My clerk! about what time was this?

Know. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with the false message to you, master Kitely?

Kit. After two, sir.

Clem. Very good: but, mistress Kitely, how chance that you were at Cob's, ha?

Dame K. An't please you, sir, I'll tell you: my brother Wellbred told me, that Cob's house was a suspected place——

Clem. So it appears, methinks; but on.

Dame K. And that my husband used thither daily.

Clem. No matter, so he used himself well, mistress.

Dame K. True, sir: but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, mistress Kitely: but did you find your husband there, in that case as you suspected?

Kit. I found her there, sir.

Clem. Did you so! that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kit. Marry, that did my brother Wellbred.

Clem. How, Wellbred first tell her; then tell you after! Where is Wellbred?

Kit. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gull'd in this most grossly all. Alas, poor wench! wert thou beaten for this?

Tib. Yes, most pitifully, an't please you.

Cob. And worthily, I hope, if it shall prove so.

Clem. Ay, that's like, and a piece of a sentence.—

Enter a Servant.

How now, sir! what's the matter?

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman in the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman! what is he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier! take down my armour, my sword quickly. A soldier speak with me! Why, when, knaves? Come on, come on; [*Arms himself.*] hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget, my sword: stand by, I will end your matters anon.——Let the soldier enter. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter Bobadill, *followed by* Mathew.

Now, sir, what have you to say to me?

Bob. By your worship's favour——

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretence. You send me word, sir, you are a soldier: why, sir, you shall be answer'd here: here be them have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wrong'd and beaten by one Downright, a coarse fellow, about the town here; and for mine own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace, despoiled me of mine honour, disarmed me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

Clem. O, God's precious! is this the soldier? Here, take my armour off quickly, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

Mat. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant.

Clem. My warrant!

Serv. Yes, sir; the officer says, procured by these two.

Clem. Bid him come in. [*Exit* Servant.] Set by this picture.

Enter DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, *and* BRAINWORM, *disguised as before.*

What, Master Downright! are you brought at Master Freshwater's suit here?

Down. I'faith, sir: and here's another brought at my suit.

Clem. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir. O, uncle!

Clem. Uncle! who, Master Knowell?

Know. Ay, sir; this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. God's my witness, uncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Down. O, did you find it now? You said you bought it ere-while.

Step. And you said, I stole it: nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe awhile. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth: Had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Bob. Ay, an't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so: where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That's well! an my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at them! Where is the warrant—officer, have you it?

Brai. No sir; your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice, to be served and never see the warrant?

Down. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Clem. No! how then?

Down. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so——

Clem. O, God's pity, was it so, sir? *He must serve it!* Give me my long sword there, and help me off. So, come on, sir varlet, I *must* cut off your legs, sirrah; [BRAINWORM *kneels.*] nay, stand up, *I'll use you kindly;* I *must* cut off your legs, I say. [*Flourishes over him with his long sword.*

Brai. O, good sir, I beseech you; nay, good master justice!

Clem. I must do it, there is no remedy; I *must* cut off your legs, sirrah, I *must* cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it; I *must* cut off your nose, I *must* cut off your head.

Brai. O, good your worship!

Clem. Well, rise; how dost thou do now? dost thou feel thyself well? hast thou no harm?

Brai. No, I thank your good worship, sir.

Clem. Why so! I said I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy arms, and I must cut off thy head; but I did not do it: so you said you must serve this gentleman with my warrant, but you did not serve him. You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you *must*, sirrah! away with him to the jail; I'll teach you a trick for your *must*, sir.

Brai. Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

Clem. Tell him he shall to the jail; away with him, I say.

Brai. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this: I will not lose by my travail any grain of my fame, certain.

[*Throws off his serjeant's gown.*

Clem. How is this?

Know. My man Brainworm!

Step. O, yes, uncle; Brainworm has been with my cousin Edward and I all this day.

Clem. I told you all there was some device.

Brai. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me; both with your sword and your balance.

Clem. Body o'me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of sack: if he belong to you, Master Knowell, I bespeak your patience.

Brai. That is it I have most need of; Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

Know. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon, though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

Brai. Yes, faith, I have, sir, though you retain'd me doubly this morning for yourself: first as Brainworm; after, as Fitz-Sword. I was your reform'd soldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

Know. Is it possible? or that thou should'st disguise thy language so as I should not know thee?

Brai. O, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis. It is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought this gentleman, master Kitely, a message too, in the form of master Justice's man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worship, while master Wellbred might make a conveyance of mistress Bridget to my young master.

Kit. How! my sister stolen away?

Know. My son is not married, I hope.

Brai. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound, which is her portion, can make them; and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding-supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent them, and invite them home.

Clem. Marry, that will I; I thank thee for putting me in mind on't. Sirrah, go you and fetch them hither upon my warrant. [*Exit* Servant.] Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright. Here, I drink to thee for thy good news. But I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

Brai. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine, (but all in kindness,) and stripping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein; departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawn'd his livery for that varlet's gown, to serve it in; and thus have brought myself by my activity to your worship's consideration.

Clem. And I will consider thee in another cup of sack. Here's to thee, which having drunk off

this is my sentence: Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardon'd for the wit of the offence. If thy master, or any man here, be angry with thee, I shall suspect his ingine, while I know him, for't. How now, what noise is that?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, it is Roger is come home.

Clem. Bring him in, bring him in.

Enter Formal *in a suit of armour.*

What! drunk? in arms against me? your reason, your reason for this?

Form. I beseech your worship to pardon me; I happened into ill company by chance, that cast me into a sleep, and stript me of all my clothes.

Clem. Well, tell him I am Justice Clement, and do pardon him: but what is this to your armour? what may that signify?

Form. An't please you, sir, it hung up in the room where I was stript; and I borrow'd it of one of the drawers to come home in, because I was loth to do penance through the street in my shirt.

Clem. Well, stand by a while.

Enter E. Knowell, Wellbred, *and* Bridget.

Who be these? O, the young company; welcome, welcome! Give you joy. Nay, Mistress Bridget, blush not; you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither afore you. Master bridegroom, I have made your peace, give me your hand: so will I for all the rest ere you forsake my roof.

E. Know. We are the more bound to your humanity, sir.

Clem. Only these two have so little of man in them, they are no part of my care.

Wel. Yes, sir, let me pray you for this gentleman, he belongs to my sister the bride.

Clem. In what place, sir?

Wel. Of her delight, sir, below the stairs, and in public: her poet, sir.

Clem. A poet! I will challenge him myself presently at extempore,

Mount up thy Phlegon, Muse, and testify,
How Saturn, sitting in an ebon cloud,
Disrobed his podex, white as ivory,
And through the welkin thunder'd all aloud.

Wel. He is not for extempore, sir: he is all for the pocket muse; please you command a sight of it.

Clem. Yes, yes, search him for a taste of his vein.

[*They search* Mathew's *pockets.*

Wel. You must not deny the queen's justice, sir, under a writ of rebellion.

Clem. What! all this verse? body o' me, he carries a whole realm, a commonwealth of paper in his hose: let us see some of his subjects. [*Reads.*

Unto the boundless ocean of thy face,
Runs this poor river, charg'd with streams of eyes.

How! this is stolen.

E. Know. A parody! a parody! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder than it was.

Clem. Is all the rest of this batch? bring me a torch; lay it together, and give fire. Cleanse the air. [*Sets the papers on fire.*] Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it had not been taken in time. See, see, how our poet's glory shines! brighter and brighter! still it increases! O, now it is at the highest; and now it declines as fast. You may see, *sic transit gloria mundi!*

Know. There's an emblem for you, son, and your studies.

Clem. Nay, no speech or act of mine be drawn against such as profess it worthily. They are not born every year, as an alderman. There goes more to the making of a good poet, than a sheriff. Master Kitely, you look upon me!—though I live in the city here, amongst you, I will do more reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will to the mayor out of his year. But these paper-pedlars! these ink-dabblers! they cannot expect reprehension or reproach; they have it with the fact.

E. Know. Sir, you have saved me the labour of a defence.

Clem. It shall be discourse for supper between your father and me, if he dare undertake me. But to dispatch away these, you sign o' the soldier, and picture of the poet, (but both so false, I will not have you hanged out at my door till midnight,) while we are at supper, you two shall penitently fast it out in my court without; and, if you will, you may pray there that we may be so merry within as to forgive or forget you when we come out. Here's a third, because we tender your safety, shall watch you, he is provided for the purpose. Look to your charge, sir.

Step. And what shall I do?

Clem. O! I had lost a sheep an he had not bleated: why, sir, you shall give master Downright his cloak; and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have in the buttery, and keep Cob and his wife company here; whom I will intreat first to be reconciled; and you to endeavour with your wit to keep them so.

Step. I'll do my best.

Cob. Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib, I receive thee as my dear and mortal wife again.

Tib. And I you, as my loving and obedient husband.

Clem. Good compliment! It will be their bridal night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the rest to put off all discontent. You, master Downright, your anger; you master Knowell, your cares; master Kitely and his wife, their jealousy.

For, I must tell you both, while that is fed,
Horns in the mind are worse than on the head.

Kit. Sir, thus they go from me; kiss me, sweetheart.

See what a drove of horns fly in the air,
Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous breath!
Watch 'em suspicious eyes, watch where they fall.
See, see! on heads that think they have none at all!
O, what a plenteous world of this will come!
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.

I have learn'd so much verse out of a jealous man's part in a play.

Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This night we'll dedicate to friendship, love, and laughter. Master bridegroom, take your bride and lead; every one a fellow. Here is my mistress, Brainworm! to whom all my addresses of courtship shall have their reference: whose adventures this day, when our grandchildren shall hear to be made a fable, I doubt not but it shall find both spectators and applause.

[*Exeunt.*

EVERY MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOUR.

TO THE NOBLEST NURSERIES OF HUMANITY AND LIBERTY IN THE KINGDOM,

THE INNS OF COURT.

I UNDERSTAND you, Gentlemen, not your houses: and a worthy succession of you, to all time, as being born the judges of these studies. When I wrote this poem, I had friendship with divers in your societies; who, as they were great names in learning, so they were no less examples of living. Of them, and then, that I say no more, it was not despised. Now that the printer, by a doubled charge, thinks it worthy a longer life than commonly the air of such things doth promise, I am careful to put it a servant to their pleasures, who are the inheritors of the first favour born it. Yet, I command it lie not in the way of your more noble and useful studies to the public: for so I shall suffer for it. But when the gown and cap is off, and the lord of liberty reigns, then, to take it in your hands, perhaps may make some bencher, tincted with humanity, read and not repent him. By your true honourer, BEN JONSON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ASPER, *the Prescnter.*
MACILENTE.
PUNTARVOLO,—*his Lady.—Waiting Gent.—Huntsman.—Servingmen.—Dog and Cat.*
CARLO BUFFONE.
FASTIDIOUS BRISK,—Cinedo, *his Page.*
DELIRO, FALLACE,—Fido, *their Servant.—Musicians.*
SAVIOLINA.
SORDIDO.—*His Hind.*
FUNGOSO.—*Tailor, Haberdasher, Shoemaker.*
SOGLIARDO.
SHIFT.—*Rustics.*
NOTARY.
CLOVE, ORANGE.—*A Groom.—Drawers.—Constable, and Officers.*
GREX.—Cordatus.—Mitis.

THE CHARACTER OF THE PERSONS.

ASPER, He is of an ingenious and free spirit, eager and constant in reproof, without fear controlling the world's abuses. One whom no servile hope of gain, or frosty apprehension of danger, can make to be a parasite, either to time, place, or opinion.

MACILENTE, A man well parted, a sufficient scholar, and travelled; who, wanting that place in the world's account which he thinks his merit capable of, falls into such an envious apoplexy, with which his judgment is so dazzled and distasted, that he grows violently impatient of any opposite happiness in another.

PUNTARVOLO, A vain-glorious knight, over-englishing his travels, and wholly consecrated to singularity; the very Jacob's staff of compliment; a sir that hath lived to see the revolution of time in most of his apparel. Of presence good enough, but so palpably affected to his own praise, that for want of flatterers he commends himself, to the floutage of his own family. He deals upon returns, and strange performances, resolving, in despite of public derision, to stick to his own particular fashion, phrase, and gesture.

CARLO BUFFONE, A public, scurrilous, and profane jester, that more swift than Circe, with absurd similes, will transform any person into deformity. A good feast-hound or banquet-beagle, that will scent you out a supper some three miles off, and swear to his patrons, damn him! he came in oars, when he was but wafted over in a sculler. A slave that hath an extraordinary gift in pleasing his palate, and will swill up more sack at a sitting than would make all the guard a posset. His religion is railing, and his discourse ribaldry. They stand highest in his respect, whom he studies most to reproach.

FASTIDIOUS BRISK, A neat, spruce, affecting courtier, one that wears clothes well, and in fashion; practiseth by his glass how to salute; speaks good remnants, notwithstanding the base viol and tobacco; swears tersely, and with variety; cares not what lady's favour he belies, or great man's familiarity: a good property to perfume the boot of a coach. He will borrow another man's horse to praise, and backs him as his own. Or, for a need, on foot can post himself into credit with his merchant, only with the gingle of his spur, and the jerk of his wand.

DELIRO, A good doting citizen, who, it is thought, might be of the common-council for his wealth; a fellow sincerely besotted on his own wife, and so wrapt with a conceit of her perfections, that he simply holds himself unworthy of her. And, in that hood-wink'd humour, lives more like a suitor than a husband; standing in as true dread of her displeasure, as when he first made love to her. He doth sacrifice two-pence in juniper to her every morning before she rises, and wakes her with villanous-out-of-tune music, which she out of her contempt (though not out of her judgment) is sure to dislike.

FALLACE, Deliro's wife, and idol; a proud mincing peat, and as perverse as he is officious. She dotes as perfectly upon the courtier, as her husband doth on her, and only wants the face to be dishonest.

SAVIOLINA, A court-lady, whose weightiest praise is a light wit, admired by herself, and one more, her servant Brisk.

SORDIDO, A wretched hob-nailed chuff, whose recreation is reading of almanacks; and felicity, foul weather. One that never pray'd but for a lean dearth, and ever wept in a fat harvest.

FUNGOSO, The son of Sordido, and a student; one that has revelled in his time, and follows the fashion afar off, like a spy. He makes it the whole bent of his endeavours to wring sufficient means from his wretched father, to put him in the courtiers' cut; at which he earnestly aims, but so unluckily, that he still lights short a suit.

SOGLIARDO, An essential clown, brother to Sordido, yet so enamoured of the name of a gentleman, that he will have it, though he buys it. He comes up every term to learn to take tobacco, and see new motions. He is in his

kingdom when he can get himself into company where he may be well laughed at.

SHIFT, A thread-bare shark; one that never was a soldier, yet lives upon lendings. His profession is skeldring and odling, his bank Paul's, and his warehouse Picthatch. Takes up single testons upon oaths, till doomsday. Falls under executions of three shillings, and enters into five-groat bonds. He way-lays the reports of services, and cons them without book, damning himself he came new from them, when all the while he was taking the diet in the bawdy-house, or lay pawned in his chamber for rent and victuals. He is of that admirable and happy memory, that he will salute one for an old acquaintance that he never saw in his life before. He usurps upon cheats, quarrels, and robberies, which he never did, only to get him a name. His chief exercises are, taking the whiff, squiring a cockatrice, and making privy searches for imparters.

CLOVE and ORANGE, An inseparable case of coxcombs, city born; the Gemini, or twins of foppery; that like a pair of wooden foils, are fit for nothing but to be practised upon. Being well flattered they'll lend money, and repent when they have done. Their glory is to invite players, and make suppers. And in company of better rank, to avoid the suspect of insufficiency, will inforce their ignorance most desperately, to set upon the understanding of any thing. Orange is the most humorous of the two, (whose small portion of juice being squeezed out,) Clove serves to stick him with commendations.

CORDATUS, The author's friend; a man inly acquainted with the scope and drift of his plot; of a discreet and understanding judgment; and has the place of a moderator.

MITIS, Is a person of no action, and therefore we have reason to afford him no character.

THE STAGE.

After the second sounding.

Enter CORDATUS, ASPER, *and* MITIS.

Cor. *Nay, my dear Asper.*
Mit. *Stay your mind.*
Asp. *Away!*
Who is so patient of this impious world,
That he can check his spirit, or rein his tongue?
Or who hath such a dead unfeeling sense,
That heaven's horrid thunders cannot wake?
To see the earth crack'd with the weight of sin,
Hell gaping under us, and o'er our heads
Black, ravenous ruin, with her sail-stretch'd wings,
Ready to sink us down, and cover us.
Who can behold such prodigies as these,
And have his lips seal'd up? Not I: my soul
Was never ground into such oily colours,
To flatter vice, and daub iniquity:
But, with an armed and resolved hand,
I'll strip the ragged follies of the time
Naked as at their birth—
Cor. *Be not too bold.*
Asp. *You trouble me—and with a whip of steel,*
Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs.
I fear no mood stamp'd in a private brow,
When I am pleased t'unmask a public vice.
I fear no strumpet's drugs, nor ruffian's stab,
Should I detect their hateful luxuries:
No broker's, usurer's, or lawyer's gripe,
Were I disposed to say, they are all corrupt.
I fear no courtier's frown, should I applaud
The easy flexure of his supple hams.
Tut, these are so innate and popular,
That drunken custom would not shame to laugh,
In scorn, at him, that should but dare to tax 'em:
And yet, not one of these, but knows his works,
Knows what damnation is, the devil, and hell;
Yet hourly they persist, grow rank in sin,
Puffing their souls away in perjurous air,
To cherish their extortion, pride, or lusts.
Mit. *Forbear, good Asper; be not like your name:*
Asp. *O, but to such whose faces are all zeal,*
And, with the words of Hercules, invade
Such crimes as these! that will not smell of sin,
But seem as they were made of sanctity!
Religion in their garments, and their hair
Cut shorter than their eye-brows! when the conscience
Is vaster than the ocean, and devours
More wretches than the counters.
Mit. *Gentle Asper,*
Contain your spirits in more stricter bounds,
And be not thus transported with the violence
Of your strong thoughts.
Cor. *Unless your breath had power*
To melt the world, and mould it new again,
It is in vain to spend it in these moods.
Asp. [turning to the stage.] *I not observed this thronged round till now!*
Gracious and kind spectators, you are welcome;
Apollo and the Muses feast your eyes
With graceful objects, and may our Minerva
Answer your hopes, unto their largest strain!
Yet here mistake me not, judicious friends;
I do not this, to beg your patience,
Or servilely to fawn on your applause,
Like some dry brain, despairing in his merit.
Let me be censured by the austerest brow,
Where I want art or judgment, tax me freely:
Let envious censors, with their broadest eyes,
Look through and through me, I pursue no favour;
Only vouchsafe me your attentions,
And I will give you music worth your ears.
O, how I hate the monstrousness of time,
Where every servile imitating spirit,
Plagued with an itching leprosy of wit,
In a mere halting fury, strives to fling
His ulcerous body in the Thespian spring,
And straight leaps forth a poet! but as lame
As Vulcan, or the founder of Cripplegate.
Mit. *In faith this humour will come ill to some,*
You will be thought to be too peremptory.
Asp. *This humour? good! and why this humour, Mitis?*
Nay, do not turn, but answer.
Mit. *Answer, what?*
Asp. *I will not stir your patience, pardon me*
I urged it for some reasons, and the rather
To give these ignorant well-spoken days
Some taste of their abuse of this word humour.
Cor. *O, do not let your purpose fall, good Asper;*
It cannot but arrive most acceptable,
Chiefly to such as have the happiness

Daily to see how the poor innocent word
s rack'd and tortured.
Mit. *Ay, I pray you proceed.*
Asp. *Ha, what? what is't?*
Cor. *For the abuse of humour.*
Asp. *O, I crave pardon, I had lost my thoughts.*
Why, humour, as 'tis ens, *we thus define it,*
To be a quality of air, or water,
And in itself holds these two properties,
Moisture and fluxure: as, for demonstration,
Pour water on this floor, 'twill wet and run:
Likewise the air, forced through a horn or trumpet,
Flows instantly away, and leaves behind
A kind of dew; and hence we do conclude,
That whatsoe'er hath fluxure and humidity,
As wanting power to contain itself,
Is humour. So in every human body,
The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receive the name of humours. Now thus far
It may, by metaphor, apply itself
Unto the general disposition:
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluctions, all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humour.
But that a rook, by wearing a pyed feather,
The cable hat-band, or the three-piled ruff,
A yard of shoe-tye, or the Switzer's knot
On his French garters, should affect a humour!
O, it is more than most ridiculous.
Cor. *He speaks pure truth; now if an idiot*
Have but an apish or fantastic strain,
It is his humour.
Asp. *Well, I will scourge those apes,*
And to these courteous eyes oppose a mirror,
As large as is the stage whereon we act;
Where they shall see the time's deformity
Anatomized in every nerve, and sinew,
With constant courage, and contempt of fear.
Mit. *Asper, (I urge it as your friend,) take heed,*
The days are dangerous, full of exception,
And men are grown impatient of reproof.
Asp. *Ha, ha!*
You might as well have told me, yond' is heaven.
This earth, these men, and all had moved alike.—
Do not I know the time's condition?
Yes, Mitis, and their souls; and who they be
That either will or can except against me.
None but a sort of fools, so sick in taste,
That they contemn all physic of the mind,
And, like gall'd camels, kick at every touch.
Good men, and virtuous spirits, that loath their vices,
Will cherish my free labours, love my lines,
And with the fervour of their shining grace
Make my brain fruitful, to bring forth more objects,
Worthy their serious and intentive eyes.
But why enforce I this? as fainting? no.
If any here chance to behold himself,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
For, if he shame to have his follies known,
First he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand
Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe
Squeeze out the humour of such spongy souls,
As lick up every idle vanity.
Cor. *Why, this is right furor poeticus!*
Kind gentlemen, we hope your patience
Will yet conceive the best, or entertain
This supposition, that a madman speaks.
Asp. *What, are you ready there? Mitis, sit down,*
And my Cordatus. Sound ho! and begin.
I leave you two, as censors, to sit here:
Observe what I present, and liberally
Speak your opinions upon every scene,
As it shall pass the view of these spectators.
Nay, now y'are tedious, sirs; for shame begin.
And, Mitis, note me; if in all this front
You can espy a gallant of this mark,
Who, to be thought one of the judicious,
Sits with his arms thus wreath'd, his hat pull'd here,
Cries mew, and nods, then shakes his empty head,
Will shew more several motions in his face
Than the new London, Rome, or Niniveh,
And, now and then, breaks a dry biscuit jest,
Which, that it may more easily be chew'd,
He steeps in his own laughter.
Cor. *Why, will that*
Make it be sooner swallow'd?
Asp. *O, assure you.*
Or if it did not, yet, as Horace sings,
Mean cates are welcome still to hungry guests.
Cor. *'Tis true; but why should we observe them, Asper?*
Asp. *O, I would know 'em; for in such assemblies*
They are more infectious than the pestilence:
And therefore I would give them pills to purge,
And make them fit for fair societies.
How monstrous and detested is't to see
A fellow, that has neither art nor brain,
Sit like an Aristarchus, or stark ass,
Taking men's lines with a tobacco face,
In snuff, still spitting, using his wry'd looks,
In nature of a vice, to wrest and turn
The good aspect of those that shall sit near him,
From what they do behold! O, 'tis most vile.
Mit. *Nay, Asper.*
Asp. *Peace, Mitis, I do know your thought;*
You'll say, your guests here will except at this:
Pish! you are too timorous, and full of doubt.
Then he, a patient, shall reject all physic,
'Cause the physician tells him, you are sick:
Or, if I say, that he is vicious,
You will not hear of virtue. Come, you are fond.
Shall I be so extravagant, to think,
That happy judgments, and composed spirits,
Will challenge me for taxing such as these?
I am ashamed.
Cor. *Nay, but good, pardon us;*
We must not bear this peremptory sail,
But use our best endeavours how to please.
Asp. *Why, therein I commend your careful*
And I will mix with you in industry [*thoughts,*
To please: but whom? attentive auditors,
Such as will join their profit with their pleasure,
And come to feed their understanding parts:
For these I'll prodigally spend myself,
And speak away my spirit into air;
For these, I'll melt my brain into invention,
Coin new conceits, and hang my richest words
As polish'd jewels in their bounteous ears?
But stay, I lose myself, and wrong their patience

If I dwell here, they'll not begin, I see. Friends, sit you still, and entertain this troop With some familiar and by-conference, I'll haste them sound. Now, gentlemen, I go To turn an actor, and a humorist, Where, ere I do resume my present person, We hope to make the circles of your eyes Flow with distilled laughter: if we fail, We must impute it to this only chance, Art hath an enemy call'd ignorance. [Exit.

Cor. *How do you like his spirit, Mitis?*

Mit. *I should like it much better, if he were less confident.*

Cor. *Why, do you suspect his merit?*

Mit. *No; but I fear this will procure him much envy.*

Cor. *O, that sets the stronger seal on his desert: if he had no enemies, I should esteem his fortunes most wretched at this instant.*

Mit. *You have seen his play, Cordatus: pray you, how is it?*

Cor. *Faith, sir, I must refrain to judge; only this I can say of it, 'tis strange, and of a particular kind by itself, somewhat like* Vetus Comœdia; *a work that hath bounteously pleased me; how it will answer the general expectation, I know not.*

Mit. *Does he observe all the laws of comedy in it?*

Cor. *What laws mean you?*

Mit. *Why, the equal division of it into acts and scenes, according to the Terentian manner; his true number of actors; the furnishing of the scene with Grex or Chorus, and that the whole argument fall within compass of a day's business.*

Cor. *O no, these are too nice observations.*

Mit. *They are such as must be received, by your favour, or it cannot be authentic.*

Cor. *Troth, I can discern no such necessity.*

Mit. *No!*

Cor. *No, I assure you, signior. If those laws you speak of had been delivered us* ab initio, *and in their present virtue and perfection, there had been some reason of obeying their powers; but 'tis extant, that that which we call* Comœdia, *was at first nothing but a simple and continued song, sung by one only person, till Susario invented a second; after him, Epicharmus a third; Phormus and Chionides devised to have four actors, with a prologue and chorus; to which Cratinus, long after, added a fifth and sixth: Eupolis, more; Aristophanes, more than they; every man in the dignity of his spirit and judgment supplied something. And, though that in him this kind of poem appeared absolute, and fully perfected, yet how is the face of it changed since, in Menander, Philemon, Cecilius, Plautus, and the rest! who have utterly excluded the chorus, altered the property of the persons, their names, and natures, and augmented it with all liberty, according to the elegancy and disposition of those times wherein they wrote. I see not then, but we should enjoy the same license, or free power to illustrate and heighten our invention, as they did; and not be tied to those strict and regular forms which the niceness of a few, who are nothing but form, would thrust upon us.*

Mit. *Well, we will not dispute of this now; but what's his scene?*

Cor *Marry,* Insula Fortunata, *sir.*

Mit. *O, the Fortunate Island: mass, he has bound himself to a strict law there.*

Cor. *Why so?*

Mit. *He cannot lightly alter the scene, without crossing the seas.*

Cor. *He needs not, having a whole island to run through, I think.*

Mit. *No! how comes it then, that in some one play we see so many seas, countries, and kingdoms, passed over with such admirable dexterity?*

Cor. *O, that but shews how well the authors can travel in their vocation, and outrun the apprehension of their auditory. But, leaving this, I would they would begin once: this protraction is able to sour the best settled patience in the theatre.* [The third sounding.

Mit. *They have answered your wish, sir; they sound.*

Cor. *O, here comes the Prologue.*

Enter Prologue.

Now, sir, if you had staid a little longer, I meant to have spoke your prologue for you, i'faith.

Prol. *Marry, with all my heart, sir, you shall do it yet, and I thank you.* [Going.

Cor. *Nay, nay, stay, stay; hear you?*

Prol. *You could not have studied to have done me a greater benefit at the instant; for I protest to you, I am unperfect, and, had I spoke it, I must of necessity have been out.*

Cor. *Why, but do you speak this seriously?*

Prol. *Seriously! ay, wit's my help, do I; and esteem myself indebted to your kindness for it.*

Cor. *For what?*

Prol. *Why, for undertaking the prologue for me.*

Cor. *How! did I undertake it for you?*

Prol. *Did you! I appeal to all these gentlemen, whether you did or no. Come, come, it pleases you to cast a strange look on't now; but 'twill not serve.*

Cor. *'Fore me, but it must serve; and therefore speak your prologue.*

Prol. *An I do, let me die poisoned with some venomous hiss, and never live to look as high as the two-penny room again.* [Exit.

Mit. *He has put you to it, sir.*

Cor. *'Sdeath, what a humorous fellow is this! Gentlemen, good faith I can speak no prologue, howsoever his weak wit has had the fortune to make this strong use of me here before you: but I protest——*

Enter Carlo Buffone, followed by a Boy with wine.

Car. *Come, come, leave these fustian protestations; away, come, I cannot abide these grey-headed ceremonies. Boy, fetch me a glass quickly, I may bid these gentlemen welcome; give them a health here.* [Exit Boy.] *I mar'le whose wit it was to put a prologue in yond' sackbut's mouth; they might well think he'd be out of tune, and yet you'd play upon him too.*

Cor. *Hang him, dull block!*

Car. *O, good words, good words; a well-timber'd fellow, he would have made a good column, an he had been thought on, when the house was a building——*

Re-enter Boy with glasses.

O, art thou come? Well said; give me, boy; fill, so! Here's a cup of wine sparkles like a dia-

mond. Gentlewomen (I am sworn to put them in first) and gentlemen, around, in place of a bad prologue, I drink this good draught to your health here, Canary, the very elixir and spirit of wine. [Drinks.] *This is that our poet calls Castalian liquor, when he comes abroad now and then, once in a fortnight, and makes a good meal among players, where he has* caninum appetitum; *marry, at home he keeps a good philosophical diet, beans and buttermilk; an honest pure rogue, he will take you off three, four, five of these, one after another, and look villainously when he has done, like a one-headed Cerberus.—He does not hear me, I hope—And then, when his belly is well ballaced, and his brain rigged a little, he sails away withal, as though he would work wonders when he comes home. He has made a play here, and he calls it,* Every Man out of his Humour: *but an he get me out of the humour he has put me in, I'll trust none of his tribe again while I live. Gentles, all I can say for him is, you are welcome. I could wish my bottle here amongst you; but there's an old rule,* No pledging your own health. *Marry, if any here be thirsty for it, their best way (that I know) is, sit still, seal up their lips, and drink so much of the play in at their ears.* [Exit

Mit. *What may this fellow be, Cordatus?*

Cor. *Faith, if the time will suffer his description, I'll give it you. He is one, the author calls him Carlo Buffone, an impudent common jester, a violent railer, and an incomprehensible epicure; one whose company is desired of all men, but beloved of none; he will sooner lose his soul than a jest, and profane even the most holy things, to excite laughter: no honourable or reverend personage whatsoever can come within the reach of his eye, but is turned into all manner of variety, by his adulterate similes.*

Mit. *You paint forth a monster.*

Cor. *He will prefer all countries before his native, and thinks he can never sufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliver his affectionate conceit of foreign atheistical policies. But stay—*

Enter Macilente.

Observe these: he'll appear himself anon.

Mit. *O, this is your envious man, Macilente, I think.*

Cor. *The same, sir.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Country.*

Enter Macilente, *with a book.*

Maci. Viri est, fortunæ cæcitatem facilè ferre.
'Tis true; but, Stoic, where, in the vast world,
Doth that man breathe, that can so much command
His blood and his affection? Well, I see
I strive in vain to cure my wounded soul;
For every cordial that my thoughts apply
Turns to a corsive and doth eat it farther.
There is no taste in this philosophy;
'Tis like a potion that a man should drink,
But turns his stomach with the sight of it.
I am no such pill'd Cynick to believe,
That beggary is the only happiness;
Or with a number of these patient fools,
To sing: *My mind to me a kingdom is,*
When the lank hungry belly barks for food,
I look into the world, and there I meet
With objects, that do strike my blood-shot eyes
Into my brain: where, when I view myself,
Having before observ'd this man is great,
Mighty and fear'd; that lov'd and highly favour'd:
A third thought wise and learn'd; a fourth rich,
And therefore honour'd; a fifth rarely featur'd;
A sixth admired for his nuptial fortunes:
When I see these, I say, and view myself,
I wish the organs of my sight were crack'd;
And that the engine of my grief could cast
Mine eyeballs, like two globes of wildfire, forth,
To melt this unproportion'd frame of nature.
Oh, they are thoughts that have transfix'd my heart,
And often, in the strength of apprehension,
Made my cold passion stand upon my face,
Like drops of dew on a stiff cake of ice.

Cor. *This alludes well to that of the poet,*
Invidus suspirat, gemit, incutitque dentes,
Sudat frigidus, intuens quod odit.

Mit. *O, peace, you break the scene.*

Enter Sogliardo *and* Carlo Buffone.

Maci. Soft, who be these?
I'll lay me down awhile till they be past. [*Lies down.*

Cor. *Signior, note this gallant, I pray you.*

Mit. *What is he?*

Cor. *A tame rook, you'll take him presently; list.*

Sog. Nay, look you, Carlo; this is my humour now! I have land and money, my friends left me well, and I will be a gentleman whatsoever it cost me.

Car. A most gentlemanlike resolution.

Sog. Tut! an I take an humour of a thing once, I am like your tailor's needle, I go through: but, for my name, signior, how think you? will it not serve for a gentleman's name, when the signior is put to it, ha?

Car. Let me hear; how is it?

Sog. Signior Insulso Sogliardo: methinks it sounds well.

Car. O excellent! tut! an all fitted to your name, you might very well stand for a gentleman: I know many Sogliardos gentlemen.

Sog. Why, and for my wealth I might be a justice of peace.

Car. Ay, and a constable for your wit.

Sog. All this is my lordship you see here, and those farms you came by.

Car. Good steps to gentility too, marry: but, Sogliardo, if you affect to be a gentleman indeed, you must observe all the rare qualities, humours, and compliments of a gentleman.

Sog. I know it, signior, and if you please to instruct, I am not too good to learn, I'll assure you.

Car. Enough, sir.—I'll make admirable use in the projection of my medicine upon this lump of copper here. [*Aside.*]—I'll bethink me for you, sir.

Sog. Signior, I will both pay you, and pray you, and thank you, and think on you.

Cor. *Is this not purely good?*

Maci. S'blood, why should such a prick-ear'd hind as this
Be rich, ha? a fool! such a transparent gull
That may be seen through! wherefore should he have land,
Houses, and lordships? O, I could eat my entrails,
And sink my soul into the earth with sorrow.

Car. First, to be an accomplished gentleman, that is, a gentleman of the time, you must give over housekeeping in the country, and live altogether in the city amongst gallants; where, at your first appearance, 'twere good you turn'd four or five hundred acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparel—you may do it without going to a conjurer—and be sure you mix yourself still with such as flourish in the spring of the fashion, and are least popular; study their carriage and behaviour in all; learn to play at primero and passage, and ever (when you lose) have two or three peculiar oaths to swear by, that no man else swears: but, above all, protest in your play, and affirm, *Upon your credit, As you are a true gentleman,* at every cast; you may do it with a safe conscience, I warrant you.

Sog. O admirable rare! he cannot choose but be a gentleman that has these excellent gifts: more, more, I beseech you.

Car. You must endeavour to feed cleanly at your ordinary, sit melancholy, and pick your teeth when you cannot speak: and when you come to plays, be humorous, look with a good starch'd face, and ruffle your brow like a new boot, laugh at nothing but your own jests, or else as the noblemen laugh. That's a special grace you must observe.

Sog. I warrant you, sir.

Car. Ay, and sit on the stage and flout, provided you have a good suit.

Sog. O, I'll have a suit only for that, sir.

Car. You must talk much of your kindred and allies.

Sog. Lies! no, signior, I shall not need to do so, I have kindred in the city to talk of: I have a niece is a merchant's wife; and a nephew, my brother Sordido's son, of the Inns of court.

Car. O, but you must pretend alliance with courtiers and great persons: and ever when you are to dine or sup in any strange presence, hire a fellow with a great chain, (though it be copper, it's no matter,) to bring you letters, feign'd from such a nobleman, or such a knight, or such a lady, *To their worshipful, right rare, and nobly qualified friend and kinsman, signior Insulso Sogliardo:* give yourself style enough. And there, while you intend circumstances of news, or enquiry of their health, or so, one of your familiars, whom you must carry about you still, breaks it up, as 'twere in a jest, and reads it publicly at the table: at which you must seem to take as unpardonable offence, as if he had torn your mistress's colours, or breath'd upon her picture, and pursue it with that hot grace, as if you would advance a challenge upon it presently.

Sog. Stay, I do not like that humour of challenge, it may be accepted; but I'll tell you what's my humour now, I will do this: I will take occasion of sending one of my suits to the tailor's, to have the pocket repaired. or so; and there such a letter as you talk of, broke open and all shall be left; O, the tailor will presently give out what I am, upon the reading of it, worth twenty of your gallants.

Car. But then you must put on an extreme face of discontentment at your man's negligence.

Sog. O, so I will, and beat him too: I'll have a man for the purpose.

Mac. You may; you have land and crowns: O partial fate!

Car. Mass, well remember'd, you must keep your men gallant at the first, fine pied liveries laid with good gold lace; there's no loss in it, they may rip it off and pawn it when they lack victuals.

Sog. By 'r Lady, that is chargeable, signior, 'twill bring a man in debt.

Car. Debt! why that's the more for your credit, sir: it's an excellent policy to owe much in these days, if you note it.

Sog. As how, good signior? I would fain be a politician.

Cor. O! look where you are indebted any great sum, your creditor observes you with no less regard, than if he were bound to you for some huge benefit, and will quake to give you the least cause of offence, lest he lose his money. I assure you, in these times, no man has his servant more obsequious and pliant, than gentlemen their creditors: to whom, if at any time you pay but a moiety, or a fourth part, it comes more acceptably than if you gave them a new-year's gift.

Sog. I perceive you, sir: I will take up, and bring myself in credit, sure.

Car. Marry this, always beware you commerce not with bankrupts, or poor needy Ludgathians they are impudent creatures, turbulent spirits, they care not what violent tragedies they stir, nor how they play fast and loose with a poor gentleman's fortunes, to get their own. Marry, these rich fellows that have the world, or the better part of it, sleeping in their counting-houses, they are ten times more placable, they; either fear, hope, or modesty, restrains them from offering any outrages: but this is nothing to your followers, you shall not run a penny more in arrearage for them, an you list, yourself.

Sog. No! how should I keep 'em then?

Car. Keep 'em! 'sblood, let them keep themselves, they are no sheep, are they? what, you shall come in houses, where plate, apparel, jewels, and divers other pretty commodities lie negligently scattered, and I would have those Mercuries follow me, I trow, should remember they had not their fingers for nothing.

Sog. That's not so good, methinks.

Car. Why, after you have kept them a fortnight, or so, and shew'd them enough to the world, you may turn them away, and keep no more but a boy, it's enough.

Sog. Nay, my humour is not for boys, I'll keep men, an I keep any; and I'll give coats, that's my humour: but I lack a cullisen.

Car. Why, now you ride to the city, you may buy one; I'll bring you where you shall have your choice for money.

Sog. Can you, sir?

Car. O, ay: you shall have one take measure of you, and make you a coat of arms to fit you, of what fashion you will.

Sog. By word of mouth, I thank you, signior,

I'll be once a little prodigal in a humour, i'faith, and have a most prodigious coat.

Mac. Torment and death! break head and brain at once,
To be deliver'd of your fighting issue.
Who can endure to see blind Fortune dote thus?
To be enamour'd on this dusty turf,
This clod, a whoreson puck-fist! O G— —!
I could run wild with grief now, to behold
The rankness of her bounties, that doth breed
Such bulrushes; these mushroom gentlemen,
That shoot up in a night to place and worship.

Car. [*seeing* MACILENTE.] Let him alone; some stray, some stray.

Sog. Nay, I will examine him before I go, sure.

Car. The lord of the soil has all wefts and strays here, has he not?

Sog. Yes, sir.

Car. Faith then I pity the poor fellow, he's fallen into a fool's hands. [*Aside.*

Sog. Sirrah, who gave you a commission to lie in my lordship?

Mac. Your lordship!

Sog. How! my lordship? do you know me, sir?

Mac. I do know you, sir.

Car. He answers him like an echo. [*Aside.*

Sog. Why, Who am I, sir?

Mac. One of those that fortune favours.

Car. The periphrasis of a fool. I'll observe this better. [*Aside.*

Sog. That fortune favours! how mean you that, friend?

Mac. I mean simply: that you are one that lives not by your wits.

Sog. By my wits! no sir, I scorn to live by my wits, I. I have better means, I tell thee, than to take such base courses, as to live by my wits. What, dost thou think I live by my wits?

Mac. Methinks, jester, you should not relish this well.

Car. Ha! does he know me?

Mac. Though yours be the worst use a man can put his wit to, of thousands, to prostitute it at every tavern and ordinary; yet, methinks, you should have turn'd your broadside at this, and have been ready with an apology, able to sink this hulk of ignorance into the bottom and depth of his contempt.

Car. Oh, 'tis Macilente! Signior, you are well encountered; how is it?—O, we must not regard what he says, man, a trout, a shallow fool, he has no more brain than a butterfly, a mere stuft suit; he looks like a musty bottle new wicker'd, his head's the cork, light, light! [*Aside to* MACILENTE.] —I am glad to see you so well return'd, signior.

Mac. You are! gramercy, good Janus.

Sog. Is he one of your acquaintance? I love him the better for that.

Car. Od's precious, come away, man, what do you mean? an you knew him as I do, you'd shun him as you would do the plague.

Sog. Why, sir?

Car. O, he's a black fellow, take heed of him.

Sog. Is he a scholar, or a soldier?

Car. Both, both; a lean mongrel, he looks as if he were chop-fallen, with barking at other men's good fortunes: 'ware how you offend him; he carries oil and fire in his pen, will scald where it drops: his spirit is like powder, quick, violent; he'll blow a man up with a jest: I fear him worse than a rotten wall does the cannon; shake an hour after at the report. Away, come not near him.

Sog. For God's sake let's be gone; an he be a scholar, you know I cannot abide him; I had as lieve see a cockatrice, specially as cockatrices go now.

Car. What, you'll stay, signior? this gentleman Sogliardo, and I, are to visit the knight Puntarvolo, and from thence to the city; we shall meet there. [*Exit with* SOGLIARDO.

Mac. Ay, when I cannot shun you, we will meet. 'Tis strange! of all the creatures I have seen,
I envy not this Buffone, for indeed
Neither his fortunes nor his parts deserve it:
But I do hate him, as I hate the devil,
Or that brass-visaged monster Barbarism.
O, 'tis an open-throated, black-mouth'd cur,
That bites at all, but eats on those that feed him.
A slave, that to your face will, serpent-like,
Creep on the ground, as he would eat the dust,
And to your back will turn the tail, and sting
More deadly than a scorpion: stay, who's this?
Now, for my soul, another minion
Of the old lady Chance's! I'll observe him.

Enter SORDIDO *with an Almanack in his hand.*

Sord. O rare! good, good, good, good, good! I thank my stars, I thank my stars for it.

Mac. Said I not true? doth not his passion
Out of my divination? O my senses, [speak
Why lose you not your powers, and become
Dull'd, if not deaded, with this spectacle?
I know him, it is Sordido, the farmer,
A boor, and brother to that swine was here.
[*Aside.*

Sord. Excellent, excellent, excellent! as I would wish, as I would wish.

Mac. See how the strumpet fortune tickles him,
And makes him swoon with laughter, O, O, O!

Sord. Ha, ha, ha! I will not sow my grounds this year. Let me see, what harvest shall we have? *June, July?*

Mac. What, is't a prognostication raps him so?

Sord. *The* 20, 21, 22 *days, rain and wind.* O good, good! *the* 23, *and* 24, *rain and some wind,* good! *the* 25, *rain,* good still! 26, 27, 28, *wind and some rain;* would it had been rain and some wind! well, 'tis good, when it can be no better. 29, *inclining to rain:* inclining to rain! that's not so good now: 30, *and* 31, *wind and no rain.* no rain! 'slid, stay: this is worse and worse: What says he of St. Swithin's? turn back, look, *saint Swithin's: no rain!*

Mac. O, here's a precious, dirty, damned rogue,
That fats himself with expectation
Of rotten weather, and unseason'd hours;
And he is rich for it, an elder brother!
His barns are full, his ricks and mows well trod,
His garners crack with store! O, 'tis well; ha, ha, ha!
A plague consume thee, and thy house!

Sord. O here, *St. Swithin's, the* 15 *day, variable weather, for the most part rain,* good! *for the most part rain:* why, it should rain forty days after, now, more or less, it was a rule held, afore I was able to hold a plough, and yet here are two days no rain; ha! it makes me muse. We'll see how the next month begins, if that be better. *August* 1, 2, 3, *and* 4, *days, rainy and blustering;* this is well now: 5, 6, 7, 8, *and* 9, *rainy, with some thun*

der ; Ay marry, this is excellent; the other was false printed sure: *the* 10 *and* 11, *great store of rain ;* O good, good, good, good, good! *the* 12, 13, *and* 14, *days, rain ;* good still: 15, *and* 16, *rain ;* good still: 17 *and* 18, *rain,* good still: 19 *and* 20, good still, good still, good still, good still, good still! 21, *some rain ;* some rain! well, we must be patient, and attend the heavens' pleasure, would it were more though: *the* 22, 23, *great tempests of rain, thunder and lightning.*
O good again, past expectation good!
I thank my blessed angel; never, never
Laid I [a] penny better out than this,
To purchase this dear book: not dear for price,
And yet of me as dearly prized as life,
Since in it is contain'd the very life,
Blood, strength, and sinews, of my happiness.
Blest be the hour wherein I bought this book;
His studies happy that composed the book,
And the man fortunate that sold the book!
Sleep with this charm, and be as true to me,
As I am joy'd and confident in thee. [*Puts it up.*

Enter a Hind, *and gives* SORDIDO *a paper to read.*

Mac. Ha, ha, ha!
Is not this good? Is it not pleasing this?
Ha, ha, ha! God pardon me! ha, ha!
Is't possible that such a spacious villain
Should live, and not be plagued? or lies he hid
Within the wrinkled bosom of the world,
Where Heaven cannot see him? S'blood! methinks
'Tis rare, and strange, that he should breathe and walk,
Feed with digestion, sleep, enjoy his health,
And, like a boisterous whale swallowing the poor,
Still swim in wealth and pleasure! is't not strange?
Unless his house and skin were thunder proof,
I wonder at it! Methinks, now, the hectic,
Gout, leprosy, or some such loath'd disease,
Might light upon him; or that fire from heaven
Might fall upon his barns; or mice and rats
Eat up his grain; or else that it might rot
Within the hoary ricks, even as it stands:
Methinks this might be well; and after all
The devil might come and fetch him. Ay, 'tis true!
Meantime he surfeits in prosperity,
And thou, in envy of him, gnaw'st thyself:
Peace, fool, get hence, and tell thy vexed spirit,
Wealth in this age will scarcely look on merit.
[*Rises and exit.*

Sord. Who brought this same, sirrah?

Hind. Marry, sir, one of the justice's men; he says 'tis a precept, and all their hands be at it.

Sord. Ay, and the prints of them stick in my flesh,
Deeper than in their letters: they have sent me
Pills wrapt in paper here, that, should I take them,
Would poison all the sweetness of my book,
And turn my honey into hemlock-juice.
But I am wiser than to serve their precepts,
Or follow their prescriptions. Here's a device,
To charge me bring my grain unto the markets:
Ay, much! when I have neither barn nor garner,
Nor earth to hide it in, I'll bring 't; till then,
Each corn I send shall be as big as Paul's.
O, but (say some) the poor are like to starve.
Why, let 'em starve, what s that to me? are bees
Bound to keep life in drones and idle moths? no:
Why such are these that term themselves the poor,
Only because they would be pitied,
But are indeed a sort of lazy beggars,
Licentious rogues, and sturdy vagabonds,
Bred by the sloth of a fat plenteous year,
Like snakes in heat of summer, out of dung;
And this is all that these cheap times are good for:
Whereas a wholesome and penurious dearth
Purges the soil of such vile excrements,
And kills the vipers up.

Hind. O, but master,
Take heed they hear you not.

Sord. Why so?

Hind. They will exclaim against you.

Sord. Ay, their exclaims
Move me as much, as thy breath moves a mountain.
Poor worms, they hiss at me, whilst I at home
Can be contented to applaud myself,
To sit and clap my hands, and laugh, and leap,
Knocking my head against my roof, with joy
To see how plump my bags are, and my barns.
Sirrah, go hie you home, and bid your fellows
Get all their flails ready again I come.

Hind. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Sord. I'll instantly set all my hinds to thrashing
Of a whole rick of corn, which I will hide
Under the ground; and with the straw thereof
I'll stuff the outsides of my other mows:
That done, I'll have them empty all my garners,
And in the friendly earth bury my store,
That, when the searchers come, they may suppose
All's spent, and that my fortunes were belied.
And to lend more opinion to my want,
And stop that many-mouthed vulgar dog,
Which else would still be baying at my door,
Each market-day I will be seen to buy
Part of the purest wheat, as for my household;
Where when it comes, it shall increase my heaps:
'Twill yield me treble gain at this dear time,
Promised in this dear book: I have cast all.
Till then I will not sell an ear, I'll hang first.
O, I shall make my prices as I list;
My house and I can feed on peas and barley.
What though a world of wretches starve the while;
He that will thrive must think no courses vile.
[*Exit.*

Cor. *Now, signior, how approve you this? have the humourists exprest themselves truly or no?*

Mit. *Yes, if it be well prosecuted, 'tis hitherto happy enough: but methinks Macilente went hence too soon; he might have been made to stay, and speak somewhat in reproof of Sordido's wretchedness now at the last.*

Cor. *O, no, that had been extremely improper; besides, he had continued the scene too long with him, as 'twas, being in no more action.*

Mit. *You may inforce the length as a necessary reason; but for propriety, the scene would very well have borne it, in my judgment.*

Cor. *O, worst of both; why, you mistake his humour utterly then.*

Mit. *How do I mistake it? Is it not envy?*

Cor. *Yes, but you must understand, signior, he envies him not as he is a villain, a wolf in the commonwealth, but as he is rich and fortunate; for the true condition of envy is,* dolor alienæ felicitatis, *to have our eyes continually fixed upon another man's prosperity, that is, his chief happiness, and to grieve at that. Whereas, if we make his monstrous and abhorr'd actions our object, the grief we take then comes nearer the nature of hate*

than envy, as being bred out of a kind of contempt and loathing in ourselves.

Mit. *So you'll infer it had been hate, not envy in him, to reprehend the humour of Sordido?*

Cor. *Right, for what a man truly envies in another, he could always love and cherish in himself; but no man truly reprehends in another, what he loves in himself; therefore reprehension is out of his hate. And this distinction hath he himself made in a speech there, if you marked it, where he says,* I envy not this Buffone, but I hate him.

Mit. *Stay, sir:* I envy not this Buffone, but I hate him. *Why might he not as well have hated Sordido as him?*

Cor. *No, sir, there was subject for his envy in Sordido, his wealth: so was there not in the other. He stood possest of no one eminent gift, but a most odious and fiend-like disposition, that would turn charity itself into hate, much more envy, for the present.*

Mit. *You have satisfied me, sir. O, here comes the fool, and the jester again, methinks.*

Cor. *'Twere pity they should be parted, sir.*

Mit. *What bright-shining gallant's that with them? the knight they went to?*

Cor. *No, sir, this is one monsieur Fastidious Brisk, otherwise called the fresh Frenchified courtier.*

Mit. *A humourist too?*

Cor. *As humorous as quicksilver; do but observe him; the scene is the country still, remember*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Country; before* PUNTARVOLO'S *House.*

Enter FASTIDIOUS BRISK, CINEDO, CARLO BUFFONE, *and* SOGLIARDO.

Fast. Cinedo, watch when the knight comes, and give us word.

Cin. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Fast. How lik'st thou my boy, Carlo?

Car. O, well, well. He looks like a colonel of the Pigmies horse, or one of these motions in a great antique clock; he would shew well upon a haberdasher's stall, at a corner shop, rarely.

Fast. 'Sheart, what a damn'd witty rogue's this! How he confounds with his similes!

Car. Better with similes than smiles: and whither were you riding now, signior?

Fast. Who, I? What a silly jest's that! Whither should I ride but to the court?

Car. O, pardon me, sir, twenty places more; your hot-house, or your whore-house——

Fast. By the virtue of my soul, this knight dwells in Elysium here.

Car. He's gone now, I thought he would fly out presently. These be our nimble-spirited catsos, that have their evasions at pleasure, will run over a bog like your wild Irish; no sooner started, but they'll leap from one thing to another, like a squirrel, heigh! dance and do tricks in their discourse, from fire to water, from water to air, from air to earth, as if their tongues did but e'en lick the four elements over, and away.

Fast. Sirrah, Carlo, thou never saw'st my gray hobby yet, didst thou?

Car. No; have you such a one?

Fast. The best in Europe, my good villain, thou'lt say when thou seest him.

Car. But when shall I see him?

Fast. There was a nobleman in the court offered me a hundred pound for him, by this light: a fine little fiery slave, he runs like a—oh, excellent, excellent!—with the very sound of the spur.

Car. How! the sound of the spur?

Fast. O, it's your only humour now extant, sir; a good gingle, a good gingle.

Car. 'Sblood! you shall see him turn morrice-dancer, he has got him bells, a good suit, and a hobby-horse.

Sog. Signior, now you talk of a hobby-horse, I know where one is will not be given for a brace of angels.

Fast. How is that, sir?

Sog. Marry, sir, I am telling this gentleman of a hobby-horse; it was my father's indeed, and, though I say it——

Car. That should not say it—on, on.

Sog. He did dance in it, with as good humour and as good regard as any man of his degree whatsoever, being no gentleman: I have danc'd in it myself too.

Car. Not since the humour of gentility was upon you, did you?

Sog. Yes, once; marry, that was but to shew what a gentleman might do in a humour.

Car. O, very good.

Mit. *Why, this fellow's discourse were nothing but for the word humour.*

Cor. *O bear with him; an he should lack matter and words too, 'twere pitiful.*

Sog. Nay, look you, sir, there's ne'er a gentleman in the country has the like humours, for the hobby-horse, as I have; I have the method for the threading of the needle and all, the——

Car. How, the method?

Sog. Ay, the leigerity for that, and the whighhie, and the daggers in the nose, and the travels of the egg from finger to finger, and all the humours incident to the quality. The horse hangs at home in my parlour. I'll keep it for a monument as long as I live, sure.

Car. Do so; and when you die, 'twill be an excellent trophy to hang over your tomb.

Sog. Mass, and I'll have a tomb, now I think on't; 'tis but so much charges.

Car. Best build it in your lifetime then, your heirs may hap to forget it else.

Sog. Nay, I mean so, I'll not trust to them.

Car. No, for heirs and executors are grown damnable careless, 'specially since the ghosts of testators left walking.—How like you him, signior?

Fast. 'Fore heavens, his humour arrides me exceedingly.

Car. Arrides you!

Fast. Ay, pleases me: a pox on't! I am so haunted at the court, and at my lodging, with your refined choice spirits, that it makes me clean of

another garb, another sheaf, I know not how! I cannot frame me to your harsh vulgar phrase, 'tis against my genius.

Sog. Signior Carlo! [*Takes him aside.*

Cor. *This is right to that of Horace,* Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt; *so this gallant, labouring to avoid popularity, falls into a habit of affectation, ten thousand times hatefuller than the former.*

Car. [*pointing to* FASTIDIOUS.] Who, he? a gull, a fool, no salt in him i' the earth, man; he looks like a fresh salmon kept in a tub; he'll be spent shortly. His brain's lighter than his feather already, and his tongue more subject to lye, than that is to wag; he sleeps with a musk-cat every night, and walks all day hang'd in pomander chains for penance; he has his skin tann'd in civet, to make his complexion strong, and the sweetness of his youth lasting in the sense of his sweet lady; a good empty puff, he loves you well, signior.

Sog. There shall be no love lost, sir, I'll assure you.

Fast. [*advancing to them.*] Nay, Carlo, I am not happy in thy love, I see: pray thee suffer me to enjoy thy company a little, sweet mischief: by this air, I shall envy this gentleman's place in thy affections, if you be thus private, i'faith.

Enter CINEDO.

How now! Is the knight arrived?

Cin. No, sir, but 'tis guess'd he will arrive presently, by his fore-runners.

Fast. His hounds! by Minerva, an excellent figure; a good boy.

Car. You should give him a French crown for it; the boy would find two better figures in that, and a good figure of your bounty beside.

Fast. Tut, the boy wants no crowns.

Car. No crown; speak in the singular number, and we'll believe you.

Fast. Nay, thou art so capriciously conceited now. Sirrah damnation, I have heard this knight Puntarvolo reported to be a gentleman of exceeding good humour, thou know'st him; prithee, how is his disposition? I never was so favoured of my stars, as to see him yet. Boy, do you look to the hobby?

Cin. Ay, sir, the groom has set him up.

[*As* CINEDO *is going out,* SOGLIARDO *takes him aside.*

Fast. 'Tis well: I rid out of my way of intent to visit him, and take knowledge of his—— Nay, good Wickedness, his humour, his humour.

Car. Why, he loves dogs, and hawks, and his wife well; he has a good riding face, and he can sit a great horse; he will taint a staff well at tilt; when he is mounted he looks like the sign of the George, that's all I know; save, that instead of a dragon, he will brandish against a tree, and break his sword as confidently upon the knotty bark, as the other did upon the scales of the beast.

Fast. O, but this is nothing to that's delivered of him. They say he has dialogues and discourses between his horse, himself, and his dog; and that he will court his own lady, as she were a stranger never encounter'd before.

Car. Ay, that he will, and make fresh love to her every morning; this gentleman has been a spectator of it, Signior Insulso.

Sog. I am resolute to keep a page.—Say you, sir? [*Leaps from whispering with* CINEDO.

Car. You have seen Signior Puntarvolo accost his lady?

Sog. O, ay, sir.

Fast. And how is the manner of it, prithee, good signior?

Sog. Faith, sir, in very good sort; he has his humours for it, sir; as first, (suppose he were now to come from riding or hunting, or so,) he has his trumpet to sound, and then the waiting-gentlewoman she looks out, and then he speaks, and then she speaks,——very pretty, i'faith, gentlemen.

Fast. Why, but do you remember no particulars, signior?

Sog. O, yes, sir, first, the gentlewoman, she looks out at the window.

Car. After the trumpet has summon'd a parle, not before?

Sog. No, sir, not before; and then says he,—ha, ha, ha, ha!

Car. What says he? be not rapt so.

Sog. Says he,—ha, ha, ha, ha!

Fast. Nay, speak, speak.

Sog. Ha, ha, ha!—says he, God save you, says he;—ha, ha!

Car. Was this the ridiculous motive to all this passion?

Sog. Nay, that that comes after is,—ha, ha, ha, ha!

Car. Doubtless he apprehends more than he utters, this fellow; or else——

[*A cry of hounds within.*

Sog. List, list, they are come from hunting; stand by, close under this terras, and you shall see it done better than I can show it.

Car. So it had need, 'twill scarce poise the observation else.

Sog. Faith, I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my head.

Fast. O, withdraw, withdraw, it cannot be but a most pleasing object. [*They stand aside.*

Enter PUNTARVOLO, *followed by his Huntsman leading a greyhound.*

Punt. Forester, give wind to thy horn.—Enough; by this the sound hath touch'd the ears of the inclos'd: depart, leave the dog, and take with thee what thou hast deserved, the horn and thanks.

[*Exit* Huntsman.

Car. Ay, marry, there is some taste in this.

Fast. Is't not good?

Sog. Ah, peace; now above, now above!

[*A Waiting-gentlewoman appears at the window.*

Punt. Stay; mine eye hath, on the instant, through the bounty of the window, received the form of a nymph. I will step forward three paces; of the which, I will barely retire one; and, after some little flexure of the knee, with an erected grace salute her; one, two, and three! Sweet lady, God save you!

Gent. [*above.*] No, forsooth; I am but the waiting-gentlewoman.

Car. He knew that before.

Punt. Pardon me: *humanum est errare.*

Car. He learn'd that of his chaplain.

Punt. To the perfection of compliment, (which is the dial of the thought, and guided by the sun of your beauties,) are required these three specials; the gnomon, the puntilios, and the superficies: the superficies is that we call place; the puntilios, cir-

cumstance; and the gnomon, ceremony; in either of which, for a stranger to err, 'tis easy and facile; and such am I.

Car. True, not knowing her horizon, he must needs err; which I fear he knows too well.

Punt. What call you the lord of the castle, sweet face?

Gent. [*above.*] The lord of the castle is a knight, sir; signior Puntarvolo.

Punt. Puntarvolo! O——

Car. Now must he ruminate.

Fast. Does the wench know him all this while, then?

Car. O, do you know me, man? why, therein lies the syrup of the jest; it's a project, a designment of his own, a thing studied, and rehearst as ordinarily at his coming from hawking or hunting, as a jig after a play.

Sog. Ay, e'en like your jig, sir.

Punt. 'Tis a most sumptuous and stately edifice! Of what years is the knight, fair damsel?

Gent. Faith, much about your years, sir.

Punt. What complexion, or what stature bears he?

Gent. Of your stature, and very near upon your complexion.

Punt. Mine is melancholy,——

Car. So is the dog's, just.

Punt. And doth argue constancy, chiefly in love. What are his endowments? is he courteous?

Gent. O, the most courteous knight in Christian land, sir.

Punt. Is he magnanimous?

Gent. As the skin between your brows, sir.

Punt. Is he bountiful?

Car. 'Slud, he takes an inventory of his own good parts.

Gent. Bountiful! ay, sir, I would you should know it; the poor are served at his gate, early and late, sir.

Punt. Is he learned?

Gent. O, ay, sir, he can speak the French and Italian.

Punt. Then he has travelled?

Gent. Ay, forsooth, he hath been beyond seas once or twice.

Car. As far as Paris, to fetch over a fashion, and come back again.

Punt. Is he religious?

Gent. Religious! I know not what you call religious, but he goes to church, I am sure.

Fast. 'Slid, methinks these answers should offend him.

Car. Tut, no; he knows they are excellent, and to her capacity that speaks them.

Punt. Would I might but see his face!

Car. She should let down a glass from the window at that word, and request him to look in't.

Punt. Doubtless the gentleman is most exact, and absolutely qualified; doth the castle contain him?

Gent. No, sir, he is from home, but his lady is within.

Punt. His lady! what, is she fair, splendidious, and amiable?

Gent. O, Lord, sir.

Punt. Prithee, dear nymph, intreat her beauties to shine on this side of the building.

[*Exit Waiting-gentlewoman from the window.*

Car. That he may erect a new dial of compliment, with his gnomons and his puntilios.

Fast. Nay, thou art such another cynic now, a man had need walk uprightly before thee.

Car. Heart, can any man walk more upright than he does? Look, look; as if he went in a frame, or had a suit of wainscot on: and the dog watching him, lest he should leap out on't.

Fast. O, villain!

Car. Well, an e'er I meet him in the city, I'll have him jointed, I'll pawn him in Eastcheap, among the butchers, else.

Fast. Peace; who be these, Carlo?

Enter SORDIDO *and* FUNGOSO

Sord. Yonder's your godfather; do your duty to him, son.

Sog. This, sir? a poor elder brother of mine, sir, a yeoman, may dispend some seven or eight hundred a year; that's his son, my nephew, there.

Punt. You are not ill come, neighbour Sordido, though I have not yet said, well-come; what, my godson is grown a great proficient by this.

Sord. I hope he will grow great one day, sir.

Fast. What does he study? the law?

Sog. Ay, sir, he is a gentleman, though his father be but a yeoman.

Car. What call you your nephew, signior?

Sog. Marry, his name is Fungoso.

Car. Fungoso! O, he look'd somewhat like a sponge in that pink'd yellow doublet, methought; well, make much of him; I see he was never born to ride upon a mule.

Gent. [*reappears at the window.*] My lady will come presently, sir.

Sog. O, now, now!

Punt. Stand by, retire yourselves a space; nay, pray you, forget not the use of your hat; the air is piercing. [SORDIDO *and* FUNGOSO *withdraw.*

Fast. What! will not their presence prevail against the current of his humour?

Car. O, no; it's a mere flood, a torrent carries all afore it. [*Lady* PUNTARVOLO *appears at the window.*

Punt. What more than heavenly pulchritude is this,
What magazine, or treasury of bliss?
Dazzle, you organs to my optic sense,
To view a creature of such eminence:
O, I am planet-struck, and in yon sphere
A brighter star than Venus doth appear!

Fast. How! in verse!

Car. An extacy, an extacy, man.

Lady P. [*above.*] Is your desire to speak with me, sir knight?

Car. He will tell you that anon; neither his brain nor his body are yet moulded for an answer.

Punt. Most debonair, and luculent lady, I decline me as low as the basis of your altitude.

Cor. *He makes congies to his wife in geometrical proportions.*

Mit. *Is it possible there should be any such humourist?*

Cor. *Very easily possible, sir, you see there is.*

Punt. I have scarce collected my spirits, but lately scattered in the admiration of your form; to which, if the bounties of your mind be any way responsible, I doubt not but my desires shall find a smooth and secure passage. I am a poor knight-errant, lady, that hunting in the adjacent forest, was, by adventure, in the pursuit of a hart, brought to this place; which hart, dear madam, escaped by

enchantment: the evening approaching, myself and servant wearied, my suit is, to enter your fair castle and refresh me.

Lady. Sir knight, albeit it be not usual with me, chiefly in the absence of a husband, to admit any entrance to strangers, yet in the true regard of those innated virtues, and fair parts, which so strive to express themselves, in you; I am resolved to entertain you to the best of my unworthy power; which I acknowledge to be nothing, valued with what so worthy a person may deserve. Please you but stay while I descend. [*Exit from the window.*

Punt. Most admired lady, you astonish me.

[*Walks aside with* SORDIDO *and his son.*

Car. What! with speaking a speech of your own penning?

Fast. Nay, look; prithee, peace.

Car. Pox on't! I am impatient of such foppery.

Fast. O let us hear the rest.

Car. What! a tedious chapter of courtship, after sir Lancelot and queen Guenever? Away! I marle in what dull cold nook he found this lady out; that, being a woman, she was blest with no more copy of wit but to serve his humour thus. 'Slud, I think he feeds her with porridge, I: she could never have such a thick brain else.

Sog. Why, is porridge so hurtful, signior?

Car. O, nothing under heaven more prejudicial to those ascending subtle powers, or doth sooner abate that which we call *acumen ingenii*, than your gross fare: Why, I'll make you an instance; your city-wives, but observe 'em, you have not more perfect true fools in the world bred than they are generally; and yet you see, by the fineness and delicacy of their diet, diving into the fat capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding on larks, sparrows, potato-pies, and such good unctuous meats, how their wits are refined and rarified; and sometimes a very quintessence of conceit flows from them, able to drown a weak apprehension.

Enter Lady PUNTARVOLO *and her Waiting-woman.*

Fast. Peace, here comes the lady.

Lady. Gad's me, here's company! turn in again. [*Exit with her Woman.*

Fast. 'Slight, our presence has cut off the convoy of the jest.

Car. All the better, I am glad on't; for the issue was very perspicuous. Come let's discover, and salute the knight [*They come forward.*

Punt. Stay; who be these that address themselves towards us? What, Carlo! Now by the sincerity of my soul, welcome; welcome, gentlemen: and how dost thou, thou *Grand Scourge*, or *Second Untruss of the time?*

Car. Faith, spending my metal in this reeling world (here and there), as the sway of my affection carries me, and perhaps stumble upon a yeoman-feuterer, as I do now; or one of fortune's mules, laden with treasure, and an empty cloak-bag, following him, gaping when a bag will untie.

Punt. Peace, you bandog, peace! What brisk Nymphadoro is that in the white virgin-boot there?

Car. Marry, sir, one that I must intreat you to take a very particular knowledge of, and with more than ordinary respect; monsieur Fastidious.

Punt. Sir, I could wish, that for the time of your vouchsafed abiding here, and more real entertainment, this my house stood on the Muses hill, and these my orchards were those of the Hesperides.

Fast. I possess as much in your wish, sir, as if I were made lord of the Indies; and I pray you believe it.

Car. I have a better opinion of his faith, than to think it will be so corrupted.

Sog. Come, brother, I'll bring you acquainted with gentlemen, and good fellows, such as shall do you more grace than ——

Sord. Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance: Do you take heed, lest——

[CARLO *comes toward them.*

Sog. Husht! My brother, sir, for want of education, sir, somewhat nodding to the boor, the clown; but I request you in private, sir.

Fung. [*looking at* FASTIDIOUS BRISK.] By heaven, it is a very fine suit of clothes. [*Aside.*

Cor. *Do you observe that, signior? There's another humour has new-crack'd the shell.*

Mit. *What! he is enamour'd of the fashion, is he?*

Cor. *O, you forestall the jest.*

Fung. I marle what it might stand him in. [*Aside.*

Sog. Nephew!

Fung. 'Fore me, it's an excellent suit, and as neatly becomes him. [*Aside.*]—What said you, uncle?

Sog. When saw you my niece?

Fung. Marry, yesternight I supp'd there.—That kind of boot does very rare too. [*Aside.*

Sog. And what news hear you?

Fung. The gilt spur and all! Would I were hang'd, but 'tis exceeding good. [*Aside.*]—Say you, uncle?

Sog. Your mind is carried away with somewhat else: I ask what news you hear?

Fung. Troth, we hear none.—In good faith, [*looking at* FASTIDIOUS BRISK,] I was never so pleased with a fashion, days of my life. O an I might have but my wish, I'd ask no more of heaven now, but such a suit, such a hat, such a band, such a doublet, such a hose, such a boot, and such a—— [*Aside.*

Sog. They say, there's a new motion of the city of Nineveh, with Jonas and the whale, to be seen at Fleet-bridge. You can tell, cousin?

Fung. Here's such a world of questions with him now!—Yes, I think there be such a thing, I saw the picture.—Would he would once be satisfied! Let me see, the doublet, say fifty shillings the doublet, and between three or four pound the hose; then boots, hat, and band: some ten or eleven pound will do it all, and suit me, for the heavens! [*Aside.*

Sog. I'll see all those devices an I come to London once.

Fung. Ods 'slid, an I could compass it, 'twere rare. [*Aside.*]—Hark you, uncle.

Sog. What says my nephew?

Fung. Faith, uncle, I would have desired you to have made a motion for me to my father, in a thing that —— Walk aside, and I'll tell you, sir; no more but this: there's a parcel of law books (some twenty pounds worth) that lie in a place for little more than half the money they cost; and I think, for some twelve pound, or twenty mark, I could go near to redeem them; there's Plowden, Dyar, Brooke, and Fitz-Herbert, divers such as I must have ere long; and you know, I were as good save five or six pound, as not, uncle. I pray you, move it for me.

Sog. That I will: when would you have me do it? presently?

Fung. O, ay, I pray you, good uncle: [SOGLIARDO *takes* SORDIDO *aside.*]—send me good luck, Lord, an't be thy will, prosper it! O my stars, now, now, if it take now, I am made for ever.

Fast. Shall I tell you, sir? by this air, I am the most beholden to that lord, of any gentleman living; he does use me the most honourably, and with the greatest respect, more indeed than can be utter'd with any opinion of truth.

Punt. Then have you the count Gratiato?

Fast. As true noble a gentleman too as any breathes; I am exceedingly endear'd to his love: By this hand, I protest to you, signior, I speak it not gloriously, nor out of affectation, but there's he and the count Frugale, signior Illustre, signior Luculento, and a sort of 'em, that when I am at court, they do share me amongst them; happy is he can enjoy me most private. I do wish myself sometime an ubiquitary for their love, in good faith.

Car. There's ne'er a one of these but might lie a week on the rack, ere they could bring forth his name; and yet he pours them out as familiarly, as if he had seen them stand by the fire in the presence, or ta'en tobacco with them over the stage, in the lord's room.

Punt. Then you must of necessity know our court-star there, that planet of wit, madona Saviolina?

Fast. O Lord, sir, my mistress.

Punt. Is she your mistress?

Fast. Faith, here be some slight favours of hers, sir, that do speak it, she is; as this scarf, sir, or this ribbon in my ear, or so; this feather grew in her sweet fan sometimes, though now it be my poor fortune to wear it, as you see, sir: slight, slight, a foolish toy.

Punt. Well, she is the lady of a most exalted and ingenious spirit.

Fast. Did you ever hear any woman speak like her? or enriched with a more plentiful discourse?

Car. O villainous! nothing but sound, sound, a mere echo; she speaks as she goes tired, in cobweb-lawn, light, thin; good enough to catch flies withal.

Punt. O manage your affections.

Fast. Well, if thou be'st not plagued for this blasphemy one day——

Punt. Come, regard not a jester: It is in the power of my purse to make him speak well or ill of me.

Fast. Sir, I affirm it to you upon my credit and judgment, she has the most harmonious and musical strain of wit that ever tempted a true ear; and yet to see!—a rude tongue would profane heaven, if it could.

Punt. I am not ignorant of it, sir.

Fast. Oh, it flows from her like nectar, and she doth give it that sweet quick grace, and exornation in the composure, that by this good air, as I am an honest man, would I might never stir, sir, but—she does observe as pure a phrase, and use as choice figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be in the *Arcadia.*

Car. Or rather in Green's works, whence she may steal with more security.

Sord. Well, if ten pound will fetch 'em, you shall have it; but I'll part with no more.

Fung. I'll try what that will do, if you please.

Sord. Do so; and when you have them, study hard.

Fung. Yes, sir. An I could study to get forty shillings more now! Well, I will put myself into the fashion, as far as this will go, presently.

Sord. I wonder it rains not: the almanack says, we should have store of rain to-day. [*Aside.*

Punt. Why, sir, to-morrow I will associate you to court myself, and from thence to the city about a business, a project I have; I will expose it to you, sir; Carlo, I am sure, has heard of it.

Car. What's that, sir?

Punt. I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel: and because I will not altogether go upon expense, I am determined to put forth some five thousand pound, to be paid me five for one, upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog from the Turk's court in Constantinople. If all or either of us miscarry in the journey, 'tis gone: if we be successful, why, there will be five and twenty thousand pound to entertain time withal. Nay, go not, neighbour Sordido; stay to-night, and help to make our society the fuller. Gentlemen, frolic: Carlo! what! dull now?

Car. I was thinking on your project, sir, an you call it so. Is this the dog goes with you?

Punt. This is the dog, sir.

Car. He does not go barefoot, does he?

Punt. Away, you traitor, away!

Car. Nay, afore God, I speak simply; he may prick his foot with a thorn, and be as much as the whole venture is worth. Besides, for a dog that never travell'd before, it's a huge journey to Constantinople. I'll tell you now, an he were mine, I'd have some present conference with a physician, what antidotes were good to give him, preservatives against poison; for assure you, if once your money be out, there'll be divers attempts made against the life of the poor animal.

Punt. Thou art still dangerous.

Fast. Is signior Deliro's wife your kinswoman?

Sog. Ay, sir, she is my niece, my brother's daughter here, and my nephew's sister.

Sord. Do you know her, sir?

Fast. O Lord, sir! signior Deliro, her husband, is my merchant.

Fung. Ay, I have seen this gentleman there often.

Fast. I cry you mercy, sir; let me crave your name, pray you.

Fung. Fungoso, sir.

Fast. Good signior Fungoso, I shall request to know you better, sir.

Fung. I am her brother, sir.

Fast. In fair time, sir.

Punt. Come, gentlemen, I will be your conduct.

Fast. Nay, pray you, sir; we shall meet at signior Deliro's often.

Sog. You shall have me at the herald's office, sir, for some week or so at my first coming up. Come, Carlo. [*Exeunt.*

Mit. *Methinks, Cordatus, he dwelt somewhat too long on this scene; it hung in the hand.*

Cor. *I see not where he could have insisted less and to have made the humours perspicuous enough.*

Mit. *True, as his subject lies; but he might have altered the shape of his argument, and explicated them better in single scenes.*

Cor. *That had been single indeed. Why, be*

they not the same persons in this, as they would have been in those? and is it not an object of more state, to behold the scene full, and relieved with variety of speakers to the end, than to see a vast empty stage, and the actors come in one by one, as if they were dropt down with a feather into the eye of the spectators?

Mit. *Nay, you are better traded with these things than I, and therefore I'll subscribe to your judgment; marry, you shall give me leave to make objections.*

Cor. *O, what else? it is the special intent of the author you should do so; for thereby others, that are present, may as well be satisfied, who haply would object the same you would do.*

Mit. *So, sir; but when appears Macilente again?*

Cor. *Marry, he stays but till our silence give him leave: here he comes, and with him signior Deliro, a merchant at whose house he is come to sojourn: make your own observation now, only transfer your thoughts to the city, with the scene: where suppose they speak.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* DELIRO'S *House.*

Enter DELIRO, MACILENTE, *and* FIDO *with flowers and perfumes.*

Deli. I'll tell you by and by, sir,—
Welcome, good Macilente, to my house,
To sojourn even for ever; if my best
In cates, and every sort of good entreaty,
May move you stay with me.
[*He censeth: the boy strews flowers.*

Maci. I thank you, sir.—
And yet the muffled Fates, had it pleased them,
Might have supplied me from their own full store.
Without this word, *I thank you*, to a fool.
I see no reason why that dog call'd Chance,
Should fawn upon this fellow more than me:
I am a man, and I have limbs, flesh, blood,
Bones, sinews, and a soul, as well as he:
My parts are every way as good as his;
If I said better, why, I did not lie.
Nath'less, his wealth, but nodding on my wants,
Must make me bow, and cry, *I thank you, sir.*
[*Aside.*

Deli. Dispatch! take heed your mistress see you not.

Fido. I warrant you, sir, I'll steal by her softly.
[*Exit.*

Deli. Nay, gentle friend, be merry; raise your
Out of your bosom: I protest, by heaven, [looks
You are the man most welcome in the world.

Maci. I thank you, sir.—I know my cue, I think. [*Aside.*

Re-enter FIDO, *with more perfumes and flowers.*

Fido. Where will you have them burn, sir?

Deli. Here, good Fido.
What, she did not see thee?

Fido. No, sir.

Deli. That is well.
Strew, strew, good Fido, the freshest flowers; so!

Maci. What means this, signior Deliro? all this censing?

Deli. Cast in more frankincense, yet more;
O Macilente, I have such a wife! [well said.—
So passing fair! so passing-fair-unkind!
But of such worth, and right to be unkind,
Since no man can be worthy of her kindness—

Maci. What, can there not?

Deli. No, that is as sure as death,
No man alive. I do not say, is not,
But cannot possibly be worth her kindness,
Nay, it is certain, let me do her right.
How, said I? do her right! as though I could,
As though this dull, gross, tongue of mine could utter
The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite rights,
That sit, as high as I can look, within her!

Maci. This is such dotage as was never heard.

Deli. Well, this must needs be granted.

Maci. Granted, quoth you?

Deli. Nay, Macilente, do not so discredit
The goodness of your judgment to deny it.
For I do speak the very least of her:
And I would crave, and beg no more of Heaven,
For all my fortunes here, but to be able
To utter first in fit terms, what she is,
And then the true joys I conceive in her.

Maci. Is't possible she should deserve so well,
As you pretend?

Deli. Ay, and she knows so well
Her own deserts, that, when I strive t'enjoy them,
She weighs the things I do, with what she merits;
And, seeing my worth out-weigh'd so in her graces,
She is so solemn, so precise, so froward,
That no observance I can do to her
Can make her kind to me: if she find fault,
I mend that fault; and then she says, I faulted,
That I did mend it. Now, good friend, advise me,
How I may temper this strange spleen in her.

Maci. You are too amorous, too obsequious,
And make her too assured she may command you.
When women doubt most of their husbands' loves,
They are most loving. Husbands must take heed
They give no gluts of kindness to their wives,
But use them like their horses; whom they feed
Not with a mangerful of meat together,
But half a peck at once; and keep them so
Still with an appetite to that they give them.
He that desires to have a loving wife,
Must bridle all the show of that desire:
Be kind, not amorous; nor bewraying kindness,
As if love wrought it, but considerate duty.
Offer no love rites, but let wives still seek them,
For when they come unsought, they seldom like them.

Deli. Believe me, Macilente, this is gospel.
O, that a man were his own man so much,
To rule himself thus. I will strive, i'faith,
To be more strange and careless; yet I hope
I have now taken such a perfect course,
To make her kind to me, and live contented,
That I shall find my kindness well return'd,
And have no need to fight with my affections.
She late hath found much fault with every room
Within my house; one was too big, she said,
Another was not furnish'd to her mind,
And so through all; all which, now, I have alter'd.
Then here, she hath a place, on my back-side,
Wherein she loves to walk; and that, she said,
Had some ill smells about it: now, this walk
Have I, before she knows it, thus perfumed
With herbs, and flowers; and laid in divers places,
As 'twere on altars consecrate to her,
Perfumed gloves, and delicate chains of amber,
To keep the air in awe of her sweet nostrils:
This have I done, and this I think will please her.
Behold, she comes.

Enter FALLACE.

Fal. Here's a sweet stink indeed!
What, shall I ever be thus crost and plagued,
And sick of husband? O, my head doth ache,
As it would cleave asunder, with these savours!
All my rooms alter'd, and but one poor walk
That I delighted in, and that is made
So fulsome with perfumes, that I am fear'd,
My brain doth sweat so, I have caught the plague!

Deli. Why, gentle wife, is now thy walk too sweet?
Thou said'st of late, it had sour airs about it,
And found'st much fault that I did not correct it.

Fal. Why, an I did find fault, sir?

Deli. Nay, dear wife,
I know thou hast said thou hast loved perfumes,
No woman better.

Fal. Ay, long since, perhaps;
But now that sense is alter'd: you would have me,
Like to a puddle, or a standing pool,
To have no motion, nor no spirit within me.
No, I am like a pure and sprightly river,
That moves for ever, and yet still the same;
Or fire, that burns much wood, yet still one flame.

Deli. But yesterday, I saw thee at our garden,
Smelling on roses, and on purple flowers;
And since, I hope, the humour of thy sense
Is nothing changed.

Fal. Why, those were growing flowers,
And these within my walk are cut and strewed.

Deli. But yet they have one scent.

Fal. Ay! have they so? [ference
In your gross judgment. If you make no dif-
Betwixt the scent of growing flowers and cut ones,
You have a sense to taste lamp oil, i'faith:
And with such judgment have you changed the chambers,
Leaving no room, that I can joy to be in,
In all your house; and now my walk, and all,
You smoke me from, as if I were a fox,
And long, belike, to drive me quite away:
Well, walk you there, and I'll walk where I list.

Deli. What shall I do? O, I shall never please her.

Maci. Out on thee, dotard! what star ruled his birth,
That brought him such a Star? blind Fortune still
Bestows her gifts on such as cannot use them:
How long shall I live, ere I be so happy
To have a wife of this exceeding form? [*Aside.*

Deli. Away with 'em! would I had broke a joint
When I devised this, that should so dislike her.
Away, bear all away. [*Exit* FIDO, *with flowers, &c.*

Fal. Ay, do; for fear
Aught that is there should like her. O, this man,
How cunningly he can conceal himself.
As though he loved, nay, honour'd and ador'd!—

Deli. Why, my sweet heart?

Fal. Sweet heart! O, better still!
And asking, why? wherefore? and looking strangely,
As if he were as white as innocence!
Alas, you're simple, you: you cannot change,
Look pale at pleasure, and then red with wonder;
No, no, not you! 'tis pity o' your naturals.
I did but cast an amorous eye, e'en now,
Upon a pair of gloves that somewhat liked me,
And straight he noted it, and gave command
All should be ta'en away.

Deli. Be they my bane then!
What, sirrah, Fido, bring in those gloves again
You took from hence.

Fal. 'Sbody, sir, but do not:
Bring in no gloves to spite me; if you do——

Deli. Ay me, most wretched; how am I misconstrued!

Maci. O, how she tempts my heart-strings with her eye,
To knit them to her beauties, or to break!
What mov'd the heavens, that they could not make
Me such a woman! but a man, a beast,
That hath no bliss like others? Would to heaven,
In wreak of my misfortunes, I were turn'd
To some fair water-nymph, that, set upon
The deepest whirl-pit of the rav'nous seas,
My adamantine eyes might headlong hale
This iron world to me, and drown it all. [*Aside.*

Cor. *Behold, behold, the translated gallant.*
Mit. *O, he is welcome.*

Enter FUNGOSO, *apparelled like* FASTIDIOUS BRISK.

Fung. Save you, brother and sister; save you, sir! I have commendations for you out o' the country. I wonder they take no knowledge of my suit: [*Aside.*]—Mine uncle Sogliardo is in town. Sister, methinks you are melancholy; why are you so sad? I think you took me for Master Fastidious Brisk, sister, did you not?

Fal. Why should I take you for him?

Fung. Nay, nothing.—I was lately in Master Fastidious's company, and methinks we are very like.

Deli. You have a fair suit, brother, 'give you joy on't.

Fung. Faith, good enough to ride in, brother; I made it to ride in.

Fal. O, now I see the cause of his idle demand was his new suit.

Deli. Pray you, good brother, try if you can change her mood.

Fung. I warrant you, let me alone: I'll put her out of her dumps. Sister, how like you my suit!

Fal. O, you are a gallant in print now, brother.

Fung. Faith, how like you the fashion? it is the last edition, I assure you.

Fal. I cannot but like it to the desert.

Fung. Troth, sister, I was fain to borrow these spurs, I have left my gown in gage for them, pray you lend me an angel.

Fal. Now, beshrew my heart then.

Fung. Good truth, I'll pay you again at my next exhibition. I had but bare ten pound of my father, and it would not reach to put me wholly into the fashion.

Fal. I care not.

Fung. I had spurs of mine own before, but they were not ginglers. Monsieur Fastidious will be here anon, sister.

Fal. You jest!

Fung. Never lend me penny more while you live then; and that I'd be loth to say, in truth.

Fal. When did you see him?

Fung. Yesterday; I came acquainted with him at Sir Puntarvolo's: nay, sweet sister.

Maci. I fain would know of heaven now, why yond fool
Should wear a suit of satin? he? that rook,
That painted jay, with such a deal of outside:
What is his inside, trow? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Good heaven, give me patience, patience, patience.

A number of these popinjays there are,
Whom, if a man confer, and but examine
Their inward merit, with such men as want;
Lord, lord, what things they are! [*Aside.*

Fal. [*Gives him money.*] Come, when will you pay me again, now?

Fung. O lord, sister!

Maci. Here comes another.

Enter FASTIDIOUS BRISK, *in a new suit.*

Fast. Save you, signior Deliro! How dost thou, sweet lady? let me kiss thee.

Fung. How! a new suit? ah me!

Deli. And how does master Fastidious Brisk?

Fast. Faith, live in court, signior Deliro; in grace, I thank God, both of the noble masculine and feminine. I must speak with you in private by and by.

Deli. When you please, sir.

Fal. Why look you so pale, brother?

Fung. 'Slid, all this money is cast away now.

Maci. Ay, there's a newer edition come forth.

Fung. 'Tis but my hard fortune! well, I'll have my suit changed, I'll go fetch my tailor presently, but first I'll devise a letter to my father. Have you any pen and ink, sister?

Fal. What would you do withal?

Fung. I would use it. 'Slight, an it had come but four days sooner, the fashion. [*Exit.*

Fast. There was a countess gave me her hand to kiss to-day, i' the presence: did me more good by that light than——and yesternight sent her coach twice to my lodging, to intreat me accompany her, and my sweet mistress, with some two or three nameless ladies more: O, I have been graced by them beyond all aim of affection: this is her garter my dagger hangs in: and they do so commend and approve my apparel, with my judicious wearing of it, it's above wonder.

Fal. Indeed, sir, 'tis a most excellent suit, and you do wear it as extraordinary.

Fast. Why, I'll tell you now, in good faith, and by this chair, which, by the grace of God, I intend presently to sit in, I had three suits in one year made three great ladies in love with me: I had other three, undid three gentlemen in imitation: and other three gat three other gentlemen widows of three thousand pound a year.

Deli. Is't possible?

Fast. O, believe it, sir; your good face is the witch, and your apparel the spells, that bring all the pleasures of the world into their circle.

Fal. Ah, the sweet grace of a courtier!

Maci. Well, would my father had left me but a good face for my portion yet! though I had shared the unfortunate wit that goes with it, I had not cared; I might have passed for somewhat in the world then.

Fast. Why, assure you, signior, rich apparel has strange virtues: it makes him that hath it without means, esteemed for an excellent wit: he that enjoys it with means, puts the world in remembrance of his means: it helps the deformities of nature, and gives lustre to her beauties; makes continual holiday where it shines; sets the wits of ladies at work, that otherwise would be idle; furnisheth your two-shilling ordinary; takes possession of your stage at your new play; and enricheth your oars, as scorning to go with your scull.

Maci. Pray you, sir, add this; it gives respect to your fools, makes many thieves, as many strumpets, and no fewer bankrupts.

Fal. Out, out! unworthy to speak where he breatheth.

Fast. What's he, signior?

Deli. A friend of mine, sir.

Fast. By heaven I wonder at you citizens, what kind of creatures you are!

Deli. Why, sir?

Fast. That you can consort yourselves with such poor seam-rent fellows.

Fal. He says true.

Deli. Sir, I will assure you, however you esteem of him, he's a man worthy of regard.

Fast. Why, what has he in him of such virtue to be regarded, ha?

Deli. Marry, he is a scholar, sir.

Fast. Nothing else!

Deli. And he is well travell'd.

Fast. He should get him clothes; I would cherish those good parts of travel in him, and prefer him to some nobleman of good place.

Deli. Sir, such a benefit should bind me to you for ever, in my friend's right; and I doubt not, but his desert shall more than answer my praise.

Fast. Why, an he had good clothes, I'd carry him to court with me to-morrow.

Deli. He shall not want for those, sir, if gold and the whole city will furnish him.

Fast. You say well, sir: faith, signior Deliro, I am come to have you play the alchemist with me, and change the species of my land into that metal you talk of.

Deli. With all my heart, sir; what sum will serve you?

Fast. Faith, some three or four hundred.

Deli. Troth, sir, I have promised to meet a gentleman this morning in Paul's, but upon my return I'll dispatch you.

Fast. I'll accompany you thither.

Deli. As you please, sir; but I go not thither directly.

Fast. 'Tis no matter, I have no other designment in hand, and therefore as good go along.

Deli. I were as good have a quartain fever follow me now, for I shall ne'er be rid of him. Bring me a cloak there, one. Still, upon his grace at court, I am sure to be visited; I was a beast to give him any hope. Well, would I were in, that I am out with him once, and——Come, signior Macilente, I must confer with you, as we go. Nay, dear wife, I beseech thee, forsake these moods: look not like winter thus. Here, take my keys, open my counting-houses, spread all my wealth before thee, choose any object that delights thee: if thou wilt eat the spirit of gold, and drink dissolved pearl in wine, 'tis for thee.

Fal. So, sir!

Deli. Nay, my sweet wife.

Fal. Good lord, how you are perfumed in your terms and all! pray you leave us.

Deli. Come, gentlemen.

Fast. Adieu, sweet lady. [*Exeunt all but* FALLACE.

Fal. Ay, ay! let thy words ever sound in mine ears, and thy graces disperse contentment through all my senses! O, how happy is that lady above other ladies, that enjoys so absolute a gentleman to her servant! *A countess gives him her hand to kiss:* ah, foolish countess! he's a man worthy, if a woman may speak of a man's worth, to kiss the lips of an empress.

Re-enter FUNGOSO, *with his* Tailor.

Fung. What's master Fastidious gone, sister?

Fal. Ay, brother.—He has a face like a cherubin! [*Aside.*

Fung. 'Ods me, what luck's this? I have fetch'd my tailor and all: which way went he, sister, can you tell?

Fal. Not I, in good faith—and he has a body like an angel! [*Aside.*

Fung. How long is't since he went?

Fal. Why, but e'en now; did you not meet him?—and a tongue able to ravish any woman in the earth. [*Aside.*

Fung. O, for God's sake—I'll please you for your pains. [*to his* Tailor.]—But e'en now, say you? Come, good sir: 'slid, I had forgot it too: if any body ask for mine uncle Sogliardo, they shall have him at the herald's office yonder, by Paul's.

[*Exit with his* Tailor.

Fal. Well, I will not altogether despair: I have heard of a citizen's wife has been beloved of a courtier; and why not I? heigh, ho! well, I will into my private chamber, lock the door to me, and think over all his good parts one after another.

[*Exit.*

Mit. *Well, I doubt, this last scene will endure some grievous torture.*

Cor. *How? you fear 'twill be rack'd by some hard construction?*

Mit. *Do not you?*

Cor. *No, in good faith: unless mine eyes could light me beyond sense. I see no reason why this should be more liable to the rack than the rest: you'll say, perhaps, the city will not take it well that the merchant is made here to doat so perfectly upon his wife; and she again to be so* Fastidiously *affected as she is.*

Mit. *You have utter'd my thought, sir, indeed.*

Cor. *Why, by that proportion, the court might as well take offence at him we call the courtier, and with much more pretext, by how much the place transcends, and goes before in dignity and virtue: but can you imagine that any noble or true spirit in court, whose sinewy and altogether unaffected graces, very worthily express him a courtier, will make any exception at the opening of such an empty trunk as this Brisk is? or think his own worth impeached, by beholding his motley inside?*

Mit. *No, sir, I do not.*

Cor. *No more, assure you, will any grave, wise citizen, or modest matron, take the object of this folly in Deliro and his wife; but rather apply it as the foil to their own virtues. For that were to affirm, that a man writing of Nero, should mean all emperors; or speaking of Machiavel, comprehend all statesmen; or in our Sordido, all farmers; and so of the rest: than which nothing can be uttered more malicious or absurd. Indeed there are a sort of these narrow-eyed decypherers, I confess, that will extort strange and abstruse meanings out of any subject, be it never so conspicuous and innocently delivered. But to such, where'er they sit concealed, let them know, the author defies them and their writing-tables; and hopes no sound or safe judgment will infect itself with their contagious comments, who, indeed, come here only to pervert and poison the sense of what they hear, and for nought else.*

Enter cavalier SHIFT, with two *Si-quisses* (bills) in his hand.

Mit. *Stay, what new mute is this, that walks so suspiciously?*

Cor. *O, marry, this is one, for whose better illustration, we must desire you to presuppose the stage, the middle aisle in Paul's, and that, the west end of it.*

Mit. *So, sir, and what follows?*

Cor. *Faith, a whole volume of humour, and worthy the unclasping.*

Mit. *As how? What name do you give him first?*

Cor. *He hath shift of names, sir: some call him Apple-John, some signior Whiffe; marry, his main standing name is cavalier Shift: the rest are but as clean shirts to his natures.*

Mit. *And what makes he in Paul's now?*

Cor. *Troth, as you see, for the advancement of a* si quis, *or two; wherein he has so varied himself, that if any of 'em take, he may hull up and down in the humorous world a little longer.*

Mit. *It seems then he bears a very changing sail?*

Cor. *O, as the wind, sir: here comes more.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Middle Aisle of* ST. PAUL'S.

Shift. [*coming forward.*] This is rare, I have set up my bills without discovery.

Enter ORANGE.

Orange. What, signior Whiffe! what fortune has brought you into these west parts?

Shift. Troth, signior, nothing but your rheum; I have been taking an ounce of tobacco hard by here, with a gentleman, and I am come to spit private in Paul's. 'Save you, sir.

Orange. Adieu, good signior Whiffe.

[*Passes onward.*

Enter CLOVE.

Clove. Master Apple-John! you are well met: when shall we sup together, and laugh, and be fat with those good wenches, ha?

Shift. Faith, sir, I must now leave you, upon a few humours and occasions; but when you please, sir.

[*Exit.*

Clove. Farewell, sweet Apple-John! I wonder there are no more store of gallants here.

Mit. *What be these two, signior?*

Cor. *Marry, a couple, sir, that are mere strangers to the whole scope of our play; only come to walk a turn or two in this scene of Paul's, by chance.*

Orange. Save you, good master Clove!

Clove. Sweet master Orange.

Mit. *How! Clove and Orange?*

Cor. *Ay, and they are well met, for 'tis as dry*

an Orange as ever grew: nothing but salutation, and O lord, sir! *and,* It pleases you to say so, sir! *one that can laugh at a jest for company with a most plausible and extemporal grace; and some hour after in private ask you what it was. The other monsieur, Clove, is a more spiced youth; he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes in a book-seller's shop, reading the Greek, Italian, and Spanish, when he understands not a word of either; if he had the tongues to his suits, he were an excellent linguist.*

Clove. Do you hear this reported for certainty?

Orange. O lord, sir.

Enter PUNTARVOLO *and* CARLO, *followed by two* Serving-men, *one leading a dog, the other bearing a bag.*

Punt. Sirrah, take my cloak; and you, sir knave, follow me closer. If thou losest my dog, thou shalt die a dog's death; I will hang thee.

Car. Tut, fear him not, he's a good lean slave; he loves a dog well, I warrant him; I see by his looks, I:—Mass, he's somewhat like him. 'Slud [*to the* Servant,] poison him, make him away with a crooked pin, or somewhat, man; thou may'st have more security of thy life; and—So, sir; what! you have not put out your whole venture yet, have you?

Punt. No, I do want yet some fifteen or sixteen hundred pounds; but my lady, my wife, is *Out of her Humour*, she does not now go.

Car. No! how then?

Punt. Marry, I am now enforced to give it out, upon the return of myself, my dog, and my cat.

Car. Your cat! where is she?

Punt. My squire has her there, in the bag; sirrah, look to her. How lik'st thou my change, Carlo?

Car. Oh, for the better, sir; your cat has nine lives, and your wife has but one.

Punt. Besides, she will never be sea-sick, which will save me so much in conserves. When saw you signior Sogliardo?

Car. I came from him but now; he is at the herald's office yonder; he requested me to go afore, and take up a man or two for him in Paul's, against his cognizance was ready.

Punt. What, has he purchased arms, then?

Car. Ay, and rare ones too; of as many colours as e'er you saw any fool's coat in your life. I'll go look among yond' bills, an I can fit him with legs to his arms.

Punt. With legs to his arms! Good! I will go with you, sir. [*They go to read the bills.*

Enter FASTIDIOUS, DELIRO, *and* MACILENTE.

Fast. Come, let's walk in Mediterraneo: I assure you, sir, I am not the least respected among ladies; but let that pass: do you know how to go into the presence, sir?

Maci. Why, on my feet, sir.

Fast. No, on your head, sir; for 'tis that must bear you out, I assure you; as thus, sir. You must first have an especial care so to wear your hat, that it oppress not confusedly this your predominant, or foretop; because, when you come at the presence-door, you may with once or twice stroking up your forehead, thus, enter with your predominant perfect; that is, standing up stiff.

Maci. As if one were frighted?

Fast. Ay, sir.

Maci. Which, indeed, a true fear of your mistress should do, rather than gum-water, or whites of eggs; is't not so, sir?

Fast. An ingenious observation. Give me leave to crave your name, sir?

Deli. His name is Macilente, sir.

Fast. Good signior Macilente, if this gentleman, signior Deliro, furnish you, as he says he will, with clothes, I will bring you, to-morrow by this time, into the presence of the most divine and acute lady in court; you shall see sweet silent rhetorick, and dumb eloquence speaking in her eye; but when she speaks herself, such an anatomy of wit, so sinewized and arterized, that 'tis the goodliest model of pleasure that ever was to behold. Oh! she strikes the world into admiration of her; O, O, O! I cannot express them, believe me.

Maci. O, your only admiration is your silence, sir.

Punt. 'Fore God, Carlo, this is good! let's read them again. [*Reads the bill.*

If there be any lady or gentlewoman of good carriage that is desirous to entertain to her private uses, a young, straight, and upright gentleman, of the age of five or six and twenty at the most, who can serve in the nature of a gentleman-usher, and hath little legs of purpose, and a black satin suit of his own, to go before her in; which suit, for the more sweetening, now lies in lavender; and can hide his face with her fan, if need require; or sit in the cold at the stair foot for her, as well as another gentleman: let her subscribe her name and place, and diligent respect shall be given.

Punt. This is above measure excellent, ha!

Car. No, this, this! here's a fine slave. [*Reads.*

If this city, or the suburbs of the same, do afford any young gentleman, of the first, second, or third head, more or less, whose friends are but lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come into his hands, that, to be as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are, is affected to entertain the most gentleman-like use of tobacco; as first, to give it the most exquisite perfume; then, to know all the delicate sweet forms for the assumption of it; as also the rare corollary and practice of the Cuban ebolition, euripus and whiff, which he shall receive or take in here at London, and evaporate at Uxbridge, or farther, if it please him. If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly enamoured of these good faculties; may it please him, but by a note of his hand to specify the place or ordinary where he uses to eat and lie; and most sweet attendance, with tobacco and pipes of the best sort, shall be ministered. Stet, quæso, candide Lector.

Punt. Why, this is without parallel, this.

Car. Well, I'll mark this fellow for Sogliardo's use presently.

Punt. Or rather, Sogliardo, for his use.

Car. Faith, either of them will serve, they are both good properties: I'll design the other a place too, that we may see him.

Punt. No better place than the Mitre, that we may be spectators with you, Carlo. Soft, behold who enters here:

Enter SOGLIARDO.

Signior Sogliardo! save you.

Sog. Save you, good sir Puntarvolo; your dog's in health, sir, I see: How now, Carlo?

Car. We have ta'en simple pains, to choose you out followers here. [*Shews him the bills.*

Punt. Come hither, signior.

Clove. Monsieur Orange, yon gallants observe us; prithee let's talk fustian a little, and gull them; make them believe we are great scholars.

Orange. O lord, sir!

Clove. Nay, prithee let us, believe me,—you have an excellent habit in discourse.

Orange. It pleases you to say so, sir.

Clove. By this church, you have, la; nay, come, begin—Aristotle, in his dæmonologia, approves Scaliger for the best navigator in his time; and in his hypercritics, he reports him to be Heautontimorumenos:—you understand the Greek, sir?

Orange. O, good sir!

Maci. For society's sake he does. O, here be a couple of fine tame parrots!

Clove. Now, sir, whereas the ingenuity of the time and the soul's synderisis are but embrions in nature, added to the panch of Esquiline, and the inter-vallum of the zodiac, besides the ecliptic line being optic, and not mental, but by the contemplative and theoric part thereof, doth demonstrate to us the vegetable circumference, and the ventosity of the tropics, and whereas our intellectual, or mincing capreal (according to the metaphysicks) as you may read in Plato's Histriomastix ——You conceive me, sir?

Orange. O lord, sir!

Clove. Then coming to the pretty animal, as reason long since is fled to animals, you know, or indeed for the more modelizing, or enamelling, or rather diamondizing of your subject, you shall perceive the hypothesis, or galaxia, (whereof the meteors long since had their initial inceptions and notions,) to be merely Pythagorical, mathematical, and aristocratical——For, look you, sir, there is ever a kind of concinnity and species——Let us turn to our former discourse, for they mark us not.

Fast. Mass, yonder's the knight Puntarvolo.

Deli. And my cousin Sogliardo, methinks.

Maci. Ay, and his familiar that haunts him, the devil with the shining face.

Deli. Let 'em alone, observe 'em not.

[SOGLIARDO, PUNTARVOLO, *and* CARLO, *walk together.*

Sog. Nay, I will have him, I am resolute for that. By this parchment, gentlemen, I have been so toiled among the harrots yonder, you will not believe! they do speak in the strangest language, and give a man the hardest terms for his money, that ever you knew.

Car. But have you arms, have you arms?

Sog. I'faith, I thank them; I can write myself gentleman now; here's my patent, it cost me thirty pound, by this breath.

Punt. A very fair coat, well charged, and full of armory.

Sog. Nay, it has as much variety of colours in it, as you have seen a coat have; how like you the crest, sir?

Punt. I understand it not well, what is't?

Sog. Marry, sir, it is your boar without a head, rampant. A boar without a head, that's very rare!

Car. Ay, and rampant too! troth, I commend the herald's wit, he has decyphered him well: a swine without a head, without brain, wit, anything indeed, ramping to gentility. You can blazon the rest, signior, can you not?

Sog. O, ay, I have it in writing here of purpose; it cost me two shillings the tricking.

Car. Let's hear, let's hear.

Punt. It is the most vile, foolish, absurd, palpable, and ridiculous escutcheon that ever this eye survised.—Save you, good monsieur Fastidious. [*They salute as they meet in the walk.*

Car. Silence, good knight; on, on.

Sog. [Reads.] *Gyrony of eight pieces; azure and gules; between three plates, a chevron engrailed checquy, or, vert, and ermins; on a chief argent, between two ann'lets sable, a boar's head, proper.*

Car. How's that! on a chief argent?

Sog. [Reads.] *On a chief argent, a boar's head proper, between two ann'lets sable.*

Car. 'Slud, it's a hog's cheek and puddings in a pewter field, this.

[*Here they shift.* FASTIDIOUS *mixes with* PUNTARVOLO; CARLO *and* SOGLIARDO; DELIRO *and* MACILENTE; CLOVE *and* ORANGE; *four couple.*

Sog. How like you them, signior?

Punt. Let the word be, *Not without mustard:* your crest is very rare, sir.

Car. A frying-pan to the crest, had had no fellow.

Fast. Intreat your poor friend to walk off a little, signior, I will salute the knight.

Car. Come, lap it up, lap it up.

Fast. You are right well encounter'd, sir; how does your fair dog?

Punt. In reasonable state, sir; what citizen is that you were consorted with? A merchant of any worth?

Fast. 'Tis signior Deliro, sir.

Punt. Is it he?—Save you, sir! [*They salute.*

Deli. Good sir Puntarvolo!

Maci. O what copy of fool would this place minister, to one endued with patience to observe it!

Car. Nay, look you, sir, now you are a gentleman, you must carry a more exalted presence, change your mood and habit to a more austere form; be exceeding proud, stand upon your gentility, and scorn every man; speak nothing humbly, never discourse under a nobleman, though you never saw him but riding to the star-chamber, it's all one. Love no man: trust no man: speak ill of no man to his face; nor well of any man behind his back. Salute fairly on the front, and wish them hanged upon the turn. Spread yourself upon his bosom publicly, whose heart you would eat in private. These be principles, think on them; I'll come to you again presently. [*Exit.*

Punt. [*to his servant.*] Sirrah, keep close; yet not so close: thy breath will thaw my ruff.

Sog. O, good cousin, I am a little busy, how does my niece? I am to walk with a knight,-here.

Enter FUNGOSO *with his* Tailor.

Fung. O, he is here; look you, sir, that's the gentleman.

Tai. What, he in the blush-coloured satin?

Fung. Ay, he, sir; though his suit blush, he blushes not, look you, that's the suit, sir: I would have mine such a suit without difference, such stuff, such a wing, such a sleeve, such a skirt, belly and all; therefore, pray you observe it. Have you a pair of tables?

Fast. Why, do you see, sir, they say I am fantastical; why, true, I know it, and I pursue my humour still, in contempt of this censorious age. 'Slight, an a man should do nothing but what a sort of stale judgments about this town will approve in him, he were a sweet ass: I'd beg him, i'faith. I ne'er knew any more find fault with a fashion, than they that knew not how to put themselves into it. For mine own part, so I please mine own appetite, I am careless what the fusty world speaks of me. Puh!

Fung. Do you mark, how it hangs at the knee there?

Tai. I warrant you, sir.

Fung. For God's sake do, note all; do you see the collar, sir?

Tai. Fear nothing, it shall not differ in a stitch, sir.

Fung. Pray heaven it do not! you'll make these linings serve, and help me to a chapman for the outside, will you?

Tai. I'll do my best, sir: you'll put it off presently.

Fung. Ay, go with me to my chamber you shall have it——but make haste of it, for the love of a customer; for I'll sit in my old suit, or else lie a bed, and read the *Arcadia* till you have done.

[*Exit with his* Tailor.

Re-enter CARLO.

Car. O, if ever you were struck with a jest, gallants, now, now, now, I do usher the most strange piece of military profession that ever was discovered in *Insula Paulina*.

Fast. Where? where?

Punt. What is he for a creature?

Car. A pimp, a pimp, that I have observed yonder, the rarest superficies of a humour; he comes every morning to empty his lungs in Paul's here; and offers up some five or six hecatombs of faces and sighs, and away again. Here he comes; nay, walk, walk, be not seen to note him, and we shall have excellent sport.

Enter SHIFT; *and walks by, using action to his rapier.*

Punt. 'Slid, he vented a sigh e'en now, I thought he would have blown up the church.

Car. O, you shall have him give a number of those false fires ere he depart.

Fast. See, now he is expostulating with his rapier: look, look!

Car. Did you ever in your days observe better passion over a hilt?

Punt. Except it were in the person of a cutler's boy, or that the fellow were nothing but vapour, I should think it impossible.

Car. See again, he claps his sword o' the head, as who should say, well, go to.

Fast. O violence! I wonder the blade can contain itself, being so provoked.

Car. *With that the moody squire thumpt his breast,*
And rear'd his eyen to heaven for revenge.

Sog. Troth, an you be good gentlemen, let's make them friends, and take up the matter between his rapier and him.

Car. Nay, if you intend that, you must lay down the matter; for this rapier, it seems, is in the nature of a hanger-on, and the good gentleman would happily be rid of him.

Fast. By my faith, and 'tis to be suspected; I'll ask him.

Mac. O, here's rich stuff! for life's sake, let us
A man would wish himself a senseless pillar, [go:
Rather than view these monstrous prodigies:
Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit——

[*Exit with* DELIRO.

Fast. Signior.

Shift. At your service.

Fast. Will you sell your rapier?

Car. He is turn'd wild upon the question; he looks as he had seen a serjeant.

Shift. Sell my rapier! now fate bless me!

Punt. Amen.

Shift. You ask'd me, if I would sell my rapier, sir?

Fast. I did indeed.

Shift. Now, lord have mercy upon me!

Punt. Amen, I say still.

Shift. 'Slid, sir, what should you behold in my face, sir, that should move you, as they say, sir, to ask me, sir, if I would sell my rapier?

Fast. Nay, let me pray you, sir, be not moved: I protest, I would rather have been silent, than any way offensive, had I known your nature.

Shift. Sell my rapier? 'ods lid!—Nay, sir, for mine own part, as I am a man that has serv'd in causes, or so, so I am not apt to injure any gentleman in the degree of falling foul, but—sell my rapier! I will tell you, sir, I have served with this foolish rapier, where some of us dare not appear in haste; I name no man; but let that pass. Sell my rapier!—death to my lungs! This rapier, sir, has travell'd by my side, sir, the best part of France, and the Low Country: I have seen Flushing, Brill, and the Hague, with this rapier, sir, in my Lord of Leicester's time; and by God's will, he that should offer to disrapier me now, I would—— Look you, sir, you presume to be a gentleman of sort, and so likewise your friends here; if you have any disposition to travel for the sight of service, or so, one, two, or all of you, I can lend you letters to divers officers and commanders in the Low Countries, that shall for my cause do you all the good offices, that shall pertain or belong to gentlemen of your ———[*lowering his voice.*] Please you to shew the bounty of your mind, sir, to impart some ten groats, or half a crown to our use, till our ability be of growth to return it, and we shall think ourself——'Sblood! sell my rapier!

Sog. I pray you, what said he, signior? he's a proper man.

Fast. Marry, he tells me, if I please to shew the bounty of my mind, to impart some ten groats to his use, or so——

Punt. Break his head, and give it him.

Car. I thought he had been playing o' the Jew's trump, I.

Shift. My rapier! no, sir; my rapier is my guard, my defence, my revenue, my honour;—if you cannot impart, be secret, I beseech you—and I will maintain it, where there is a grain of dust, or a drop of water. [*Sighs.*] Hard is the choice when the valiant must eat their arms, or clem. Sell my rapier! no, my dear, I will not be divorced from thee, yet; I have ever found thee true as steel, and———You cannot impart, sir?—Save you, gentlemen;—nevertheless, if you have a fancy to it, sir—

Fast. Prithee away: Is signior Deliro departed?

Car. Have you seen a pimp outface his own wants better?

Sog. I commend him that can dissemble them so well.

Punt. True, and having no better a cloak for it than he has neither.

Fast. Od's precious, what mischievous luck is this! adieu, gentlemen.

Punt. Whither in such haste, monsieur Fastidious?

Fast. After my merchant, signior Deliro, sir. [*Exit.*

Car. O hinder him not, he may hap lose his tide; a good flounder, i'faith.

Orange. Hark you, signior Whiffe, a word with you. [ORANGE *and* CLOVE *call* SHIFT *aside.*

Car. How! signior Whiffe?

Orange. What was the difference between that gallant that's gone and you, sir?

Shift. No difference; he would have given me five pound for my rapier, and I refused it; that's all.

Clove. O, was it no otherwise? we thought you had been upon some terms.

Shift. No other than you saw, sir.

Clove. Adieu, good master Apple-John.

[*Exit with* ORANGE.

Car. How! Whiffe, and Apple-John too? Heart, what will you say if this be the appendix or label to both yon indentures?

Punt. It may be.

Car. Resolve us of it, Janus, thou that look'st every way; or thou, Hercules, that hast travelled all countries.

Punt. Nay, Carlo, spend not time in invocations now, 'tis late.

Car. Signior, here's a gentleman desirous of your name, sir.

Shift. Sir, my name is cavalier Shift: I am known sufficiently in this walk, sir.

Car. Shift! I heard your name varied even now, as I take it.

Shift. True, sir, it pleases the world, as I am her excellent tobacconist, to give me the style of signior Whiffe; as I am a poor esquire about the town here, they call me master Apple-John. Variety of good names does well, sir.

Car. Ay, and good parts, to make those good names; out of which I imagine yon bills to be yours.

Shift. Sir, if I should deny the manuscripts, I were worthy to be banish'd the middle aisle for ever.

Car. I take your word, sir: this gentleman has subscribed to them, and is most desirous to become your pupil. Marry, you must use expedition. Signior Insulso Sogliardo, this is the professor.

Sog. In good time, sir: nay, good sir, house your head; do you profess these sleights in tobacco?

Shift. I do more than profess, sir, and, if you please to be a practitioner, I will undertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you shall take it plausibly in any ordinary, theatre, or the Tilt-yard, if need be, in the most popular assembly that is.

Punt. But you cannot bring him to the whiffe so soon?

Shift. Yes, as soon, sir; he shall receive the first, second, and third whiffe, if it please him, and, upon the receipt, take his horse, drink his three cups of canary, and expose one at Hounslow, a second at Stains, and a third at Bagshot.

Car. Baw-waw!

Sog. You will not serve me, sir, will you? I'll give you more than countenance.

Shift. Pardon me, sir, I do scorn to serve any man.

Car. Who! he serve? 'sblood, he keeps high men, and low men, he! he has a fair living at Fullam.

Shift. But in the nature of a fellow, I'll be your follower, if you please.

Sog. Sir, you shall stay, and dine with me, and if we can agree, we'll not part in haste: I am very bountiful to men of quality. Where shall we go, signior?

Punt. Your Mitre is your best house.

Shift. I can make this dog take as many whiffes as I list, and he shall retain, or effume them, at my pleasure.

Punt. By your patience, follow me, fellows.

Sog. Sir Puntarvolo!

Punt. Pardon me, my dog shall not eat in his company for a million. [*Exit with his* Servants.

Car. Nay, be not you amazed, signior Whiffe, whatever that stiff-necked gentleman says.

Sog. No, for you do not know the humour of the dog, as we do: Where shall we dine, Carlo? I would fain go to one of these ordinaries, now I am a gentleman.

Car. So you may; were you never at any yet?

Sog. No, faith; but they say there resorts your most choice gallants.

Car. True, and the fashion is, when any stranger comes in amongst 'em, they all stand up and stare at him, as he were some unknown beast, brought out of Africk; but that will be helped with a good adventurous face. You must be impudent enough, sit down, and use no respect: when anything's propounded above your capacity, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent; they'll think you have travell'd; though you argue, a whole day, in silence thus, and discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill pass. Only, now and then, give fire, discharge a good full oath, and offer a great wager; 'twill be admirable.

Sog. I warrant you, I am resolute; come, good signior, there's a poor French crown for your ordinary.

Shift. It comes well, for I had not so much as the least portcullis of coin before.

Mit. *I travail with another objection, signior, which I fear will be enforced against the author, ere I can be deliver'd of it.*

Cor. *What's that, sir?*

Mit. *That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son to love the lady's waiting-maid; some such cross wooing, with a clown to their servingman, better than to be thus near, and familiarly allied to the time.*

Cor. *You say well, but I would fain hear one of these autumn-judgments define once,* Quid sit comœdia? *if he cannot, let him content himself with Cicero's definition, till he have strength to propose to himself a better, who would have a comedy to be* imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis; *a thing throughout pleasant and ridiculous, and accommodated to the correction of manners: if the maker have fail'd in any particle of this, they may worthily tax him; but if not, why——— be you, that are for them, silent, as I will be for him; and give way to the actors.*

SCENE II.—*The Country.*

Enter SORDIDO, *with a halter about his neck.*

Sord. Nay, God's precious, if the weather and season be so respectless, that beggars shall live as well as their betters; and that my hunger and thirst for riches shall not make them hunger and thirst with poverty; that my sleep shall be broken, and their hearts not broken; that my coffers shall be full, and yet care; their's empty, and yet merry;—'tis time that a cross should bear flesh and blood, since flesh and blood cannot bear this cross.

Mit. *What, will he hang himself?*

Cor. *Faith, ay; it seems his prognostication has not kept touch with him, and that makes him despair.*

Mit. *Beshrew me, he will be* OUT OF HIS HUMOUR *then indeed.*

Sord. Tut, these star-monger knaves, who would trust them? One says dark and rainy, when 'tis as clear as chrystal; another says, tempestuous blasts and storms, and 'twas as calm as a milk-bowl; here be sweet rascals for a man to credit his whole fortunes with! You sky-staring coxcombs you, you fat-brains, out upon you; you are good for nothing but to sweat night-caps, and make rug-gowns dear! you learned men, and have not a legion of devils *à vostre service! à vostre service!* by heaven, I think I shall die a better scholar than they: but soft—

Enter a Hind, *with a letter.*

How now, sirrah?

Hind. Here's a letter come from your son, sir.

Sord. From my son, sir! what would my son, sir? some good news, no doubt. [*Reads.*

Sweet and dear father, desiring you first to send me your blessing, which is more worth to me than gold or silver, I desire you likewise to be advertised, that this Shrove-tide, contrary to custom, we use always to have revels; which is indeed dancing, and makes an excellent shew in truth; especially if we gentlemen be well attired, which our seniors note, and think the better of our fathers, the better we are maintained, and that they shall know if they come up, and have any thing to do in the law; therefore, good father, these are, for your own sake as well as mine, to re-desire you, that you let me not want that which is fit for the setting up of our name, in the honourable volume of gentility, that I may say to our calumniators, with Tully, Ego sum ortus domus meæ, tu occasus tuæ. *And thus, not doubting of your fatherly benevolence, I humbly ask your blessing, and pray God to bless you.*

Yours, if his own, [FUNGOSO.]

How's this! *Your's, if his own!* Is he not my son, except he be his own son? belike this is some new kind of subscription the gallants use. Well! wherefore dost thou stay, knave? away; go. [*Exit* Hind.] Here's a letter, indeed! revels? and benevolence? is this a weather to send benevolence? or is this a season to revel in? 'Slid, the devil and all takes part to vex me, I think! this letter would never have come now else, now, now, when the sun shines, and the air thus clear. Soul! if this hold, we shall shortly have an excellent crop of corn spring out of the high ways: the streets and houses of the town will be hid with the rankness of the fruits, that grow there in spite of good husbandry. Go to, I'll prevent the sight of it, come as quickly as it can, I will prevent the sight of it. I have this remedy, heaven. [*Clambers up, and suspends the halter to a tree.*] Stay; I'll try the pain thus a little. O, nothing, nothing. Well now! shall my son gain a benevolence by my death? or anybody be the better for my gold, or so forth? no; alive I kept it from them, and dead, my ghost shall walk about it, and preserve it. My son and daughter shall starve ere they touch it; I have hid it as deep as hell from the sight of heaven, and to it I go now.

[*Flings himself off.*

Enter five or six Rustics, *one after another.*

1 *Rust.* Ah me, what pitiful sight is this! help, help, help!

2 *Rust.* How now! what's the matter?

1 *Rust.* O, here's a man has hang'd himself, help to get him again.

2 *Rust.* Hang'd himself! 'Slid, carry him afore a justice, 'tis chance-medley, o' my word.

3 *Rust.* How now, what's here to do?

4 *Rust.* How comes this?

2 *Rust.* One has executed himself, contrary to order of law, and by my consent he shall answer it.

[*They cut him down.*

5 *Rust.* Would he were in case to answer it!

1 *Rust.* Stand by, he recovers, give him breath

Sord. Oh!

5 *Rust.* Mass, 'twas well you went the foot way, neighbour.

1 *Rust.* Ay, an I had not cut the halter———

Sord. How! cut the halter! ah me, I am undone, I am undone!

2 *Rust.* Marry, if you had not been undone, you had been hang'd, I can tell you.

Sord. You thread-bare, horse-bread-eating rascals, if you would needs have been meddling, could you not have untied it, but you must cut it; and in the midst too! ah me!

1 *Rust.* Out on me, 'tis the caterpillar Sordido! how curst are the poor, that the viper was blest with this good fortune!

2 *Rust.* Nay, how accurst art thou, that art cause to the curse of the poor?

3 *Rust.* Ay, and to save so wretched a caitiff?

4 *Rust.* Curst be thy fingers that loos'd him!

2 *Rust.* Some desperate fury possess thee, that thou may'st hang thyself too!

5 *Rust.* Never may'st thou be saved, that saved so damn'd a monster!

Sord. What curses breathe these men! how have my deeds
Made my looks differ from another man's,
That they should thus detest and loath my life!
Out on my wretched humour! it is that
Makes me thus monstrous in true humane eyes.
Pardon me, gentle friends, I'll make fair 'mends
For my foul errors past, and twenty-fold
Restore to all men, what with wrong I robb'd them:
My barns and garners shall stand open still
To all the poor that come, and my best grain
Be made alms-bread, to feed half-famish'd mouths
Though hitherto amongst you I have lived,
Like an unsavoury muck-hill to myself,
Yet now my gather'd heaps being spread abroad.
Shall turn to better and more fruitful uses.

Bless then this man, curse him no more for saving
My life and soul together. O how deeply
The bitter curses of the poor do pierce!
I am by wonder changed; come in with me
And witness my repentance: now I prove,
No life is blest, that is not graced with love. [*Exit.*

2 *Rust.* O miracle! see when a man has grace!

3 *Rust.* Had it not been pity so good a man should have been cast away?

2 *Rust.* Well, I'll get our clerk put his conversion in the *Acts and Monuments.*

4 *Rust.* Do, for I warrant him he's a martyr.

2 *Rust.* O God, how he wept, if you mark'd it! did you see how the tears trill'd?

5 *Rust.* Yes, believe me, like master vicar's bowls upon the green, for all the world.

3 *Rust.* O neighbour, God's blessing o' your heart, neighbour, 'twas a good grateful deed.

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. *How now, Mitis! what's that you consider so seriously?*

Mit. *Troth, that which doth essentially please me, the warping condition of this green and soggy multitude; but in good faith, signior, your author hath largely outstript my expectation in this scene, I will liberally confess it. For when I saw Sordido so desperately intended, I thought I had had a hand of him, then.*

Cor. *What! you supposed he should have hung himself indeed?*

Mit. *I did, and had framed my objection to it ready, which may yet be very fitly urged, and with some necessity; for though his purposed violence lost the effect, and extended not to death, yet the intent and horror of the object was more than the nature of a comedy will in any sort admit.*

Cor. *Ay! what think you of Plautus, in his comedy called* Cistellaria? *there, where he brings in Alcesimarchus with a drawn sword ready to kill himself, and as he is e'en fixing his breast upon it, to be restrained from his resolved outrage, by Silenium and the bawd? Is not his authority of power to give our scene approbation?*

Mit. *Sir, I have this only evasion left me, to say, I think it be so indeed; your memory is happier than mine: but I wonder, what engine he will use to bring the rest out of their humours!*

Cor. *That will appear anon, never pre-occupy your imagination withal. Let your mind keep company with the scene still, which now removes itself from the country to the court. Here comes Macilente, and signior Brisk freshly suited; lose not yourself, for now the epitasis, or busy part of our subject, is in act.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment at the Court.*

Enter MACILENTE, FASTIDIOUS, *both in a new suit, and* CINEDO, *with tobacco.*

Fast. Well, now, signior Macilente, you are not only welcome to the court, but also to my mistress's withdrawing chamber.—Boy, get me some tobacco. I'll but go in, and shew I am here, and come to you presently, sir. [*Exit.*

Maci. What's that he said? by heaven, I mark'd him not:
My thoughts and I were of another world.
I was admiring mine own outside here,
To think what privilege and palm it bears
Here, in the court! be a man ne'er so vile,
In wit, in judgment, manners, or what else;
If he can purchase but a silken cover,
He shall not only pass, but pass regarded:
Whereas, let him be poor, and meanly clad,
Though ne'er so richly parted, you shall have
A fellow that knows nothing but his beef,
Or how to rince his clammy guts in beer,
Will take him by the shoulders, or the throat,
And kick him down the stairs. Such is the state
Of virtue in bad clothes!—ha, ha, ha, ha!
That raiment should be in such high request!
How long should I be, ere I should put off
To the lord chancellor's tomb, or the shrives' posts?
By heav'n, I think, a thousand, thousand year.
His gravity, his wisdom, and his faith
To my dread sovereign, graces that survive him,
These I could well endure to reverence,
But not his tomb; no more than I'd commend
The chapel organ for the gilt without,
Or this base-viol, for the varnish'd face.

Re-enter FASTIDIOUS.

Fast. I fear I have made you stay somewhat long, sir; but is my tobacco ready, boy?

Cin. Ay, sir.

Fast. Give me; my mistress is upon coming, you shall see her presently, sir. [*Puffs.*] You'll say you never accosted a more piercing wit.—This tobacco is not dried, boy, or else the pipe is defective.—Oh, your wits of Italy are nothing comparable to her: her brain's a very quiver of jests, and she does dart them abroad with that sweet, loose, and judicial aim, that you would——here she comes, sir.

[SAVIOLINA *looks in, and draws back again.*

Maci. 'Twas time, his invention had been bogged else.

Sav. [*within.*] Give me my fan there.

Maci. How now, monsieur Brisk?

Fast. A kind of affectionate reverence strikes me with a cold shivering, methinks.

Maci. I like such tempers well, as stand before their mistresses with fear and trembling; and before their Maker, like impudent mountains!

Fast. By this hand, I'd spend twenty pound my vaulting horse stood here now, she might see me do but one trick.

Maci. Why, does she love activity?

Cin. Or, if you had but your long stockings on, to be dancing a galliard as she comes by.

Fast. Ay, either. O, these stirring humours make ladies mad with desire; she comes. My good genius embolden me: boy, the pipe quickly.

Enter SAVIOLINA.

Maci. What! will he give her music?

Fast. A second good morrow to my fair mistress.

Sav. Fair servant, I'll thank you a day hence, when the date of your salutation comes forth.

Fast. How like you that answer? is't not admirable?

Maci. I were a simple courtier, if I could not admire trifles, sir.

Fast. [*Talks and takes tobacco between the breaks.*] Troth, sweet lady, I shall [*puffs*]——be prepared to give you thanks for those thanks, and——study more officious, and obsequious regards——to your fair beauties.——Mend the pipe, boy.

Maci. I never knew tobacco taken as a parenthesis before.

Fast. 'Fore God, sweet lady, believe it, I do honour the meanest rush in this chamber for your love.

Sav. Ay, you need not tell me that, sir; I do think you do prize a rush before my love.

Maci. Is this the wonder of nations!

Fast. O, by this air, pardon me, I said *for* your love, by this light: but it is the accustomed sharpness of your ingenuity, sweet mistress, to [*takes down the viol, and plays*]——mass, your viol's new strung, methinks.

Maci. Ingenuity! I see his ignorance will not suffer him to slander her, which he had done most notably, if he had said wit for ingenuity, as he meant it.

Fast. By the soul of music, lady—*hum, hum.*

Sav. Would we might hear it once.

Fast. I do more adore and admire your—*hum, hum*—predominant perfections, than—*hum, hum*—ever I shall have power and faculty to express—*hum.*

Sav. Upon the viol de gambo, you mean?

Fast. It's miserably out of tune, by this hand.

Sav. Nay, rather by the fingers.

Maci. It makes good harmony with her wit.

Fast. Sweet lady, tune it. [SAVIOLINA *tunes the viol.*]—Boy, some tobacco.

Maci. Tobacco again! he does court his mistress with very exceeding good changes.

Fast. Signior Macilente, you take none, sir?

Maci. No, unless I had a mistress, signior, it were a great indecorum for me to take tobacco.

Fast. How like you her wit?

[*Talks and takes tobacco between again.*

Maci. Her ingenuity is excellent, sir.

Fast. You see the subject of her sweet fingers there——Oh, she tickles it so, that——She makes it laugh most divinely;——I'll tell you a good jest now, and yourself shall say it's a good one: I have wished myself to be that instrument, I think, a thousand times, and not so few, by heaven!——

Maci. Not unlike, sir; but how? to be cased up and hung by on the wall?

Fast. O, no, sir, to be in use, I assure you; as your judicious eyes may testify.——

Sav. Here, servant, if you will play, come.

Fast. Instantly, sweet lady.——In good faith, here's most divine tobacco!

Sav. Nay, I cannot stay to dance after your pipe.

Fast. Good! Nay, dear lady, stay; by this sweet smoke, I think your wit be all fire.——

Maci. And he's the salamander belongs to it.

Sav. Is your tobacco perfumed, servant, that you swear by the sweet smoke?

Fast. Still more excellent! Before heaven, and these bright lights, I think——you are made of ingenuity, I——

Maci. True, as your discourse is. O abominable!

Fast. Will your ladyship take any?

Sav. O peace, I pray you; I love not the breath of a woodcock's head.

Fast. Meaning my head, lady?

Sav. Not altogether so, sir; but, as it were fatal to their follies that think to grace themselves with taking tobacco, when they want better entertainment, you see your pipe bears the true form of a woodcock's head.

Fast. O admirable simile!

Sav. 'Tis best leaving of you in admiration, sir.

[*Exit.*

Maci. Are these the admired lady-wits, that having so good a plain song, can run no better division upon it? All her jests are of the stamp March was fifteen years ago. Is this the comet, monsieur Fastidious, that your gallants wonder at so?

Fast. Heart of a gentleman, to neglect me afore the presence thus! Sweet sir, I beseech you be silent in my disgrace. By the muses, I was never in so vile a humour in my life, and her wit was at the flood too! Report it not for a million, good sir; let me be so far endeared to your love.

[*Exeunt.*

Mit. *What follows next, signior Cordatus? this gallant's humour is almost spent; methinks it ebbs apace, with this contrary breath of his mistress.*

Cor. *O, but it will flow again for all this, till there come a general drought of humour among all our actors, and then I fear not but his will fall as low as any. See who presents himself here!*

Mit. *What, in the old case?*

Cor. *Ay, faith, which makes it the more pitiful; you understand where the scene is?*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* DELIRO'S *House.*

Enter FUNGOSO, FALLACE *following him.*

Fal. Why are you so melancholy, brother?

Fung. I am not melancholy, I thank you, sister.

Fal. Why are you not merry then? there are but two of us in all the world, and if we should not be comforts one to another, God help us!

Fung. Faith, I cannot tell, sister; but if a man had any true melancholy in him, it would make him melancholy to see his yeomanly father cut his neighbours' throats, to make his son a gentleman; and yet, when he has cut them, he will see his son's throat cut too, ere he make him a true gentleman indeed, before death cut his own throat. I must be the first head of our house, and yet he will not give me the head till I be made so. Is any man termed a gentleman, that is not always in the fashion? I would know but that.

Fal. If you be melancholy for that, brother, I think I have as much cause to be melancholy as any one: for I'll be sworn, I live as little in the fashion as any woman in London. By the faith of a gentlewoman, beast that I am to say it! I have not one friend in the world besides my husband. When saw you master Fastidious Brisk, brother?

Fung. But a while since, sister, I think: I know not well in truth. By this hand I could fight with all my heart, methinks.

Fal. Nay, good brother, be not resolute.

Fung. I sent him a letter, and he writes me no answer neither.

Fal. Oh, sweet Fastidious Brisk! O fine courtier! thou art he makest me sigh, and say, how blessed is that woman that hath a courtier to her husband, and how miserable a dame she is, that hath neither husband, nor friend in the court! O sweet Fastidious! O fine courtier! How comely he bows him in his court'sy! how full he hits a woman between the lips when he kisses! how upright he sits at the table! how daintily he carves! how sweetly he talks, and tells news of this lord and of that lady! how cleanly he wipes his spoon at every spoonful of any whitemeat he eats! and what a neat case of pick-tooths he carries about him still! O sweet Fastidious! O fine courtier!

Enter DELIRO *at a distance, with* Musicians.

Deli. See, yonder she is, gentlemen. Now, as ever you'll bear the name of musicians, touch your instruments sweetly; she has a delicate ear, I tell you: play not a false note, I beseech you.

Musi. Fear not, signior Deliro.

Deli. O, begin, begin, some sprightly thing: lord, how my imagination labours with the success of it! [*They strike up a lively tune.*] Well said, good i'faith! Heaven grant it please her. I'll not be seen, for then she'll be sure to dislike it.

Fal. Hey——da! this is excellent! I'll lay my life this is my husband's dotage. I thought so; nay, never play bo-peep with me; I know you do nothing but study how to anger me, sir.

Deli. [*coming forward.*] Anger thee, sweet wife! why, didst thou not send for musicians at supper last night thyself?

Fal. To supper, sir! now, come up to supper, I beseech you: as though there were no difference between supper-time, when folks should be merry, and this time when they should be melancholy. I would never take upon me to take a wife, if I had no more judgment to please her.

Deli. Be pleased, sweet wife, and they shall have done; and would to fate my life were done, if I can never please thee! [*Exeunt* Musicians.

Enter MACILENTE.

Maci. Save you, lady; where is master Deliro?

Deli. Here, master Macilente: you are welcome from court, sir; no doubt you have been graced exceedingly of master Brisk's mistress, and the rest of the ladies for his sake. [known

Maci. Alas, the poor fantastic! he's scarce
To any lady there; and those that know him,
Know him the simplest man of all they know:
Deride, and play upon his amorous humours,
Though he but apishly doth imitate
The gallant'st courtiers, kissing ladies' pumps,
Holding the cloth for them, praising their wits,
And servilely observing every one
May do them pleasure: fearful to be seen
With any man, though he be ne'er so worthy,
That's not in grace with some that are the greatest.
Thus courtiers do, and these he counterfeits,
But sets no such a sightly carriage
Upon their vanities, as they themselves;
And therefore they despise him: for indeed
He's like the zany to a tumbler,
That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh.

Fal. Here's an unthankful spiteful wretch! the good gentleman vouchsafed to make him his companion, because my husband put him into a few rags, and now see how the unrude rascal backbites him! [*Aside*

Deli. Is he no more graced amongst them then, say you?

Maci. Faith, like a pawn at chess: fills up a room, that's all.

Fal. O monster of men! can the earth bear such an envious caitiff? [*Aside.*

Deli. Well, I repent me I ever credited him so much: but now I see what he is, and that his masking vizor is off, I'll forbear him no longer. All his lands are mortgaged to me, and forfeited; besides, I have bonds of his in my hand, for the receipt of now fifty pounds, now a hundred, now two hundred; still, as he has had a fan but wagged at him, he would be in a new suit. Well, I'll salute him by a serjeant, the next time I see him i'faith, I'll suit him.

Maci. Why, you may soon see him, sir, for he is to meet signior Puntarvolo at a notary's by the Exchange, presently; where he means to take up, upon return.

Fal. Now, out upon thee, Judas! canst thou not be content to backbite thy friend, but thou must betray him! Wilt thou seek the undoing of any man? and of such a man too? and will you, sir, get your living by the counsel of traitors?

Deli. Dear wife, have patience.

Fal. The house will fall, the ground will open and swallow us: I'll not bide here for all the gold and silver in heaven. [*Exit with* FUNGOSO.

Deli. O, good Macilente, let's follow and appease her, or the peace of my life is at an end. [*Exit.*

Maci. Now pease, and not peace, feed that life, whose head hangs so heavily over a woman's manger! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter FALLACE *and* FUNGOSO *running; she claps to the door.*

Fal. Help me, brother! Ods body, an you come here I'll do myself a mischief.

Deli. [*within.*] Nay, hear me, sweet wife; unless thou wilt have me go, I will not go.

Fal. Tut, you shall never have that vantage of me, to say, you are undone by me. I'll not bid you stay, I. Brother, sweet brother, here's four angels, I'll give you towards your suit: for the love of gentry, and as ever you came of Christian creature, make haste to the water side, (you know where master Fastidious uses to land,) and give him warning of my husband's malicious intent; and tell him of that lean rascal's treachery. O heavens, how my flesh rises at him! Nay, sweet brother, make haste: you may say, I would have writ to him, but that the necessity of the time would not permit. He cannot choose but take it extraordinarily from me: and commend me to him, good brother; say, I sent you. [*Exit.*

Fung. Let me see, these four angels, and then forty shillings more I can borrow on my gown in Fetter Lane.—Well, I will go presently, say on my suit, pay as much money as I have, and swear myself into credit with my tailor for the rest. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter DELIRO *and* MACILENTE.

Deli. O, on my soul you wrong her, Macilente. Though she be froward, yet I know she is honest

Maci. Well, then have I no judgment. Would any woman, but one that were wild in her affections, have broke out into that immodest and violent passion against her husband? or is't possible——

Deli. If you love me, forbear; all the arguments i' the world shall never wrest my heart to believe it. [*Exeunt.*

Cor. *How like you the deciphering of his dotage?*

Mit. *O, strangely: and of the other's envy too, that labours so seriously to set debate betwixt a man and his wife. Stay, here comes the knight adventurer.*

Cor. *Ay, and his scrivener with him.*

—✦—

SCENE IV.—PUNTARVOLO'S *Lodgings.*

Enter PUNTARVOLO, Notary, *and Servants with the dog and cat.*

Punt. I wonder monsieur Fastidious comes not! But, notary, if thou please to draw the indentures the while, I will give thee thy instructions.

Not. With all my heart, sir; and I'll fall in hand with them presently.

Punt. Well then, first the sum is to be understood.

Not. [*writes.*] Good, sir.

Punt. Next, our several appellations, and character of my dog and cat, must be known. Shew him the cat, sirrah.

Not. So, sir.

Punt. Then, that the intended bound is the Turk's court in Constantinople; the time limited for our return, a year; and that if either of us miscarry, the whole venture is lost. These are general, conceiv'st thou? or if either of us turn Turk.

Not. Ay, sir.

Punt. Now, for particulars: that I may make my travels by sea or land, to my best liking; and that hiring a coach for myself, it shall be lawful for my dog or cat, or both, to ride with me in the said coach.

Not. Very good, sir.

Punt. That I may choose to give my dog or cat, fish, for fear of bones; or any other nutriment that, by the judgment of the most authentical physicians where I travel, shall be thought dangerous.

Not. Well, sir.

Punt. That, after the receipt of his money, he shall neither, in his own person, nor any other, either by direct or indirect means, as magic, witchcraft, or other such exotic arts, attempt, practise, or complot any thing to the prejudice of me, my dog, or my cat: neither shall I use the help of any such sorceries or enchantments, as unctions to make our skins impenetrable, or to travel invisible by virtue of a powder, or a ring, or to hang any three-forked charm about my dog's neck, secretly conveyed into his collar; (understand you?) but that all be performed sincerely, without fraud or imposture.

Not. So, sir.

Punt. That, for testimony of the performance, myself am to bring thence a Turk's mustachio, my dog a Grecian hare's lip, and my cat the train or tail of a Thracian rat.

Not. [*writes.*] 'Tis done, sir.

Punt. 'Tis said, sir; not done, sir. But forward; that, upon my return, and landing on the Tower-wharf, with the aforesaid testimony, I am to receive five for one, according to the proportion of the sums put forth.

Not. Well, sir.

Punt. Provided, that if before our departure, or setting forth, either myself or these be visited with sickness, or any other casual event, so that the whole course of the adventure be hindered thereby, that then he is to return, and I am to receive the prenominated proportion upon fair and equal terms.

Not. Very good, sir; is this all?

Punt. It is all, sir; and dispatch them, good notary.

Not. As fast as is possible, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CARLO.

Punt. O Carlo! welcome: saw you monsieur Brisk?

Car. Not I: did he appoint you to meet here?

Punt. Ay, and I muse he should be so tardy; he is to take an hundred pounds of me in venture, if he maintain his promise.

Car. Is his hour past?

Punt. Not yet, but it comes on apace.

Car. Tut, be not jealous of him; he will sooner break all the commandments, than his hour; upon my life, in such a case trust him.

Punt. Methinks, Carlo, you look very smooth, ha!

Car. Why, I came but now from a hot-house; I must needs look smooth.

Punt. From a hot-house!

Car. Ay, do you make a wonder on't? why, it is your only physic. Let a man sweat once a week in a hot-house, and be well rubb'd, and froted, with a good plump juicy wench, and sweet linen, he shall ne'er have the pox.

Punt. What, the French pox?

Car. The French pox! our pox: we have them in as good a form as they, man; what?

Punt. Let me perish, but thou art a salt one! was your new-created gallant there with you, Sogliardo?

Car. O porpoise! hang him, no: he's a leiger at Horn's ordinary, yonder; his villainous Ganymede and he have been droning a tobacco-pipe there ever since yesterday noon.

Punt. Who? signior Tripartite, that would give my dog the whiffe?

Car. Ay, he. They have hired a chamber and all, private, to practise in, for the making of the patoun, the receipt reciprocal, and a number of other mysteries not yet extant. I brought some dozen or twenty gallants this morning to view them, as you'd do a piece of perspective, in at a key-hole; and there we might see Sogliardo sit in a chair, holding his snout up like a sow under an apple-tree, while the other open'd his nostrils with a poking-stick, to give the smoke a more free delivery. They had spit some three or fourscore ounces between 'em, afore we came away.

Punt. How! spit three or fourscore ounces?

Car. Ay, and preserv'd it in porrengers, as a barber does his blood, when he opens a vein.

Punt. Out, pagan! how dost thou open the vein of thy friend?

Car. Friend! is there any such foolish thing in the world, ha? 'slid, I never relished it yet.

Punt. Thy humour is the more dangerous.

Car. No, not a whit, signior. Tut, a man must keep time in all; I can oil my tongue when I meet him next, and look with a good sleek forenead; 'twill take away all soil of suspicion, and that's enough: what Lynceus can see my heart? Pish, the title of a friend! it's a vain, idle thing, only venerable among fools; you shall not have one that has any opinion of wit affect it.

Enter DELIRO *and* MACILENTE.

Deli. Save you, good sir Puntarvolo.

Punt. Signior Deliro! welcome.

Deli. Pray you, sir, did you see master Fastidious Brisk?
I heard he was to meet your worship here.

Punt. You heard no figment, sir; I do expect him at every pulse of my watch.

Deli. In good time, sir.

Car. There's a fellow now looks like one of the patricians of Sparta; marry, his wit's after ten i' the hundred: a good blood-hound, a close-mouthed dog, he follows the scent well; marry, he's at a fault now, methinks.

Punt. I should wonder at that creature is free from the danger of thy tongue.

Car. O, I cannot abide these limbs of satin, or rather Satan indeed, that will walk, like the children of darkness, all day in a melancholy shop, with their pockets full of blanks, ready to swallow up as many poor unthrifts as come within the verge.

Punt. So! and what hast thou for him that is with him, now?

Car. O, d——n me! immortality! I'll not meddle with him; the pure element of fire, all spirit, extraction.

Punt. How, Carlo! ha, what is he, man?

Car. A scholar, Macilente; do you not know him? a rank, raw-boned anatomy, he walks up and down like a charged musket, no man dares encounter him: that's his rest there.

Punt. His rest! why, has he a forked head?

Car. Pardon me, that's to be suspended; you are too quick, too apprehensive.

Deli. Troth, now I think on't, I'll defer it till some other time.

Maci. Not by any means, signior, you shall not lose this opportunity, he will be here presently now.

Deli. Yes, faith, Macilente, 'tis best. For, look you, sir, I shall so exceeding!y offend my wife in't, that———

Maci. Your wife! now for shame lose these thoughts, and become the master of your own spirits. Should I, if I had a wife, suffer myself to be thus passionately carried to and fro with the stream of her humour, and neglect my deepest affairs, to serve her affections? 'Slight, I would geld myself first.

Deli. O, but signior, had you such a wife as mine is, you would———

Maci. Such a wife! Now hate me, sir, if ever I discern'd any wonder in your wife yet, with all the speculation I have: I have seen some that have been thought fairer than she, in my time; and I have seen those, have not been altogether so tall, esteem'd properer women; and I have seen less noses grow upon sweeter faces, that have done very well too, in my judgment. But, in good faith, signior, for all this, the gentlewoman is a good, pretty, proud, hard-favour'd thing, marry not so peerlessly to be doted upon, I must confess: nay, be not angry.

Deli. Well, sir, however you please to forget yourself, I have not deserv'd to be thus played upon; but henceforth, pray you forbear my house, for I can but faintly endure the savour of his breath, at my table, that shall thus jade me for my courtesies.

Maci. Nay, then, signior, let me tell you, your wife is no proper woman, and by my life, I suspect her honesty, that's more, which you may likewise suspect, if you please, do you see? I'll urge you to nothing against your appetite, but if you please, you may suspect it.

Deli. Good, sir. [*Exit.*

Maci. Good, sir! now horn upon horn pursue thee, thou blind, egregious dotard!

Car. O, you shall hear him speak like envy.—Signior Macilente, you saw monsieur Brisk lately: I heard you were with him at court.

Maci. Ay, Buffone, I was with him.

Car. And how is he respected there? I know you'll deal ingenuously with us; is he made much of amongst the sweeter sort of gallants?

Maci. Faith, ay; his civet and his casting-glass
Have helpt him to a place amongst the rest:
And there, his seniors give him good slight looks,
After their garb, smile, and salute in French
With some new compliment.

Car. What, is this all?

Maci. Why say, that they should shew the frothy fool
Such grace as they pretend comes from the heart,
He had a mighty windfall out of doubt!
Why, all their graces are not to do grace
To virtue or desert; but to ride both
With their gilt spurs quite breathless, from them-selves.
'Tis now esteem'd precisianism in wit,
And a disease in nature, to be kind
Toward desert, to love or seek good names.
Who feeds with a good name? who thrives with loving?
Who can provide feast for his own desires,
With serving others?—ha, ha, ha!
'Tis folly, by our wisest worldlings proved,
If not to gain by love, to be beloved.

Car. How like you him? is't not a good spiteful slave, ha?

Punt. Shrewd, shrewd.

Car. D—n me! I could eat his flesh now; divine sweet villain!

Maci. Nay, prithee leave: What's he there?

Car. Who? this in the starched beard? it's the dull stiff knight Puntarvolo, man; he's to travel now presently: he has a good knotty wit; marry, he carries little on't out of the land with him.

Maci. How then?

Car. He puts it forth in venture, as he does his money upon the return of a dog and cat.

Maci. Is this he?

Car. Ay, this is he; a good tough gentleman: he looks like a shield of brawn at Shrove-tide, out of date, and ready to take his leave; or a dry pole of ling upon Easter-eve, that has furnish'd the table all Lent, as he has done the city this last vacation.

Maci. Come, you'll never leave your stabbing

similes: I shall have you aiming at me with 'em by and by; but——

Car. O, renounce me then! pure, honest, good devil, I love thee above the love of women: I could e'en melt in admiration of thee, now. Ods so, look here, man; Sir Dagonet and his squire!

Enter SOGLIARDO *and* SHIFT.

Sog. Save you, my dear gallantos: nay, come, approach, good cavalier: prithee, sweet knight, know this gentleman, he's one that it pleases me to use as my good friend and companion; and therefore do him good offices: I beseech you, gentles, know him, I know him all over.

Punt. Sir, for signior Sogliardo's sake, let it suffice, I know you.

Sog. Why, as I am a gentleman, I thank you, knight, and it shall suffice. Hark you, sir Puntarvolo, you'd little think it; he's as resolute a piece of flesh as any in the world.

Punt. Indeed, sir!

Sog. Upon my gentility, sir: Carlo, a word with you; do you see that same fellow, there?

Cor. What, cavalier Shift?

Sog. O, you know him; cry you mercy: before me, I think him the tallest man living within the walls of Europe.

Car. The walls of Europe! take heed what you say, signior, Europe's a huge thing within the walls.

Sog. Tut, an 'twere as huge again, I'd justify what I speak. 'Slid, he swagger'd even now in a place where we were—I never saw a man do it more resolute.

Car. Nay, indeed, swaggering is a good argument of resolution. Do you hear this, signior?

Maci. Ay, to my grief. O, that such muddy flags,
For every drunken flourish should achieve
The name of manhood, whilst true perfect valour,
Hating to shew itself, goes by despised!
Heart! I do know now, in a fair just cause,
I dare do more than he, a thousand times:
Why should not they take knowledge of this, ha!
And give my worth allowance before his?
Because I cannot swagger.—Now, the pox
Light on your Pickt-hatch prowess!

Sog. Why, I tell you, sir; he has been the only *Bid-stand* that ever kept New-market, Salisbury-plain, Hockley 'i the Hole, Gads-hill, and all the high places of any request: he has had his mares and his geldings, he, have been worth forty, threescore, a hundred pound a horse, would ha' sprung you over hedge and ditch like your greyhound: he has done five hundred robberies in his time, more or less, I assure you.

Punt. What, and scaped?

Sog. Scaped! i' faith, ay: he has broken the gaol when he has been in irons and irons; and been out and in again; and out, and in; forty times, and not so few, he.

Maci. A fit trumpet, to proclaim such a person.

Car. But can this be possible?

Shift. Why, 'tis nothing, sir, when a man gives his affections to it.

Sog. Good Pylades, discourse a robbery or two, to satisfy these gentlemen of thy worth.

Shift. Pardon me, my dear Orestes; causes have their quiddits, and 'tis ill jesting with bell-ropes.

Car. How! Pylades and Orestes?

Sog. Ay, he is my Pylades, and I am his Orestes: how like you the conceit?

Car. O, 'tis an old stale interlude device: no, I'll give you names myself, look you; he shall be your Judas, and you shall be his elder-tree to hang on.

Maci. Nay, rather let him be captain Pod, and this his motion: for he does nothing but shew him.

Car. Excellent: or thus; you shall be Holden, and he your camel.

Shift. You do not mean to ride, gentlemen?

Punt. Faith, let me end it for you, gallants: you shall be his Countenance, and he your Resolution.

Sog. Troth, that's pretty: how say you, cavalier, shall it be so?

Car. Ay, ay, most voices.

Shift. Faith, I am easily yielding to any good impressions.

Sog. Then give hands, good Resolution.

Car. Mass, he cannot say, good Countenance, now, properly, to him again.

Punt. Yes, by an irony.

Maci. O, sir, the countenance of Resolution should, as he is, be altogether grim and unpleasant.

Enter FASTIDIOUS BRISK.

Fast. Good hours make music with your mirth, gentlemen, and keep time to your humours!—How now, Carlo?

Punt. Monsieur Brisk? many a long look have I extended for you, sir.

Fast. Good faith, I must crave pardon: I was invited this morning, ere I was out of my bed, by a bevy of ladies, to a banquet: whence it was almost one of Hercules's labours for me to come away, but that the respect of my promise did so prevail with me. I know they'll take it very ill, especially one, that gave me this bracelet of her hair but over night, and this pearl another gave me from her forehead, marry she——what! are the writings ready?

Punt. I will send my man to know. Sirrah, go you to the notary's, and learn if he be ready: leave the dog, sir. [*Exit Servant.*

Fast. And how does my rare qualified friend, Sogliardo? Oh, signior Macilente! by these eyes, I saw you not; I had saluted you sooner else, o' my troth. I hope, sir, I may presume upon you, that you will not divulge my late check, or disgrace, indeed, sir.

Maci. You may, sir.

Car. He knows some notorious jest by this gull, that he hath him so obsequious.

Sog. Monsieur Fastidious, do you see this fellow there? does he not look like a clown? would you think there were any thing in him?

Fast. Any thing in him! beshrew me, ay; the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

Sog. By this element he is as ingenious a tall man as ever swagger'd about London: he, and I, call Countenance and Resolution; but his name is cavalier Shift.

Punt. Cavalier, you knew signior Clog, that was hang'd for the robbery at Harrow on the hill?

Sog. Knew him, sir! why, 'twas he gave all the directions for the action.

Punt. How! was it your project, sir?

Shift. Pardon me, Countenance, you do me some wrong to make occasions public, which I imparted to you in private.

Sog. God's will! here are none but friends, Resolution.

Shift. That's all one; things of consequence must have their respects; where, how, and to whom.—Yes, sir, he shewed himself a true Clog in the coherence of that affair, sir; for, if he had managed matters as they were corroborated to him, it had been better for him by a forty or fifty score of pounds, sir; and he himself might have lived, in despight of fates, to have fed on woodcocks, with the rest: but it was his heavy fortune to sink, poor Clog! and therefore talk no more of him.

Punt. Why, had he more aiders then?

Sog. O lord, sir! ay, there were some present there, that were the Nine Worthies to him, i'faith.

Shift. Ay, sir, I can satisfy you at more convenient conference: but, for mine own part, I have now reconciled myself to other courses, and profess a living out of my other qualities.

Sog. Nay, he has left all now, I assure you, and is able to live like a gentleman, by his qualities. By this dog, he has the most rare gift in tobacco that ever you knew.

Car. He keeps more ado with this monster, than ever Banks did with his horse, or the fellow with the elephant.

Maci. He will hang out his picture shortly, in a cloth, you shall see.

Sog. O, he does manage a quarrel the best that ever you saw, for terms and circumstances.

Fast. Good faith, signior, now you speak of a quarrel, I'll acquaint you with a difference that happened between a gallant and myself; sir Puntarvolo, you know him if I should name him, signior Luculento.

Punt. Luculento! what inauspicious chance interposed itself to your two loves?

Fast. Faith, sir, the same that sundered Agamemnon and great Thetis' son; but let the cause escape, sir: he sent me a challenge, mixt with some few braves, which I restored, and in fine we met. Now, indeed, sir, I must tell you, he did offer at first very desperately, but without judgment: for, look you, sir, I cast myself into this figure; now he comes violently on, and withal advancing his rapier to strike, I thought to have took his arm, for he had left his whole body to my election, and I was sure he could not recover his guard. Sir, I mist my purpose in his arm, rash'd his doublet-sleeve, ran him close by the left cheek, and through his hair. He again lights me here,—I had on a gold cable hatband, then new come up, which I wore about a murrey French hat I had,—cuts my hatband, and yet it was massy goldsmith's work, cuts my brims, which by good fortune, being thick embroidered with gold twist and spangles, disappointed the force of the blow: nevertheless, it grazed on my shoulder, takes me away six purls of an Italian cut-work band I wore, cost me three pound in the Exchange but three days before.

Punt. This was a strange encounter.

Fast. Nay, you shall hear, sir: with this we both fell out, and breath'd. Now, upon the second sign of his assault, I betook me to the former manner of my defence; he, on the other side, abandon'd his body to the same danger as before, and follows me still with blows: but I being loth to take the deadly advantage that lay before me of his left side, made a kind of stramazoun, ran him up to the hilts through the doublet, through the shirt, and yet miss'd the skin. He, making a reverse blow, —falls upon my emboss'd girdle, I had thrown off the hangers a little before—strikes off a skirt of a thick-laced satin doublet I had, lined with four taffatas, cuts off two panes embroidered with pearl, rends through the drawings-out of tissue, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

Car. I wonder he speaks not of his wrought shirt.

Fast. Here, in the opinion of mutual damage, we paused; but, ere I proceed, I must tell you, signior, that, in this last encounter, not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the ruffle of my boot, and, being Spanish leather, and subject to tear, overthrows me, rends me two pair of silk stockings, that I put on, being somewhat a raw morning, a peach colour and another, and strikes me some half inch deep into the side of the calf: he, seeing the blood come, presently takes horse, and away: I, having bound up my wound with a piece of my wrought shirt———

Car. O! comes it in there?

Fast. Rid after him, and, lighting at the court gate both together, embraced, and march'd hand in hand up into the presence. Was not this business well carried?

Maci. Well! yes, and by this we can guess what apparel the gentleman wore.

Punt. 'Fore valour, it was a designment begun with much resolution, maintain'd with as much prowess, and ended with more humanity.——

Re-enter Servant.

How now, what says the notary?

Serv. He says, he is ready, sir; he stays but your worship's pleasure.

Punt. Come, we will go to him, monsieur. Gentlemen, shall we entreat you to be witnesses?

Sog. You shall entreat me, sir.—Come, Resolution.

Shift. I follow you, good Countenance.

Car. Come, signior, come, come.

[*Exeunt all but* MACILENTE.

Maci. O, that there should be fortune
To clothe these men, so naked in desert!
And that the just storm of a wretched life
Beats them not ragged for their wretched souls,
And, since as fruitless, even as black, as coals!
[*Exit.*

Mit. *Why, but signior, how comes it that Fungoso appeared not with his sister's intelligence to Brisk?*

Cor. *Marry, long of the evil angels that she gave him, who have indeed tempted the good simple youth to follow the tail of the fashion, and neglect the imposition of his friends. Behold, here he comes, very worshipfully attended, and with good variety.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* DELIRO'S *House.*

Enter FUNGOSO *in a new suit, followed by his* Tailor, Shoemaker, *and* Haberdasher.

Fung. Gramercy, good shoemaker, I'll put to strings myself. [*Exit* Shoemaker.]—Now, sir, let me see, what must you have for this hat?

Habe. Here's the bill, sir.

Fung. How does it become me, well?

Tai. Excellent, sir, as ever you had any hat in your life.

Fung. Nay, you'll say so all.

Habe. In faith, sir, the hat's as good as any

man in this town can serve you, and will maintain fashion as long; never trust me for a groat else.

Fung. Does it apply well to my suit?

Tai. Exceeding well, sir.

Fung. How lik'st thou my suit, haberdasher?

Habe. By my troth, sir, 'tis very rarely well made; I never saw a suit sit better, I can tell on.

Tai. Nay, we have no art to please our friends, we!

Fung. Here, haberdasher, tell this same. [*Gives him money.*

Habe. Good faith, sir, it makes you have an excellent body.

Fung. Nay, believe me, I think I have as good a body in clothes as another.

Tai. You lack points to bring your apparel together, sir.

Fung. I'll have points anon. How now! Is't right?

Habe. Faith, sir, 'tis too little; but upon farther hopes ——— Good morrow to you, sir. [*Exit.*

Fung. Farewell, good haberdasher. Well, now, master Snip, let me see your bill.

Mit. *Methinks he discharges his followers too thick.*

Cor. *O, therein he saucily imitates some great man. I warrant you, though he turns off them, he keeps this tailor, in place of a page, to follow him still.*

Fung. This bill is very reasonable, in faith: hark you, master Snip—Troth, sir, I am not altogether so well furnished at this present, as I could wish I were; but———if you'll do me the favour to take part in hand, you shall have all I have, by this hand.

Tai. Sir———

Fung. And but give me credit for the rest, till the beginning of the next term.

Tai. O lord, sir———

Fung. 'Fore God, and by this light, I'll pay you to the utmost, and acknowledge myself very deeply engaged to you by the courtesy.

Tai. Why, how much have you there, sir?

Fung. Marry, I have here four angels, and fifteen shillings of white money: it's all I have, as I hope to be blest.

Tai. You will not fail me at the next term with the rest?

Fung. No, an I do, pray heaven I be hang'd. Let me never breathe again upon this mortal stage, as the philosopher calls it! By this air, and as I am a gentleman, I'll hold.

Cor. *He were an iron-hearted fellow, in my judgment, that would not credit him upon this volley of oaths.*

Tai. Well, sir, I'll not stick with any gentleman for a trifle: you know what 'tis remains?

Fung. Ay, sir, and I give you thanks in good faith. O fate, how happy am I made in this good fortune! Well, now I'll go seek out monsieur Brisk. 'Ods so, I have forgot riband for my shoes, and points. 'Slid, what luck 's this! how shall I do? Master Snip, pray let me reduct some two or three shillings for points and ribands: as I am an honest man, I have utterly disfurnished myself, in the default of memory; pray let me be beholding to you; it shall come home in the bill, believe me.

Tai. Faith, sir, I can hardly depart with ready money; but I'll take up, and send you some by my boy presently. What coloured riband would you have?

Fung. What you shall think meet in your judgment, sir, to my suit.

Tai. Well, I'll send you some presently.

Fung. And points too, sir?

Tai. And points too, sir.

Fung. Good lord, how shall I study to deserve this kindness of you, sir! Pray let your youth make haste, for I should have done a business an hour since, that I doubt I shall come too late. [*Exit* Tailor.] Now, in good faith, I am exceeding proud of my suit.

Cor. *Do you observe the plunges that this poor gallant is put to, signior, to purchase the fashion?*

Mit. *Ay, and to be still a fashion behind with the world, that's the sport.*

Cor. *Stay: O, here they come from* seal'd and deliver'd.

SCENE VI.—PUNTARVOLO'S *Lodgings.*

Enter PUNTARVOLO, FASTIDIOUS BRISK *in a new suit, and* Servants, *with the dog.*

Punt. Well, now my whole venture is forth, I will resolve to depart shortly.

Fast. Faith, sir Puntarvolo, go to the court, and take leave of the ladies first.

Punt. I care not, if it be this afternoon's labour. Where is Carlo?

Fast. Here he comes.

Enter CARLO, SOGLIARDO, SHIFT, *and* MACILENTE.

Car. Faith, gallants, I am persuading this gentleman [*points to* SOGLIARDO,] to turn courtier. He is a man of fair revenue, and his estate will bear the charge well. Besides, for his other gifts of the mind, or so, why they are as nature lent him them, pure, simple, without any artificial drug or mixture of these two threadbare beggarly qualities, learning and knowledge, and therefore the more accommodate and genuine. Now, for the life itself———

Fast. O, the most celestial, and full of wonder and delight, that can be imagined, signior, beyond thought and apprehension of pleasure! A man lives there in that divine rapture, that he will think himself i' the ninth heaven for the time, and lose all sense of mortality whatsoever, when he shall behold such glorious, and almost immortal beauties; hear such angelical and harmonious voices, discourse with such flowing and ambrosial spirits, whose wits are as sudden as lightning, and humorous as nectar; oh, it makes a man all quintessence and flame, and lifts him up, in a moment, to the very crystal crown of the sky, where, hovering in the strength of his imagination, he shall behold all the delights of the Hesperides, the Insulæ Fortunatæ, Adonis' Gardens, Tempe, or what else, confined within the amplest verge of poesy, to be mere umbræ, and imperfect figures, conferred with the most essential felicity of your court.

Maci. Well, this encomium was not extemporal, it came too perfectly off.

Car. Besides, sir, you shall never need to go to a hot-house, you shall sweat there with courting your mistress, or losing your money at primero, as well as in all the stoves in Sweden. Marry, this, sir, you must ever be sure to carry a good strong perfume about you, that your mistress's dog may smell you out amongst the rest; and, in making love to her, never fear to be out; for you may have a pipe of tobacco, or a bass viol shall hang o' the wall, of purpose, will put you in presently. The tricks your Resolution has taught you in tobacco, the whiffe, and those sleights, will stand you in very good ornament there.

Fast. Ay, to some, perhaps; but, an he should come to my mistress with tobacco (this gentleman knows) she'd reply upon him, i'faith. O, by this bright sun, she has the most acute, ready, and facetious wit that———tut, there's no spirit able to stand her. You can report it, signior, you have seen her.

Punt. Then can he report no less, out of his judgment, I assure him.

Maci. Troth, I like her well enough, but she's too self-conceited, methinks.

Fast. Ay, indeed, she's a little too self-conceited; an 'twere not for that humour, she were the most-to-be-admired lady in the world.

Punt. Indeed, it is a humour that takes from her other excellences.

Maci. Why, it may easily be made to forsake her, in my thought.

Fast. Easily, sir! then are all impossibilities easy.

Maci. You conclude too quick upon me, signior. What will you say, if I make it so perspicuously appear now, that yourself shall confess nothing more possible?

Fast. Marry, I will say, I will both applaud and admire you for it.

Punt. And I will second him in the admiration.

Maci. Why, I'll show you, gentlemen.—Carlo, come hither.

[MACI. CAR. PUNT. *and* FAST. *whisper together.*

Sog. Good faith, I have a great humour to the court. What thinks my Resolution? shall I adventure?

Shift. Troth, Countenance, as you please; the place is a place of good reputation and capacity.

Sog. O, my tricks in tobacco, as Carlo says, will show excellent there.

Shift. Why, you may go with these gentlemen now, and see fashions; and after, as you shall see correspondence.

Sog. You say true. You will go with me, Resolution?

Shift. I will meet you, Countenance, about three or four o'clock; but, to say to go with you, I cannot; for, as I am Apple-John, I am to go before the cockatrice you saw this morning, and therefore, pray, present me excused, good Countenance.

Sog. Farewell, good Resolution, but fail not to meet.

Shift. As I live. [*Exit.*

Punt. Admirably excellent!

Maci. If you can but persuade Sogliardo to court, there's all now.

Car. O, let me alone, that's my task.

[*Goes to* SOGLIARDO.

Fast. Now, by wit, Macilente, it's above measure excellent; 'twill be the only court-exploit that ever proved courtier ingenious.

Punt. Upon my soul, it puts the lady quite out of her humour, and we shall laugh with judgment.

Car. Come, the gentleman was of himself resolved to go with you, afore I moved it.

Maci. Why, then, gallants, you two and Carlo go afore to prepare the jest; Sogliardo and I will come some while after you.

Car. Pardon me, I am not for the court.

Punt. That's true; Carlo comes not at court, indeed. Well, you shall leave it to the faculty of monsieur Brisk, and myself; upon our lives, we will manage it happily. Carlo shall bespeak supper at the Mitre, against we come back: where we will meet and dimple our cheeks with laughter at the success.

Car. Ay, but will you promise to come?

Punt. Myself shall undertake for them; he that fails, let his reputation lie under the lash of thy tongue.

Car. Ods so, look who comes here!

Enter FUNGOSO.

Sog. What, nephew!

Fung. Uncle, God save you; did you see a gentleman, one monsieur Brisk, a courtier? he goes in such a suit as I do.

Sog. Here is the gentleman, nephew, but not in such a suit.

Fung. Another suit! [*Swoons.*

Sog. How now, nephew?

Fast. Would you speak with me, sir?

Car. Ay, when he has recovered himself, poor Poll!

Punt. Some rosa-solis.

Maci. How now, signior?

Fung. I am not well, sir.

Maci. Why, this it is to dog the fashion.

Car. Nay, come, gentlemen, remember your affairs; his disease is nothing but the flux of apparel.

Punt. Sirs, return to the lodging, keep the cat safe; I'll be the dog's guardian myself.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Sog. Nephew, will you go to court with us? these gentlemen and I are for the court; nay, be not so melancholy.

Fung. 'Slid, I think no man in Christendom has that rascally fortune that I have.

Maci. Faith, your suit is well enough, signior.

Fung. Nay, not for that, I protest; but I had an errand to monsieur Fastidious, and I have forgot it.

Maci. Why, go along to court with us, and remember it; come, gentlemen, you three take one boat, and Sogliardo and I will take another; we shall be there instantly.

Fast. Content: good sir, vouchsafe us your pleasance.

Punt. Farewell, Carlo: remember.

Car. I warrant you: would I had one of Kemp's shoes to throw after you.

Punt. Good fortune will close the eyes of our jest, fear not: and we shall frolick. [*Exeunt.*

Mit. *This Macilente, signior, begins to be more sociable on a sudden, methinks, than he was before: there's some portent in it, I believe.*

Cor. *O, he's a fellow of a strange nature. Now*

does he, in this calm of his humour, plot, and store up a world of malicious thoughts in his brain, till he is so full with them, that you shall see the very torrent of his envy break forth like a land-flood: and, against the course of all their affections, oppose itself so violently, that you will almost have wonder to think, how 'tis possible the current of their dispositions shall receive so quick and strong an alteration.

Mit. *Ay, marry, sir, this is that, on which my expectation has dwelt all this while; for I must tell you, signior, though I was loth to interrupt the scene, yet I made it a question in mine own private discourse, how he should properly call it* Every Man out of his Humour, *when I saw all his actors so strongly pursue, and continue their humours?*

Cor. *Why, therein his art appears most full of lustre, and approacheth nearest the life; especially when in the flame and height of their humours, they are laid flat, it fills the eye better, and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to behold a proud exalted tree lopt, and cut down by degrees, when it might be fell'd in a moment! and to set the axe to it before it came to that pride and fulness, were, as not to have it grow.*

Mit. *Well, I shall long till I see this fall, you talk of.*

Cor. *To help your longing, signior, let your imagination be swifter than a pair of oars: and by this, suppose Puntarvolo, Brisk, Fungoso, and the dog, arrived at the court-gate, and going up to the great chamber. Macilente and Sogliardo, we'll leave them on the water, till possibility and natural means may land them. Here come the gallants, now prepare your expectation.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Palace Stairs.*

Enter PUNTARVOLO, *with his dog, followed by* FASTIDIOUS BRISK *and* FUNGOSO.

Punt. Come, gentles, Signior, you are sufficiently instructed.

Fast. Who, I, sir?

Punt. No, this gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to bestow my dog; he is no competent attendant for the presence.

Fast. Mass, that's true, indeed, knight; you must not carry him into the presence.

Punt. I know it, and I, like a dull beast, forgot to bring one of my cormorants to attend me.

Fast. Why, you were best leave him at the porter's lodge.

Punt. Not so; his worth is too well known amongst them, to be forth-coming.

Fast. 'Slight, how will you do then?

Punt. I must leave him with one that is ignorant of his quality, if I will have him to be safe. And see! here comes one that will carry coals, ergo, will hold my dog.

Enter a Groom, *with a basket.*

My honest friend, may I commit the tuition of this dog to thy prudent care?

Groom. You may, if you please, sir.

Punt. Pray thee let me find thee here at my return; it shall not be long, till I will ease thee of thy employment, and please thee. Forth, gentles.

Fast. Why, but will you leave him with so slight command, and infuse no more charge upon the fellow?

Punt. Charge! no; there were no policy in that; that were to let him know the value of the gem he holds, and so to tempt frail nature against her disposition. No, pray thee let thy honesty be sweet, as it shall be short.

Groom. Yes, sir.

Punt. But hark you, gallants, and chiefly monsieur Brisk: when we come in eye-shot, or presence of this lady, let not other matters carry us from our project; but, if we can, single her forth to some place——

Fast. I warrant you.

Punt. And be not too sudden, but let the device induce itself with good circumstance. On.

Fung. Is this the way? good truth, here be fine hangings. [*Exeunt* PUNT. FAST. *and* FUNGOSO.

Groom. Honesty! sweet, and *short!* Marry, it shall, sir, doubt you not; for even at this instant if one would give me twenty pounds, I would not deliver him; there's for the *sweet:* but now, if any man come offer me but two-pence, he shall have him; there's for the *short* now. 'Slid, what a mad humorous gentleman is this to leave his dog with me! I could run away with him now, an he were worth any thing.

Enter MACILENTE *and* SOGLIARDO.

Maci. Come on, signior, now prepare to court this all-witted lady, most naturally, and like yourself.

Sog. Faith, an you say the word, I'll begin to her in tobacco.

Maci. O, fie on't! no; you shall begin with, *How does my sweet lady,* or, *Why are you so melancholy, madam?* though she be very merry, it's all one. Be sure to kiss your hand often enough; pray for her health, and tell her, how *more than most fair she is.* Screw your face at one side thus, and protest: let her fleer, and look askance, and hide her teeth with her fan, when she laughs a fit, to bring her into more matter, that's nothing: you must talk forward, (though it be without sense, so it be without blushing,) 'tis most court-like and well.

Sog. But shall I not use tobacco at all?

Maci. O, by no means; 'twill but make your breath suspected, and that you use it only to confound the rankness of that.

Sog. Nay, I'll be advised, sir, by my friends.

Maci. Od's my life, see where sir Puntarvolo's dog is.

Groom. I would the gentleman would return for his follower here, I'll leave him to his fortunes else.

Maci. 'Twere the only true jest in the world to poison him now; ha! by this hand I'll do it, if I could but get him of the fellow. [*Aside.*] Signior Sogliardo, walk aside, and think upon some device to entertain the lady with.

Sog. So I do, sir. [*Walks off in a meditating posture.*]

Maci. How now, mine honest friend! whose dog-keeper art thou?

Groom. Dog-keeper, sir! I hope I scorn that, i'faith.

Maci. Why, dost thou not keep a dog?

Groom. Sir, now I do, and now I do not: [*throws off the dog.*] I think this be *sweet* and *short*. Make me his dog-keeper! [*Exit.*

Maci. This is excellent, above expectation! nay, stay, sir; [*seizing the dog.*] you'd be travelling; but I'll give you a dram shall shorten your voyage, here. [*Gives him poison.*] So, sir, I'll be bold to take my leave of you. Now to the Turk's court in the devil's name, for you shall never go o' God's name. [*Kicks him out.*]—Sogliardo, come.

Sog. I have it i'faith now, will sting it.

Maci. Take heed you leese it not, signior, ere you come there; preserve it. [*Exeunt.*

Cor. *How like you this first exploit of his?*

Mit. *O, a piece of true envy; but I expect the issue of the other device.*

Cor. *Here they come will make it appear.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter SAVIOLINA, PUNTARVOLO, FASTIDIOUS BRISK, *and* FUNGOSO.

Sav. Why, I thought, sir Puntarvolo, you had been gone your voyage?

Punt. Dear and most amiable lady, your divine beauties do bind me to those offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

Sav. 'Tis most court-like spoken, sir; but how might we do to have a sight of your dog and cat?

Fast. His dog is in the court, lady.

Sav. And not your cat? how dare you trust her behind you, sir.

Punt. Troth, madam, she hath sore eyes, and she doth keep her chamber; marry, I have left her under sufficient guard, there are two of my followers to attend her.

Sav. I'll give you some water for her eyes. When do you go, sir?

Punt. Certes, sweet lady, I know not.

Fast. He doth stay the rather, madam, to present your acute judgment with so courtly and well parted a gentleman as yet your ladyship hath never seen.

Sav. What is he, gentle monsieur Brisk? not that gentleman? [*Points to* FUNGOSO.

Fast. No, lady, this is a kinsman to justice Silence.

Punt. Pray, sir, give me leave to report him. He's a gentleman, lady, of that rare and admirable faculty, as, I protest, I know not his like in Europe; he is exceedingly valiant, an excellent scholar, and so exactly travelled, that he is able, in discourse, to deliver you a model of any prince's court in the world; speaks the languages with that purity of phrase, and facility of accent, that it breeds astonishment; his wit, the most exuberant, and, above wonder, pleasant, of all that ever entered the concave of this ear.

Fast. 'Tis most true, lady; marry, he is no such excellent proper man.

Punt. His travels have changed his complexion, madam.

Sav. O, sir Puntarvolo, you must think every man was not born to have my servant Brisk's feature.

Punt. But that which transcends all, lady; he doth so peerlessly imitate any manner of person for gesture, action, passion, or whatever——

Fast. Ay, especially a rustic or a clown, madam, that it is not possible for the sharpest-sighted wit in the world to discern any sparks of the gentleman in him, when he does it.

Sav. O, monsieur Brisk, be not so tyrannous to confine all wits within the compass of your own; not find the sparks of a gentleman in him, if he be a gentleman!

Fung. No, in truth, sweet lady, I believe you cannot.

Sav. Do you believe so? why, I can find sparks of a gentleman in you, sir.

Punt. Ay, he is a gentleman, madam, and a reveller.

Fung. Indeed, I think I have seen your ladyship at our revels.

Sav. Like enough, sir; but would I might see this wonder you talk of; may one have a sight of him for any reasonable sum?

Punt. Yes, madam, he will arrive presently.

Sav. What, and shall we see him clown it?

Fast. I'faith, sweet lady, that you shall; see, here he comes.

Enter MACILENTE *and* SOGLIARDO.

Punt. This is he! pray observe him, lady.

Sav. Beshrew me, he clowns it properly indeed.

Punt. Nay, mark his courtship.

Sog. How does my sweet lady? *hot and moist? beautiful and lusty?* ha!

Sav. Beautiful, an it please you, sir, but not lusty.

Sog. O ho, lady, it pleases you to say so, in truth: And *how does my sweet lady?* in health? *Bona roba, quæso, que novelles? que novelles?* sweet creature!

Sav. O excellent! why, gallants, is this he that cannot be deciphered? they were very blear-witted, i'faith, that could not discern the gentleman in him.

Punt. But you do, in earnest, lady?

Sav. Do I, sir! why, if you had any true court-judgment in the carriage of his eye, and that inward power that forms his countenance, you might perceive his counterfeiting as clear as the noon-day; alas——nay, if you would have tried my wit, indeed, you should never have told me he was a gentleman, but presented him for a true clown indeed; and then have seen if I could have deciphered him.

Fast. 'Fore God, her ladyship says true, knight: but does he not affect the clown most naturally, mistress?

Punt. O, she cannot but affirm that, out of the bounty of her judgment.

Sav. Nay, out of doubt he does well, for a gentleman to imitate: but I warrant you, he becomes his natural carriage of the gentleman, much better than his clownery.

Fast. 'Tis strange, in truth, her ladyship should see so far into him!

Punt. Ay, is it not?

Sav. Faith, as easily as may be; not decipher him, quoth you!

Fung. Good sadness, I wonder at it.

Maci. Why, has she deciphered him, gentlemen?

Punt. O, most miraculously, and beyond admiration.

Maci. Is it possible?

Fast. She hath gather'd most infallible signs of the gentleman in him, that's certain.

Sav. Why, gallants, let me laugh at you a little: was this your device, to try my judgment in a gentleman?

Maci. Nay, lady, do not scorn us, though you have this gift of perspicacy above others. What if he should be no gentleman now, but a clown indeed, lady?

Punt. How think you of that? would not your ladyship be Out of your Humour?

Fast. O, but she knows it is not so.

Sav. What if he were not a man, ye may as well say? Nay, if your worships could gull me so, indeed, you were wiser than you are taken for.

Maci. In good faith, lady, he is a very perfect clown, both by father and mother; that I'll assure you.

Sav. O, sir, you are very pleasurable.

Maci. Nay, do but look on his hand, and that shall resolve you; look you, lady, what a palm here is.

Sog. Tut, that was with holding the plough.

Maci. The plough! did you discern any such thing in him, madam?

Fast. Faith no, she saw the gentleman as bright as noon-day, she; she deciphered him at first.

Maci. Troth, I am sorry your ladyship's sight should be so suddenly struck.

Sav. O, you are goodly beagles!

Fast. What, is she gone?

Sog. Nay, stay, sweet lady: *que novelles? que novelles?*

Sav. Out, you fool, you! [*Exit in anger.*

Fung. She's Out of her Humour, i'faith.

Fast. Nay, let's follow it while 'tis hot, gentlemen.

Punt. Come, on mine honour we shall make her blush in the presence; my spleen is great with laughter.

Maci. Your laughter will be a child of a feeble life, I believe, sir. [*Aside.*]—Come, signior, your looks are too dejected, methinks; why mix you not mirth with the rest?

Fung. Od's will, this suit frets me at the soul. I'll have it alter'd to-morrow, sure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Palace Stairs.*

Enter SHIFT.

Shift. I am come to the court, to meet with my Countenance, Sogliardo; poor men must be glad of such countenance, when they can get no better. Well, need may insult upon a man, but it shall never make him despair of consequence. The world will say, 'tis base: tush, base! 'tis base to live under the earth, not base to live above it by any means.

Enter FASTIDIOUS, PUNTARVOLO, SOGLIARDO, FUNGOSO, *and* MACILENTE.

Fast. The poor lady is most miserably out of her humour, i'faith.

Punt. There was never so witty a jest broken, at the tilt of all the court wits christen'd.

Maci. O, this applause taints it foully.

Sog. I think I did my part in courting.—O, Resolution!

Punt. Ay me, my dog!

Maci. Where is he?

Fast. 'Sprecious, go seek for the fellow, good signior. [*Exit* FUNGOSO

Punt. Here, here I left him.

Maci. Why, none was here when we came in now, but cavalier Shift; enquire of him.

Fast. Did you see sir Puntarvolo's dog here, cavalier, since you came?

Shift. His dog, sir! he may look his dog, sir I saw none of his dog, sir.

Maci. Upon my life, he has stolen your dog, sir, and been hired to it by some that have ventured with you; you may guess by his peremptory answers.

Punt. Not unlike; for he hath been a notorious thief by his own confession. Sirrah, where is my dog?

Shift. Charge me with your dog, sir! I have none of your dog, sir.

Punt. Villain, thou liest.

Shift. Lie, sir! s'blood,—you are but a man, sir.

Punt. Rogue and thief, restore him.

Sog. Take heed, sir Puntarvolo, what you do; he'll bear no coals, I can tell you, o'my word.

Maci. This is rare.

Sog. It's marle he stabs you not: By this light, he hath stabbed forty, for forty times less matter, I can tell you of my knowledge.

Punt. I will make thee stoop, thou abject.

Sog. Make him stoop, sir! Gentlemen, pacify him, or he'll be kill'd.

Maci. Is he so tall a man?

Sog. Tall a man! if you love his life, stand betwixt them. Make him stoop!

Punt. My dog, villain, or I will hang thee; thou hast confest robberies, and other felonious acts, to this gentleman, thy Countenance——

Sog. I'll bear no witness.

Punt. And without my dog, I will hang thee, for them. [SHIFT *kneels.*

Sog. What! kneel to thine enemies!

Shift. Pardon me, good sir; God is my witness, I never did robbery in all my life.

Re-enter FUNGOSO.

Fung. O, sir Puntarvolo, your dog lies giving up the ghost in the wood-yard.

Maci. Heart, is he not dead yet! [*Aside.*

Punt. O, my dog, born to disastrous fortune! pray you conduct me, sir. [*Exit with* FUNGOSO.

Sog. How! did you never do any robbery in your life?

Maci. O, this is good! so he swore, sir.

Sog. Ay, I heard him: and did you swear true, sir?

Shift. Ay, as I hope to be forgiven, sir, I never robbed any man; I never stood by the highway-side, sir, but only said so, because I would get myself a name, and be counted a tall man.

Sog. Now out, base viliaco! thou my Resolution! I thy Countenance! By this light, gentlemen, he hath confest to me the most inexorable company of robberies, and damn'd himself that he did 'em: you never heard the like. Out, scoundrel, out! follow me no more, I command thee; out of my sight, go, hence, speak not; I will not hear thee: away, camouccio! [*Exit* SHIFT.

Maci. O, how I do feed upon this now, and fat myself! here were a couple unexpectedly dishumour'd. Well, by this time, I hope, sir Puntarvolo and his dog are both out of humour to travel.

[*Aside.*]—Nay, gentlemen, why do you not seek out the knight, and comfort him? our supper at the Mitre must of necessity hold to-night, if you love your reputations.

Fast. 'Fore God, I am so melancholy for his dog's disaster—but I'll go.

Sog. Faith, and I may go too, but I know I shall be so melancholy.

Maci. Tush, melancholy! you must forget that now, and remember you lie at the mercy of a fury: Carlo will rack your sinews asunder, and rail you to dust, if you come not. [*Exeunt.*

Mit. *O, then their fear of Carlo, belike, makes them hold their meeting.*

Cor. *Ay, here he comes; conceive him but to be enter'd the Mitre, and 'tis enough.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room at the Mitre.*

Enter CARLO.

Car. Holla! where be these shot-sharks?

Enter Drawer.

Draw. By and by; you are welcome, good master Buffone.

Car. Where's George? call me George hither, quickly.

Draw. What wine please you have, sir? I'll draw you that's neat, master Buffone.

Car. Away, neophite, do as I bid thee, bring my dear George to me:—

Enter GEORGE.

Mass, here he comes.

George. Welcome, master Carlo.

Car. What, is supper ready, George?

George. Ay, sir, almost: Will you have the cloth laid, master Carlo?

Car. O, what else? Are none of the gallants come yet?

George. None yet, sir.

Car. Stay, take me with you, George; let me have a good fat loin of pork laid to the fire, presently.

George. It shall, sir,

Car. And withal, hear you, draw me the biggest shaft you have out of the butt you wot of; away, you know my meaning, George; quick!

George. Done, sir. [*Exit.*

Car. I never hungered so much for anything in my life, as I do to know our gallants' success at court; now is that lean, bald-rib Macilente, that salt villain, plotting some mischievous device, and lies a soaking in their frothy humours like a dry crust, till he has drunk 'em all up: Could the pummice but hold up his eyes at other men's happiness, in any reasonable proportion, 'slid, the slave were to be loved next heaven, above honour, wealth, rich fare, apparel, wenches, all the delights of the belly and the groin, whatever

Re-enter GEORGE *with two jugs of wine.*

George. Here, master Carlo.

Car. Is it right, boy?

George. Ay, sir, I assure you 'tis right.

Car. Well said, my dear George, depart: [*Exit* GEORGE.]—Come, my small gimblet, you in the false scabbard, away, so! [*Puts forth the Drawer, and shuts the door.*] Now to you, sir Burgomaster, let's taste of your bounty.

Mit. *What, will he deal upon such quantities of wine, alone?*

Cor. *You will perceive that, sir.*

Car. [*drinks.*] Ay, marry, sir, here's purity; O, George—I could bite off his nose for this now, sweet rogue, he has drawn nectar, the very soul of the grape! I'll wash my temples with some on't presently, and drink some half a score draughts; 'twill heat the brain, kindle my imagination, I shall talk nothing but crackers and fire-works to-night. So, sir! please you to be here, sir, and I here: so.

[*Sets the two cups asunder, drinks with the one, and pledges with the other, speaking for each of the cups, and drinking alternately.*

Cor. *This is worth the observation, signior.*

Car. 1 *Cup.* Now, sir, here's to you; and I present you with so much of my love.

2 *Cup.* I take it kindly from you, sir, [*drinks,*] and will return you the like proportion; but withal, sir, remembering the merry night we had at the countess's, you know where, sir.

1 *Cup.* By heaven, you put me in mind now of a very necessary office, which I will propose in your pledge, sir; the health of that honourable countess, and the sweet lady that sat by her, sir.

2 *Cup.* I do vail to it with reverence [*drinks*]. And now, signior, with these ladies, I'll be bold to mix the health of your divine mistress.

1 *Cup.* Do you know her, sir?

2 *Cup.* O lord, sir, ay; and in the respectful memory and mention of her, I could wish this wine were the most precious drug in the world.

1 *Cup.* Good faith, sir, you do honour me in't exceedingly. [*Drinks.*]

Mit. *Whom should he personate in this, signior?*

Cor. *Faith, I know not, sir; observe, observe him.*

2 *Cup.* If it were the basest filth, or mud that runs in the channel, I am bound to pledge it respectively, sir. [*Drinks.*] And now, sir, here is a replenish'd bowl, which I will reciprocally turn upon you, to the health of the count Frugale.

1 *Cup.* The count Frugale's health, sir? I'll pledge it on my knees, by this light. [*Kneels.*

2 *Cup.* Will you, sir? I'll drink it on my knees, then, by the light.

Mit. *Why this is strange.*

Cor. *Have you heard a better drunken dialogue?*

2 *Cup.* Nay, do me right, sir.

1 *Cup.* So I do, in faith.

2 *Cup.* Good faith you do not; mine was fuller.

1 *Cup.* Why, believe me, it was not.

2 *Cup.* Believe me it was; and you do lie.

1 *Cup.* Lie, sir!

2 *Cup.* Ay, sir.

1 *Cup.* 'Swounds! you rascal!

2 *Cup.* O, come, stab if you have a mind to it.

1 *Cup.* Stab! dost thou think I dare not?

Car. [*speaks in his own person.*] Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, what means this? nay, look, for shame respect your reputations.

[*Overturns wine, pot, cups, and all*

Enter MACILENTE.

Maci. Why, how now Carlo! what humour's this?

Car. O, my good mischief! art thou come? where are the rest, where are the rest?

Maci. Faith, three of our ordnance are burst.

Car. Burst! how comes that?

Maci. Faith, overcharged, overcharged.

Car. But did not the train hold?

Maci. O, yes, and the poor lady is irrecoverably blown up.

Car. Why, but which of the munition is miscarried, ha?

Maci. Imprimis, sir Puntarvolo; next, the Countenance and Resolution.

Car. How, how, for the love of wit?

Maci. Troth, the Resolution is proved recreant; the Countenance hath changed his copy; and the passionate knight is shedding funeral tears over his departed dog.

Car. What! is his dog dead?

Maci. Poison'd, 'tis thought; marry, how, or by whom, that's left for some cunning woman here o' the Bank-side to resolve. For my part, I know nothing more than that we are like to have an exceeding melancholy supper of it.

Car. 'Slife, and I had purposed to be extraordinarily merry, I had drunk off a good preparative of old sack here; but will they come, will they come?

Maci. They will assuredly come; marry, Carlo, as thou lov'st me, run over 'em all freely to-night, and especially the knight; spare no sulphurous jest that may come out of that sweaty forge of thine; but ply them with all manner of shot, minion, saker, culverin, or anything, what thou wilt.

Car. I warrant thee, my dear case of petrionels; so I stand not in dread of thee, but that thou'lt second me.

Maci. Why, my good German tapster, I will.

Car. What George! *Lomtero, Lomtero, &c.*

[*Sings and dances.*

Re-enter GEORGE.

George. Did you call, master Carlo?

Car. More nectar, George: *Lomtero, &c.*

George. Your meat's ready, sir, an your company were come.

Car. Is the loin of pork enough?

George. Ay, sir, it is enough. [*Exit.*

Maci. Pork! heart, what dost thou with such a greasy dish? I think thou dost varnish thy face with the fat on't, it looks so like a glue-pot.

Car. True, my raw-boned rogue, and if thou wouldst farce thy lean ribs with it too, they would not, like ragged laths, rub out so many doublets as they do; but thou know'st not a good dish, thou. O, it's the only nourishing meat in the world. No marvel though that saucy, stubborn generation, the Jews, were forbidden it; for what would they have done, well pamper'd with fat pork, that durst murmur at their Maker out of garlick and onions? 'Slight! fed with it, the whoreson strummel-patch'd, goggled-eyed grumbledories, would have gigantomachized—

Re-enter GEORGE *with wine.*

Well said, my sweet George, fill, fill.

Mit. *This savours too much of profanation.*

Cor. *O* ——— ——— Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incœpto processerit, et sibi constet.

The necessity of his vein compels a toleration, for, bar this, and dash him out of humour before his time.

Car. *'Tis an axiom in natural philosophy, what comes nearest the nature of that it feeds, converts quicker to nourishment, and doth sooner essentiate.* Now nothing in flesh and entrails assimilates or resembles man more than a hog or swine. [*Drinks.*

Maci. True; and he, to requite their courtesy, oftentimes doffeth his own nature, and puts on theirs; as when he becomes as churlish as a hog, or as drunk as a sow; but to your conclusion.

[*Drinks.*

Car. Marry, I say, nothing resembling man more than a swine, it follows, nothing can be more nourishing; for indeed (but that it abhors from our nice nature) if we fed upon one another, we should shoot up a great deal faster, and thrive much better; I refer me to your usurous cannibals, or such like; but since it is so contrary, pork, pork, is your only feed.

Maci. I take it, your devil be of the same diet; he would never have desired to have been incorporated into swine else.—O, here comes the melancholy mess; upon 'em Carlo, charge, charge!

Enter PUNTARVOLO, FASTIDIOUS BRISK, SOGLIARDO, *and* FUNGOSO.

Car. 'Fore God, sir Puntarvolo, I am sorry for your heaviness: body o' me, a shrew'd mischance! why, had you no unicorn's horn, nor bezoar's stone about you, ha?

Punt. Sir, I would request you be silent.

Maci. Nay, to him again.

Car. Take comfort, good knight, if your cat have recovered her catarrh, fear nothing; your dog's mischance may be holpen.

Fast. Say how, sweet Carlo; for, so God mend me, the poor knight's moans draw me into fellowship of his misfortunes. But be not discouraged, good sir Puntarvolo, I am content your adventure shall be performed upon your cat.

Maci. I believe you, musk-cod, I believe you; for rather than thou would'st make present repayment, thou would'st take it upon his own bare return from Calais. [*Aside.*

Car. Nay, 'slife, he'd be content, so he were well rid out of his company, to pay him five for one, at his next meeting him in Paul's. [*Aside to* MACILENTE.]—But for your dog, sir Puntarvolo, if he be not out-right dead, there is a friend of mine, a quack-salver, shall put life in him again, that's certain.

Fung. O, no, that comes too late.

Maci. 'Sprecious! knight, will you suffer this?

Punt. Drawer, get me a candle and hard wax presently. [*Exit* GEORGE.

Sog. Ay, and bring up supper; for I am so melancholy.

Car. O, signior, where's your Resolution?

Sog. Resolution! hang him, rascal: O, Carlo, if you love me, do not mention him.

Car. Why, how so?

Sog. O, the arrantest crocodile that ever Christian was acquainted with. By my gentry, I shall think the worse of tobacco while I live, for his sake: I did think him to be as tall a man——

Maci. Nay, Buffone, the knight, the knight.
[*Aside to* CARLO.

Car. 'Slud, he looks like an image carved out of box, full of knots; his face is, for all the world, like a Dutch purse, with the mouth downward, his beard the tassels; and he walks—let me see—as melancholy as one o' the master's side in the Counter.—Do you hear, sir Puntarvolo?

Punt. Sir, I do entreat you, no more, but enjoin you to silence, as you affect your peace.

Car. Nay, but dear knight, understand here are none but friends, and such as wish you well, I would have you do this now; flay me your dog presently, (but in any case keep the head.) and stuff his skin well with straw, as you see these dead monsters at Bartholomew fair.

Punt. I shall be sudden, I tell you.

Car. Or, if you like not that, sir, get me somewhat a less dog, and clap into the skin; here's a slave about the town here, a Jew, one Yohan: or a fellow that makes perukes will glue it on artificially, it shall never be discern'd; besides, 'twill be so much the warmer for the hound to travel in, you know.

Maci. Sir Puntarvolo, death, can you be so patient!

Car. Or thus, sir; you may have, as you come through Germany, a familiar for little or nothing, shall turn itself into the shape of your dog. or any thing, what you will, for certain hours—— [PUNTARVOLO *strikes him.*]——'Ods my life, knight, what do you mean? you'll offer no violence, will you? hold, hold!

Re-enter GEORGE, *with wax, and a lighted candle.*

Punt. 'Sdeath, you slave, you ban-dog, you!

Car. As you love wit, stay the enraged knight, gentlemen.

Punt. By my knighthood, he that stirs in his rescue, dies.—Drawer, begone! [*Exit* GEORGE.

Car. Murder, murder, murder!

Punt. Ay, are you howling, you wolf?—Gentlemen, as you tender your lives, suffer no man to enter till my revenge be perfect. Sirrah, Buffone, lie down; make no exclamations, but down; down, you cur, or I will make thy blood flow on my rapier hilts.

Car. Sweet knight, hold in thy fury, and 'fore heaven I'll honour thee more than the Turk does Mahomet.

Punt. Down, I say! [CARLO *lies down.*]—Who's there? [*Knocking within.*

Cons. [*within.*] Here's the constable, open the doors.

Car. Good Macilente——

Punt. Open no door; if the Adalantado of Spain were here he should not enter: one help me with the light, gentlemen; you knock in vain, sir officer.

Car. *Et tu, Brute!*

Punt. Sirrah, close your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes, by heaven.

Car. O! O!

Cons. [*within.*] Open the door, or I will break it open.

Maci. Nay, good constable, have patience a little; you shall come in presently; we have almost done. [PUNTARVOLO *seals up* CARLO'S *lips.*

Punt. So, now, are you Out of your Humour, sir? Shift, gentlemen.

[*They all draw, and run out, except* FUNGOSO, *who conceals himself beneath the table.*

Enter Constable *and Officers, and seize* FASTIDIOUS *as he is rushing by.*

Cons. Lay hold upon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

Fast. Lay hold on me, sir, for what?

Cons. Marry, for your riot here, sir, with the rest of your companions.

Fast. My riot! master constable, take heed what you do. Carlo, did I offer any violence?

Cons. O, sir, you see he is not in case to answer you, and that makes you so peremptory.

Re-enter GEORGE *and* Drawer.

Fast. Peremptory! 'Slife, I appeal to the drawers, if I did him any hard measure.

George. They are all gone, there's none of them will be laid any hold on.

Cons. Well, sir, you are like to answer till the rest can be found out.

Fast. 'Slid, I appeal to George here.

Cons. Tut, George was not here: away with him to the Counter, sirs.—Come, sir, you were best get yourself drest somewhere.

[*Exeunt* Const. *and Officers, with* FAST. *and* CAR.

George. Good lord, that master Carlo could not take heed, and knowing what a gentleman the knight is, if he be angry.

Drawer. A pox on 'em, they have left all the meat on our hands; would they were choaked with it for me!

Re-enter MACILENTE.

Maci. What, are they gone, sirs?

George. O, here's master Macilente.

Maci. [*pointing to* FUNGOSO.] Sirrah, George, do you see that concealment there, that napkin under the table?

George. 'Ods so, signior Fungoso!

Maci. He's good pawn for the reckoning; be sure you keep him here, and let him not go away till I come again, though he offer to discharge all: I'll return presently.

George. Sirrah, we have a pawn for the reckoning.

Draw. What, of Macilente?

George. No; look under the table.

Fung. [*creeping out.*] I hope all be quiet now; if I can get but forth of this street, I care not: masters, I pray you tell me, is the constable gone?

George. What, master Fungoso!

Fung. Was't not a good device this same of me, sirs?

George. Yes, faith; have you been here all this while?

Fung. O lord, ay; good sir, look an the coast be clear, I'd fain be going.

George. All's clear, sir, but the reckoning; and that you must clear and pay before you go, I assure you.

Fung. I pay! 'Slight, I eat not a bit since I came into the house, yet.

Draw. Why, you may when you please, 'tis all ready below that was bespoken.

Fung. Bespoken! not by me, I hope?

George. By you, sir! I know not that; but 'twas for you and your company, I am sure.

Fung. My company! 'Slid, I was an invited guest, so I was.

Draw. Faith we have nothing to do with that, sir: they are all gone but you, and we must be answered; that's the short and the long on't.

Fung. Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my

masters, then would this pot, cup, and all were in my belly, if I have a cross about me.

George. What, and have such apparel! do not say so, signior; that mightily discredits your clothes.

Fung. As I am an honest man, my tailor had all my money this morning, and yet I must be fain to alter my suit too. Good sirs, let me go, 'tis Friday night, and in good truth I have no stomach in the world to eat any thing.

Draw. That's no matter, so you pay, sir.

Fung. 'Slight, with what conscience can you ask me to pay that I never drank for?

George. Yes, sir, I did see you drink once.

Fung. By this cup, which is silver, but you did not; you do me infinite wrong: I looked in the pot once, indeed, but I did not drink.

Draw. Well, sir, if you can satisfy our master, it shall be all one to us.

Within. George!

George. By and by. [*Exeunt.*

Cor. *Lose not yourself now, signior.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* DELIRO'S *House.*

Enter MACILENTE *and* DELIRO.

Maci. Tut, sir, you did bear too hard a conceit of me in that; but I will now make my love to you most transparent, in spite of any dust of suspicion that may be raised to cloud it; and henceforth, since I see it is so against your humour, I will never labour to persuade you.

Deli. Why, I thank you, signior; but what is that you tell me may concern my peace so much?

Maci. Faith, sir, 'tis thus. Your wife's brother, signior Fungoso, being at supper to-night at a tavern, with a sort of gallants, there happened some division amongst them, and he is left in pawn for the reckoning. Now, if ever you look that time shall present you with an happy occasion to do your wife some gracious and acceptable service, take hold of this opportunity, and presently go and redeem him; for, being her brother, and his credit so amply engaged as now it is, when she shall hear, (as he cannot himself, but he must out of extremity report it,) that you came, and offered yourself so kindly, and with that respect of his reputation; why, the benefit cannot but make her dote, and grow mad of your affections.

Deli. Now, by heaven, Macilente, I acknowledge myself exceedingly indebted to you, by this kind tender of your love; and I am sorry to remember that I was ever so rude, to neglect a friend of your importance.—Bring me shoes and a cloak here.—I was going to bed, if you had not come. What tavern is it?

Maci. The Mitre, sir.

Deli. O! Why, Fido! my shoes.—Good faith, it cannot but please her exceedingly.

Enter FALLACE.

Fal. Come, I marle what piece of night-work you have in hand now, that you call for a cloak, and your shoes: What, is this your pander?

Deli. O, sweet wife, speak lower, I would not he should hear thee for a world——

Fal. Hang him, rascal, I cannot abide him for his treachery, with his wild quick-set beard there. Whither go you now with him?

Deli. No whither with him, dear wife; I go alone to a place, from whence I will return instantly. —Good Macilente, acquaint not her with it by any means, it may come so much the more accepted; frame some other answer.—I'll come back immediately. [*Exit.*

Fal. Nay, an I be not worthy to know whither you go, stay till I take knowledge of your coming back.

Maci. Hear you, mistress Deliro.

Fal. So, sir, and what say you?

Maci. Faith, lady, my intents will not deserve this slight respect, when you shall know them.

Fal. Your intents! why, what may your intents be, for God's sake?

Maci. Troth, the time allows no circumstance, lady, therefore know this was but a device to remove your husband hence, and bestow him securely, whilst, with more conveniency, I might report to you a misfortune that hath happened to monsieur Brisk———Nay, comfort, sweet lady. This night, being at supper, a sort of young gallants committed a riot, for the which he only is apprehended and carried to the Counter, where, if your husband, and other creditors, should but have knowledge of him, the poor gentleman were undone for ever.

Fal. Ah me! that he were.

Maci. Now, therefore, if you can think upon any present means for his delivery, do not foreslow it. A bribe to the officer that committed him will do it.

Fal. O lord, sir! he shall not want for a bribe; pray you, will you commend me to him, and say I'll visit him presently

Maci. No, lady, I shall do you better service, in protracting your husband's return, that you may go with more safety.

Fal. Good truth, so you may; farewell, good sir. [*Exit* MACI.]—Lord, how a woman may be mistaken in a man! I would have sworn upon all the Testaments in the world he had not loved master Brisk. Bring me my keys there, maid. Alas, good gentleman, if all I have in this earthly world will pleasure him, it shall be at his service. [*Exit.*

Mit. *How Macilente sweats in this business, if you mark him!*

Cor. *Ay, you shall see the true picture of spite, anon: here comes the pawn and his redeemer.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room at the* MITRE.

Enter DELIRO, FUNGOSO, *and* GEORGE.

Deli. Come, brother, be not discouraged for this, man; what!

Fung. No, truly, I am not discouraged; but I protest to you, brother, I have done imitating any more gallants either in purse or apparel, but as shall become a gentleman, for good carriage, or so.

Deli. You say well.—This is all in the bill here, is it not?

George. Ay, sir.

Deli. There's your money, tell it: and, brother, I am glad I met with so good occasion to shew my love to you.

Fung. I will study to deserve it in good truth an I live.

Deli. What, is it right?

George. Ay, sir, and I thank you.

Fung. Let me have a capon's leg saved, now the reckoning is paid.

George. You shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter MACILENTE.

Maci. Where's signior Deliro?

Deli. Here, Macilente.

Maci. Hark you, sir, have you dispatch'd this same?

Deli. Ay, marry have I.

Maci. Well then, I can tell you news; Brisk is in the Counter.

Deli. In the Counter!

Maci. 'Tis true, sir, committed for the stir here to-night. Now would I have you send your brother home afore, with the report of this your kindness done him, to his sister, which will so pleasingly possess her, and out of his mouth too, that in the meantime you may clap your action on Brisk, and your wife, being in so happy a mood, cannot entertain it ill, by any means.

Deli. 'Tis very true, she cannot, indeed, I think.

Maci. Think! why 'tis past thought; you shall never meet the like opportunity, I assure you.

Deli. I will do it.—Brother, pray you go home afore, (this gentleman and I have some private business,) and tell my sweet wife I'll come presently.

Fung. I will, brother.

Maci. And, signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally, and out of his bounty, your brother has used you, (do you see?) made you a man of good reckoning; redeem'd that you never were possest of, credit; gave you as gentlemanlike terms as might be; found no fault with your coming behind the fashion; nor nothing.

Fung. Nay, I am out of those humours now.

Maci. Well, if you be out, keep your distance, and be not made a shot-clog any more.—Come, signior, let's make haste. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Counter.*

Enter FALLACE *and* FASTIDIOUS BRISK.

Fal. O, master Fastidious, what pity is it to see so sweet a man as you are, in so sour a place! [*Kisses him.*

Cor. *As upon her lips, does she mean?*
Mit. *O, this is to be imagined the Counter, belike.*

Fast. Troth, fair lady, 'tis first the pleasure of the fates, and next of the constable, to have it so: but I am patient, and indeed comforted the more in your kind visit.

Fal. Nay, you shall be comforted in me more than this, if you please, sir. I sent you word by my brother, sir, that my husband laid to 'rest you this morning; I know not whether you received it or no.

Fast. No, believe it, sweet creature, your brother gave me no such intelligence.

Fal. O, the lord!

Fast. But has your husband any such purpose?

Fal. O, sweet master Brisk, yes: and therefore be presently discharged, for if he come with his actions upon you, Lord deliver you! you are in for one half-a-score year; he kept a poor man in Ludgate once twelve year for sixteen shillings. Where's your keeper? for love's sake call him, let him take a bribe, and despatch you. Lord, how my heart trembles! here are no spies, are there?

Fast. No, sweet mistress. Why are you in this passion?

Fal. O lord, master Fastidious, if you knew how I took up my husband to-day, when he said he would arrest you; and how I railed at him that persuaded him to it, the scholar there, (who, on my conscience, loves you now,) and what care I took to send you intelligence by my brother; and how I gave him four sovereigns for his pains: and now how I came running out hither without man or boy with me, so soon as I heard on't; you'd say I were in a passion indeed. Your keeper, for God's sake! O, master Brisk, as 'tis in *Euphues, Hard is the choice, when one is compelled either by silence to die with grief, or by speaking to live with shame.*

Fast. Fair lady, I conceive you, and may this kiss assure you, that where adversity hath, as it were, contracted, prosperity shall not——Od's me! your husband.

Enter DELIRO *and* MACILENTE.

Fal. O me!

Deli. Ay! Is it thus?

Maci. Why, how now, signior Deliro! has the wolf seen you, ha? Hath Gorgon's head made marble of you?

Deli. Some planet strike me dead!

Maci. Why, look you, sir, I told you, you might have suspected this long afore, had you pleased, and have saved this labour of admiration now, and passion, and such extremities as this frail lump of flesh is subject unto. Nay, why do you not doat now, signior? methinks you should say it were some enchantment, *deceptio visus*, or so, ha! If you could persuade yourself it were a dream now, 'twere excellent: faith, try what you can do, signior: it may be your imagination will be brought to it in time; there's nothing impossible.

Fal. Sweet husband! [*Exit.*

Deli. Out, lascivious strumpet!

Maci. What! did you see how ill that stale vein became him afore, of *sweet wife*, and *dear heart*; and are you fallen just into the same now, with *sweet husband!* Away, follow him, go, keep state: what! remember you are a woman, turn impudent; give him not the head, though you give him the horns. Away. And yet, methinks, you should take your leave of *enfant perdu* here, your forlorn hope. [*Exit* FAL.]—How now, monsieur Brisk? what! Friday night, and in affliction too, and yet your pulpamenta, your delicate morsels! I perceive the affection of ladies and gentlewomen pursues you wheresoever you go, monsieur.

Fast. Now, in good faith, and as I am gentle, there could not have come a thing in this world to have distracted me more, than the wrinkled fortunes of this poor dame.

Maci. O yes, sir; I can tell you a thing will distract you much better, believe it: Signior Deliro has entered three actions against you, three actions, monsieur! marry, one of them (I'll put you in comfort) is but three thousand, and the other two, some five thousand pound together: trifles, trifles.

Fast. O, I am undone.

Maci. Nay, not altogether so, sir; the knight must have his hundred pound repaid, that will help too; and then six score pounds for a diamond, you know where. These be things will weigh, monsieur, they will weigh.

Fast. O heaven!

Maci. What! do you sigh? this is to *kiss the hand of a countess*, to *have her coach sent for you*, to *hang poniards in ladies' garters*, to *wear bracelets of their hair*, and for every one of these great favours to *give some slight jewel of five hundred crowns, or so;* why, 'tis nothing. Now, monsieur, you see the plague that treads on the heels o' your foppery: well, go your ways in, remove yourself to the two-penny ward quickly, to save charges, and there set up your rest to spend sir Puntarvolo's hundred pound for him. Away, good pomander, go!

[*Exit* FASTIDIOUS.

Why, here's a change! now is my soul at peace:
I am as empty of all envy now,
As they of merit to be envied at.
My humour, like a flame, no longer lasts
Than it hath stuff to feed it; and their folly
Being now raked up in their repentant ashes,
Affords no ampler subject to my spleen.
I am so far from malicing their states,
That I begin to pity them. It grieves me
To think they have a being. I could wish
They might turn wise upon it, and be saved now,
So heaven were pleased; but let them vanish, vapours!——
Gentlemen, how like you it? has't not been tedious?

Cor. *Nay, we have done censuring now.*

Mit. *Yes, faith.*

Maci. How so?

Cor. *Marry, because we'll imitate your actors, and be out of our humours. Besides, here are those round about you of more ability in censure than we, whose judgments can give it a more satisfying allowance; we'll refer you to them.*

[Exeunt CORDATUS and MITIS

Maci. [*coming forward.*] Ay, is it even so?—Well, gentlemen, I should have gone in, and return'd to you as I was Asper at the first; but by reason the shift would have been somewhat long, and we are loth to draw your patience farther, we'll entreat you to imagine it. And now, that you may see I will be out of humour for company, I stand wholly to your kind approbation, and indeed am nothing so peremptory as I was in the beginning: marry, I will not do as Plautus in his *Amphytrio*, for all this, *summi Jovis causâ plaudite;* beg a plaudite for God's sake; but if you, out of the bounty of your good-liking, will bestow it, why, you may in time make lean Macilente as fat as sir John Falstaff. [*Exit.*

THE EPILOGUE,

AT THE

PRESENTATION BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY MACILENTE.

Never till now did object greet mine eyes
With any light content: but in her graces
All my malicious powers have lost their stings.
Envy is fled my soul at sight of her,
And she hath chased all black thoughts from my bosom,
Like as the sun doth darkness from the world.
My stream of humour is run out of me,
And as our city's torrent, bent t'infect
The hallow'd bowels of the silver Thames,
Is check'd by strength and clearness of the river,
Till it hath spent itself even at the shore;
So in the ample and unmeasured flood
Of her perfections, are my passions drown'd;
And I have now a spirit as sweet and clear
As the more rarefied and subtle air:—
With which, and with a heart as pure as fire,
Yet humble as the earth, do I implore, [*Kneels.*
O heaven, that She, whose presence hath effected
This change in me, may suffer most late change
In her admired and happy government:
May still this Island be call'd Fortunate,
And rugged Treason tremble at the sound,
When Fame shall speak it with an emphasis.
Let foreign polity be dull as lead,
And pale Invasion come with half a heart,
When he but looks upon her blessed soil.
The throat of War be stopt within her land,
And turtle-footed Peace dance fairy rings
About her court; where never may there come
Suspect or danger, but all trust and safety.
Let Flattery be dumb, and Envy blind
In her dread presence; Death himself admire her:
And may her virtues make him to forget
The use of his inevitable hand.
Fly from her, Age; sleep, Time, before her throne;
Our strongest wall falls down, when she is gone.

CYNTHIA'S REVELS:

OR, THE FOUNTAIN OF SELF-LOVE.

TO THE SPECIAL FOUNTAIN OF MANNERS,

THE COURT.

Thou art a bountiful and bravo spring, and waterest all the noble plants of this island. In thee the whole kingdom dresseth itself, and is ambitious to use thee as her glass. Beware then thou render men's figures truly, and teach them no less to hate their deformities, than to love their forms: for, to grace, there should come reverence; and no man can call that lovely, which is not also venerable. It is not powdering, perfuming, and every day smelling of the tailor, that converteth to a beautiful object: but a mind shining through any suit, which needs no false light, either of riches or honours, to help it. Such shalt thou find some here, even in the reign of Cynthia,—a Crites and an Arete. Now, under thy Phœbus, it will be thy province to make more; except thou desirest to have thy source mix with the spring of self-love, and so wilt draw upon thee as welcome a discovery of thy days, as was then made of her nights.

Thy servant, but not slave, BEN JONSON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYNTHIA.
MERCURY.
HESPERUS.
CRITES.
AMORPHUS.
ASOTUS.
HEDON.
ANAIDES.
MORPHIDES.
PROSAITES.
MORUS.
CUPID.

ECHO.
ARETE.
PHANTASTE.
ARGURION.
PHILAUTIA.
MORIA.
COS.
GELAIA.
PHRONESIS, THAUMA, TIME, } *Mutes.*

SCENE,—GARGAPHIE.

INDUCTION.

THE STAGE.

After the second sounding,

Enter three of the *Children* struggling.

1 Child. *Pray you away; why, fellows! Gods so, what do you mean?*

2 Child. *Marry, that you shall not speak the prologue, sir.*

3 Child. *Why, do you hope to speak it?*

2 Child. *Ay, and I think I have most right to it: I am sure I studied it first.*

3 Child. *That's all one, if the author think I can speak it better.*

1 Child. *I plead possession of the cloak: gentles, your suffrages, I pray you.*

[Within.] *Why, children! are you not ashamed? come in there.*

3 Child. *Slid, I'll play nothing in the play, unless I speak it.*

1 Child. *Why, will you stand to most voices of the gentlemen? let that decide it.*

3 Child. *O, no, sir gallant; you presume to have the start of us there, and that makes you offer so prodigally.*

1 Child. *No, would I were whipped if I had any such thought; try it by lots either.*

2 Child. *Faith, I dare tempt my fortune in a greater venture than this.*

3 Child. *Well said, resolute Jack! I am content too, so we draw first. Make the cuts.*

1 Child. *But will you not snatch my cloak while I am stooping?*

3 Child. *No, we scorn treachery.*

2 Child. *Which cut shall speak it?*

3 Child. *The shortest.*

1 Child. *Agreed: draw.* [They draw cuts.] *The shortest is come to the shortest. Fortune was not altogether blind in this. Now, sir, I hope I shall go forward without your envy.*

2 Child. *A spite of all mischievous luck! I was once plucking at the other.*

3 Child. *Stay, Jack: 'slid, I'll do somewhat now afore I go in, though it be nothing but to revenge myself on the author: since I speak not his prologue, I'll go tell all the argument of his play afore-hand, and so stale his invention to the auditory, before it come forth.*

1 Child. *O, do not so.*

2 Child. *By no means.*

3 Child. [Advancing to the front of the Stage.] *First, the title of his play is* Cynthia's Revels, *as any man that hath hope to be saved by his book*

can witness; the scene Gargaphie, which I do vehemently suspect for some fustian country; but let that vanish. Here is the court of Cynthia, whither he brings Cupid travelling on foot, resolved to turn page. By the way Cupid meets with Mercury, (as that's a thing to be noted); take any of our play-books without a Cupid or a Mercury in it, and burn it for an heretic in poetry.—[In these and the subsequent speeches, at every break, the other two interrupt, and endeavour to stop him.] *Pray thee, let me alone. Mercury, he in the nature of a conjuror, raises up Echo, who weeps over her love, or daffodil, Narcissus, a little; sings; curses the spring wherein the pretty foolish gentleman melted himself away: and there's an end of her.———Now I am to inform you, that Cupid and Mercury do both become pages. Cupid attends on Philautia, or Self-love, a court lady: Mercury follows Hedon, the Voluptuous, and a courtier; one that ranks himself even with Anaides, or the Impudent, a gallant, and that's my part; one that keeps Laughter, Gelaia, the daughter of Folly, a wench in boy's attire, to wait on him.———These, in the court, meet with Amorphus, or the deformed, a traveller that hath drunk of the fountain, and there tells the wonders of the water. They presently dispatch away their pages with bottles to fetch of it, and themselves go to visit the ladies. But I should have told you—Look, these emmets put me out here—that with this Amorphus, there comes along a citizen's heir, Asotus, or the Prodigal, who, in imitation of the traveller, who hath the Whetstone following him, entertains the Beggar, to be his attendant———Now, the nymphs who are mistresses to these gallants, are Philautia, Self-love; Phantaste, a light Wittiness; Argurion, Money; and their guardian, mother Moria, or mistress Folly.*

1 Child. *Pray thee, no more.*

3 Child. *There Cupid strikes Money in love with the Prodigal, makes her dote upon him, give him jewels, bracelets, carcanets, &c. All which he most ingeniously departs withal to be made known to the other ladies and gallants; and in the heat of this, increases his train with the Fool to follow him, as well as the Beggar———By this time, your Beggar begins to wait close, who is returned with the rest of his fellow bottlemen.——There they all drink, save Argurion, who is fallen into a sudden apoplexy———*

1 Child. *Stop his mouth.*

3 Child. *And then, there's a retired scholar there, you would not wish a thing to be better contemn'd of a society of gallants, than it is; and he applies his service, good gentleman, to the lady Arete, or Virtue, a poor nymph of Cynthia's train, that's scarce able to buy herself a gown; you shall see her play in a black robe anon: a creature that, I assure you, is no less scorn'd than himself. Where am I now? at a stand!*

2 Child. *Come, leave at last, yet.*

3 Child. *O, the night is come, ('twas somewhat dark, methought,) and Cynthia intends to come forth; that helps it a little yet. All the courtiers must provide for revels; they conclude upon a masque, the device of which is———What, will you ravish me?———that each of these Vices, being to appear before Cynthia, would seem other than indeed they are; and therefore assume the most neighbouring Virtues as their masking habit ———I'd cry a rape, but that you are children.*

2 Child. *Come, we'll have no more of this anticipation; to give them the inventory of their cates aforehand, were the discipline of a tavern, and not fitting this presence.*

1 Child. *Tut, this was but to shew us the happiness of his memory. I thought at first he would have plaid the ignorant critic with every thing, along as he had gone; I expected some such device.*

3 Child. *O, you shall see me do that rarely; lend me thy cloak.*

1 Child. *Soft, sir, you'll speak my prologue in it.*

3 Child. *No, would I might never stir then.*

2 Child. *Lend it him, lend it him.*

1 Child. *Well, you have sworn.*

[Gives him the cloak.

3 Child. *I have. Now, sir, suppose I am one of your genteel auditors, that am come in, having paid my money at the door, with much ado, and here I take my place and sit down: I have my three sorts of tobacco in my pocket, my light by me, and thus I begin.* [At the breaks he takes his tobacco.] *By this light, I wonder that any man is so mad, to come to see these rascally tits play here———They do act like so many wrens or pismires———not the fifth part of a good face amongst them all.———And then their music is abominable———able to stretch a man's ears worse than ten———pillories and their ditties ———most lamentable things, like the pitiful fellows that make them———poets. By this vapour, an 'twere not for tobacco———I think ———the very stench of 'em would poison me, I should not dare to come in at their gates———A man were better visit fifteen jails———or a dozen or two of hospitals ———than once adventure to come near them. How is't? well?*

1 Child. *Excellent; give me my cloak.*

3 Child. *Stay; you shall see me do another now, but a more sober, or better-gather'd gallant; that is, as it may be thought, some friend, or well-wisher to the house: and here I enter.*

1 Child. *What, upon the stage too?*

2 Child. *Yes; and I step forth like one of the children, and ask you, Would you have a stool, sir?*

3 Child. *A stool, boy!*

2 Child. *Ay, sir, if you'll give me sixpence I'll fetch you one.*

3 Child. *For what, I pray thee? what shall I do with it?*

2 Child. *O lord, sir! will you betray your ignorance so much? why throne yourself in state on the stage, as other gentlemen use, sir.*

3 Child. *Away, wag; what, would'st thou make an implement of me? 'Slid, the boy takes me for a piece of perspective, I hold my life, or some silk curtain, come to hang the stage here! Sir crack, I am none of your fresh pictures, that use to beautify the decayed dead arras in a public theatre.*

2 Child. *'Tis a sign, sir, you put not that confidence in your good clothes, and your better face, that a gentleman should do, sir. But I pray you, sir, let me be a suitor to you, that you will quit our stage then, and take a place; the play is instant'y to begin.*

3 Child. *Most willingly, my good wag; but I would speak with your author: where is he?*

2 Child. *Not this way, I assure you, sir; we*

are not so officiously befriended by him, as to have his presence in the tiring-house, to prompt us aloud, stamp at the book-holder, swear for our properties, curse the poor tireman, rail the music out of tune, and sweat for every venial trespass we commit, as some author would, if he had such fine enghles as we. Well, 'tis but our hard fortune!

3 Child. *Nay, crack, be not dishearten'd.*

2 Child. *Not I, Sir; but if you please to confer with our author, by attorney, you may, sir; our proper self here, stands for him.*

3 Child. *Troth, I have no such serious affair to negotiate with him, but what may very safely be turn'd upon thy trust. It is in the general behalf of this fair society here that I am to speak, at least the more judicious part of it, which seems much distasted with the immodest and obscene writing of many in their plays. Besides, they could wish your poets would leave to be promoters of other men's jests, and to way-lay all the stale apothegms, or old books they can hear of, in print, or otherwise, to farce their scenes withal. That they would not so penuriously glean wit from every laundress or hackney-man, or derive their best grace, with servile imitation, from common stages, or observation of the company they converse with; as if their invention lived wholly upon another man's trencher. Again, that feeding their friends with nothing of their own, but what they have twice or thrice cooked, they should not wantonly give out, how soon they had drest it; nor how many coaches came to carry away the broken meat, besides hobby-horses and foot-cloth nags.*

2 Child. *So, sir, this is all the reformation you seek?*

3 Child. *It is; do not you think it necessary to be practised, my little wag?*

2 Child. *Yes, where any such ill-habited custom is received.*

3 Child. *O, (I had almost forgot it too,) they say, the* umbræ *or ghosts of some three or four plays departed a dozen years since, have been seen walking on your stage here; take heed, boy, if your house be haunted with such hobgoblins, 'twill fright away all your spectators quickly.*

2 Child. *Good, sir; but what will you say now, if a poet, untouch'd with any breath of this disease, find the tokens upon you, that are of the auditory? As some one civet-wit among you, that knows no other learning, than the price of satin and velvets: nor other perfection than the wearing of a neat suit; and yet will censure as desperately as the most profess'd critic in the house, presuming his clothes should bear him out in it. Another, whom it hath pleased nature to furnish with more beard than brain, prunes his mustaccio, lisps, and, with some score of affected oaths, swears down all that sit about him; "That the old Hieronimo, as it was first acted, was the only best, and judiciously penn'd play of Europe." A third great-bellied juggler talks of twenty years since, and when Monsieur was here, and would enforce all wits to be of that fashion, because his doublet is still so. A fourth miscalls all by the name of fustian, that his grounded capacity cannot aspire to. A fifth only shakes his bottle head, and out of his corky brain squeezeth out a pitiful learned face, and is silent.*

3 Child. *By my faith, Jack, you have put me down: I would I knew how to get off with any indifferent grace! here, take your cloak, and promise some satisfaction in your prologue, or, I'll be sworn we have marr'd all.*

2 Child. *Tut, fear not, child, this will never distaste a true sense: be not out, and good enough. I would thou hadst some sugar candied to sweeten thy mouth.*

The Third Sounding.

PROLOGUE.

If gracious silence, sweet attention,
Quick sight, and quicker apprehension,
The lights of judgment's throne, shine any where,
Our doubtful author hopes this is their sphere;
And therefore opens he himself to those,
To other weaker beams his labours close,
As loth to prostitute their virgin-strain,
To every vulgar and adulterate brain.
In this alone, his Muse her sweetness hath,
She shuns the print of any beaten path;
And proves new ways to come to learned ears:
Pied ignorance she neither loves nor fears.
Nor hunts she after popular applause,
Or foamy praise, that drops from common jaws:
The garland that she wears, their hands must [twine,
Who can both censure, understand, define
What merit is: then cast those piercing rays,
Round as a crown, instead of honour'd bays,
About his poesy; which, he knows, affords
Words, above action; matter, above words.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Grove and Fountain.*

Enter CUPID, *and* MERCURY *with his caduceus, on different sides.*

Cup. Who goes there?

Mer. 'Tis I, blind archer.

Cup. Who, Mercury?

Mer. Ay.

Cup. Farewell.

Mer. Stay, Cupid.

Cup. Not in your company, Hermes, except your hands were riveted at your back.

Mer. Why so, my little rover?

Cup. Because I know you have not a finger, but is as long as my quiver, cousin Mercury, when you please to extend it.

Mer. Whence derive you this speech, boy?

Cup. O! 'tis your best polity to be ignorant. You did never steal Mars his sword out of the sheath, you! nor Neptune's trident! nor Apollo's bow! no, not you! Alas, your palms, Jupiter knows, they are as tender as the foot of a foundered nag, or a lady's face new mercuried they'll touch nothing.

Mer. Go to, infant, you'll be daring still.

Cup. Daring! O Janus! what a word is there?

why, my light feather-heel'd coz, what are you any more than my uncle Jove's pander? a lacquey that runs on errands for him, and can whisper a light message to a loose wench with some round volubility? wait mannerly at a table with a trencher, warble upon a crowd a little, and fill out nectar when Ganymede's away? one that sweeps the gods' drinking-room every morning, and sets the cushions in order again, which they threw one at another's head over night; can brush the carpets, call the stools again to their places, play the crier of the court with an audible voice, and take state of a president upon you at wrestlings, pleadings, negociations, &c. Here's the catalogue of your employments, now! O no, I err; you have the marshalling of all the ghosts too that pass the Stygian ferry, and I suspect you for a share with the old sculler there, if the truth were known; but let that scape. One other peculiar virtue you possess, in lifting, or *leiger-du-main*, which few of the house of heaven have else besides, I must confess. But, methinks, that should not make you put that extreme distance 'twixt yourself and others, that we should be said to 'over-dare' in speaking to your nimble deity. So Hercules might challenge priority of us both, because he can throw the bar farther, or lift more join'd stools at the arm's end, than we. If this might carry it, then we, who have made the whole body of divinity tremble at the twang of our bow, and enforc'd Saturnius himself to lay by his curled front, thunder, and three-fork'd fires, and put on a masking suit, too light for a reveller of eighteen to be seen in——

Mer. How now! my dancing braggart in *decimo sexto!* charm your skipping tongue, or I'll——

Cup. What! use the virtue of your snaky tipstaff there upon us?

Mer. No, boy, but the smart vigour of my palm about your ears. You have forgot since I took your heels up into air, on the very hour I was born, in sight of all the bench of deities, when the silver roof of the Olympian palace rung again with applause of the fact.

Cup. O no, I remember it freshly, and by a particular instance; for my mother Venus, at the same time, but stoop'd to embrace you, and, to speak by metaphor, you borrow'd a girdle of her's, as you did Jove's sceptre while he was laughing; and would have done his thunder too, but that 'twas too hot for your itching fingers.

Mer. 'Tis well, sir.

Cup. I heard, you but look'd in at Vulcan's forge the other day, and entreated a pair of his new tongs along with you for company: 'tis joy on you, i' faith, that you will keep your hook'd talons in practice with any thing. 'Slight, now you are on earth, we shall have you filch spoons and candlesticks rather than fail: pray Jove the perfum'd courtiers keep their casting-bottles, pick-tooths, and shittle-cocks from you, or our more ordinary gallants their tobacco-boxes; for I am strangely jealous of your nails.

Mer. Never trust me, Cupid, but you are turn'd a most acute gallant of late! the edge of my wit is clean taken off with the fine and subtile stroke of your thin-ground tongue; you fight with too poignant a phrase, for me to deal with.

Cup. O Hermes, your craft cannot make me confident. I know my own steel to be almost spent, and therefore entreat my peace with you, in time: you are too cunning for me to encounter at length, and I think it my safest ward to close.

Mer. Well, for once, I'll suffer you to win upon me, wag; but use not these strains too often, they'll stretch my patience. Whither might you march, now?

Cup. Faith, to recover thy good thoughts, I'll discover my whole project. The huntress and queen of these groves, Diana, in regard of some black and envious slanders hourly breathed against her, for her divine justice on Acteon, as she pretends, hath here in the vale of Gargaphie, proclaim'd a solemn revels, which (her godhead put off) she will descend to grace, with the full and royal expense of one of her clearest moons: in which time it shall be lawful for all sorts of ingenious persons to visit her palace, to court her nymphs, to exercise all variety of generous and noble pastimes; as well to intimate how far she treads such malicious imputations beneath her, as also to shew how clear her beauties are from the least wrinkle of austerity they may be charged with.

Mer. But, what is all this to Cupid?

Cup. Here do I mean to put off the title of a god, and take the habit of a page, in which disguise, during the interim of these revels, I will get to follow some one of Diana's maids, where, if my bow hold, and my shafts fly but with half the willingness and aim they are directed, I doubt not but I shall really redeem the minutes I have lost, by their so long and over nice proscription of my deity from their court.

Mer. Pursue it, divine Cupid, it will be rare.

Cup. But will Hermes second me?

Mer. I am now to put in act an especial designment from my father Jove; but, that perform'd, I am for any fresh action that offers itself.

Cup. Well, then we part. [*Exit.*

Mer. Farewell, good wag.
Now to my charge.—Echo, fair Echo, speak,
'Tis Mercury that calls thee; sorrowful nymph,
Salute me with thy repercussive voice,
That I may know what cavern of the earth
Contains thy airy spirit, how, or where
I may direct my speech, that thou may'st hear.

Echo. [*below.*] Here.

Mer. So nigh!

Echo. Ay.

Mer. Know, gentle soul, then, I am sent from Jove,
Who, pitying the sad burthen of thy woes,
Still growing on thee, in thy want of words
To vent thy passion for Narcissus' death,
Commands, that now, after three thousand years,
Which have been exercised in Juno's spite,
Thou take a corporal figure, and ascend,
Enrich'd with vocal and articulate power.
Make haste, sad nymph, thrice shall my winged rod
Strike the obsequious earth, to give thee way.
Arise, and speak thy sorrows, Echo, rise,
Here, by this fountain, where thy love did pine,
Whose memory lives fresh to vulgar fame,
Shrined in this yellow flower, that bears his name.

Echo. [*ascends.*] His name revives, and lifts me up from earth,
O, which way shall I first convert myself,
Or in what mood shall I essay to speak,
That, in a moment, I may be deliver'd
Of the prodigious grief I go withal?
See, see, the mourning fount, whose springs weep
Th' untimely fate of that too beauteous boy, [yet

That trophy of self-love, and spoil of nature,
Who, now transform'd into this drooping flower,
Hangs the repentant head, back from the stream,
As if it wish'd, *Would I had never look'd*
In such a flattering mirror! O Narcissus,
Thou that wast once, and yet art, my Narcissus,
Had Echo but been private with thy thoughts,
She would have dropt away herself in tears,
Till she had all turn'd water; that in her,
As in a truer glass, thou might'st have gazed
And seen thy beauties by more kind reflection,
But self-love never yet could look on truth
But with blear'd beams; slick flattery and she
Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,
As if you sever one, the other dies.
Why did the gods give thee a heavenly form,
And earthly thoughts to make thee proud of it?
Why do I ask? 'Tis now the known disease
That beauty hath, to bear too deep a sense
Of her own self-conceived excellence.
O, hadst thou known the worth of heaven's rich
Thou wouldst have turn'd it to a truer use, [gift,
And not with starv'd and covetous ignorance,
Pined in continual eyeing that bright gem,
The glance whereof to others had been more,
Than to thy famish'd mind the wide world's store:
So wretched is it to be merely rich!
Witness thy youth's dear sweets here spent un-
Like a fair taper, with his own flame wasted. [tasted,

Mer. Echo, be brief, Saturnia is abroad,
And if she hear, she'll storm at Jove's high will.

Echo. I will, kind Mercury, be brief as time.
Vouchsafe me, I may do him these last rites,
But kiss his flower, and sing some mourning strain
Over his wat'ry hearse.

Mer. Thou dost obtain;
I were no son to Jove, should I deny thee.
Begin, and more to grace thy cunning voice,
The humourous air shall mix her solemn tunes
With thy sad words: strike, music, from the spheres,
And with your golden raptures swell our ears.

ECHO [*accompanied*].

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears:
Yet, slower, yet; O faintly, gentle springs:
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers,
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours;
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is now a wither'd daffodil.—

Mer. Now, have you done?

Echo. Done presently, good Hermes: bide a
Suffer my thirsty eye to gaze awhile, [little;
But e'en to taste the place, and I am vanish'd.

Mer. Forego thy use and liberty of tongue,
And thou mayst dwell on earth, and sport thee there.

Echo. Here young Acteon fell, pursued and torn
By Cynthia's wrath, more eager than his hounds;
And here—ah me, the place is fatal!—see
The weeping Niobe, translated hither
From Phrygian mountains; and by Phœbe rear'd,
As the proud trophy of her sharp revenge.

Mer. Nay, but hear—

Echo. But here, O here, the fountain of self-love,
In which Latona, and her careless nymphs,
Regardless of my sorrows, bathe themselves
In hourly pleasures.

Mer. Stint thy babbling tongue!
Fond Echo, thou profan'st the grace is done thee.
So idle worldlings merely made of voice,
Censure the Powers above them. Come, away,
Jove calls thee hence; and his will brooks no stay.

Echo. O, stay: I have but one poor thought to
In airy garments, and then, faith, I go. [clothe
Henceforth, thou treacherous and murdering spring,
Be ever call'd the FOUNTAIN OF SELF-LOVE:
And with thy water let this curse remain,
As an inseparate plague, that who but taste
A drop thereof, may, with the instant touch,
Grow dotingly enamour'd on themselves.
Now, Hermes, I have finish'd.

Mer. Then thy speech
Must here forsake thee, Echo, and thy voice,
As it was wont, rebound but the last words.
Farewell.

Echo. [*retiring.*] Well.

Mer. Now, Cupid, I am for you, and your mirth,
To make me light before I leave the earth.

Enter AMORPHUS, *hastily.*

Amo. Dear spark of beauty, make not so fast

Echo. Away. [away.

Mer. Stay, let me observe this portent yet.

Amo. I am neither your Minotaur, nor your Centaur, nor your satyr, nor your hyæna, nor your babion, but your mere traveller, believe me.

Echo. Leave me.

Mer. I guess'd it should be some travelling motion pursued Echo so.

Amo. Know you from whom you fly? or whence?

Echo. Hence. [*Exit.*

Amo. This is somewhat above strange: A nymph of her feature and lineament, to be so preposterously rude! well, I will but cool myself at yon spring, and follow her.

Mer. Nay, then, I am familiar with the issue: I'll leave you too. [*Exit.*

Amor. I am a rhinoceros, if I had thought a creature of her symmetry could have dared so improportionable and abrupt a digression.—Liberal and divine fount, suffer my profane hand to take of thy bounties. [*Takes up some of the water.*] By the purity of my taste, here is most ambrosiac water; I will sup of it again. By thy favour, sweet fount. See, the water, a more running, subtile, and humourous nymph than she, permits me to touch, and handle her. What should I infer? if my behaviours had been of a cheap or customary garb; my accent or phrase vulgar; my garments trite; my countenance illiterate, or unpractised in the encounter of a beautiful and brave attired piece; then I might, with some change of colour, have suspected my faculties: But, knowing myself an essence so sublimated and refined by travel; of so studied and well exercised a gesture; so alone in fashion; able to render the face of any statesman living; and to speak the mere extraction of language, one that hath now made the sixth return upon venture; and was your first that ever enrich'd his country with the true laws of the duello; whose optics have drunk the spirit of beauty in some eight score and eighteen prince's

courts, where I have resided, and been there fortunate in the amours of three hundred forty and five ladies, all nobly, if not princely descended; whose names I have in catalogue: To conclude, in all so happy, as even admiration herself doth seem to fasten her kisses upon me:—certes, I do neither see, nor feel, nor taste, nor savour the least steam or fume of a reason, that should invite this foolish, fastidious nymph, so peevishly to abandon me. Well, let the memory of her fleet into air; my thoughts and I am for this other element, water.

Enter CRITES *and* ASOTUS.

Cri. What, the well dieted Amorphus become a water drinker! I see he means not to write verses then.

Aso. No, Crites! why?

Cri. Because——

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.

Amo. What say you to your Helicon?

Cri. O, the Muses' well! that's ever excepted.

Amo. Sir, your Muses have no such water, I assure you; your nectar, or the juice of your nepenthe, is nothing to it; 'tis above your metheglin, believe it.

Aso. Metheglin; what's that, sir? may I be so audacious to demand?

Amo. A kind of Greek wine I have met with, sir, in my travels; it is the same that Demosthenes usually drunk, in the composure of all his exquisite and mellifluous orations.

Cri. That's to be argued, Amorphus, if we may credit Lucian, who, in his *Encomio Demosthenis*, affirms, he never drunk but water in any of his compositions.

Amo. Lucian is absurd, he knew nothing: I will believe mine own travels before all the Lucians of Europe. He doth feed you with fittons, figments, and leasings.

Cri. Indeed, I think, next a traveller, he does prettily well.

Amo. I assure you it was wine, I have tasted it, and from the hand of an Italian antiquary, who derives it authentically from the duke of Ferrara's bottles. How name you the gentleman you are in rank with there, sir?

Cri. 'Tis Asotus, son to the late deceased Philargyrus, the citizen.

Amo. Was his father of any eminent place or means?

Cri. He was to have been prætor next year.

Amo. Ha! a pretty formal young gallant, in good sooth; pity he is not more genteelly propagated. Hark you, Crites, you may say to him what I am, if you please; though I affect not popularity, yet I would loth to stand out to any, whom you shall vouchsafe to call friend.

Cri. Sir, I fear I may do wrong to your sufficiencies in the reporting them, by forgetting or misplacing some one: yourself can best inform him of yourself, sir; except you had some catalogue or list of your faculties ready drawn, which you would request me to show him for you, and him to take notice of.

Amo. This Crites is sour: [*Aside.*]—I will think, sir.

Cri. Do so, sir.—O heaven! that anything in the likeness of man should suffer these rack'd extremities, for the uttering of his sophisticate good parts. [*Aside.*

Aso. Crites, I have a suit to you; but you must not deny me pray you make this gentleman and I friends.

Cri. Friends! why, is there any difference between you?

Aso. No; I mean acquaintance, to know one another.

Cri. O, now I apprehend you; your phrase was without me before.

Aso. In good faith, he's a most excellent rare man, I warrant him.

Cri. 'Slight, they are mutually enamour'd by this time. [*Aside.*

Aso. Will you, sweet Crites?

Cri. Yes, yes.

Aso. Nay, but when? you'll defer it now, and forget it.

Cri. Why, is it a thing of such present necessity, that it requires so violent a dispatch!

Aso. No, but would I might never stir, he's a most ravishing man! Good Crites, you shall endear me to you, in good faith; la!

Cri. Well, your longing shall be satisfied, sir.

Aso. And withal, you may tell him what my father was, and how well he left me, and that I am his heir.

Cri. Leave it to me, I'll forget none of your dear graces, I warrant you.

Aso. Nay, I know you can better marshal these affairs than I can——O gods! I'd give all the world, if I had it, for abundance of such acquaintance.

Cri. What ridiculous circumstance might I devise now to bestow this reciprocal brace of butterflies one upon another? [*Aside*

Amo. Since I trod on this side the Alps, I was not so frozen in my invention. Let me see: to accost him with some choice remnant of Spanish, or Italian! that would indifferently express my languages now: marry, then, if he shall fall out to be ignorant, it were both hard and harsh. How else? step into some *ragioni del stato*, and so make my induction! that were above him too; and out of his element, I fear. Feign to have seen him in Venice or Padua! or some face near his in similitude! 'tis too pointed and open. No, it must be a more quaint and collateral device, as——stay: to frame some encomiastic speech upon this our metropolis, or the wise magistrates thereof, in which politic number, 'tis odds but his father fill'd up a room? descend into a particular admiration of their justice, for the due measuring of coals, burning of cans, and such like? as also their religion, in pulling down a superstitious cross, and advancing a Venus, or Priapus, in place of it? ha! 'twill do well. Or to talk of some hospital, whose walls record his father a benefactor? or of so many buckets bestow'd on his parish church in his lifetime, with his name at length, for want of arms, trickt upon them? any of these. Or to praise the cleanness of the street wherein he dwelt? or the provident painting of his posts, against he should have been prætor? or, leaving his parent, come to some special ornament about himself, as his rapier, or some other of his accoutrements? I have it: thanks, gracious Minerva!

Aso. Would I had but once spoke to him, and then——He comes to me!

Amo. 'Tis a most curious and neatly wrought band this same, as I have seen, sir.

Aso. O lord, sir!

Amo. You forgive the humour of mine eye, in observing it.

Cri. His eye waters after it, it seems. [*Aside.*

Aso. O lord, sir! there needs no such apology, I assure you.

Cri. I am anticipated; they'll make a solemn deed of gift of themselves, you shall see. [*Aside.*

Amo. Your riband too does most gracefully in troth.

Aso. 'Tis the most genteel and received wear now, sir.

Amo. Believe me, sir, I speak it not to humour you—I have not seen a young gentleman, generally, put on his clothes with more judgment.

Aso. O, 'tis your pleasure to say so, sir.

Amo. No, as I am virtuous, being altogether untravell'd, it strikes me into wonder.

Aso. I do purpose to travel, sir, at spring.

Amo. I think I shall affect you, sir. This last speech of yours hath begun to make you dear to me.

Aso. O lord, sir! I would there were any thing in me, sir, that might appear worthy the least worthiness of your worth, sir. I protest, sir, I should endeavour to shew it, sir, with more than common regard, sir.

Cri. O, here's rare motley, sir. [*Aside.*

Amo. Both your desert, and your endeavours are plentiful, suspect them not: but your sweet disposition to travel, I assure you, hath made you another myself in mine eye, and struck me enamour'd on your beauties.

Aso. I would I were the fairest lady of France for your sake, sir? and yet I would travel too.

Amo. O, you should digress from yourself else: for, believe it, your travel is your only thing that rectifies, or, as the Italian says, *vi rendi pronto all' attioni*, makes you fit for action.

Aso. I think it be great charge though, sir.

Amo. Charge! why 'tis nothing for a gentleman that goes private, as yourself, or so; my intelligence shall quit my charge at all time. Good faith, this hat hath possest mine eye exceedingly; 'tis so pretty and fantastic: what! is it a beaver?

Aso. Ay, sir, I'll assure you 'tis a beaver, it cost me eight crowns but this morning.

Amo. After your French account?

Aso. Yes, sir.

Cri. And so near his head! beshrew me, dangerous. [*Aside.*

Amo. A very pretty fashion, believe me, and a most novel kind of trim: your band is conceited too!

Aso. Sir, it is all at your service.

Amo. O, pardon me.

Aso. I beseech you, sir, if you please to wear it, you shall do me a most infinite grace.

Cri. 'Slight, will he be prais'd out of his clothes?

Aso. By heaven, sir, I do not offer it you after the Italian manner; I would you should conceive so of me.

Amo. Sir, I shall fear to appear rude in denying your courtesies, especially being invited by so proper a distinction: May I pray your name, sir?

Aso. My name is Asotus, sir.

Amo. I take your love, gentle Asotus; but let me win you to receive this, in exchange———

[*They exchange beavers.*

Cri. Heart! they'll change doublets anon. [*Aside.*

Amo. And, from this time esteem yourself in the first rank of those few whom I profess to love. What make you in company of this scholar here? I will bring you known to gallants, as Anaides of the ordinary, Hedon the courtier, and others, whose society shall render you graced and respected: this is a trivial fellow, too mean, too cheap, too coarse for you to converse with.

Aso. 'Slid, this is not worth a crown, and mine cost me eight but this morning.

Cri. I looked when he would repent him, he has begun to be sad a good while.

Amo. Sir, shall I say to you for that hat? Be not so sad, be not so sad: It is a relic I could not so easily have departed with, but as the hieroglyphic of my affection; you shall alter it to what form you please, it will take any block; I have received it varied on record to the three thousandth time, and not so few: It hath these virtues beside your head shall not ache under it, nor your brain leave you, without license; it will preserve your complexion to eternity; for no beam of the sun, should you wear it under *zona torrida*, hath power to approach it by two ells. It is proof against thunder, and enchantment; and was given me by a great man in Russia, as an especial prized present; and constantly affirm'd to be the hat that accompanied the politic Ulysses in his tedious and ten years' travels.

Aso. By Jove, I will not depart withal, whosoever would give me a million.

Enter Cos *and* Prosaites.

Cos. Save you, sweet bloods! does any of you want a creature, or a dependent?

Cri. Beshrew me, a fine blunt slave!

Amo. A page of good timber! it will now be my grace to entertain him first, though I cashier him again in private.—How art thou call'd?

Cos. Cos, sir, Cos.

Cri. Cos! how happily hath fortune furnish'd him with a whetstone?

Amo. I do entertain you, Cos; conceal your quality till we be private; if your parts be worthy of me, I will countenance you; if not, catechize you.—Gentles, shall we go?

Aso. Stay, sir: I'll but entertain this other fellow, and then —— I have a great humour to taste of this water too, but I'll come again alone for that ——mark the place.—What's your name, youth?

Pros. Prosaites, sir.

Aso. Prosaites! a very fine name; Crites, is it not?

Cri. Yes, and a very ancient one, sir, the Beggar.

Aso. Follow me, good Prosaites; let's talk.

[*Exeunt all but* Crites.

Cri. He will rank even with you, ere't be long,
If you hold on your course. O, vanity,
How are thy painted beauties doted on,
By light and empty idiots! how pursued
With open and extended appetite!
How they do sweat, and run themselves from breath,
Raised on their toes, to catch thy airy forms,
Still turning giddy, till they reel like drunkards,
That buy the merry madness of one hour
With the long irksomeness of following time!
O, how despised and base a thing is man,
If he not strive t'erect his grovelling thoughts
Above the strain of flesh! but how more cheap,
When, ev'n his best and understanding part,

The crown and strength of all his faculties,
Floats, like a dead drown'd body, on the stream
Of vulgar humour, mixt with common'st dregs!
I suffer for their guilt now, and my soul,
Like one that looks on ill-affected eyes,
Is hurt with mere intention on their follies.
Why will I view them then, my sense might ask
Or is't a rarity, or some new object, [me?
That strains my strict observance to this point?
O, would it were! therein I could afford
My spirit should draw a little near to theirs,
To gaze on novelties; so vice were one.
Tut, she is stale, rank, foul; and were it not
That those that woo her greet her with lock'd eyes,
In spight of all th' impostures, paintings, drugs,
Which her bawd, Custom, dawbs her cheeks withal,
She would betray her loth'd and leprous face,
And fright the enamour'd dotards from themselves:
But such is the perverseness of our nature,
That if we once but fancy levity,
How antic and ridiculous soe'er
It suit with us, yet will our muffled thought
Choose rather not to see it, than avoid it:
And if we can but banish our own sense,
We act our mimic tricks with that free license,
That lust, that pleasure, that security,
As if we practised in a paste-board case,
And no one saw the motion, but the motion.
Well, check thy passion, lest it grow too loud:
While fools are pitied, they wax fat and proud.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Court.*

Enter CUPID *and* MERCURY, *disguised as Pages.*

Cup. Why, this was most unexpectedly followed, my divine delicate Mercury; by the beard of Jove, thou art a precious deity.

Mer. Nay, Cupid, leave to speak improperly; since we are turn'd cracks, let's study to be like cracks; practise their language and behaviours, and not with a dead imitation: Act freely, carelessly, and capriciously, as if our veins ran with quicksilver, and not utter a phrase, but what shall come forth steep'd in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire.

Cup. That's not every one's happiness, Hermes: Though you can presume upon the easiness and dexterity of your wit, you shall give me leave to be a little jealous of mine; and not desperately to hazard it after your capering humour.

Mer. Nay, then, Cupid, I think we must have you hood-wink'd again; for you are grown too provident since your eyes were at liberty.

Cup. Not so, Mercury, I am still blind Cupid to thee.

Mer. And what to the lady nymph you serve?

Cup. Troth, page, boy, and sirrah: these are all my titles.

Mer. Then thou hast not altered thy name, with thy disguise?

Cup. O, no, that had been supererogation; you shall never hear your courtier call but by one of these three.

Mer. Faith, then both our fortunes are the same.

Cup. Why, what parcel of man hast thou lighted on for a master?

Mer. Such a one as, before I begin to decipher him, I dare not affirm to be any thing less than a courtier. So much he is during this open time of revels, and would be longer, but that his means are to leave him shortly after. His name is Hedon, a gallant wholly consecrated to his pleasures.

Cup. Hedon! he uses much to my lady's chamber, I think.

Mer. How is she call'd, and then I can shew thee?

Cup. Madam Philautia.

Mer. O ay, he affects her very particularly indeed. These are his graces. He doth (besides me) keep a barber and a monkey; he has a rich wrought waistcoat to entertain his visitants in, with a cap almost suitable. His curtains and bedding are thought to be his own; his bathing-tub is not suspected. He loves to have a fencer, a pedant, and a musician seen in his lodging a-mornings.

Cup. And not a poet?

Mer. Fie, no: himself is a rhymer, and that's thought better than a poet. He is not lightly within to his mercer, no, though he come when he takes physic, which is commonly after his play. He beats a tailor very well, but a stocking-seller admirably: and so consequently any one he owes money to, that dares not resist him. He never makes general invitement, but against the publishing of a new suit; marry, then you shall have more drawn to his lodging, than come to the launching of some three ships; especially if he be furnish'd with supplies for the retiring of his old wardrobe from pawn: if not, he does hire a stock of apparel, and some forty or fifty pound in gold, for that forenoon, to shew. He is thought a very necessary perfume for the presence, and for that only cause welcome thither: six milliners' shops afford you not the like scent. He courts ladies with how many great horse he hath rid that morning, or how oft he hath done the whole, or half the pommado in a seven-night before: and sometime ventures so far upon the virtue of his pomander, that he dares tell 'em how many shirts he has sweat at tennis that week; but wisely conceals so many dozen of balls he is on the score. Here he comes, that is all this.

Enter HEDON, ANAIDES, *and* GELAIA.

Hed. Boy!

Mer. Sir.

Hed. Are any of the ladies in the presence?

Mer. None yet, sir.

Hed. Give me some gold,—more.

Ana. Is that thy boy, Hedon?

Hed. Ay, what think'st thou of him?

Ana. I'd geld him; I warrant he has the philosopher's stone.

Hed. Well said, my good melancholy devil: sirrah, I have devised one or two of the prettiest oaths, this morning in my bed, as ever thou heard'st, to protest withal in the presence.

Ana. Prithee, let's hear them.

Hed. Soft, thou'lt use them afore me.

Ana. No, d—mn me then—I have more oaths than I know how to utter, by this air.

Hed. Faith, one is, *By the tip of your ear, sweet lady.* Is it not pretty, and genteel?

Ana. Yes, for the person 'tis applied to, a lady. It should be light and———

Hed. Nay, the other is better, exceeds it much: the invention is farther fet too. *By the white valley that lies between the alpine hills of your bosom, I protest.*———

Ana. Well, you travell'd for that, Hedon.

Mer. Ay, in a map, where his eyes were but blind guides to his understanding, it seems.

Hed. And then I have a salutation will nick all, by this caper: hay!

Ana. How is that?

Hed. You know I call madam Philautia, my Honour; and she calls me, her Ambition. Now, when I meet her in the presence anon, I will come to her, and say, *Sweet Honour, I have hitherto contented my sense with the lilies of your hand, but now I will taste the roses of your lip;* and, withal, kiss her: to which she cannot but blushing answer, *Nay, now you are too ambitious.* And then do I reply: *I cannot be too Ambitious of Honour, sweet lady.* Will't not be good? ha? ha?

Ana. O, assure your soul.

Hed. By heaven, I think 'twill be excellent: and a very politic achievement of a kiss.

Ana. I have thought upon one for Moria of a sudden too, if it take.

Hed. What is't, my dear Invention?

Ana. Marry, I will come to her, (and she always wears a muff, if you be remembered,) and I will tell her, *Madam, your whole self cannot but be perfectly wise; for your hands have wit enough to keep themselves warm.*

Hed. Now, oefore Jove, admirable! [GELAIA *laughs.*] Look, thy page takes it, too. By Phœbus, my sweet facetious rascal, I could eat water-gruel with thee a month for this jest, my dear rogue.

Ana. O, Hercules, 'tis your only dish; above all your potatoes or oyster-pies in the world.

Hed. I have ruminated upon a most rare wish too, and the prophecy to it; but I'll have some friend to be the prophet; as thus: I do wish myself one of my mistress's cioppini. Another demands, Why would he be one of his mistress's cioppini? a third answers, Because he would make her higher: a fourth shall say, That will make her proud: and a fifth shall conclude, Then do I prophesy pride will have a fall;—and he shall give it her.

Ana. I will be your prophet. Gods so, it will be most exquisite; thou art a fine inventious rogue, sirrah.

Hed. Nay, and I have posies for rings, too, and riddles that they dream not of.

Ana. Tut, they'll do that, when they come to sleep on them, time enough: But were thy devices never in the presence yet, Hedon?

Hed. O, no, I disdain that.

Ana. 'Twere good we went afore then, and brought them acquainted with the room where they shall act, lest the strangeness of it put them out of countenance, when they should come forth.

[*Exeunt* HEDON *and* ANAIDES.

Cup. Is that a courtier, too?

Mer. Troth, no; he has two essential parts of the courtier, pride and ignorance; marry, the rest come somewhat after the ordinary gallant. 'Tis Impudence itself, Anaides; one that speaks all that comes in his cheeks, and will blush no more than a sackbut. He lightly occupies the jester's room at the table, and keeps laughter, Gelaia, a wench in page's attire, following him in place of a squire, whom he now and then tickles with some strange ridiculous stuff, utter'd as his land came to him, by chance. He will censure or discourse of any thing, but as absurdly as you would wish. His fashion is not to take knowledge of him that is beneath him in clothes. He never drinks below the salt. He does naturally admire his wit that wears gold lace, or tissue: stabs any man that speaks more contemptibly of the scholar than he. He is a great proficient in all the illiberal sciences, as cheating, drinking, swaggering, whoring, and such like: never kneels but to pledge healths, nor prays but for a pipe of pudding-tobacco. He will blaspheme in his shirt. The oaths which he vomits at one supper would maintain a town of garrison in good swearing a twelvemonth. One other genuine quality he has which crowns all these, and that is this: to a friend in want, he will not depart with the weight of a soldered groat, lest the world might censure him prodigal, or report him a gull: marry, to his cockatrice or punquetto, half a dozen taffata gowns or satin kirtles in a pair or two of months, why, they are nothing.

Cup. I commend him, he is one of my clients.

[*They retire to the back of the Stage.*

Enter AMORPHUS, ASOTUS, *and* COS.

Amo. Come, sir. You are now within regard of the presence, and see, the privacy of this room how sweetly it offers itself to our retired intendments.—Page, cast a vigilant and enquiring eye about, that we be not rudely surprised by the approach of some ruder stranger.

Cos. I warrant you, sir. I'll tell you when the wolf enters, fear nothing.

Mer. O what a mass of benefit shall we possess, in being the invisible spectators of this strange show now to be acted!

Amo. Plant yourself there, sir; and observe me. You shall now, as well be the ocular, as the ear-witness, how clearly I can refel that paradox, or rather pseudodox, of those, which hold the face to be the index of the mind, which, I assure you, is not so in any politic creature: for instance; I will now give you the particular and distinct face of every your most noted species of persons, as your merchant, your scholar, your soldier, your lawyer, courtier, &c. and each of these so truly, as you would swear, but that your eye shall see the variation of the lineament, it were my most proper and genuine aspect. First, for your merchant, or city-face, 'tis thus; a dull, plodding-face, still looking in a direct line, forward: there is no great matter in this face. Then have you your student's, or academic face, which is here an honest, simple, and methodical face; but somewhat more spread than the former. The third is your soldier's face, a menacing and astounding face, that looks broad and big: the grace of his face consisteth much in a beard. The anti-face to this, is your lawyer's face, a contracted, subtile, and intricate face, full of quirks and turnings, a labyrinthean face, now angularly, now circularly, every way aspected. Next is your statist's face, a serious, solemn, and supercilious face, full of formal and square gravity; the eye, for the most part, deeply and artificially shadow'd: there is great judgment required in

the making of this face. But now, to come to your face of faces, or courtier's face; 'tis of three sorts, according to our subdivision of a courtier, elementary, practic, and theoric. Your courtier theoric, is he that hath arrived to his farthest, and doth now know the court rather by speculation than practice; and this is his face: a fastidious and oblique face; that looks as it went with a vice, and were screw'd thus. Your courtier practic, is he that is yet in his path, his course, his way, and hath not touch'd the punctilio or point of his hopes; his face is here: a most promising, open, smooth, and overflowing face, that seems as it would run and pour itself into you: somewhat a northerly face. Your courtier elementary, is one but newly enter'd, or as it were in the alphabet, or *ut-re-mi-fa-sol-la* of courtship. Note well this face, for it is this you must practise.

Aso. I'll practise them all, if you please, sir.

Amo. Ay, hereafter you may: and it will not be altogether an ungrateful study. For, let your soul be assured of this, in any rank or profession whatever, the more general or major part of opinion goes with the face and simply respects nothing else. Therefore, if that can be made exactly, curiously, exquisitely, thoroughly, it is enough: but for the present you shall only apply yourself to this face of the elementary courtier, a light, revelling, and protesting face, now blushing, now smiling, which you may help much with a wanton wagging of your head, thus, (a feather will teach you,) or with kissing your finger that hath the ruby, or playing with some string of your band, which is a most quaint kind of melancholy besides: or, if among ladies, laughing loud, and crying up your own wit, though perhaps borrow'd, it is not amiss. Where is your page? call for your casting-bottle, and place your mirror in your hat, as I told you: so! Come, look not pale, observe me, set your face, and enter.

Mer. O, for some excellent painter, to have taken the copy of all these faces! [*Aside.*

Aso. Prosaites!

Amo. Fie! I premonish you of that: in the court, boy, lacquey, or sirrah.

Cos. Master, *lupus in*——O, 'tis Prosaites.

Enter PROSAITES.

Aso. Sirrah, prepare my casting-bottle; I think I must be enforced to purchase me another page; you see how at hand Cos waits here.

[*Exeunt* AMORPHUS, ASOTUS, COS, *and* PROSAITES.

Mer. So will he too, in time.

Cup. What's he, Mercury?

Mer. A notable smelt. One that hath newly entertain'd the beggar to follow him, but cannot get him to wait near enough. 'Tis Asotus, the heir of Philargyrus; but first I'll give ye the other's character, which may make his the clearer. He that is with him is Amorphus, a traveller, one so made out of the mixture of shreds of forms, that himself is truly deform'd. He walks most commonly with a clove or pick-tooth in his mouth, he is the very mint of compliment, all his behaviours are printed, his face is another volume of essays, and his beard is an Aristarchus. He speaks all cream skimm'd, and more affected than a dozen waiting women. He is his own promoter in every place. The wife of the ordinary gives him his diet to maintain her table in discourse; which, indeed, is a mere tyranny over her other guests, for he will usurp all the talk: ten constables are not so tedious. He is no great shifter; once a year his apparel is ready to revolt. He doth use much to arbitrate quarrels, and fights himself, exceeding well, out at a window. He will lie cheaper than any beggar, and louder than most clocks; for which he is right properly accommodated to the Whetstone, his page. The other gallant is his zany, and doth most of these tricks after him; sweats to imitate him in every thing to a hair, except a beard, which is not yet extant. He doth learn to make strange sauces, to eat anchovies, maccaroni, bovoli, fagioli, and caviare, because he loves them; speaks as he speaks, looks, walks, goes so in clothes and fashion: is in all as if he were moulded of him. Marry, before they met, he had other very pretty sufficiencies, which yet he retains some light impression of; as frequenting a dancing-school, and grievously torturing strangers with inquisition after his grace in his galliard. He buys a fresh acquaintance at any rate. His eyes and his raiment confer much together as he goes in the street. He treads nicely like the fellow that walks upon ropes, especially the first Sunday of his silk stockings; and when he is most neat and new, you shall strip him with commendations.

Cup. Here comes another.

[CRITES *passes over the stage*

Mer. Ay, but one of another strain, Cupid; this fellow weighs somewhat.

Cup. His name. Hermes?

Mer. Crites. A creature of a most perfect and divine temper: one, in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met, without emulation of precedency; he is neither too fantastically melancholy, too slowly phlegmatic, too lightly sanguine, or too rashly choleric; but in all so composed and ordered, as it is clear Nature went about some full work, she did more than make a man when she made him. His discourse is like his behaviour, uncommon, but not unpleasing; he is prodigal of neither. He strives rather to be that which men call judicious, than to be thought so; and is so truly learned, that he affects not to shew it. He will think and speak his thought both freely; but as distant from depraving another man's merit, as proclaiming his own. For his valour, 'tis such, that he dares as little to offer any injury as receive one. In sum, he hath a most ingenuous and sweet spirit, a sharp and season'd wit, a straight judgment and a strong mind. Fortune could never break him, nor make him less. He counts it his pleasure to despise pleasures, and is more delighted with good deeds than goods. It is a competency to him that he can be virtuous. He doth neither covet nor fear; he hath too much reason to do either; and that commends all things to him.

Cup. Not better than Mercury commends him.

Mer. O, Cupid, 'tis beyond my deity to give him his due praises: I could leave my place in heaven to live among mortals, so I were sure to be no other than he.

Cup. 'Slight, I believe he is your minion, you seem to be so ravish'd with him.

Mer. He's one I would not have a wry thought darted against, willingly.

Cup. No, but a straight shaft in his bosom I'll promise him, if I am Cytherea's son.

Mer. Shall we go, Cupid?

Cup. Stay, and see the ladies now: they'll come presently. I'll help to paint them.

Mer. What, lay colour upon colour! that affords but an ill blazon.

Cup. Here comes metal to help it, the lady Argurion. [ARGURION *passes over the stage.*

Mer. Money, money.

Cup. The same. A nymph of a most wandering and giddy disposition, humorous as the air, she'll run from gallant to gallant, as they sit at primero in the presence, most strangely, and seldom stays with any. She spreads as she goes. To-day you shall have her look as clear and fresh as the morning, and to morrow as melancholic as midnight. She takes special pleasure in a close obscure lodging, and for that cause visits the city so often, where she has many secret true concealing favourites. When she comes abroad, she's more loose and scattering than dust, and will fly from place to place, as she were wrapped with a whirlwind. Your young student, for the most part, she affects not, only salutes him, and away: a poet, nor a philosopher, she is hardly brought to take any notice of; no, though he be some part of an alchemist. She loves a player well, and a lawyer infinitely; but your fool above all. She can do much in court for the obtaining of any suit whatsoever, no door but flies open to her, her presence is above a charm. The worst in her is want of keeping state, and too much descending into inferior and base offices; she's for any coarse employment you will put upon her, as to be your procurer, or pander.

Mer. Peace, Cupid, here comes more work for you, another character or two.

Enter PHANTASTE, MORIA, *and* PHILAUTIA.

Pha. Stay, sweet Philautia, I'll but change my fan, and go presently.

Mor. Now, in very good serious, ladies, I will have this order revers'd, the presence must be better maintain'd from you. a quarter past eleven, and ne'er a nymph in prospective! Beshrew my hand, there must be a reform'd discipline. Is that your new ruff, sweet lady-bird? By my truth, 'tis most intricately rare.

Mer. Good Jove, what reverend gentlewoman in years might this be?

Cup. 'Tis madam Moria, guardian of the nymphs; one that is not now to be persuaded of her wit; she will think herself wise against all the judgments that come. A lady made all of voice and air, talks any thing of any thing. She is like one of your ignorant poetasters of the time, who, when they have got acquainted with a strange word, never rest till they have wrung it in, though it loosen the whole fabric of their sense.

Mer. That was pretty and sharply noted, Cupid.

Cup. She will tell you, Philosophy was a fine reveller, when she was young, and a gallant, and that then, though she say it, she was thought to be the dame Dido and Helen of the court: as also, what a sweet dog she had this time four years, and how it was called Fortune; and that, if the Fates had not cut his thread, he had been a dog to have given entertainment to any gallant in this kingdom; and unless she had whelp'd it herself, she could not have loved a thing better in this world.

Mer. O, I prithee no more; I am full of her.

Cup. Yes, I must needs tell you she composes a sack-posset well; and would court a young page sweetly, but that her breath is against it.

Mer. Now, her breath or something more strong protect me from her! The other, the other, Cupid?

Cup. O, that's my lady and mistress madam Philautia. She admires not herself for any one particularity, but for all: she is fair, and she knows it; she has a pretty light wit too, and she knows it; she can dance, and she knows that too; play at shuttle-cock, and that too: no quality she has, but she shall take a very particular knowledge of, and most lady-like commend it to you. You shall have her at any time read you the history of herself, and very subtilely run over another lady's sufficiencies to come to her own. She has a good superficial judgment in painting, and would seem to have so in poetry. A most complete lady in the opinion of some three beside herself.

Phi. Faith, how liked you my quip to Hedon, about the garter? Was't not witty?

Mor. Exceeding witty and integrate: you did so aggravate the jest withal.

Phi. And did I not dance movingly the last night?

Mor. Movingly! out of measure, in troth, sweet charge.

Mer. A happy commendation, to dance out of measure!

Mor. Save only you wanted the swim in the turn: O! when I was at fourteen——

Phi. Nay, that's mine own from any nymph in the court, I'm sure on't; therefore you mistake me in that, guardian: both the swim and the trip are properly mine; every body will affirm it that has any judgment in dancing, I assure you.

Pha. Come now, Philautia, I am for you; shall we go?

Phi. Ay, good Phantaste: What! have you changed your head-tire?

Pha. Yes, faith, the other was so near the common, it had no extraordinary grace; besides, I had worn it almost a day, in good troth.

Phi. I'll be sworn, this is most excellent for the device, and rare; 'tis after the Italian print we look'd on t'other night.

Pha. 'Tis so: by this fan, I cannot abide any thing that savours the poor over-worn cut, that has any kindred with it; I must have variety, I: this mixing in fashion, I hate it worse than to burn juniper in my chamber, I protest.

Phi. And yet we cannot have a new peculiar court-tire, but these retainers will have it; these suburb Sunday-waiters; these courtiers for high days; I know not what I should call 'em——

Pha. O, ay, they do most pitifully imitate; but I have a tire a coming, i'faith, shall——

Mor. In good certain, madam, it makes you look most heavenly; but, lay your hand on your heart, you never skinn'd a new beauty more prosperously in your life, nor more metaphysically: look, good lady; sweet lady, look.

Phi. 'Tis very clear and well, believe me. But if you had seen mine yesterday, when 'twas young, you would have——Who's your doctor, Phantaste?

Pha. Nay, that's counsel, Philautia; you shall pardon me: yet I'll assure you he's the most dainty, sweet, absolute, rare man of the whole college. O! his very looks, his discourse, his behaviour, all he does is physic, I protest.

Phi. For heaven's sake, his name, good dear Phantaste?

Pha. No, no, no, no, no, no, believe me, not for a million of heavens: I will not make him cheap. Fie——

[*Exeunt* PHANTASTE, MORIA, *and* PHILAUTIA.

Cup. There is a nymph too of a most curious and elaborate strain, light, all motion, an ubiquitary, she is every where, Phantaste——

Mer. Her very name speaks her, let her pass. But are these, Cupid, the stars of Cynthia's court? Do these nymphs attend upon Diana?

Cup. They are in her court, Mercury, but not as stars; these never come in the presence of Cynthia. The nymphs that make her train are the divine Arete, Timè, Phronesis, Thauma, and others of that high sort. These are privately brought in by Moria in this licentious time, against her knowledge: and, like so many meteors, will vanish when she appears.

Enter PROSAITES *singing, followed by* GELAIA *and* COS, *with bottles.*

Come follow me, my wags, and say, as I say.
There's no riches but in rags, hey day, hey day:
You that profess this art, come away, come away,
And help to bear a part. Hey day, hey day, &c.

[MERCURY *and* CUPID *come forward.*

Mer. What, those that were our fellow pages but now, so soon preferr'd to be yeomen of the bottles! The mystery, the mystery, good wags?

Cup. Some diet-drink they have the guard of.

Pro. No, sir, we are going in quest of a strange fountain, lately found out.

Cup. By whom?

Cos. My master, or the great discoverer, Amorphus.

Mer. Thou hast well entitled him, Cos, for he will discover all he knows.

Gel. Ay, and a little more too, when the spirit is upon him.

Pro. O, the good travelling gentleman yonder has caused such a drought in the presence, with reporting the wonders of this new water, that all the ladies and gallants lie languishing upon the rushes, like so many pounded cattle in the midst of harvest, sighing one to another, and gasping, as if each of them expected a cock from the fountain to be brought into his mouth; and without we return quickly, they are all, as a youth would say, no better than a few trouts cast ashore, or a dish of eels in a sand-bag.

Mer. Well then, you were best dispatch, and have a care of them. Come, Cupid, thou and I'll go peruse this dry wonder. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at the Court.*

Enter AMORPHUS *and* ASOTUS.

Amo. Sir, let not this discountenance or disgallant you a whit; you must not sink under the first disaster. It is with your young grammatical courtier, as with your neophyte player, a thing usual to be daunted at the first presence or interview: you saw, there was Hedon, and Anaides, far more practised gallants than yourself, who were both out, to comfort you. It is no disgrace, no more than for your adventurous reveller to fall by some inauspicious chance in his galliard, or for some subtile politic to undertake the bastinado, that the state might think worthily of him, and respect him as a man well beaten to the world. What! hath your tailor provided the property we spake of at your chamber, or no?

Aso. I think he has.

Amo. Nay, I entreat you, be not so flat and melancholic. Erect your mind: you shall redeem this with the courtship I will teach you against the afternoon. Where eat you to-day?

Aso. Where you please, sir; any where, I.

Amo. Come, let us go and taste some light dinner, a dish of sliced caviare, or so; and after, you shall practise an hour at your lodging some few forms that I have recall'd. If you had but so far gathered your spirits to you, as to have taken up a rush when you were out, and wagg'd it thus, or cleansed your teeth with it; or but turn'd aside, and feign'd some business to whisper with your page, till you had recovered yourself, or but found some slight stain in your stocking, or any other pretty invention, so it had been sudden, you might have come off with a most clear and courtly grace.

Aso. A poison of all! I think I was forespoke, I.

Amo. No, I must tell you, you are not audacious enough; you must frequent ordinaries a month more, to initiate yourself: in which time, it will not be amiss, if, in private, you keep good your acquaintance with Crites, or some other of his poor coat; visit his lodging secretly and often; become an earnest suitor to hear some of his labours.

Aso. O Jove! sir, I could never get him to read a line to me.

Amo. You must then wisely mix yourself in rank with such as you know can; and, as your ears do meet with a new phrase, or an acute jest, take it in: a quick nimble memory will lift it away, and, at your next public meal, it is your own.

Aso. But I shall never utter it perfectly, sir.

Amo. No matter, let it come lame. In ordinary talk you shall play it away, as you do your light crowns at primero: it will pass.

Aso. I shall attempt, sir.

Amo. Do. It is your shifting age for wit, and, I assure you, men must be prudent. After this you may to court, and there fall in, first with the waiting-woman, then with the lady. Pox case they do retain you there, as a fit property, to hire coaches some pair of months, or so; or to read them asleep in afternoons upon some pretty pamphlet, to breathe you; why, it shall in time embolden you to some farther achievement: in the interim, you may fashion yourself to be careless and impudent.

Aso. How if they would have me to make verses? I heard Hedon spoke to for some.

Amo. Why, you must prove the aptitude of your genius; if you find none, you must hearken out a vein, and buy; provided you pay for the silence as for the work, then you may securely call it your own.

Aso. Yes, and I'll give out my acquaintance with all the best writers, to countenance me the more.

Amo. Rather seem not to know them, it is your best. Ay, be wise, that you never so much as mention the name of one, nor remember it mentioned; but if they be offer'd to you in discourse, shake your light head, make between a sad and a smiling face, pity some, rail at all, and commend yourself: 'tis your only safe and unsuspected course. Come, you shall look back upon the court again to-day, and be restored to your colours: I do now partly aim at the cause of your repulse—which was ominous indeed—for as you enter at the door, there is opposed to you the frame of a wolf in the hangings, which, surprising your eye suddenly, gave a false alarm to the heart; and that was it called your blood out of your face, and so routed the whole rank of your spirits: I beseech you labour to forget it. And remember, as I inculcated to you before, for your comfort, Hedon and Anaides. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter HEDON *and* ANAIDES.

Hedon. Heart, was there ever so prosperous an invention thus unluckily perverted and spoiled by a whoreson book-worm, a candle-waster?

Ana. Nay, be not impatient, Hedon.

Hed. 'Slight, I would fain know his name.

Ana. Hang him, poor grogran rascal! prithee think not of him: I'll send for him to my lodging, and have him blanketed when thou wilt, man.

Hed. Ods so, I would thou couldst. Look, here he comes.

Enter CRITES, *and walks in a musing posture at the back of the stage.*

Laugh at him, laugh at him; ha, ha, ha!

Ana. Fough! he smells all lamp-oil with studying by candle-light.

Hed. How confidently he went by us, and carelessly! Never moved, nor stirred at any thing! Did you observe him?

Ana. Ay, a pox on him, let him go, dormouse: he is in a dream now. He has no other time to sleep, but thus when he walks abroad to take the air.

Hed. 'Sprecious, this afflicts me more than all the rest, that we should so particularly direct our hate and contempt against him, and he to carry it thus without wound or passion! 'tis insufferable.

Ana. 'Slid, my dear Envy, if thou but say'st the word now, I'll undo him eternally for thee.

Hed. How, sweet Anaides?

Ana. Marry, half a score of us get him in, one night, and make him pawn his wit for a supper.

Hed. Away, thou hast such unseasonable jests! By this heaven, I wonder at nothing more than our gentlemen ushers, that will suffer a piece of serge or perpetuana to come into the presence: methinks they should, out of their experience, better distinguish the silken disposition of courtiers, than to let such terrible coarse rags mix with us, able to fret any smooth or gentle society to the threads with their rubbing devices.

Ana. Unless 'twere Lent, Ember-weeks, or fasting-days, when the place is most penuriously empty of all other good outsides. D——n me, if I should adventure on his company once more, without a suit of buff to defend my wit! he does nothing but stab, the slave! How mischievously he cross'd thy device of the prophecy, there? and Moria, she comes without her muff too, and there my invention was lost.

Hed. Well, I am resolved what I'll do.

Ana. What, my good spirituous spark?

Hed. Marry, speak all the venom I can of him; and poison his reputation in every place where I come.

Ana. 'Fore God, most courtly.

Hed. And if I chance to be present where any question is made of his sufficiencies, or of any thing he hath done private or public, I'll censure it slightly and ridiculously.

Ana. At any hand beware of that; so thou may'st draw thine own judgment in suspect. No I'll instruct thee what thou shalt do, and by a safer means: approve any thing thou hearest of his, to the received opinion of it; but if it be extraordinary, give it from him to some other whom thou more particularly affect'st; that's the way to plague him, and he shall never come to defend himself. 'Slud, I'll give out all he does is dictated from other men, and swear it too, if thou'lt have me, and that I know the time and place where he stole it, though my soul be guilty of no such thing; and that I think, out of my heart, he hates such barren shifts: yet to do thee a pleasure, and him a disgrace, I'll damn myself, or do any thing.

Hed. Grammercy, my dear devil; we'll put it seriously in practice, i'faith.

[*Exeunt* HEDON *and* ANAIDES.

Cri. [*coming forward.*] Do, good Detraction, do, and I the while
Shall shake thy spight off with a careless smile.
Poor piteous gallants! what lean idle slights
Their thoughts suggest to flatter their starv'd hopes!
As if I knew not how to entertain
These straw-devices; but, of force must yield
To the weak stroke of their calumnious tongues.
What should I care what every dor doth buz
In credulous ears? It is a crown to me
That the best judgments can report me wrong'd;
Them liars, and their slanders impudent.
Perhaps, upon the rumour of their speeches,
Some grieved friend will whisper to me; Crites,
Men speak ill of thee. So they be ill men,
If they spake worse, 'twere better: for of such
To be dispraised, is the most perfect praise.
What can his censure hurt me, whom the world
Hath censured vile before me! If good Chrestus,
Euthus, or Phronimus, had spoke the words,
They would have moved me, and I should have call'd
My thoughts and actions to a strict account
Upon the hearing: but when I remember,
'Tis Hedon and Anaides, alas, then
I think but what they are, and am not stirr'd.
The one a light voluptuous reveller,
The other, a strange arrogating puff,
Both impudent, and ignorant enough;
That talk as they are wont, not as I merit;
Traduce by custom, as most dogs do bark,
Do nothing out of judgment, but disease,
Speak ill, because they never could speak well.
And who'd be angry with this race of creatures?
What wise physician have we ever seen

Moved with a frantic man ? the same affects
That he doth bear to his sick patient,
Should a right mind carry to such as these ·
And I do count it a most rare revenge,
That I can thus, with such a sweet neglect,
Pluck from them all the pleasure of their mane ,
For that's the mark of all their enginous drifts,
To wound my patience, howsoe'er they seem
To aim at other objects ; which if miss'd,
Their envy's like an arrow shot upright,
That, in the fall, endangers their own heads.

Enter ARETE.

Are. What, Crites ! where have you drawn forth the day,
You have not visited your jealous friends ?

Cri. Where I have seen, most honour'd Arete,
The strangest pageant, fashion'd like a court,
(At least I dreamt I saw it) so diffused,
So painted, pied, and full of rainbow strains,
As never yet, either by time, or place,
Was made the food to my distasted sense :
Nor can my weak imperfect memory
Now render half the forms unto my tongue,
That were convolved within this thrifty room.
Here stalks me by a proud and spangled sir,
That looks three handfuls higher than his foretop ;
Savours himself alone, is only kind
And loving to himself ; one that will speak
More dark and doubtful than six oracles !
Salutes a friend, as if he had a stitch ;
Is his own chronicle, and scarce can eat
For regist'ring himself ; is waited on
By mimics, jesters, panders, parasites,
And other such like prodigies of men.
He past, appears some mincing marmoset
Made all of clothes and face ; his limbs so set
As if they had some voluntary act
Without man's motion, and must move just so
In spight of their creation : one that weighs
His breath between his teeth, and dares not smile
Beyond a point, for fear t'unstarch his look ;
Hath travell'd to make legs, and seen the cringe
Of several courts, and courtiers ; knows the time
Of giving titles, and of taking walls ;
Hath read court common-places ; made them his :
Studied the grammar of state, and all the rules
Each formal usher in that politic school
Can teach a man. A third comes, giving nods
To his repenting creditors, protests
To weeping suitors, takes the coming gold
Of insolent and base ambition,
That hourly rubs his dry and itchy palms ;
Which griped, like burning coals, he hurls away
Into the laps of bawds, and buffoons' mouths.
With him there meets some subtle Proteus, one
Can change, and vary with all forms he sees ;
Be any thing but honest ; serves the time ;
Hovers betwixt two factions, and explores
The drifts of both ; which, with cross face, he bears
To the divided heads, and is received
With mutual grace of either : one that dares
Do deeds worthy the hurdle or the wheel,
To be thought somebody ; and is in sooth
Such as the satirist points truly forth,
That only to his crimes owes all his worth.

Are. You tell us wonders, Crites.

Cri. This is nothing.
There stands a neophite glazing of his face,
Pruning his clothes, perfuming of his hair,
Against his idol enters ; and repeats,
Like an unperfect prologue, at third music,
His part of speeches, and confederate jests,
In passion to himself. Another swears
His scene of courtship over ; bids, believe him,
Twenty times ere they will ; anon, doth seem
As he would kiss away his hand in kindness ;
Then walks off melancholic, and stands wreath'd,
As he were pinn'd up to the arras, thus.
A third is most in action, swims and frisks,
Plays with his mistress's paps, salutes her pumps,
Adores her hems, her skirts, her knots, her curls,
Will spend his patrimony for a garter,
Or the least feather in her bounteous fan.
A fourth, he only comes in for a mute ;
Divides the act with a dumb show, and exit.
Then must the ladies laugh, straight comes their scene,
A sixth times worse confusion than the rest.
Where you shall hear one talk of this man's eye,
Another of his lip, a third, his nose,
A fourth commend his leg, a fifth, his foot,
A sixth, his hand, and every one a limb ;
That you would think the poor distorted gallant
Must there expire. Then fall they in discourse
Of tires and fashions, how they must take place,
Where they may kiss, and whom, when to sit down,
And with what grace to rise ; if they salute,
What court'sy they must use : such cobweb stuff
As would enforce the common'st sense abhor
Th' Arachnean workers.

Are. Patience, gentle Crites.
This knot of spiders will be soon dissolved,
And all their webs swept out of Cynthia's court,
When once her glorious deity appears,
And but presents itself in her full light :
'Till when, go in, and spend your hours with us,
Your honour'd friends, Timè and Phronesis,
In contemplation of our goddess' name.
Think on some sweet and choice invention now,
Worthy her serious and illustrious eyes,
That from the merit of it we may take
Desired occasion to prefer your worth,
And make your service known to Cynthia.
It is the pride of Arete to grace
Her studious lovers ; and, in scorn of time,
Envy, and ignorance, to lift their state
Above a vulgar height. True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice. Nor would I have
Virtue a popular regard pursue :
Let them be good that love me, though but few.

Cri. I kiss thy hands, divinest Arete,
And vow myself to thee, and Cynthia. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter AMORPHUS, *followed by* ASOTUS *and his* Tailor.

Amo. A little more forward : so, sir. Now go in, discloak yourself, and come forth. [*Exit* ASOTUS.] Tailor, bestow thy absence upon us ; and be not prodigal of this secret, but to a dear customer. [*Exit* Tailor.

Re-enter ASOTUS.

'Tis well enter'd, sir. Stay, you come on too fast ; your pace is too impetuous. Imagine this to be the palace of your pleasure, or place where your lady

is pleased to be seen. First, you present yourself, thus: and spying her, you fall off, and walk some two turns; in which time, it is to be supposed, your passion hath sufficiently whited your face, then, stifling a sigh or two, and closing your lips, with a trembling boldness, and bold terror, you advance yourself forward. Prove thus much, I pray you.

Aso. Yes, sir;—pray Jove I can light on it! Here, I come in, you say, and present myself?

Amo. Good.

Aso. And then I spy her, and walk off?

Amo. Very good.

Aso. Now, sir, I stifle, and advance forward?

Amo. Trembling.

Aso. Yes, sir, trembling: I shall do it better when I come to it. And what must I speak now?

Amo. Marry, you shall say; *Dear Beauty*, or *sweet Honour*, (or by what other title you please to remember her,) *methinks you are melancholy.* This is, if she be alone now, and discompanied.

Aso. Well, sir, I'll enter again; her title shall be, *My dear Lindabrides.*

Amo. Lindabrides!

Aso. Ay, sir, the emperor Alicandroe's daughter, and the prince Meridian's sister, in *the Knight of the Sun;* she should have been married to him, but that the princess Claridiana——

Amo. O, you betray your reading.

Aso. Nay, sir, I have read history, I am a little humanitian. Interrupt me not, good sir. *My dear Lindabrides,—my dear Lindabrides,—my dear Lindabrides, methinks you are melancholy.*

Amo. Ay, and take her by the rosy finger'd hand.

Aso. Must I so: O!—*My dear Lindabrides, methinks you are melancholy.*

Amo. Or thus, sir. *All variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet music, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this dear beauty.*

Aso. Believe me, that's pretty. *All variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet music, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this dear beauty.*

Amo. And then, offering to kiss her hand, if she shall coily recoil, and signify your repulse, you are to re-enforce yourself with,

More than most fair lady,
Let not the rigour of your just disdain
Thus coarsely censure of your servant's zeal.

And withal, protest her to be the only and absolute unparallel'd creature you do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom.

Aso. This is hard, by my faith. I'll begin it all again.

Amo. Do so, and I will act it for your lady.

Aso. Will you vouchsafe, sir? *All variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet music, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this dear beauty.*

Amo. So, sir, pray you, away.

Aso. *More than most fair lady,*
Let not the rigour of your just disdain
Thus coarsely censure of your servant's zeal;
I protest you are the only, and absolute, unapparell'd——

Amo. Unparallel'd.

Aso. *Unparallel'd creature, I do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence, in this corner of the world or kingdom.*

Amo. This is, if she abide you. But now, put the case she should be passant when you enter, as thus: you are to frame your gait thereafter, and call upon her, *lady, nymph, sweet refuge, star of our court.* Then, if she be guardant, here; you are to come on, and, laterally disposing yourself, swear by her blushing and well-coloured cheek, the bright dye of her hair, her ivory teeth, (though they be ebony,) or some such white and innocent oath, to induce you. If regardant, then maintain your station, brisk and irpe, show the supple motion of your pliant body, but in chief of your knee, and hand, which cannot but arride her proud humour exceedingly.

Aso. I conceive you, sir. I shall perform all these things in good time, I doubt not, they do so hit me.

Amo. Well, sir, I am your lady; make use of any of these beginnings, or some other out of your own invention; and prove how you can hold up, and follow it. Say, say.

Aso. Yes, sir. *My dear Lindabrides.*

Amo. No, you affect that Lindabrides too much; and let me tell you it is not so courtly. Your pedant should provide you some parcels of French, or some pretty commodity of Italian, to commence with, if you would be exotic and exquisite.

Aso. Yes, sir, he was at my lodging t'other morning, I gave him a doublet.

Amo. Double your benevolence, and give him the hose too; clothe you his body, he will help to apparel your mind. But now, see what your proper genius can perform alone, without adjection of any other Minerva.

Aso. I comprehend you, sir.

Amo. I do stand you, sir; fall back to your first place. Good, passing well: very properly pursued.

Aso. *Beautiful, ambiguous, and sufficient lady, what! are you all alone?*

Amo. *We would be, sir, if you would leave us.*

Aso. *I am at your beauty's appointment, bright angel; but——*

Amo. *What but?*

Aso. *No harm, more than most fair feature.*

Amo. That touch relish'd well.

Aso. *But, I protest——*

Amo. *And why should you protest?*

Aso. *For good will, dear esteem'd madam, and I hope your ladyship will so conceive of it:*
And will, in time, return from your disdain,
And rue the suff'rance of our friendly pain.

Amo. O, that piece was excellent! If you could pick out more of these play-particles, and, as occasion shall salute you, embroider or damask your discourse with them, persuade your soul, it would most judiciously commend you. Come, this was a well-discharged and auspicious bout. Prove the second.

Aso. *Lady, I cannot ruffle it in red and yellow.*

Amo. *Why, if you can revel it in white, sir, 'tis sufficient.*

Aso. *Say you so, sweet lady! Lan, tede, de, de, de, dant, dant, dant, dante.* [Sings and dances.] *No, in good faith, madam, whosoever told you*

ladyship so, abused you; but I would be glad to meet your ladyship in a measure.

Amo. *Me, sir! Belike you measure me by yourself, hen?*

Aso. *Would I might, fair feature.*

Amo. *And what were you the better, if you might?*

Aso. *The better it please you to ask, fair lady.*

Amo. Why, this was ravishing, and most acutely continued. Well, spend not your humour too much, you have now competently exercised your conceit: this, once or twice a day, will render you an accomplish'd, elaborate, and well-levell'd gallant. Convey in your courting-stock, we will in the heat of this go visit the nymphs' chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter PHANTASTE, PHILAUTIA, ARGURION, MORIA, *and* CUPID.

Pha. I would this water would arrive once, our travelling friend so commended to us.

Arg. So would I, for he has left all us in travail with expectation of it.

Pha. Pray Jove, I never rise from this couch, if ever I thirsted more for a thing in my whole time of being a courtier.

Phi. Nor I, I'll be sworn: the very mention of it sets my lips in a worse heat, than if he had sprinkled them with mercury. Reach me the glass, sirrah.

Cup. Here, lady.

Mor. They do not peel, sweet charge, do they?

Phi. Yes, a little, guardian.

Mor. O, 'tis an eminent good sign. Ever when my lips do so, I am sure to have some delicious good drink or other approaching.

Arg. Marry, and this may be good for us ladies, for it seems 'tis far fet by their stay.

Mor. My palate for yours, dear Honour, it shall prove most elegant, I warrant you. O, I do fancy this gear that's long a coming, with an unmeasurable strain.

Pha. Pray thee sit down, Philautia; that rebatu becomes thee singularly.

Phi. Is it not quaint?

Pha. Yes, faith. Methinks, thy servant Hedon is nothing so obsequious to thee, as he was wont to be: I know not how, he is grown out of his garb a-late, he's warp'd.

Mor. In trueness, and so methinks too; he is much converted.

Phi. Tut, let him be what he will, 'tis an animal I dream not of. This tire, methinks, makes me look very ingeniously, quick, and spirited; I should be some Laura, or some Delia, methinks.

Mor. As I am wise, fair Honours, that title she gave him, to be her Ambition, spoil'd him: before, he was the most propitious and observant young novice——

Pha. No, no, you are the whole heaven awry, guardian; 'tis the swaggering coach-horse Anaides draws with him there, has been the diverter of him.

Phi. For Cupid's sake speak no more of him; would I might never dare to look in a mirror again, if I respect ever a marmoset of 'em all, otherwise than I would a feather, or my shuttlecock, to make sport with now and then.

Pha. Come, sit down; troth, an you be good beauties, let's run over them all now: Which is the properest man amongst them? I say, the traveller, Amorphus.

Phi. O, fie on him, he looks like a Venetian trumpeter in the battle of Lepanto, in the gallery yonder; and speaks to the tune of a country lady that comes ever in the rearward or train of a fashion.

Mor. I should have judgment in a feature, sweet beauties.

Pha. A body would think so, at these years.

Mor. And I prefer another now, far before him, a million, at least.

Pha. Who might that be, guardian?

Mor. Marry, fair charge, Anaides.

Pha. Anaides! you talk'd of a tune, Philautia; there's one speaks in a key, like the opening of some justice's gate, or a postboy's horn, as if his voice feared an arrest for some ill words it should give, and were loth to come forth.

Phi. Ay, and he has a very imperfect face.

Pha. Like a sea-monster, that were to ravish Andromeda from the rock.

Phi. His hands too great too, by at least a straw's breadth.

Pha. Nay, he has a worse fault than that too.

Phi. A long heel?

Pha. That were a fault in a lady, rather than him: no, they say he puts off the calves of his legs, with his stockings, every night.

Phi. Out upon him! Turn to another of the pictures, for love's sake. What says Argurion? Whom does she commend afore the rest?

Cup. I hope I have instructed her sufficiently for an answer. [*Aside.*

Mor. Troth, I made the motion to her ladyship for one to-day, i'the presence, but it appear'd she was otherways furnished before: she would none.

Pha. Who was that, Argurion?

Mor. Marry, the poor plain gentleman in the black there.

Pha. Who, Crites?

Arg. Ay, ay, he: a fellow that nobody so much as look'd upon, or regarded; and she would have had me done him particular grace.

Pha. That was a true trick of yourself, Moria, to persuade Argurion to affect the scholar.

Arg. Tut, but she shall be no chooser for me. In good faith, I like the citizen's son there, Asotus; methinks none of them all come near him.

Pha. Not Hedon?

Arg. Hedon! In troth, no. Hedon's a pretty slight courtier, and he wears his clothes well, and sometimes in fashion; marry his face is but indifferent, and he has no such excellent body. No, the other is a most delicate youth; a sweet face, a straight body, a well-proportion'd leg and foot, a white hand, a tender voice.

Phi. How now, Argurion!

Pha. O, you should have let her alone, she was

bestowing a copy of him upon us. Such a nose were enough to make me love a man, now.

Phi. And then his several colours, he wears; wherein he flourisheth changeably, every day.

Pha. O, but his short hair, and his narrow eyes!

Phi. Why she doats more palpably upon him than ever his father did upon her.

Pha. Believe me, the young gentleman deserves it. If she could doat more, 'twere not amiss. He is an exceeding proper youth, and would have made a most neat barber surgeon, if he had been put to it in time.

Phi. Say you so! Methinks he looks like a tailor already.

Pha. Ay, that had sayed on one of his customer's suits. His face is like a squeezed orange, or——

Arg. Well, ladies, jest on: the best of you both would be glad of such a servant.

Mor. Ay. I'll be sworn would they, though he be a little shame-faced.

Pha. Shame-faced, Moria! out upon him. Your shame-faced servant is your only gull.

Mor. Go to, beauties, make much of time, and place, and occasion, and opportunity, and favourites, and things that belong to them, for I'll ensure you they will all relinquish; they cannot endure above another year; I know it out of future experience; and therefore take exhibition and warning. I was once a reveller myself, and though I speak it, as mine own trumpet, I was then esteem'd——

Phi. The very march-pane of the court, I warrant you.

Pha. And all the gallants came about you like flies, did they not?

Mor. Go to, they did somewhat; that's no matter now.

Pha. Nay, good Moria, be not angry. Put case, that we four now had the grant from Juno, to wish ourselves into what happy estate we could, what would you wish to be, Moria?

Mor. Who, I! let me see now. I would wish to be a wise woman, and know all the secrets of court, city, and country. I would know what were done behind the arras, what upon the stairs, what in the garden, what in the nymphs' chamber, what by barge, and what by coach. I would tell you which courtier were scabbed and which not; which lady had her own face to lie with her a-nights and which not; who put off their teeth with their clothes in court, who their hair, who their complexion; and in which box they put it. There should not a nymph, or a widow, be got with child in the verge, but I would guess, within one or two, who was the right father, and in what month it was gotten; with what words, and which way. I would tell you which madam loved a monsieur, which a player, which a page; who slept with her husband, who with her friend, who with her gentleman-usher, who with her horse-keeper, who with her monkey, and who with all; yes, and who jigg'd the cock too.

Pha. Fie, you'd tell all, Moria! If I should wish now, it should be to have your tongue out. But what says Philautia? Who should she be?

Phi. Troth, the very same I am. Only I would wish myself a little more command and sovereignty; that all the court were subject to my absolute beck, and all things in it depending on my look; as if there were no other heaven but in my smile, nor other hell but in my frown; that I might send for any man I list, and have his head cut off when I have done with him, or made an eunuch if he denied me; and if I saw a better face than mine own, I might have my doctor to poison it. What would you wish, Phantaste?

Pha. Faith, I cannot readily tell you what: but methinks I should wish myself all manner of creatures. Now I would be an empress, and by and by a duchess; then a great lady of state, then one of your miscellany madams, then a waiting-woman, then your citizen's wife, then a coarse country gentlewoman, then a dairy-maid, then a shepherd's lass, then an empress again, or the queen of fairies: and thus I would prove the vicissitudes and whirl of pleasures about and again. As I were a shepherdess, I would be piped and sung to; as a dairy-wench, I would dance at maypoles, and make syllabubs; as a country gentlewoman, keep a good house, and come up to term to see motions; as a citizen's wife, be troubled with a jealous husband, and put to my shifts; others' miseries should be my pleasures. As a waiting-woman, I would taste my lady's delights to her; as a miscellany madam, invent new tires, and go visit courtiers; as a great lady, lie a-bed, and have courtiers visit me; as a duchess, I would keep my state; and as an empress, I would do any thing. And, in all these shapes, I would ever be follow'd with the affections of all that see me. Marry, I myself would affect none; or if I did, it should not be heartily, but so as I might save myself in them still, and take pride in tormenting the poor wretches. Or, now I think on't, I would, for one year, wish myself one woman; but the richest, fairest, and delicatest in a kingdom, the very centre of wealth and beauty, wherein all lines of love should meet; and in that person I would prove all manner of suitors, of all humours, and of all complexions, and never have any two of a sort. I would see how love, by the power of his object, could work inwardly alike, in a choleric man and a sanguine, in a melancholic and a phlegmatic, in a fool and a wise man, in a clown and a courtier, in a valiant man and a coward; and how he could vary outward, by letting this gallant express himself in dumb gaze; another with sighing and rubbing his fingers; a third with play-ends and pitiful verses; a fourth, with stabbing himself, and drinking healths, or writing languishing letters in his blood; a fifth, in colour'd ribands and good clothes; with this lord to smile, and that lord to court, and the t'other lord to dote, and one lord to hang himself. And, then, I to have a book made of all this, which I would call the *Book of Humours*, and every night read a little piece ere I slept, and laugh at it.—Here comes Hedon.

Enter HEDON, ANAIDES, *and* MERCURY, *who retires with* CUPID *to the back of the stage, where they converse together.*

Hed. Save you sweet and clear beauties! By the spirit that moves in me, you are all most pleasingly bestow'd, ladies. Only I can take it for no good omen, to find mine Honour so dejected.

Phi. You need not fear, sir; I did of purpose humble myself against your coming, to decline the pride of my Ambition.

Hed. Fair Honour, Ambition dares not stoop; but if it be your sweet pleasure I shall lose that title, I will, as I am Hedon, apply myself to your bounties.

Phi. That were the next way to dis-title myself of honour. O, no, rather be still Ambitious, I pray you.

Hed. I will be any thing that you please, whilst it pleaseth you to be yourself, lady. Sweet Phantaste, dear Moria, most beautiful Argurion——

Ana. Farewell, Hedon.

Hed. Anaides, stay, whither go you?

Ana. 'Slight, what should I do here? an you engross them all for your own use, 'tis time for me to seek out.

Hed. I engross them! Away, mischief; this is one of your extravagant jests now, because I began to salute them by their names.

Ana. Faith, you might have spared us madam Prudence, the guardian there, though you had more covetously aim'd at the rest.

Hed. 'Sheart, take them all, man: what speak you to me of aiming or covetous?

Ana. Ay, say you so! nay, then, have at them: —Ladies, here's one hath distinguish'd you by your names already: It shall only become me to ask how you do.

Hed. Ods so, was this the design you travail'd with?

Pha. Who answers the brazen head? it spoke to somebody.

Ana. Lady Wisdom, do you interpret for these puppets?

Mor. In truth and sadness, honours, you are in great offence for this. Go to; the gentleman (I'll undertake with him) is a man of fair living, and able to maintain a lady in her two coaches a day, besides pages, monkeys, and paraquettoes, with such attendants as she shall think meet for her turn; and therefore there is more respect requirable, howsoe'er you seem to connive. Hark you, sir, let me discourse a syllable with you. I am to say to you, these ladies are not of that close and open behaviour as haply you may suspend; their carriage is well known to be such as it should be, both gentle and extraordinary.

Mer. O, here comes the other pair.

Enter AMORPHUS *and* ASOTUS.

Amo. That was your father's love, the nymph Argurion. I would have you direct all your courtship thither; if you could but endear yourself to her affection, you were eternally engallanted.

Aso. In truth, sir! pray Phœbus I prove favoursome in her fair eyes.

Amo. All divine mixture, and increase of beauty to this bright bevy of ladies; and to the male courtiers, compliment and courtesy.

Hed. In the behalf of the males, I gratify you, Amorphus.

Pha. And I of the females.

Amo. Succinctly return'd. I do vail to both your thanks, and kiss them; but primarily to yours, most ingenious, acute, and polite lady.

Phi. Ods my life, how he does all-to-bequalify her! *ingenious*, *acute*, and *polite!* as if there was not others in place as ingenious, acute, and polite as she.

Hed. Yes, but you must know lady, he cannot speak out of a dictionary method.

Pha. Sit down, sweet Amorphus. When will this water come, think you?

Amo. It cannot now be long, fair lady.

Cup. Now observe, Mercury.

Aso. How, most ambiguous beauty! love you? that I will, by this handkerchief.

Mer. 'Slid, he draws his oaths out of his pocket.

Arg. But will you be constant?

Aso. Constant, madam! I will not say for constantness; but by this purse, which I would be loth to swear by, unless it were embroidered, I protest, more than most fair lady, you are the only absolute, and unparallel'd creature, I do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom. Methinks you are melancholy.

Arg. Does your heart speak all this?

Aso. Say you?

Mer. O, he is groping for another oath.

Aso. Now by this watch—I marle how forward the day is—I do unfeignedly avow myself—'slight, 'tis deeper than I took it, past five—yours entirely addicted, madam.

Arg. I require no more, dearest Asotus; henceforth let me call you mine, and in remembrance of me, vouchsafe to wear this chain and this diamond.

Aso. O lord, sweet lady!

Cup. There are new oaths for him. What! doth Hermes taste no alteration in all this?

Mer. Yes, thou hast strook Argurion enamour'd on Asotus, methinks.

Cup. Alas, no; I am nobody, I; I can do nothing in this disguise.

Mer. But thou hast not wounded any of the rest, Cupid.

Cup. Not yet; it is enough that I have begun so prosperously.

Arg. Nay, these are nothing to the gems I will hourly bestow upon thee; be but faithful and kind to me, and I will lade thee with my richest bounties: behold, here my bracelets from mine arms.

Aso. Not so, good lady, by this diamond.

Arg. Take 'em, wear 'em; my jewels, chain of pearl pendants, all I have.

Aso. Nay then, by this pearl you make me a wanton.

Cup. Shall she not answer for this, to maintain him thus in swearing?

Mer. O no, there is a way to wean him from this, the gentleman may be reclaim'd.

Cup. Ay, if you had the airing of his apparel, coz, I think.

Aso. Loving! 'twere pity an I should be living else, believe me. Save you, sir, save you, sweet lady, save you, monsieur Anaides, save you, dear madam.

Ana. Dost thou know him that saluted thee, Hedon?

Hed. No, some idle Fungoso, that hath got above the cupboard since yesterday.

Ana. 'Slud, I never saw him till this morning, and he salutes me as familiarly as if we had known together since the deluge, or the first year of Troy action.

Amo. A most right-handed and auspicious encounter. Confine yourself to your fortunes.

Phi. For sport's sake let's have some Riddles or Purposes, ho!

Pha. No, faith, your Prophecies are best, the t'other are stale.

Phi. Prophecies! we cannot all sit in at them; we shall make a confusion. No; what call'd you that we had in the forenoon?

Pha. Substantives and adjectives, is it not, Hedon?

Phi. Ay, that. Who begins?

Pha. I have thought; speak your adjectives, sirs.

Phi. But do not you change then.

Pha. Not I. Who says?

Mor. Odoriferous.

Phi. Popular.

Arg. Humble.

Ana. White-livered.

Hed. Barbarous.

Amo. Pythagorical.

Hed. Yours, signior.

Aso. What must I do, sir?

Amo. Give forth your adjective with the rest; as prosperous, good, fair, sweet, well——

Hed. Any thing that hath not been spoken.

Aso. Yes, sir, well spoken shall be mine.

Pha. What, have you all done?

All. Ay.

Pha. Then the substantive is Breeches. Why *odoriferous* breeches, guardian?

Mor. Odoriferous,—because odoriferous: that which contains most variety of savour and smell we say is most odoriferous; now breeches, I presume, are incident to that variety, and therefore odoriferous breeches.

Pha. Well, we must take it howsoever. Who's next? Philautia?

Phi. Popular.

Pha. Why *popular* breeches?

Pha. Marry, that is, when they are not content to be generally noted in court, but will press forth on common stages and brokers' stalls, to the public view of the world.

Pha. Good. Why *humble* breeches, Argurion?

Arg. Humble! because they use to be sat upon; besides, if you tie them not up, their property is to fall down about your heels.

Mer. She has worn the breeches, it seems, which have done so.

Pha. But why *white-liver'd*?

Ana. Why! are not their linings white? Besides, when they come in swaggering company, and will pocket up anything, may they not properly be said to be white-liver'd?

Pha. O yes, we must not deny it. And why *barbarous*, Hedon?

Hed. Barbarous! because commonly, when you have worn your breeches sufficiently, you give them to your barber.

Amo. That's good; but how *Pythagorical*?

Phi. Ay, Amorphus, why Pythagorical breeches?

Amo. O most kindly of all; 'tis a conceit of that fortune, I am bold to hug my brain for.

Pha. How is it, exquisite Amorphus?

Amo. O, I am rapt with it, 'tis so fit, so proper, so happy——

Phi. Nay, do not rack us thus.

Amo. I never truly relish'd myself before. Give me your ears. Breeches Pythagorical, by reason of their transmigration into several shapes.

Mor. Most rare, in sweet troth. Marry this young gentleman, for his well-spoken——

Pha. Ay, why *well-spoken* breeches?

Aso. Well-spoken! Marry, well-spoken, because—whatsoever they speak is well-taken; and whatsoever is well-taken is well-spoken.

Mor. Excellent! believe me.

Aso. Not so, ladies, neither.

Hed. But why breeches, now?

Pha. Breeches, *quasi* bear-riches; when a gallant bears all his riches in his breeches.

Amo. Most fortunately etymologized.

Pha. 'Nay, we have another sport afore this, of A thing done, and who did it, &c.

Phi. Ay, good Phantaste, let's have that: distribute the places.

Pha. Why, I imagine, A thing done; Hedon thinks, who did it; Moria, with what it was done; Anaides, where it was done; Argurion, when it was done; Amorphus, for what cause was it done; you, Philautia, what followed upon the doing of it; and this gentleman, who would have done it better. What? is it conceived about?

All. Yes, yes.

Pha. Then speak you, sir, *Who would have done it better?*

Aso. How! does it begin at me?

Pha. Yes, sir: this play is called the Crab, it goes backward.

Aso. May I not name myself?

Phi. If you please, sir, and dare abide the venture of it.

Aso. Then I would have done it better, whatever it is.

Pha. No doubt on't, sir: a good confidence. *What followed upon the act,* Philautia?

Phi. A few heat drops, and a month's mirth.

Pha. *For what cause,* Amorphus?

Amo. For the delight of ladies.

Pha. *When,* Argurion?

Arg. Last progress.

Pha. *Where,* Anaides?

Ana. Why, in a pair of pain'd slops.

Pha. *With what,* Moria?

Mor. With a glyster.

Pha. *Who,* Hedon?

Hed. A traveller.

Pha. Then the thing done was, *An oration was made.* Rehearse. An oration was made—

Hed. By a traveller—

Mor. With a glyster—

Ana. In a pair of pain'd slops—

Arg. Last progress—

Amo. For the delight of ladies—

Phi. A few heat drops, and a month's mirth followed.

Pha. And, this silent gentleman would have done it better.

Aso. This was not so good, now.

Phi. In good faith, these unhappy pages would be whipp'd for staying thus.

Mor. Beshrew my hand and my heart else.

Amo. I do wonder at their protraction.

Ana. Pray Venus my whore have not discover'd herself to the rascally boys, and that be the cause of their stay.

Aso. I must suit myself with another page: this idle Prosaites will never be brought to wait well.

Mor. Sir, I have a kinsman I could willingly wish to your service, if you will deign to accept of him.

Aso. And I shall be glad, most sweet lady, to embrace him: Where is he?

Mor. I can fetch him, sir, but I would be loth to make you to turn away your other page.

Aso. You shall not, most sufficient lady; I will keep both: pray you let's go see him.

Arg. Whither goes my love?

Aso. I'll return presently, I go but to see a page with this lady. [*Exeunt* ASOTUS *and* MORIA.

Ana. As sure as fate, 'tis so: she has opened all: a pox of all cockatrices! D—n me, if she have play'd loose with me, I'll cut her throat, within a hair's breadth, so it may be heal'd again.

Mer. What, is he jealous of his hermaphrodite?

Cup. O, ay, this will be excellent sport.

Phi. Phantaste, Argurion! what, you are suddenly struck, methinks! For love's sake let's have some music till they come: Ambition, reach the lyra, I pray you.

Hed. Anything to which my Honour shall direct me.

Phi. Come, Amorphus, cheer up Phantaste.

Amo. It shall be my pride, fair lady, to attempt all that is in my power. But here is an instrument that alone is able to infuse soul into the most melancholic and dull-disposed creature upon earth. O, let me kiss thy fair knees. Beauteous ears, attend it.

Hed. Will you have "*the Kiss*," Honour?

Phi. Ay, good Ambition.

HEDON *sings.*

O, that joy so soon should waste!
Or so sweet a bliss
As a kiss
Might not for ever last!
So sugar'd, so melting, so soft, so delicious,
The dew that lies on roses,
When the morn herself discloses,
Is not so precious.
O rather than I would it smother,
Were I to taste such another;
It should be my wishing
That I might die with kissing.

Hed. I made this ditty, and the note to it, upon a kiss that my Honour gave me; how like you it, sir?

Amo. A pretty air; in general, I like it well: but in particular, your long die-note did arride me most, but it was somewhat too long. I can show one almost of the same nature, but much before it, and not so long, in a composition of mine own. I think I have both the note and ditty about me.

Hed. Pray you, sir, see.

Amo. Yes, there is the note; and all the parts, if I misthink not. I will read the ditty to your beauties here; but first I am to make you familiar with the occasion, which presents itself thus. Upon a time, going to take my leave of the emperor, and kiss his great hands, there being then present the kings of France and Arragon, the dukes of Savoy, Florence, Orleans, Bourbon, Brunswick, the Landgrave, count Palatine; all which had severally feasted me; besides infinite more of inferior persons, as counts and others; it was my chance (the emperor detained by some exorbitant affair) to wait him the fifth part of an hour, or much near it. In which time, retiring myself into a bay-window, the beauteous lady Annabel, niece to the empress, and sister to the king of Arragon, who having never before eyed me, but only heard the common report of my virtue, learning, and travel, fell into that extremity of passion for my love, that she there immediately swooned: physicians were sent for, she had to her chamber, so to her bed; where, languishing some few days, after many times calling upon me, with my name in her lips, she expired. As that (I must mourningly say) is the only fault of my fortune, that, as it hath ever been my hap to be sued to, by all ladies and beauties, where I have come; so I never yet sojourn'd or rested in that place or part of the world, where some high-born, admirable, fair feature died not for my love.

Mer. O, the sweet power of travel!—Are you guilty of this, Cupid?

Cup. No, Mercury, and that his page Cos knows, if he were here present to be sworn.

Phi. But how doth this draw on the ditty, sir?

Mer. O, she is too quick with him; he hath not devised that yet.

Amo. Marry, some hour before she departed, she bequeath'd to me this glove: which golden legacy, the emperor himself took care to send after me, in six coaches, cover'd all with black velvet, attended by the state of his empire; all which he freely presented me with: and I reciprocally (out of the same bounty) gave to the lords that brought it: only reserving the gift of the deceased lady upon which I composed this ode, and set it to my most affected instrument, the lyra.

Thou more than most sweet glove,
Unto my more sweet love,
Suffer me to store with kisses
This empty lodging, that now misses
The pure rosy hand, that wear thee,
Whiter than the kid that bare thee.
Thou art soft, but that was softer;
Cupid's self hath kiss'd it ofter
Than e'er he did his mother's doves.
Supposing her the queen of loves,
That was thy mistress, BEST OF GLOVES.

Mer. Blasphemy, blasphemy, Cupid!

Cup. I'll revenge it time enough, Hermes.

Phi. Good Amorphus, let's hear it sung.

Amo. I care not to admit that, since it pleaseth Philautia to request it.

Hed. Here, sir.

Amo. Nay, play it, I pray you; you do well, you do well.—[*He sings it.*]——How like you it, sir?

Hed. Very well, in troth.

Amo. But very well! O, you are a mere mammothrept in judgment, then. Why, do you not observe how excellently the ditty is affected in every place? that I do not marry a word of short quantity to a long note? nor an ascending syllable to a descending tone? Besides, upon the word *best* there, you see how I do enter with an odd minum, and drive it through the brief; which no intelligent musician, I know, but will affirm to be very rare, extraordinary, and pleasing.

Mer. And yet not fit to lament the death of a lady, for all this.

Cup. Tut, here be they will swallow anything.

Pha. Pray you, let me have a copy of it, Amorphus.

Phi. And me too; in troth, I like it exceedingly.

Amo. I have denied it to princes; nevertheless, to you, the true female twins of perfection, I am won to depart withal.

Hed. I hope, I shall have my Honour's copy.

Pha. You are Ambitious in that, Hedon.

Re-enter ANAIDES.

Amo. How now, Anaides! what is it hath con-

jured up this distemperature in the circle of your face?

Ana. Why, what have you to do? A pox upon your filthy travelling face! hold your tongue.

Hed. Nay, dost hear, Mischief?

Ana. Away, musk-cat!

Amo. I say to thee thou art rude, debauch'd, impudent, coarse, unpolish'd, a frapler, and base.

Hed. Heart of my father, what a strange alteration has half a year's haunting of ordinaries wrought in this fellow! that came with a tufftaffata jerkin to town but the other day, and a pair of pennyless hose, and now he is turn'd Hercules, he wants but a club.

Ana. Sir, you with the pencil on your chin; I will garter my hose with your guts, and that shall be all. [*Exit.*

Mer. 'Slid, what rare fireworks be here? flash, flash.

Pha. What's the matter, Hedon? can you tell?

Hed. Nothing, but that he lacks crowns, and thinks we'll lend him some to be friends.

Re-enter ASOTUS *and* MORIA, *with* MORUS.

Aso. Come, sweet lady, in good truth I'll have it, you shall not deny me. Morus, persuade your aunt I may have her picture, by any means.

Morus. Yea, Sir: good aunt now, let him have it, he will use me the better; if you love me do, good aunt.

Mor. Well, tell him he shall have it.

Morus. Master, you shall have it, she says.

Aso. Shall I? thank her, good page.

Cup. What, has he entertain'd the fool?

Mer. Ay, he'll wait close, you shall see, though the beggar hang off a while.

Morus. Aunt, my master thanks you.

Mor. Call him hither.

Morus. Yes; master.

Mor. Yes, in verity, and gave me this purse, and he has promised me a most fine dog; which he will have drawn with my picture, he says: and desires most vehemently to be known to your ladyships.

Pha. Call him hither, 'tis good groping such a gull.

Morus. Master Asotus, master Asotus!

Aso. For love's sake, let me go: you see I am call'd to the ladies.

Arg. Wilt thou forsake me, then?

Aso. Od so! what would you have me do?

Mor. Come hither, master Asotus.—I do ensure your ladyships, he is a gentleman of a very worthy desert: and of a most bountiful nature.—You must shew and insinuate yourself responsible, and equivalent now to my commendment.—Good honours grace him.

Aso. I protest, more than most fair ladies, *I do wish all variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet music, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend these fair beauties.* Will it please your ladyship to wear this chain of pearl, and this diamond, for my sake?

Arg. O!

Aso. And you, madam, this jewel and pendants?

Arg. O!

Pha. We know not how to deserve these bounties, out of so slight merit, Asotus.

Phi. No, in faith, but there's my glove for a favour.

Pha. And soon after the revels, I will bestow a garter on you.

Aso. O lord, ladies! it is more grace than ever I could have hoped, but that it pleaseth your ladyships to extend. I protest it is enough, that you but take knowledge of my———if your ladyships want embroider'd gowns, tires of any fashion, rebatues, jewels, or carcanets, any thing whatsoever, if you vouchsafe to accept——

Cup. And for it they will help you to shoe-ties, and devices.

Aso. I cannot utter myself, dear beauties, but you can conceive———

Arg. O!

Pha. Sir, we will acknowledge your service, doubt not—henceforth, you shall be no more Asotus to us, but our goldfinch, and we your cages.

Aso. O Venus! madams! how shall I deserve this? if I were but made acquainted with Hedon, now,—I'll try: pray you, away. [*To* ARGURION.

Mer. How he prays money to go away from him

Aso. Amorphus, a word with you; here's a watch I would bestow upon you, pray you make me known to that gallant.

Amo. That I will, sir.—Monsieur Hedon, I must entreat you to exchange knowledge with this gentleman.

Hed. 'Tis a thing, next to the water, we expect, I thirst after, sir. Good monsieur Asotus.

Aso. Good monsieur Hedon, I would be glad to be loved of men of your rank and spirit, I protest. Please you to accept this pair of bracelets, sir; they are not worth the bestowing———

Mer. O Hercules, how the gentleman purchases this must needs bring Argurion to a consumption.

Hed. Sir, I shall never stand in the merit of such bounty, I fear.

Aso. O Venus, sir; your acquaintance shall be sufficient. And, if at any time you need my bill, or my bond———

Arg. O! O! [*Swoons.*

Amo. Help the lady there!

Mor. Gods-dear, Argurion! madam, how do you?

Arg. Sick.

Pha. Have her forth, and give her air.

Aso. I come again straight, ladies.

[*Exeunt* ASOTUS, MORUS, *and* ARGURION.

Mer. Well, I doubt all the physic he has will scarce recover her; she's too far spent.

Re-enter ANAIDES *with* GELAIA, PROSAITES, *and* COS, *with the bottles.*

Phi. O here's the water come; fetch glasses, page.

Gel. Heart of my body, here's a coil, indeed, with your jealous humours! nothing but whore and bitch, and all the villainous swaggering names you can think on! 'Slid, take your bottle, and put it in your guts for me, I'll see you pox'd ere I follow you any longer.

Ana. Nay, good punk, sweet rascal; d——n me, if I am jealous now.

Gel. That's true, indeed; pray let's go.

Mor. What's the matter there?

Gel. 'Slight, he has me upon interrogatories, (nay, my mother shall know how you use me,) where I have been? and why I should stay so long, and, how is't possible? and withal calls me at his pleasure I know not how many cockatrices and things.

Mor. In truth and sadness, these are no good epitaphs, Anaides, to bestow upon any gentlewoman; and I'll ensure you if I had known you would have dealt thus with my daughter, she should never have fancied you so deeply as she has done. Go to.

Ana. Why, do you hear, mother Moria? heart!

Mor. Nay, I pray you, sir, do not swear.

Ana. Swear! why? 'sblood, I have sworn afore now, I hope. Both you and your daughter mistake me. I have not honour'd Arete, that is held the worthiest lady in court, next to Cynthia, with half that observance and respect, as I have done her in private, howsoever outwardly I have carried myself careless, and negligent. Come, you are a foolish punk, and know not when you are well employed. Kiss me, come on; do it, I say.

Mor. Nay, indeed, I must confess, she is apt to misprision. But I must have you leave it, minion.

Re-enter Asotus.

Amo. How now, Asotus! how does the lady?

Aso. Faith, ill. I have left my page with her, at her lodging.

Hed. O, here's the rarest water that ever was tasted: fill him some.

Pro. What! has my master a new page?

Mer. Yes, a kinsman of the lady Moria's: you must wait better now, or you are cashiered, Prosaites.

Ana. Come, gallants, you must pardon my foolish humour; when I am angry, that any thing crosses me, I grow impatient straight. Here, I drink to you.

Phi. O, that we had five or six bottles more of this liquor!

Pha. Now I commend your judgment, Amorphus:—[*knocking within.*] Who's that knocks? look, page. [*Exit* Cos.

Mor. O, most delicious; a little of this would make Argurion well.

Pha. O, no, give her no cold drink, by any means.

Ana. 'Sblood, this water is the spirit of wine, I'll be hang'd else.

Re-enter Cos *with* Arete.

Cos. Here's the lady Arete, madam.

Are. What, at your bever, gallants?

Mor. Will't please your ladyship to drink? 'tis of the New Fountain water.

Are. Not I, Moria, I thank you.—Gallants, you are for this night free to your peculiar delights; Cynthia will have no sports: when she is pleased to come forth, you shall have knowledge. In the mean time, I could wish you did provide for solemn revels, and some unlooked for device of wit, to entertain her, against she should vouchsafe to grace your pastimes with her presence.

Amo. What say you to a masque?

Hed. Nothing better, if the project were new and rare.

Are. Why, I'll send for Crites, and have his advice: be you ready in your endeavours: he shall discharge you of the inventive part.

Pha. But will not your ladyship stay?

Are. Not now, Phantaste. [*Exit.*

Phi. Let her go, I pray you, good lady Sobriety, I am glad we are rid of her.

Pha. What a set face the gentlewoman has, as she were still going to a sacrifice!

Phi. O, she is the extraction of a dozen of Puritans, for a look.

Mor. Of all nymphs i' the court, I cannot away with her; 'tis the coarsest thing!

Phi. I wonder how Cynthia can affect her so above the rest. Here be they are every way as fair as she, and a thought fairer, I trow.

Pha. Ay, and as ingenious and conceited as she.

Mor. Ay, and as politic as she, for all she sets such a forehead on't.

Phi. Would I were dead, if I would change to be Cynthia.

Pha. Or I.

Mor. Or I.

Amo. And there's her minion, Crites: why his advice more than Amorphus? Have not I invention afore him? learning to better that invention above him? and infanted with pleasant travel——

Ana. Death, what talk you of his learning? he understands no more than a schoolboy; I have put him down myself a thousand times, by this air, and yet I never talk'd with him but twice in in my life: you never saw his like. I could never get him to argue with me but once; and then because I could not construe an author I quoted at first sight, he went away, and laughed at me. By Hercules, I scorn him, as I do the sodden nymph that was here even now, his mistress, Arete: and I love myself for nothing else.

Hed. I wonder the fellow does not hang himself, being thus scorn'd and contemn'd of us that are held the most accomplish'd society of gallants.

Mer. By yourselves, none else.

Hed. I protest, if I had no music in me, no courtship, that I were not a reveller and could dance, or had not those excellent qualities that give a man life and perfection, but a mere poor scholar as he is, I think I should make some desperate way with myself; whereas now,—would I might never breathe more, if I do know that creature in this kingdom with whom I would change.

Cup. This is excellent! Well, I must alter all this soon.

Mer. Look you do, Cupid. The bottles have wrought, it seems.

Aso. O, I am sorry the revels are crost. I should have tickled it soon. I did never appear till then. 'Slid, I am the neatliest-made gallant i' the company, and have the best presence; and my dancing——well, I know what our usher said to me last time I was at the school: Would I might have led Philautia in the measures, an it had been the gods' will! I am most worthy, I am sure.

Re-enter Morus.

Morus. Master, I can tell you news; the lady kissed me yonder, and played with me, and says she loved you once as well as she does me, but that you cast her off.

Aso. Peace, my most esteemed page.

Morus. Yes.

Aso. What luck is this, that our revels are dash'd now was I beginning to glister in the very highway of preferment. An Cynthia had but seen me dance a strain, or do but one trick, I had been kept in court, I should never have needed to look towards my friends again.

Amo. Contain yourself, you were a fortunate young man, if you knew your own good; which I have now projected, and will presently multiply upon you. Beauties and valours, your vouchsafed applause to a motion. The humorous Cynthia hath, for this night, withdrawn the light of your delight.

Pha. 'Tis true, Amorphus; what may we do to redeem it?

Amo. Redeem that we cannot, but to create a new flame is in our power. Here is a gentleman, my scholar, whom, for some private reasons me specially moving, I am covetous to gratify with title of master in the noble and subtile science of courtship: for which grace, he shall this night, in court, and in the long gallery, hold his public act, by open challenge, to all masters of the mystery whatsoever, to play at the four choice and principal weapons thereof, viz., *the Bare Accost*, *the Better Regard*, *the Solemn Address*, and *the Perfect Close*. What say you?

All. Excellent, excellent, Amorphus.

Amo. Well, let us then take our time by the forehead: I will instantly have bills drawn, and advanced in every angle of the court.—Sir, betray not your too much joy.—Anaides, we must mix this gentleman with you in acquaintance, monsieur Asotus.

Ana. I am easily entreated to grace any of your friends, Amorphus.

Aso. Sir, and his friends shall likewise grace you, sir. Nay, I begin to know myself now.

Amo. O, you must continue your bounties.

Aso. Must I? Why, I'll give him this ruby on my finger. Do you hear, sir? I do heartily wish your acquaintance, and I partly know myself worthy of it; please you, sir, to accept this poor ruby in a ring, sir. The poesy is of my own device, *Let this blush for me*, sir.

Ana. So it must for me too, for I am not asham'd to take it.

Morus. Sweet man! By my troth, master, I love you; will you love me too, for my aunt's sake? I'll wait well, you shall see. I'll still be here. Would I might never stir, but you are a fine man in these clothes; master, shall I have them when you have done with them?

Aso. As for that, Morus, thou shalt see more hereafter; in the meantime, by this air, or by this feather, I'll do as much for thee, as any gallant shall do for his page, whatsoever, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom.

[*Exeunt all but the* Pages.

Mer. I wonder this gentleman should affect to keep a fool: methinks he makes sport enough with himself.

Cup. Well, Prosaites, 'twere good you did wait closer.

Pro. Ay, I'll look to it; 'tis time.

Cos. The revels would have been most sumptuous to-night, if they had gone forward. [*Exit.*

Mer. They must needs, when all the choicest singularities of the court were up in pantofles; ne'er a one of them but was able to make a whole show of itself.

Aso. [*within.*] Sirrah, a torch, a torch!

Pro. O, what a call is there! I will have a canzonet made, with nothing in it but sirrah; and the burthen shall be, I come. [*Exit.*

Mer. How now, Cupid, how do you like this change?

Cup. Faith, the thread of my device is crack'd, I may go sleep till the revelling music awake me.

Mer. And then, too, Cupid, without you had prevented the fountain. Alas, poor god, that remembers not self-love to be proof against the violence of his quiver! Well, I have a plot against these prizers, for which I must presently find out Crites, and with his assistance pursue it to a high strain of laughter, or Mercury hath lost of his metal.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter MERCURY *and* CRITES.

Mer. It is resolved on, Crites, you must do it.

Cri. The grace divinest Mercury hath done me,
In this vouchsafed discovery of himself,
Binds my observance in the utmost term
Of satisfaction to his godly will:
Though I profess, without the affectation
Of an enforced and form'd austerity,
I could be willing to enjoy no place
With so unequal natures.

Mer. We believe it.
But for our sake, and to inflict just pains
On their prodigious follies, aid us now:
No man is presently made bad with ill.
And good men, like the sea, should still maintain
Their noble taste, in midst of all fresh humours
That flow about them, to corrupt their streams,
Bearing no season, much less salt of goodness.
It is our purpose, Crites, to correct,
And punish, with our laughter, this night's sport,
Which our court-dors so heartily intend:
And by that worthy scorn, to make them know
How far beneath the dignity of man
Their serious and most practised actions are.

Cri. Ay, but though Mercury can warrant out
His undertakings, and make all things good,
Out of the powers of his divinity,
Th' offence will be return'd with weight on me,
That am a creature so despised and poor;
When the whole court shall take itself abused
By our ironical confederacy.

Mer. You are deceived. The better race in court,
That have the true nobility call'd virtue,
Will apprehend it, as a grateful right
Done to their separate merit; and approve
The fit rebuke of so ridiculous heads,
Who, with their apish customs and forced garbs
Would bring the name of courtier in contempt,
Did it not live unblemish'd in some few,
Whom equal Jove hath loved, and Phœbus form'd
Of better metal, and in better mould.

Cri. Well, since my leader-on is Mercury,
I shall not fear to follow. If I fall,
My proper virtue shall be my relief,
That follow'd such a cause, and such a chief.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter ASOTUS *and* AMORPHUS.

Aso. No more, if you love me, good master; you are incompatible to live withal: send me for the ladies!

Amo. Nay, but intend me.

Aso. Fear me not; I warrant you, sir.

Amo. Render not yourself a refractory on the sudden. I can allow, well, you should repute highly, heartily, and to the most, of your own endowments; it gives you forth to the world the more assured: but with reservation of an eye, to be always turn'd dutifully back upon your teacher.

Aso. Nay, good sir, leave it to me. Trust me with trussing all the points of this action, I pray. 'Slid, I hope we shall find wit to perform the science as well as another.

Amo. I confess you to be of an apted and docible humour. Yet there are certain punctilios, or (as I may more nakedly insinuate them) certain intrinsecate strokes and wards, to which your activity is not yet amounted, as your gentile dor in colours. For supposition, your mistress appears here in prize, ribanded with green and yellow; now, it is the part of every obsequious servant, to be sure to have daily about him copy and variety of colours, to be presently answerable to any hourly or half-hourly change in his mistress's revolution——

Aso. I know it, sir.

Amo. Give leave. I pray you—which, if your antagonist, or player against you, shall ignorantly be without, and yourself can produce, you give him the dor.

Aso. Ay, ay, sir.

Amo. Or, if you can possess your opposite, that the green your mistress wears, is her rejoicing or exultation in his service; the yellow, suspicion of his truth. from her height of affection: and that he, greenly credulous, shall withdraw thus, in private, and from the abundance of his pocket (to displace her jealous conceit) steal into his hat the colour, whose blueness doth express trueness, she being not so, nor so affected; you give him the dor.

Aso. Do not I know it, sir?

Amo. Nay, good——swell not above your understanding. There is yet a third dor in colours.

Aso. I know it too, I know it.

Amo. Do you know it too? what is it? make good your knowledge.

Aso. Why it is——no matter for that.

Amo. Do it, on pain of the dor.

Aso. Why; what is't, say you?

Amo. Lo, you have given yourself the dor. But I will remonstrate to you the third dor, which is not, as the two former dors, indicative, but deliberative: as how? as thus. Your rivalis, with a dutiful and serious care, lying in his bed, meditating how to observe his mistress, dispatcheth his lacquey to the chamber early, to know what her colours are for the day, with purpose to apply his wear that day accordingly: you lay wait before, preoccupy the chambermaid, corrupt her to return false colours; he follows the fallacy, comes out accoutred to his believed instructions; your mistress smiles, and you give him the dor.

Aso. Why, so I told you, sir, I knew it.

Amo. Told me! It is a strange outrecuidance your humour too much redoundeth.

Aso. Why, sir, what, do you think you know more?

Amo. I know that a cook may as soon and properly be said to smell well, as you to be wise. I know these are most clear and clean strokes. But then, you have your passages and imbrocatas in courtship; as the bitter bob in wit; the reverse in face or wry-mouth; and these more subtile and secure offenders. I will example unto you: Your opponent makes entry as you are engaged with your mistress. You seeing him, close in her ear with this whisper, *Here comes your baboon, disgrace him;* and withal stepping off, fall on his bosom, and turning to her, politicly, aloud say, Lady, regard this noble gentleman, a man rarely parted, second to none in this court; and then, stooping over his shoulder, your hand on his breast, your mouth on his backside, you give him the reverse stroke, with this sanna, or stork's-bill, which makes up your wit's bob most bitter.

Aso. Nay, for heaven's sake, teach me no more. I know all as well——'Slid, if I did not, why was I nominated? why did you choose me? why did the ladies prick out me? I am sure there were other gallants. But me of all the rest! By that light, and, as I am a courtier, would I might never stir, but 'tis strange. Would to the lord the ladies would come once!

Enter MORPHIDES.

Morp. Signior, the gallants and ladies are at hand. Are you ready, sir?

Amo. Instantly. Go, accomplish your attire: [*Exit* ASOTUS.] Cousin Morphides, assist me to make good the door with your officious tyranny.

Citizen. [*within.*] By your leave, my masters there, pray you let's come by.

Pages. [*within.*] You by! why should you come by more than we?

Citizen's Wife. [*within.*] Why, sir! because he is my brother that plays the prizes.

Morp. Your brother!

Citizen. [*within.*] Ay, her brother, sir, and we must come in.

Tailor. [*within.*] Why, what are you?

Citizen. [*within.*] I am her husband, sir.

Tailor. [*within.*] Then thrust forward your head.

Amo. What tumult is there?

Morp. Who's there? bear back there! Stand from the door!

Amo. Enter none but the ladies and their hangbyes.—

Enter PHANTASTE, PHILAUTIA, ARGURION, MORIA, HEDON, *and* ANAIDES, *introducing two* Ladies.

Welcome beauties, and your kind shadows.

Hed. This country lady, my friend, good signior Amorphus.

Ana. And my cockatrice here.

Amo. She is welcome.

The Citizen, *and his* Wife, Pages, *&c. appear at the door.*

Morp. Knock those same pages there; and, goodman coxcomb the citizen, who would you speak withal?

Wife. My brother.

Amo. With whom? your brother!

Morp. Who is your brother?

Wife. Master Asotus.

Amo. Master Asotus! is he your brother? he

is taken up with great persons; he is not to know you to-night.

Re-enter ASOTUS *hastily.*

Aso. O Jove, master! an there come e'er a citizen gentlewoman in my name, let her have entrance, I pray you: it is my sister.

Wife. Brother!

Cit. [*thrusting in.*] Brother, master Asotus!

Aso. Who's there?

Wife. 'Tis I, brother.

Aso. Gods me, there she is! good master, intrude her.

Morp. Make place! bear back there!

Enter Citizen's Wife.

Amo. Knock that simple fellow there.

Wife. Nay, good sir, it is my husband.

Morp. The simpler fellow he.—Away! back with your head, sir! [*Pushes the Citizen back.*

Aso. Brother, you must pardon your non-entry: husbands are not allow'd here, in truth. I'll come home soon with my sister; pray you meet us with a lantern, brother. Be merry, sister; I shall make you laugh anon. [*Exit.*

Pha. Your prizer is not ready, Amorphus.

Amo. Apprehend your places; he shall be soon, and at all points.

Ana. Is there any body come to answer him? shall we have any sport?

Amo. Sport of importance; howsoever, give me the gloves.

Hed. Gloves! why gloves, signior?

Phi. What's the ceremony?

Amo. [*distributing gloves.*] Beside their received fitness, at all prizes, they are here properly accommodate to the nuptials of my scholar's 'haviour to the lady Courtship. Please you apparel your hands. Madam Phantaste, madam Philautia, guardian, signior Hedon, signior Anaides, gentlemen all, ladies.

All. Thanks, good Amorphus.

Amo. I will now call forth my provost, and present him. [*Exit.*

Ana. Heart! why should not we be masters as well as he?

Hed. That's true, and play our masters prizes as well as the t'other?

Mor. In sadness, for using your court-weapons, methinks you may.

Pha. Nay, but why should not we ladies play our prizes, I pray? I see no reason but we should take them down at their own weapons.

Phi. Troth, and so we may, if we handle them well.

Wife. Ay, indeed, forsooth, madam, if 'twere in the city, we would think foul scorn but we would, forsooth.

Pha. Pray you, what should we call your name?

Wife. My name is Downfall.

Hed. Good mistress Downfall! I am sorry your husband could not get in.

Wife. 'Tis no matter for him, sir.

Ana. No, no, she has the more liberty for herself. [*A Flourish.*

Pha. Peace, peace! they come.

Re-enter AMORPHUS, *introducing* ASOTUS *in a full-dress suit.*

Amo. So, keep up your ruff; the tincture of your neck is not all so pure, but it will ask it. Maintain your sprig upright; your cloke on your half-shoulder falling; so: I will read your bill, advance it, and present you.—Silence!

Be it known to all that profess courtship, by these presents (from the white satin reveller, to the cloth of tissue and bodkin) that we, Ulysses-Polytropus-Amorphus, master of the noble and subtile science of courtship, do give leave and licence to our provost, Acolastus-Polypragmon-Asotus, to play his master's prize, against all masters whatsoever, in this subtile mystery, at these four, the choice and most cunning weapons of court-compliment, viz. the BARE ACCOST; *the* BETTER REGARD; *the* SOLEMN ADDRESS; *and the* PERFECT CLOSE. *These are therefore to give notice to all comers, that he, the said Acolastus-Polypragmon-Asotus, is here present (by the help of his mercer, tailor, milliner, sempster, and so forth) at his designed hour, in this fair gallery, the present day of this present month, to perform and do his uttermost for the achievement and bearing away of the prizes, which are these: viz. For the Bare Accost, two wall-eyes in a face forced: for the Better Regard, a face favourably simpering, with a fan waving: for the Solemn Address, two lips wagging, and never a wise word: for the Perfect Close, a wring by the hand, with a banquet in a corner. And Phœbus save Cynthia!*

Appeareth no man yet, to answer the prizer? no voice?—Music, give them their summons. [*Music.*

Pha. The solemnity of this is excellent.

Amo. Silence! Well, I perceive your name is their terror, and keepeth them back.

Aso. I'faith, master, let's go; no body comes. *Victus, victa, victum; victi, victæ, victi*——— let's be retrograde.

Amo. Stay. That were dispunct to the ladies. Rather ourself shall be your encounter. Take your state up to the wall; and, lady, [*leading* MORIA *to the state.*] may we implore you to stand forth, as first term or bound to our courtship.

Hed. 'Fore heaven, 'twill shew rarely.

Amo. Sound a charge. [*A charge.*

Ana. A pox on't! Your vulgar will count this fabulous and impudent now; by that candle, they'll never conceit it. [*They act their Accost severally to* MORIA.

Pha. Excellent well! admirable!

Phi. Peace!

Hed. Most fashionably, believe it.

Phi. O, he is a well-spoken gentleman.

Pha. Now the other.

Phi. Very good.

Hed. For a scholar, Honour.

Ana. O, 'tis too Dutch. He reels too much. [*A flourish*

Hed. This weapon is done.

Amo. No, we have our two bouts at every weapon; expect.

Cri. [*within.*] Where be these gallants, and their brave prizer here?

Morp. Who's there? bear back; keep the door

Enter CRITES, *introducing* MERCURY *fantastically dressed*

Amo. What are you, sir?

Cri. By your license, grand-master.—Come forward, sir. [*To* MERCURY.

Ana. Heart! who let in that rag there amongst us? Put him out, an impecunious creature.

Hed. Out with him.

Morp. Come, sir.

Amo. You must be retrograde.

Cri. Soft, sir, I am truchman, and do flourish before this monsieur, or French-behaved gentleman, here; who is drawn hither by report of your chartels, advanced in court, to prove his fortune with your prizer. so he may have fair play shewn him, and the liberty to choose his stickler.

Amo. Is he a master?

Cri. That, sir, he has to shew here; and confirmed under the hands of the most skilful and cunning complimentaries alive: Please you read, sir. [*Gives him a certificate.*

Amo. What shall we do?

Ana. Death! disgrace this fellow in the black stuff, whatever you do.

Amo. Why, but he comes with the stranger.

Hed. That's no matter: he is our own countryman.

Ana. Ay, and he is a scholar besides. You may disgrace him here with authority.

Amo. Well, see these first.

Aso. Now shall I be observed by yon scholar, till I sweat again; I would to Jove it were over.

Cri. [*to* MERCURY.] Sir, this is the wight of worth, that dares you to the encounter. A gentleman of so pleasing and ridiculous a carriage; as, even standing, carries meat in the mouth, you see; and, I assure you, although no bred courtling, yet a most particular man, of goodly havings, well fashion'd 'haviour, and of as hardened and excellent a bark as the most naturally qualified amongst them, inform'd, reform'd, and transform'd, from his original citycism; by this elixir, or mere magazine of man. And, for your spectators, you behold them what they are: the most choice particulars in court: this tells tales well; this provides coaches; this repeats jests; this presents gifts; this holds up the arras; this takes down from horse; this protests by this light; this swears by that candle; this delighteth; this adoreth: yet all but three men. Then, for your ladies, the most proud, witty creatures, all things apprehending, nothing understanding, perpetually laughing, curious maintainers of fools, mercers, and minstrels, costly to be kept, miserably keeping, all disdaining but their painter and apothecary, 'twixt whom and them there is this reciprock commerce, their beauties maintain their painters, and their painters their beauties.

Mer. Sir, you have plaid the painter yourself, and limn'd them to the life. I desire to deserve before them.

Amo. [*returning the certificate.*] This is authentic. We must resolve to entertain the monsieur, howsoever we neglect him.

Hed. Come, let's all go together, and salute him.

Ana. Content, and not look on the other.

Amo. Well devised; and a most punishing disgrace.

Hed. On.

Amo. Monsieur, we must not so much betray ourselves to discourtship, as to suffer you to be longer unsaluted: please you to use the state ordain'd for the opponent; in which nature, without envy, we receive you.

Hed. And embrace you.

Ana. And commend us to you, sir.

Phi. Believe it, he is a man of excellent silence.

Pha. He keeps all his wit for action.

Ana. This hath discountenanced our scholaris, most richly.

Hed. Out of all emphasis. The monsieur sees we regard him not.

Amo. Hold on; make it known how bitter a thing it is not to be look'd on in court.

Hed. 'Slud, will he call him to him yet! Does not monsieur perceive our disgrace?

Ana. Heart! he is a fool, I see. We have done ourselves wrong to grace him.

Hed. 'Slight, what an ass was I to embrace him!

Cri. Illustrious and fearful judges———

Hed. Turn away, turn away.

Cri. It is the suit of the strange opponent (to whom you ought not to turn your tails, and whose noses I must follow) that he may have the justice, before he encounter his respected adversary, to see some light stroke of his play, commenced with some other.

Hed. Answer not him, but the stranger; we will not believe him.

Amo. I will demand him, myself.

Cri. O dreadful disgrace, if a man were so foolish to feel it.

Amo. Is it your suit, monsieur, to see some prelude of my scholar? Now, sure the monsieur wants language ——

Hed. And take upon him to be one of the accomplished! 'Slight, that's a good jest; would we could take him with that nullity.—*Non sapete voi parlar' Italiano?*

Ana. 'Sfoot, the carp has no tongue.

Cri. Signior, in courtship, you are to bid your abettors forbear, and satisfy the monsieur's request.

Amo. Well, I will strike him more silent with admiration, and terrify his daring hither. He shall behold my own play with my scholar. Lady, with the touch of your white hand, let me reinstate you. [*Leads* MORIA *back to the state.*] Provost, [*to* ASOTUS.] begin to me at the *Bare Accost.* [*A charge.*] Now, for the honour of my discipline.

Hed. Signior Amorphus, reflect, reflect; what means he by that mouthed wave?

Cri. He is in some distaste of your fellow disciple.

Mer. Signior, your scholar might have played well still, if he could have kept his seat longer; I have enough of him, now. He is a mere piece of glass, I see through him by this time.

Amo. You come not to give us the scorn, monsieur?

Mer. Nor to be frighted with a face, signior. I have seen the lions. You must pardon me. I shall be loth to hazard a reputation with one that has not a reputation to lose.

Amo. How!

Cri. Meaning your pupil, sir.

Ana. This is that black devil there.

Amo. You do offer a strange affront, monsieur.

Cri. Sir, he shall yield you all the honour of a competent adversary, if you please to undertake him.

Mer. I am prest for the encounter.

Amo. Me! challenge me!

Aso. What, my master, sir! 'Slight, monsieur, meddle with me, do you hear: but do not meddle with my master.

Mer. Peace, good squib, go out.

Cri. And stink, he bids you.

Aso. Master!

Amo. Silence! I do accept him. Sit you down and observe. Me! he never profest a thing at more charges.—Prepare yourself, sir.—Challenge me! I will prosecute what disgrace my hatred can dictate to me.

Cri. How tender a traveller's spleen is! Comparison to men that deserve least, is ever most offensive.

Amo. You are instructed in our chartel, and know our weapons?

Mer. I appear not without their notice, sir.

Aso. But must I lose the prizes, master?

Amo. I will win them for you; be patient.—Lady, [*to* MORIA,] vouchsafe the tenure of this ensign.—Who shall be your stickler?

Mer. Behold him. [*Points to* CRITES.

Amo. I would not wish you a weaker.—Sound, musics.—I provoke you at the Bare Accost.

[*A charge.*

Pha. Excellent comely!

Cri. And worthily studied. This is the exalted foretop.

Hed. O, his leg was too much produced.

Ana. And his hat was carried scurvily.

Phi. Peace; let's see the monsieur's Accost: Rare!

Pha. Sprightly and short.

Ana. True, it is the French courteau: he lacks out to have his nose slit.

Hed. He does hop. He does bound too much.

[*A flourish.*

Amo. The second bout, to conclude this weapon.

[*A charge.*

Pha. Good, believe it!

Phi. An excellent offer!

Cri. This is called the solemn band-string.

Hed. Foh, that cringe was not put home.

Ana. He makes a face like a stabb'd Lucrece.

Aso. Well, he would needs take it upon him, but would I had done it for all this. He makes me sit still here, like a baboon as I am.

Cri. Making villainous faces.

Phi. See, the French prepares it richly.

Cri. Ay, this is ycleped the Serious Trifle.

Ana. 'Slud, 'tis the horse-start out o'the brown study.

Cri. Rather the bird-eyed stroke, sir. Your observance is too blunt, sir. [*A flourish.*

Amo. Judges, award the prize. Take breath, sir. This bout hath been laborious.

Aso. And yet your critic, or your besogno, will think these things foppery, and easy, now!

Cri. Or rather mere lunacy. For would any reasonable creature make these his serious studies and perfections, much less, only live to these ends? to be the false pleasure of a few, the true love of none, and the just laughter of all?

Hed. We must prefer the monsieur, we courtiers must be partial.

Ana. Speak, guardian. Name the prize, at the Bare Accost.

Mor. A pair of wall-eyes in a face forced.

Ana. Give the monsieur. Amorphus hath lost his eyes.

Amo. I! Is the palate of your judgment down? Gentles, I do appeal.

Aso. Yes, master, to me: the judges be fools.

Ana. How now, sir! tie up your tongue, mungrel. He cannot appeal.

Aso. Say, you sir?

Ana. Sit you still, sir.

Aso. Why, so I do; do not I, I pray you?

Mer. Remercie, madame, and these honourable censors.

Amo. Well, to the second weapon, the *Better Regard.* I will encounter you better. Attempt.

Hed. Sweet Honour.

Phi. What says my good Ambition?

Hed. Which take you at this next weapon? I lay a Discretion with you on Amorphus's head.

Phi. Why, I take the French behaved gentleman.

Hed. 'Tis done, a Discretion.

Cri. A Discretion! A pretty court-wager! Would any discreet person hazard his wit so?

Pha. I'll lay a Discretion with you, Anaides.

Ana. Hang 'em, I'll not venture a doit of Discretion on either of their heads.

Cri. No, he should venture all then.

Ana. I like none of their plays. [*A charge.*

Hed. See, see! this is strange play!

Ana. 'Tis too full of uncertain motion. He hobbles too much.

Cri. 'Tis call'd your court-staggers, sir.

Hed. That same fellow talks so now he has a place!

Ana. Hang him! neglect him.

Mer. *Your good ladyship's affectioned.*

Wife. Ods so! they speak at this weapon, brother.

Aso. They must do so, sister; how should it be the Better Regard, else?

Pha. Methinks he did not this respectively enough.

Phi. Why, the monsieur but dallies with him.

Hed. Dallies! 'Slight, see! he'll put him to't in earnest.—Well done, Amorphus!

Ana. That puff was good indeed.

Cri. Ods me! this is desperate play: he hits himself o'the shins.

Hed. An he make this good through, he carries it, I warrant him.

Cri. Indeed he displays his feet rarely.

Hed. See, see! he does the respective leer damnably well.

Amo. *The true idolater of your beauties shall never pass their deities unadored: I rest your poor knight.*

Hed. See, now the oblique leer, or the Janus: he satisfies all with that aspect most nobly.

[*A flourish.*

Cri. And most terribly he comes off; like your rodomontado.

Pha. How like you this play, Anaides?

Ana. Good play; but 'tis too rough and boisterous.

Amo. I will second it with a stroke easier, wherein I will prove his language. [*A charge.*

Ana. This is filthy, and grave, now.

Hed. O, 'tis cool and wary play. We must not disgrace our own camerade too much.

Amo. *Signora, ho tanto obligo per le favore resciuto da lei; che veramente desidero con tutto il core, à remunerarla in parte: e sicurative, signora mea cara, chè io sera sempre pronto à servirla, e honorarla. Bascio le mane de vo' signoria.*

Cri. The Venetian dop this.

Pha. Most unexpectedly excellent! The French goes down certain.

Aso. *As buckets are put down into a well; Or as a school-boy*———

Cri. Truss up your simile, jack-daw, and observe.

Hed. Now the monsieur is moved.

Ana. Bo-peep!

Hed. O, most antick.

Cri. The French quirk, this sir.

Ana. Heart, he will over-run her.

Mer. *Madamoyselle, Je voudroy que pouvoy monstrer mon affection, mais je suis tant malheureuse, ci froid, ci layd, ci*—— *Je ne scay qui de dire*——*excuse moi, Je suis tout vostre.* [*A flourish.*

Phi. O brave and spirited! he's a right Jovialist.

Pha. No, no: Amorphus's gravity outweighs it.

Cri. And yet your lady, or your feather, would outweigh both.

Ana. What's the prize, lady, at this Better Regard?

Mor. A face favourably simpering, and a fan waving.

Ana. They have done doubtfully. Divide. Give the favourable face to the signior, and the light wave to the monsieur.

Amo. You become the simper well, lady.

Mer. And the wag better.

Amo. Now, to our *Solemn Address*. Please the well-graced Philautia to relieve the lady sentinel; she hath stood long.

Phi. With all my heart; come, guardian, resign your place. [Moria *comes from the state.*

Amo. Monsieur, furnish yourself with what solemnity of ornament you think fit for this third weapon; at which you are to shew all the cunning of stroke your devotion can possibly devise.

Mer. Let me alone, sir. I'll sufficiently decipher your amorous solemnities.—Crites, have patience. See, if I hit not all their practic observance, with which they lime twigs to catch their fantastic lady-birds.

Cri. Ay, but you should do more charitably to do it more openly, that they might discover themselves mock'd in these monstrous affections.

[*A charge.*

Mer. Lackey, where's the tailor?

Enter Tailor, Barber, Perfumer, Milliner, Jeweller, *and* Feather-maker.

Tai. Here, sir.

Hed. See, they have their tailor, barber, perfumer, milliner, jeweller, feather-maker, all in common! [*They make themselves ready on the stage.*

Ana. Ay, this is pretty.

Amo. Here is a hair too much, take it off. Where are thy mullets?

Mer. Is this pink of equal proportion to this cut, standing off this distance from it?

Tai. That it is, sir.

Mer. Is it so, sir? You impudent poltroon, you slave, you list, you shreds, you——

[*Beats the* Tailor.

Hed. Excellent! This was the best yet.

Ana. Why, we must use our tailors thus: this is our true magnanimity.

Mer. Come, go to, put on; we must bear with you for the times sake.

Amo. Is the perfume rich in this jerkin?

Per. Taste, smell; I assure you, sir, pure benjamin, the only spirited scent that ever awaked a Neapolitan nostril. You would wish yourself all nose for the love on't. I frotted a jerkin for a new-revenued gentleman yielded me three-score crowns but this morning, and the same titillation.

Amo. I savour no sampsuchine in it.

Per. I am a Nulli-fidian, if there be not three-thirds of a scruple more of sampsuchinum in this confection, than ever I put in any. I'll tell you all the ingredients, sir.

Amo. You shall be simple to discover your simples.

Per. Simple! why, sir? What reck I to whom I discover? I have in it musk, civet, amber, Phœnicobalanus, the decoction of turmerick, sesana, nard, spikenard, calamus odoratus, stacte, opobalsamum, amomum, storax, ladanum, aspalathum, opoponax, œnanthe. And what of all these now? what are you the better? Tut, it is the sorting, and the dividing, and the mixing, and the tempering, and the searching, and the decocting, that makes the fumigation and the suffumigation.

Amo. Well, indue me with it.

Per. I will, sir.

Hed. An excellent confection.

Cri. And most worthy a true voluptuary, Jove! what a coil these musk-worms take to purchase another's delight? for themselves, who bear the odours, have ever the least sense of them. Yet I do like better the prodigality of jewels and clothes, whereof one passeth to a man's heirs; the other at least wears out time. This presently expires, and, without continual riot in reparation, is lost: which whoso strives to keep, it is one special argument to me, that, affecting to smell better than other men, he doth indeed smell far worse.

Mer. I know you will say, it sits well, sir.

Tai. Good faith, if it do not, sir, let your mistress be judge.

Mer. By heaven, if my mistress do not like it, I'll make no more conscience to undo thee, than to undo an oyster.

Tai. Believe it, there's ne'er a mistress in the world can mislike it.

Mer. No, not goodwife tailor, your mistress; that has only the judgment to heat your pressing-tool. But for a court-mistress that studies these decorums, and knows the proportion of every cut to a hair, knows why such a colour is cut upon such a colour, and when a satin is cut upon six taffataes, will look that we should dive into the depth of the cut——Give me my scarf. Shew some ribands, sirrah. Have you the feather?

Feat. Ay, sir.

Mer. Have you the jewel?

Jew. Yes, sir.

Mer. What must I give for the hire on't?

Jew. You shall give me six crowns, sir.

Mer. Six crowns! By heaven 'twere a good deed to borrow it of thee to shew, and never let thee have it again.

Jew. I hope your worship will not do so, sir.

Mer. By Jove, sir, there be such tricks stirring, I can tell you, and worthily too. Extorting knaves, that live by these court-decorums, and yet—— What's your jewel worth, I pray?

Jew. A hundred crowns, sir.

Mer. A hundred crowns, and six for the loan on't an hour! what's that in the hundred for the year? These impostors would not be hang'd! Your thief is not comparable to them, by Hercules. Well, put it in, and the feather; you will have it and you shall, and the pox give you good on't!

Amo. Give me my confects, my moscadini, and place those colours in my hat.

Mer. These are Bolognian ribands, I warrant you.

Mil. In truth, sir, if they be not right Granado silk——

Mer. A pox on you, you'll all say so.

Mil. You give me not a penny, sir.

Mer. Come, sir, perfume my devant;

May it ascend, like solemn sacrifice,
Into the nostrils of the Queen of Love!

Hed. Your French ceremonies are the best.

Ana. Monsieur, signior, your Solemn Address is too long; the ladies long to have you come on.

Amo. Soft, sir, our coming on is not so easily prepared. Signior Fig!

Per. Ay, sir.

Amo. Can you help my complexion, here?

Per. O yes, sir, I have an excellent mineral fucus for the purpose. The gloves are right, sir; you shall bury them in a muck-hill, a draught, seven years, and take them out and wash them, they shall still retain their first scent, true Spanish. There's ambre in the umbre.

Mer. Your price, sweet Fig?

Per. Give me what you will, sir; the signior pays me two crowns a pair; you shall give me your love, sir.

Mer. My love! with a pox to you, goodman Sassafras.

Per. I come, sir. There's an excellent diapasm in a chain, too, if you like it.

Amo. Stay, what are the ingredients to your fucus?

Per. Nought but sublimate and crude mercury, sir, well prepared and dulcified, with the jawbones of a sow, burnt, beaten, and searced.

Amo. I approve it. Lay it on.

Mer. I'll have your chain of pomander, sirrah; what's your price?

Per. We'll agree, monsieur; I'll assure you it was both decocted and dried where no sun came, and kept in an onyx ever since it was balled.

Mer. Come, invert my mustachio, and we have done.

Amo. 'Tis good.

Bar. Hold still, I pray you, sir.

Per. Nay, the fucus is exorbitant, sir.

Mer. Death, dost thou burn me, harlot!

Bar. I beseech you, sir.

Mer. Beggar, varlet, poltroon. [*Beats him.*

Hed. Excellent, excellent!

Ana. Your French beat is the most natural beat of the world.

Aso. O that I had played at this weapon. [*A charge.*

Pha. Peace, now they come on; the second part.

Amo. *Madam, your beauties being so attractive, I muse you are left thus alone.*

Phi. *Better be alone, sir, than ill accompanied.*

Amo. *Nought can be ill, lady, that can come near your goodness.*

Mer. *Sweet madam, on what part of you soever a man casts his eye, he meets with perfection; you are the lively image of Venus throughout; all the graces smile in your cheeks; your beauty nourishes as well as delights; you have a tongue steeped in honey, and a breath like a panther; your breasts and forehead are whiter than goats milk, or May blossoms; a cloud is not so soft as your skin——*

Hed. Well strook, monsieur! He charges like a Frenchman indeed, thick and hotly.

Mer. *Your cheeks are Cupid's baths, wherein he uses to steep himself in milk and nectar: he does light all his torches at your eyes, and instructs you how to shoot and wound with their beams. Yet I love nothing in you more than your innocence; you retain so native a simplicity, so unblamed a behaviour! Methinks, with such a love, I should find no head, nor foot of my pleasure: you are the very spirit of a lady.*

Ana. Fair play, monsieur, you are too hot on the quarry; give your competitor audience.

Amo. *Lady, how stirring soever the monsieur's tongue is, he will lie by your side more dull than your eunuch.*

Ana. A good stroke; that mouth was excellently put over.

Amo. *You are fair, lady——*

Cri. You offer foul, signior, to close; keep your distance; for all your bravo rampant here.

Amo. *I say you are fair, lady, let your choice be fit, as you are fair.*

Mer. *I say ladies do never believe they are fair, till some fool begins to doat upon them.*

Phi. You play too rough, gentlemen.

Amo. *Your frenchified fool is your only fool, lady: I do yield to this honourable monsieur in all civil and humane courtesy.* [A flourish.

Mer. Buz!

Ana. Admirable. Give him the prize, give him the prize: that mouth again was most courtly hit, and rare.

Amo. I knew I should pass upon him with the bitter bob.

Hed. O, but the reverse was singular.

Pha. It was most subtile, Amorphus.

Aso. If I had done't, it should have been better.

Mer. How heartily they applaud this, Crites!

Cri. You suffer them too long.

Mer. I'll take off their edge instantly.

Ana. Name the prize, at the *Solemn Address.*

Phi. Two lips wagging.

Cri. And never a wise word, I take it.

Ana. Give to Amorphus. And, upon him again; let him not draw free breath.

Amo. Thanks, fair deliverer, and my honourable judges. Madam Phantaste, you are our worthy object at this next weapon.

Pha. Most covetingly ready, Amorphus. [*She takes the state instead of* PHILAUTIA.

Hed. Your monsieur is crest-fallen.

Ana. So are most of them once a year.

Amo. You will see, I shall now give him the gentle Dor presently, he forgetting to shift the colours, which are now changed with alteration of the mistress. At your last weapon, sir. *The Perfect Close.* Set forward. [*A charge.*] Intend your approach, monsieur.

Mer. 'Tis yours, signior.

Amo. With your example, sir.

Mer. Not I, sir.

Amo. It is your right.

Mer. By no possible means.

Amo. You have the way.

Mer. As I am noble——

Amo. As I am virtuous——

Mer. Pardon me, sir.

Amo. I will die first.

Mer. You are a tyrant in courtesy.

Amo. He is removed.—[*Stays* MERCURY *on his moving.*]—Judges, bear witness.

Mer. What of that, sir?

Amo. You are removed, sir.

Mer. Well.

Amo. I challenge you; you have received the Dor. Give me the prize.

Mer. Soft, sir. How, the Dor?

Amo. The common mistress, you see, is changed.

Mer. Right, sir.

Amo. And you have still in your hat the former colours.

Mer. You lie, sir, I have none: I have pulled them out. I meant to play discoloured. [*A flourish.*

Cri. The Dor, the Dor, the Dor, the Dor, the Dor, the palpable Dor!

Ana. Heart of my blood, Amorphus, what have you done? stuck a disgrace upon us all, and at your last weapon!

Aso. I could have done no more.

Hed. By heaven, it was most unfortunate luck.

Ana. Luck! by that candle, it was mere rashness, and oversight; would any man have ventured to play so open, and forsake his ward? D——n me, if he have not eternally undone himself in court, and discountenanced us that were his main countenance, by it.

Amo. Forgive it now: it was the solecism of my stars.

Cri. The wring by the hand, and the banquet, is ours.

Mer. O, here's a lady feels like a wench of the first year; you would think her hand did melt in your touch; and the bones of her fingers ran out at length when you prest 'em, they are so gently delicate! He that had the grace to print a kiss on these lips, should taste wine and rose-leaves. O, she kisses as close as a cockle. Let's take them down, as deep as our hearts, wench, till our very souls mix. Adieu, signior: good faith I shall drink to you at supper, sir.

Ana. Stay, monsieur. Who awards you the prize?

Cri. Why, his proper merit, sir; you see he has played down your grand garb-master, here.

Ana. That's not in your logic to determine, sir: you are no courtier. This is none of your seven or nine beggarly sciences, but a certain mystery above them, wherein we that have skill must pronounce, and not such fresh men as you are.

Cri. Indeed, I must declare myself to you no profest courtling; nor to have any excellent stroke at your subtile weapons; yet if you please, I dare venture a hit with you, or your fellow, sir Dagonet, here.

Ana. With me!

Cri. Yes, sir.

Ana. Heart, I shall never have such a fortune to save myself in a fellow again, and your two reputations, gentlemen, as in this. I'll undertake him.

Hed. Do, and swinge him soundly, good Anaides.

Ana. Let me alone; I'll play other manner of play, than has been seen yet. I would the prize lay on't!

Mer. It shall if you will, I forgive my right.

Ana. Are you so confident! what's your weapon?

Cri. At any, I, sir.

Mer. The Perfect Close, that's now the best.

Ana. Content, I'll pay your scholarity. Who offers?

Cri. Marry, that will I: I dare give you that advantage too.

Ana. You dare! well, look to your liberal sconce.

Amo. Make your play still, upon the answer, sir.

Ana. Hold your peace, you are a hobby-horse.

Aso. Sit by me, master.

Mer. Now, Crites, strike home. [*A charge.*

Cri. You shall see me undo the assured swaggerer with a trick, instantly: I will play all his own play before him; court the wench in his garb, in his phrase, with his face; leave him not so much as a look, an eye, a stalk, or an imperfect oath, to express himself by, after me.

[*Aside to* MERCURY.

Mer. Excellent, Crites.

Ana. When begin you, sir? have you consulted?

Cri. To your cost, sir. Which is the piece stands forth to be courted? O, are you she? [*To Philautia.*] *Well, madam, or sweet lady, it is so, I do love you in some sort, do you conceive? and though I am no monsieur, nor no signior, and do want, as they say, logic and sophistry, and good words, to tell you why it is so; yet by this hand and by that candle it is so; and though I be no book-worm, nor one that deals by art, to give you rhetoric and causes, why it should be so, or make it good it is so? yet, d——n me, but I know it is so, and am assured it is so, and I and my sword shall make it appear it is so, and give you reason sufficient how it can be no otherwise but so——*

Hed. 'Slight, Anaides, you are mocked, and so we are all.

Mer. How now, signior! what, suffer yourself to be cozened of your courtship before your face?

Hed. This is plain confederacy to disgrace us: let's be gone, and plot some revenge.

Amo. *When men disgraces share,*
The lesser is the care.

Cri. Nay, stay, my dear Ambition, [*to* HEDON.] I can do you over too. You that tell your mistress, her beauty is all composed of theft; her hair stole from Apollo's goldy-locks; her white and red, lilies and roses stolen out of paradise; her eyes two stars, pluck'd from the sky; her nose the gnomon of Love's dial, that tells you how the clock of your heart goes: and for her other parts, as you cannot reckon them, they are so many; so you cannot recount them, they are so manifest. Yours, if his own, unfortunate Hoyden, instead of Hedon.

[*A flourish.*

Aso. Sister, come away, I cannot endure them longer. [*Exeunt all but* MERCURY *and* CRITES.

Mer. Go, Dors, and you, my madam Courting-
Follow your scorned and derided mates; [stocks,
Tell to your guilty breasts, what mere gilt blocks
You are, and how unworthy human states.

Cri. Now, sacred God of Wit, if you can make
Those, whom our sports tax in these apish graces,
Kiss, like the fighting snakes, your peaceful rod
These times shall canonize you for a god.

Mer. Why, Crites, think you any noble spirit,
Or any, worth the title of a man,
Will be incensed to see the enchanted veils
Of self-conceit, and servile flattery,
Wrapt in so many folds by time and custom,
Drawn from his wronged and bewitched eyes?
Who sees not now their shape and nakedness,
Is blinder than the son of earth, the mole;
Crown'd with no more humanity, nor soul.

Cri. Though they may see it, yet the huge estate,

Fancy, and form, and sensual pride have gotten,
Will make them blush for anger, not for shame,
And turn shewn nakedness to impudence.
Humour is now the test we try things in:
All power is just: nought that delights is sin.
And yet the zeal of every knowing man
Oppress with hills of tyranny, cast on virtue
By the light fancies of fools, thus transported,
Cannot but vent the Ætna of his fires,
T'inflame best bosoms with much worthier love
Than of these outward and effeminate shades;
That these vain joys, in which their wills consume
Such powers of wit and soul as are of force
To raise their beings to eternity,
May be converted on works fitting men:
And, for the practice of a forced look,
An antic gesture, or a fustian phrase,
Study the native frame of a true heart,
An inward comeliness of bounty, knowledge,
And spirit that may conform them actually
To God's high figures, which they have in power;
Which to neglect for a self-loving neatness,
Is sacrilege of an unpardon'd greatness.

Mer. Then let the truth of these things strengthen
In thy exempt and only man-like course; [thee,
Like it the more, the less it is respected:
Though men fail, virtue is by gods protected.—
See, here comes Arete; I'll withdraw myself. [*Exit.*

Enter ARETE.

Are. Crites, you must provide straight for a masque,
'Tis Cynthia's pleasure. [masque,

Cri. How, bright Arete!
Why, 'twere a labour more for Hercules:
Better and sooner durst I undertake
To make the different seasons of the year,
The winds, or elements, to sympathize,
Than their unmeasurable vanity
Dance truly in a measure. They agree!
What though all concord's born of contraries;
So many follies will confusion prove,
And like a sort of jarring instruments,
All out of tune; because, indeed, we see
There is not that analogy 'twixt discords,
As between things but merely opposite.

Are. There is your error: for as Hermes' wand
Charms the disorders of tumultuous ghosts;
And as the strife of Chaos then did cease,
When better light than Nature's did arrive:
So, what could never in itself agree,
Forgetteth the eccentric property,
And at her sight turns forthwith regular,
Whose sceptre guides the flowing ocean:
And though it did not, yet the most of them
Being either courtiers, or not wholly rude,
Respect of majesty, the place, and presence,
Will keep them within ring, especially
When they are not presented as themselves,
But masqued like others: for, in troth, not so
To incorporate them, could be nothing else,
Than like a state ungovern'd, without laws,
Or body made of nothing but diseases:
The one, through impotency, poor and wretched;
The other, for the anarchy, absurd.

Cri. But, lady, for the revellers themselves,
It would be better, in my poor conceit,
That others were employ'd; for such as are
Unfit to be in Cynthia's court, can seem
No less unfit to be in Cynthia's sports.

Are. That, Crites, is not purposed without
Particular knowledge of the goddess' mind;
Who holding true intelligence, what follies
Had crept into her palace, she resolved
Of sports and triumphs, under that pretext,
To have them muster in their pomp and fulness,
That so she might more strictly, and to root,
Effect the reformation she intends.

Cri. I now conceive her heavenly drift in all,
And will apply my spirits to serve her will.
O thou, the very power by which I am,
And but for which it were in vain to be,
Chief next Diana, virgin heavenly fair,
Admired Arete, of them admired
Whose souls are not enkindled by the sense,
Disdain not my chaste fire, but feed the flame
Devoted truly to thy gracious name.

Are. Leave to suspect us: Crites well shall find,
As we are now most dear, we'll prove most kind.
[*Within.*] Arete!

Are. Hark, I am call'd. [*Exit*

Cri. I follow instantly.
Phœbus Apollo, if with ancient rites,
And due devotions, I have ever hung
Elaborate Pæans on thy golden shrine,
Or sung thy triumphs in a lofty strain,
Fit for a theatre of gods to hear:
And thou, the other son of mighty Jove,
Cyllenian Mercury, sweet Maia's joy,
If in the busy tumults of the mind
My path thou ever hast illumined,
For which thine altars I have oft perfumed,
And deck'd thy statues with discolour'd flowers:
Now thrive invention in this glorious court,
That not of bounty only, but of right,
Cynthia may grace, and give it life by sight. [*Exit*

SCENE III.

Enter HESPERUS, CYNTHIA, ARETE, TIME, PHRONESIS, *and* THAUMA.

Music accompanied. HESPERUS *sings.*

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heav'n to clear, when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

Cyn. When hath Diana, like an envious wretch,
That glitters only to his soothed self,
Denying to the world the precious use
Of hoarded wealth, withheld her friendly aid?
Monthly we spend our still-repaired shine,
And not forbid our virgin-waxen torch
To burn and blaze, while nutriment doth last:
That once consumed, out of Jove's treasury
A new we take, and stick it in our sphere,

To give the mutinous kind of wanting men
Their look'd-for light. Yet what is their desert?
Bounty is wrong'd, interpreted as due;
Mortals can challenge not a ray, by right,
Yet do expect the whole of Cynthia's light.
But if that deities withdrew their gifts
For human follies, what could men deserve
But death and darkness? It behoves the high,
For their own sakes, to do things worthily.

Are. Most true, most sacred goddess; for the heavens
Receive no good of all the good they do:
Nor Jove, nor you, nor other heavenly Powers,
Are fed with fumes which do from incense rise,
Or sacrifices reeking in their gore;
Yet, for the care which you of mortals have,
(Whose proper good it is that they be so,)
You well are pleased with odours redolent:
But ignorant is all the race of men,
Which still complains, not knowing why, or when.

Cyn. Else, noble Arete, they would not blame,
And tax, or for unjust, or for as proud,
Thy Cynthia, in the things which are indeed
The greatest glories in our starry crown;
Such is our chastity, which safely scorns,
Not love, for who more fervently doth love
Immortal honour, and divine renown?
But giddy Cupid, Venus' frantic son.
Yet, Arete, if by this veiled light
We but discover'd (what we not discern)
Any the least of imputations stand
Ready to sprinkle our unspotted fame
With note of lightness, from these revels near;
Not, for the empire of the universe,
Should night, or court, this whatsoever shine,
Or grace of ours, unhappily enjoy.
Place and occasion are two privy thieves,
And from poor innocent ladies often steal
The best of things, an honourable name;
To stay with follies, or where faults may be,
Infers a crime, although the party free.

Are. How Cynthianly, that is, how worthily
And like herself, the matchless Cynthia speaks!
Infinite jealousies, infinite regards,
Do watch about the true virginity:
But Phœbe lives from all, not only fault,
But as from thought, so from suspicion free.
Thy presence broad-seals our delights for pure;
What's done in Cynthia's sight, is done secure.

Cyn. That then so answer'd, dearest Arete,
What th' argument, or of what sort our sports
Are like to be this night, I not demand.
Nothing which duty, and desire to please,
Bears written in the forehead, comes amiss.
But unto whose invention must we owe
The complement of this night's furniture?

Are. Excellent goddess, to a man's, whose worth,
Without hyperbole, I thus may praise;
One at least studious of deserving well,
And, to speak truth, indeed deserving well.
Potential merit stands for actual,
Where only opportunity doth want,
Not will, nor power; both which in him abound.
One whom the Muses and Minerva love;
For whom should they, than Crites, more esteem,
Whom Phœbus, though not Fortune, holdeth dear?
And, which convinceth excellence in him,
A principal admirer of yourself.
Even through the ungentle injuries of Fate,
And difficulties, which do virtue choke,
Thus much of him appears. What other things
Of farther note do lie unborn in him,
Them I do leave for cherishment to shew,
And for a goddess graciously to judge.

Cyn. We have already judged him, Arete;
Nor are we ignorant how noble minds
Suffer too much through those indignities
Which times and vicious persons cast on them.
Ourself have ever vowed to esteem
As virtue for itself, so fortune, base;
Who's first in worth, the same be first in place.
Nor farther notice, Arete, we crave
Than thine approval's sovereign warranty:
Let 't be thy care to make us known to him;
Cynthia shall brighten what the world made dim.

[*Exit* Arete.

THE FIRST MASQUE.

Enter Cupid, *disguised as* Anteros, *followed by* Storgé, Aglaia, Euphantaste, *and* Apheleia.

Cup. *Clear pearl of heaven, and, not to be farther ambitious in titles, Cynthia! the fame of this illustrious night, among others, hath also drawn these four fair virgins from the palace of their queen Perfection, (a word which makes no sufficient difference betwixt her's and thine,) to visit thy imperial court: for she, their sovereign, not finding where to dwell among men, before her return to heaven, advised them wholly to consecrate themselves to thy celestial service, as in whose clear spirit (the proper element and sphere of virtue) they should behold not her alone, their ever-honoured mistress, but themselves (more truly themselves) to live enthronized. Herself would have commended them unto thy favour more particularly, but that she knows no commendation is more available with thee, than that of proper virtue. Nevertheless she willed them to present this crystal mound, a note of monarchy, and symbol of perfection, to thy more worthy deity; which, as here by me they most humbly do, so amongst the rarities thereof, that is the chief, to shew whatsoever the world hath excellent, howsoever remote and various. But your irradiate judgment will soon discover the secrets of this little crystal world. Themselves, to appear more plainly, because they know nothing more odious than false pretexts, have chosen to express their several qualities thus in several colours.*

The first, in citron colour, is natural affection which, given us to procure our good, is sometime called Storgé; and as every one is nearest to himself, so this handmaid of reason, allowable Self-love, as it is without harm, so are none without it: her place in the court of Perfection was to quicken minds in the pursuit of honour. Her device is a perpendicular level, upon a cube or square; the word, se suo modulo; *alluding to that true measure of one's self, which, as every one ought to make, so is it most conspicuous in thy divine example.*

The second, in green, is Aglaia, delectable and pleasant conversation, whose property is to move a kindly delight, and sometime not without laughter; her office to entertain assemblies, and keep societies together with fair familiarity. Her device, within a ring of clouds, a heart with shine about it; the word curarum nubila pello: *an allegory of Cyn-*

thia's light, which no less clears the sky than her fair mirth the heart.

The third, in the discoloured mantle spangled all over, is Euphantaste, a well-conceited Wittiness, and employed in honouring the court with the riches of her pure invention. Her device, upon a Petasus, or Mercurial hat, a crescent; the word, sic laus ingenii; *inferring that the praise and glory of wit doth ever increase, as doth thy growing moon.*

The fourth, in white, is Apheleia, a nymph as pure and simple as the soul, or as an abrase table, and is therefore called Simplicity; without folds, without plaits, without colour, without counterfeit; and (to speak plainly) plainness itself. Her device is no device. The word under her silver shield, omnis abest fucus; *alluding to thy spotless self, who art as far from impurity as from mortality.*

Myself, celestial goddess, more fit for the court of Cynthia than the arbours of Cytherea, am called Anteros, or Love's enemy; the more welcome therefore to thy court, and the fitter to conduct this quaternion, who, as they are thy professed votaries, and for that cause adversaries to Love, yet thee, perpetual virgin, they both love, and vow to love eternally.

Re-enter ARETE, *with* CRITES.

Cyn. Not without wonder, nor without delight,
Mine eyes have view'd, in contemplation's depth,
This work of wit, divine and excellent:
What shape, what substance, or what unknown power,
In virgin's habit, crown'd with laurel leaves,
And olive-branches woven in between,
On sea-girt rocks, like to a goddess shines!
O front! O face! O all celestial, sure,
And more than mortal! Arete, behold
Another Cynthia, and another queen,
Whose glory, like a lasting plenilune,
Seems ignorant of what it is to wane.
Nor under heaven an object could be found
More fit to please. Let Crites make approach.
Bounty forbids to pall our thanks with stay,
Or to defer our favour, after view:
The time of grace is, when the cause is new.

Are. Lo, here the man, celestial Delia,
Who (like a circle bounded in itself)
Contains as much as man in fulness may.
Lo, here the man, who not of usual earth,
But of that nobler and more precious mould
Which Phœbus self doth temper, is composed;
And who, though all were wanting to reward,
Yet to himself he would not wanting be:
Thy favour's gain is his ambition's most,
And labour's best; who (humble in his height)
Stands fixed silent in thy glorious sight.

Cyn. With no less pleasure than we have beheld
This precious crystal work of rarest wit,
Our eye doth read thee, now instiled, our Crites;
Whom learning, virtue, and our favour last,
Exempteth from the gloomy multitude.
With common eye the Supreme should not see:
Henceforth be ours, the more thyself to be.

Cri. Heaven's purest light, whose orb may be eclipsed,
But not thy praise; divinest Cynthia!
How much too narrow for so high a grace,
Thine (save therein) the most unworthy Crites
Doth find himself! for ever shine thy fame;
Thine honours ever, as thy beauties do.
In me they must, my dark world's chiefest lights,
By whose propitious beams my powers are raised
To hope some part of those most lofty points,
Which blessed Arete hath pleased to name,
As marks, to which my endeavour's steps should bend:
Mine, as begun at thee, in thee must end.

THE SECOND MASQUE.

Enter MERCURY *as a page, introducing* Eucosmos, Eupathes, Eutolmos, *and* Eucolos.

Mer. *Sister of Phœbus, to whose bright orb we owe, that we not complain of his absence: these four brethren (for they are brethren, and sons of Eutaxia, a lady known, and highly beloved of your resplendent deity) not able to be absent, when Cynthia held a solemnity, officiously insinuate themselves into thy presence: for, as there are four cardinal virtues, upon which the whole frame of the court doth move, so are these the four cardinal properties, without which the body of compliment moveth not. With these four silver javelins, (which they bear in their hands) they support in princes courts the state of the presence, as by office they are obliged; which, though here they may seem superfluous, yet, for honour's sake, they thus presume to visit thee, having also been employed in the palace of queen Perfection. And though to them that would make themselves gracious to a goddess, sacrifices were fitter than presents, or impresses, yet they both hope thy favour, and (in place of either) use several symbols, containing the titles of thy imperial dignity.*

First, the hithermost, in the changeable blue and green robe, is the commendably-fashioned gallant, Eucosmos; whose courtly habit is the grace of the presence, and delight of the surveying eye: whom ladies understand by the names of Neat and Elegant. His symbol is, divæ virgini, *in which he would express thy deity's principal glory, which hath ever been virginity.*

The second, in the rich accoutrement, and robe of purple, empaled with gold, is Eupathes; who entertains his mind with an harmless, but not in curious variety: all the objects of his senses are sumptuous, himself a gallant, that, without excess, can make use of superfluity, go richly in embroideries, jewels, and what not, without vanity, and fare delicately without gluttony; and therefore (not without cause) is universally thought to be of fine humour. His symbol is. divæ optimæ; *an attribute to express thy goodness, in which thou so resemblest Jove thy father.*

The third, in the blush-coloured suit, is Eutolmos, as duly respecting others, as never neglecting himself; commonly known by the title of good Audacity; to courts and courtly assemblies a guest most acceptable. His symbol is, divæ viragini; *to express thy hardy courage in chase of savage beasts, which harbour in woods and wildernesses.*

The fourth, in watchet tinsel, is the kind and truly benefique Eucolos, who imparteth not without respect, but yet without difficulty, and hath the happiness to make every kindness seem double, by the timely and freely bestowing thereof. He is the chief of them, who by the vulgar are said to be of

good nature. His symbol is, divæ maximæ; *an adjunct to signify thy greatness, which in heaven, earth, and hell, is formidable.*

Music. A Dance by the two Masques joined, during which CUPID *and* MERCURY *retire to the side of the stage.*

Cup. Is not that Amorphus, the traveller?

Mer. As though it were not! do you not see how his legs are in travail with a measure?

Cup. Hedon, thy master is next.

Mer. What, will Cupid turn nomenclator, and cry them?

Cup. No, faith, but I have a comedy toward, that would not be lost for a kingdom.

Mer. In good time, for Cupid will prove the comedy.

Cup. Mercury, I am studying how to match them.

Mer. How to mismatch them were harder.

Cup. They are the nymphs must do it; I shall sport myself with their passions above measure.

Mer. Those nymphs would be tamed a little indeed, but I fear thou hast not arrows for the purpose.

Cup. O yes, here be of all sorts, flights, rovers, and butt-shafts. But I can wound with a brandish, and never draw bow for the matter.

Mer. I cannot but believe it, my invisible archer, and yet methinks you are tedious.

Cup. It behoves me to be somewhat circumspect, Mercury; for if Cynthia hear the twang of my bow, she'll go near to whip me with the string; therefore, to prevent that, I thus discharge a brandish upon——it makes no matter which of the couples. Phantaste and Amorphus, at you.

[*Waves his arrow at them.*

Mer. Will the shaking of a shaft strike them into such a fever of affection?

Cup. As well as the wink of an eye: but, I pray thee, hinder me not with thy prattle.

Mer. Jove forbid I hinder thee; Marry, all that I fear is Cynthia's presence, which, with the cold of her chastity, casteth such an antiperistasis about the place, that no heat of thine will tarry with the patient.

Cup. It will tarry the rather, for the antiperistasis will keep it in.

Mer. I long to see the experiment.

Cup. Why, their marrow boils already, or they are all turn'd eunuchs.

Mer. Nay, an't be so, I'll give over speaking, and be a spectator only. [*The first dance ends.*

Amo. Cynthia, by my bright soul, is a right exquisite and splendidious lady; yet Amorphus, I think, hath seen more fashions, I am sure more countries; but whether I have or not, what need we gaze on Cynthia, that have ourself to admire?

Pha. O, excellent Cynthia! yet if Phantaste sat where she does, and had such attire on her head, (for attire can do much,) I say no more—but goddesses are goddesses, and Phantaste is as she is! I would the revels were done once, I might go to my school of glass again, and learn to do myself right after all this ruffling.

[*Music; they begin the second dance.*

Mer. How now, Cupid? here's a wonderful change with your brandish! do you not hear how they dote?

Cup. What prodigy is this? no word of love, no mention, no motion!

Mer. Not a word, my little ignis fatue, not a word.

Cup. Are my darts enchanted? is their vigour gone? is their virtue——

Mer. What! Cupid turned jealous of himself? ha, ha, ha!

Cup. Laughs Mercury?

Mer. Is Cupid angry?

Cup. Hath he not cause, when his purpose is so deluded?

Mer. A rare comedy, it shall be entitled Cupid's?

Cup. Do not scorn us, Hermes.

Mer. Choler and Cupid are two fiery things; I scorn them not. But I see that come to pass which I presaged in the beginning.

Cup. You cannot tell: perhaps the physic will not work so soon upon some as upon others. It may be the rest are not so resty.

Mer. Ex ungue; you know the old adage, as these so are the remainder.

Cup. I'll try: this is the same shaft with which I wounded Argurion. [*Waves his arrow again.*

Mer. Ay, but let me save you a labour, Cupid: there were certain bottles of water fetch'd, and drunk off since that time, by these gallants.

Cup. Jove strike me into the earth! the Fountain of Self-love!

Mer. Nay, faint not, Cupid.

Cup. I remember'd it not.

Mer. Faith, it was ominous to take the name of Anteros upon you; you know not what charm or enchantment lies in the word: you saw, I durst not venture upon any device in our presentment, but was content to be no other than a simple page. Your arrows' properties (to keep decorum) Cupid, are suited, it should seem, to the nature of him you personate.

Cup. Indignity not to be borne!

Mer. Nay rather, an attempt to have been forborne. [*The second dance ends.*

Cup. How might I revenge myself on this insulting Mercury? there's Crites, his minion, he has not tasted of this water. [*Waves his arrow at* CRITES.] It shall be so. Is Crites turn'd dotard on himself too?

Mer. That follows not, because the venom of your shafts cannot pierce him, Cupid.

Cup. As though there were one antidote for these, and another for him.

Mer. As though there were not; or, as if one effect might not arise of divers causes? What say you to Cynthia, Arete, Phronesis, Timè, and others there?

Cup. They are divine.

Mer. And Crites aspires to be so.

[*Music; they begin the third dance.*

Cup. But that shall not serve him.

Mer. 'Tis like to do it, at this time. But Cupid is grown too covetous, that will not spare one of a multitude.

Cup. One is more than a multitude.

Mer. Arete's favour makes any one shot-proof against thee, Cupid. I pray thee, light honeybee, remember thou art not now in Adonis' garden, but in Cynthia's presence, where thorns lie in garrison about the roses. Soft, Cynthia speaks.

Cyn. Ladies and gallants of our court, to end,
And give a timely period to our sports,
Let us conclude them with declining night;

Our empire is but of the darker half.
And if you judge it any recompence
For your fair pains, t' have earn'd Diana's thanks,
Diana grants them, and bestows their crown
To gratify your acceptable zeal.
For you are they, that not, as some have done,
Do censure us, as too severe and sour,
But as, more rightly, gracious to the good;
Although we not deny, unto the proud,
Or the profane, perhaps indeed austere:
For so Actæon, by presuming far,
Did, to our grief, incur a fatal doom;
And so, swoln Niobe, comparing more
Than he presumed, was trophæed into stone.
But are we therefore judged too extreme?
Seems it no crime to enter sacred bowers,
And hallow'd places, with impure aspect,
Most lewdly to pollute? Seems it no crime
To brave a deity? Let mortals learn
To make religion of offending heaven,
And not at all to censure powers divine.
To men this argument should stand for firm,
A goddess did it, therefore it was good:
We are not cruel, nor delight in blood.—
But what have serious repetitions
To do with revels, and the sports of court?
We not intend to sour your late delights
With harsh expostulation. Let it suffice
That we take notice, and can take revenge
Of these calumnious and lewd blasphemies.
For we are no less Cynthia than we were,
Nor is our power, but as ourself, the same:
Though we have now put on no tire of shine,
But mortal eyes undazzled may endure.
Years are beneath the spheres, and time makes weak
Things under heaven, not powers which govern
And though ourself be in ourself secure, [heaven.
Yet let not mortals challenge to themselves
Immunity from thence. Lo, this is all:
Honour hath store of spleen, but wanteth gall.
Once more we cast the slumber of our thanks
On your ta'en toil, which here let take an end.
And that we not mistake your several worths,
Nor you our favour, from yourselves remove
What makes you not yourselves, those clouds of
Particular pains particular thanks do ask. [masque;

[*The dancers unmask.*

How! let me view you. Ha! are we contemn'd?
Is there so little awe of our disdain,
That any (under trust of their disguise)
Should mix themselves with others of the court,
And, without forehead, boldly press so far,
As farther none? How apt is lenity
To be abused! severity to be loath'd!
And yet, how much more doth the seeming face
Of neighbour virtues, and their borrow'd names,
Add of lewd boldness to loose vanities!
Who would have thought that Philautia durst
Or have usurped noble Storgé's name,
Or with that theft have ventured on our eyes?
Who would have thought, that all of them should
So much of our connivence, as to come [hope
To grace themselves with titles not their own?
Instead of med'cines, have we maladies?
And such imposthumes as Phantaste is
Grow in our palace? We must lance these sores,
Or all will putrify. Nor are these all,
For we suspect a farther fraud than this:
Take off our veil, that shadows may depart,
And shapes appear, beloved Arete——So,
Another face of things presents itself,
Than did of late. What! feather'd Cupid masqued,
And masked like Anteros? And stay! more strange!
Dear Mercury, our brother, like a page,
To countenance the ambush of the boy!
Nor endeth our discovery as yet:
Gelaia, like a nymph, that, but erewhile,
In male attire, did serve Anaides?—
Cupid came hither to find sport and game,
Who heretofore hath been too conversant
Among our train, but never felt revenge;
And Mercury bare Cupid company.
Cupid, we must confess, this time of mirth,
Proclaim'd by us, gave opportunity
To thy attempts, although no privilege:
Tempt us no farther; we cannot endure
Thy presence longer; vanish hence, away!

[*Exit* CUPID.

You, Mercury, we must entreat to stay,
And hear what we determine of the rest;
For in this plot we well perceive your hand.
But, (for we mean not a censorian task,
And yet to lance these ulcers grown so ripe,)
Dear Arete, and Crites, to you two
We give the charge; impose what pains you please:
Th' incurable cut off, the rest reform,
Remembering ever what we first decreed,
Since revels were proclaim'd, let now none bleed.

Are. How well Diana can distinguish times,
And sort her censures, keeping to herself
The doom of gods, leaving the rest to us!
Come, cite them, Crites, first, and then proceed.

Cri. First, Philautia, for she was the first,
Then light Gelaia in Aglaia's name,
Thirdly, Phantaste, and Moria next,
Main Follies all, and of the female crew:
Amorphus, or Eucosmos' counterfeit,
Voluptuous Hedon ta'en for Eupathes,
Brazen Anaides, and Asotus last,
With his two pages, Morus and Prosaites;
And thou, the traveller's evil. Cos, approach,
Impostors all, and male deformities——

Are. Nay, forward, for I delegate my power,
And will that at thy mercy they do stand,
Whom they so oft, so plainly scorn'd before.
'Tis virtue which they want, and wanting it,
Honour no garment to their backs can fit.
Then, Crites, practise thy discretion.

Cri. Adored Cynthia, and bright Arete,
Another might seem fitter for this task,
Than Crites far, but that you judge not so:
For I (not to appear vindicative,
Or mindful of contempts, which I contemn'd,
As done of impotence) must be remiss;
Who, as I was the author, in some sort,
To work their knowledge into Cynthia's sight,
So should be much severer to revenge
The indignity hence issuing to her name:
But there's not one of these who are unpain'd,
Or by themselves unpunished; for vice
Is like a fury to the vicious mind,
And turns delight itself to punishment.
But we must forward, to define their doom.
You are offenders, that must be confess'd;
Do you confess it?

All. We do.

Cri. And that you merit sharp correction?

All. Yes.

Cri. Then we (reserving unto Delia's grace
Her farther pleasure, and to Arete

What Delia granteth) thus do sentence you:
That from this place (for penance known of all,
Since you have drunk so deeply of Self-love)
You, two and two, singing a Palinode,
March to your several homes by Niobe's stone,
And offer up two tears a-piece thereon,
That it may change the name, as you must change,
And of a stone be called Weeping-cross:
Because it standeth cross of Cynthia's way,
One of whose names is sacred Trivia.
And after penance thus perform'd you pass
In like set order, not as Midas did,
To wash his gold off into Tagus' stream;
But to the well of knowledge, Helicon;
Where, purged of your present maladies,
Which are not few, nor slender, you become
Such as you fain would seem, and then return,
Offering your service to great Cynthia.
This is your sentence, if the goddess please
To ratify it with her high consent;
The scope of wise mirth unto fruit is bent.

Cyn. We do approve thy censure, belov'd Crites;
Which Mercury, thy true propitious friend,
(A deity next Jove beloved of us,)
Will undertake to see exactly done.
And for this service of discovery,
Perform'd by thee, in honour of our name,
We vow to guerdon it with such due grace
As shall become our bounty, and thy place.
Princes that would their people should do well,
Must at themselves begin, as at the head;
For men, by their example, pattern out
Their imitations, and regard of laws:
A virtuous court, a world to virtue draws.

[*Exeunt* CYNTHIA *and her* Nymphs, *followed by* ARETE *and* CRITES:—AMORPHUS, PHANTASTE, &c. *go off the stage in pairs, singing the following*

PALINODE.

Amo. From Spanish shrugs, French faces, smirks, irpes, and all affected humours.

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. From secret friends, sweet servants, loves, doves, and such fantastic humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. From stabbing of arms, flap-dragons, healths, whiffs, and all such swaggering humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. From waving fans, coy glances, glicks, cringes, and all such simpering humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. From making love by attorney, courting of puppets, and paying for new acquaintance,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. From perfumed dogs, monkies, sparrows, dildoes, and paraquettoes,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. From wearing bracelets of hair, shoe-ties, gloves, garters, and rings with poesies,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. From pargetting, painting, slicking, glazing, and renewing old rivelled faces,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. From 'squiring to tilt yards, play-houses, pageants, and all such public places,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. From entertaining one gallant to gull another, and making fools of either,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. From belying ladies' favours, noblemen's countenance, coining counterfeit employments, vain-glorious taking to them other men's services, and all self-loving humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

MERCURY *and* CRITES *sing.*

Now each one dry his weeping eyes,
And to the Well of Knowledge haste;
Where, purged of your maladies,
You may of sweeter waters taste:
And, with refined voice, report
The grace of Cynthia, and her court.

[*Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGUE.

Gentles, be't known to you, since I went in
I am turn'd rhymer, and do thus begin.
The author (jealous how your sense doth take
His travails) hath enjoined me to make
Some short and ceremonious epilogue;
But if I yet know what, I am a rogue:
He ties me to such laws as quite distract
My thoughts, and would a year of time exact.
I neither must be faint, remiss, nor sorry,
Sour, serious, confident, nor peremptory;
But betwixt these. Let's see; to lay the blame
Upon the children's action, that were lame.
To crave your favour, with a begging knee,
Were to distrust the writer's faculty.
To promise better at the next we bring,
Prorogues disgrace, commends not any thing.
Stiffly to stand on this, and proudly approve
The play, might tax the maker of Self-love.
I'll only speak what I have heard him say,
"By —— 'tis good, and if you like't, you may."

Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, stupet, oscitat, odit.
Hoc volo: nunc nobis carmina nostra placent.

THE POETASTER; OR, HIS ARRAIGNMENT.

TO THE VIRTUOUS, AND MY WORTHY FRIEND,

MR. RICHARD MARTIN.

Sir,—A thankful man owes a courtesy ever; the unthankful but when he needs it. To make mine own mark appear, and shew by which of these seals I am known, I send you this piece of what may live of mine; for whose innocence, as for the author's, you were once a noble and timely undertaker, to the greatest justice of this kingdom. Enjoy now the delight of your goodness, which is, to see that prosper you preserved, and posterity to owe the reading of that, without offence, to your name, which so much ignorance and malice of the times then conspired to have suppress.

Your true lover, Ben Jonson.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Augustus Cæsar.
Mecænas.
Marc. Ovid.
Cor. Gallus.
Sex. Propertius.
Fus. Aristius.
Pub. Ovid.
Virgil.
Horace.
Trebatius.
Asinius Lupus.
Pantilius Tucca.
Luscus.
Ruf. Lab. Crispinus.

Hermogenes Tigellius.
Demetrius Fannius.
Albius.
Minos.
Histrio.
Æsop.
Pyrgi.
Lictors, Equitis, &c.

Julia.
Cytheris.
Plautia.
Chloe.
Maids.

SCENE,—Rome.

After the second sounding.

Envy arises in the midst of the stage.

Light, I salute thee, but with wounded nerves,
Wishing thy golden splendor pitchy darkness.
What's here? The Arraignment! *ay; this, this is it,*
That our sunk eyes have waked for all this while:
Here will be subject for my snakes and me.
Cling to my neck and wrists, my loving worms,
And cast you round in soft and amorous folds,
Till I do bid uncurl; then, break your knots,
Shoot out yourselves at length, as your forced stings
Would hide themselves within his maliced sides,
To whom I shall apply you. Stay! the shine
Of this assembly here offends my sight;
I'll darken that first, and outface their grace.
Wonder not, if I stare: these fifteen weeks,
So long as since the plot was but an embrion,
Have I, with burning lights mixt vigilant thoughts,
In expectation of this hated play,
To which at last I am arrived as Prologue.
Nor would I you should look for other looks,
Gesture, or compliment from me, than what
The infected bulk of Envy can afford:
For I am risse here with a covetous hope,
To blast your pleasures and destroy your sports,
With wrestings, comments, applications,
Spy-like suggestions, privy whisperings,
And thousand such promoting sleights as these.
Mark how I will begin: The scene is, ha!
Rome? Rome? and Rome? Crack, eye-strings, and your balls
Drop into earth: let me be ever blind.
I am prevented; all my hopes are crost,
Check'd, and abated; fie, a freezing sweat
Flows forth at all my pores, my entrails burn:
What should I do? Rome! Rome! O my vext soul,
How might I force this to the present state?
Are there no players here? no poet apes,
That come with basilisk's eyes, whose forked tongues
Are steep'd in venom, as their hearts in gall?
Either of these would help me; they could wrest,
Pervert, and poison all they hear or see,
With senseless glosses, and allusions.
Now, if you be good devils, fly me not.
You know what dear and ample faculties
I have endowed you with: I'll lend you more.
Here, take my snakes among you, come and eat,
And while the squeez'd juice flows in your black jaws,
Help me to damn the author. Spit it forth
Upon his lines, and shew your rusty teeth
At every word, or accent: or else choose
Out of my longest vipers, to stick down
In your deep throats; and let the heads come forth

At your rank mouths ; that he may see you arm'd
With triple malice, to hiss, sting, and tear
His work and him ; to forge, and then declaim,
Traduce, corrupt, apply, inform, suggest ;
O, these are gifts wherein your souls are blest.
What ! do you hide yourselves? will none appear?
None answer ? what, doth this calm troop affright you ?
Nay, then I do despair ; down, sink again :
This travail is all lost with my dead hopes.
If in such bosoms spite have left to dwell,
Envy is not on earth, nor scarce in hell.
[Descends slowly.

The third sounding.

As she disappears, enter PROLOGUE hastily, in armour.

Stay, monster, ere thou sink—thus on thy head
Set we our bolder foot ; with which we tread
Thy malice into earth : so Spite should die,
Despised and scorn'd by noble Industry.
If any muse why I salute the stage,
An armed Prologue ; know, tis a dangerous age :
Wherein who writes, had need present his scenes
Forty-fold proof against the conjuring means
Of base detractors, and illiterate apes,
That fill up rooms in fair and formal shapes.
'Gainst these, have we put on this forced defence :
Whereof the allegory and hid sense
Is, that a well erected confidence
Can fright their pride, and laugh their folly hence.
Here now, put case our author should, once more,
Swear that his play were good ; he doth implore,
You would not argue him of arrogance :
Howe'er that common spawn of ignorance,
Our fry of writers, may beslime his fame,
And give his action that adulterate name.
Such full-blown vanity he more doth loth,
Than base dejection ; there's a mean 'twixt both,
Which with a constant firmness he pursues,
As one that knows the strength of his own Muse.
And this he hopes all free souls will allow :
Others that take it with a rugged brow,
Their moods he rather pities than envies :
His mind it is above their injuries.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Scene draws, and discovers* OVID *in his study.*

Ovid. *Then, when this body falls in funeral fire,*
My name shall live, and my best part aspire.
It shall go so.

Enter LUSCUS, *with a gown and cap.*

Lusc. Young master, master Ovid, do you hear? Gods a'me! away with your songs and sonnets, and on with your gown and cap quickly: here, here, your father will be a man of this room presently. Come, nay, nay, nay, nay, be brief. These verses too, a poison on 'em! I cannot abide them, they make me ready to cast, by the banks of Helicon! Nay, look, what a rascally untoward thing this poetry is; I could tear them now.

Ovid. Give me; how near is my father?

Lusc. Heart a'man: get a law book in your hand, I will not answer you else. [OVID *puts on his cap and gown.*] Why so! now there's some formality in you. By Jove, and three or four of the gods more, I am right of mine old master's humour for that; this villainous poetry will undo you, by the welkin.

Ovid. What, hast thou buskins on, Luscus, that thou swearest so tragically and high?

Lusc. No, but I have boots on, sir, and so has your father too by this time; for he call'd for them ere I came from the lodging.

Ovid. Why, was he no readier?

Lusc. O no; and there was the mad skeldering captain, with the velvet arms, ready to lay hold on him as he comes down: he that presses every man he meets, with an oath to lend him money, and cries *Thou must do't, old boy, as thou art a man, a man of worship.*

Ovid. Who, Pantilius Tucca?

Lus. Ay, he; and I met little master Lupus, the tribune, going thither too.

Ovid. Nay, an he be under their arrest, I may with safety enough read over my elegy before he come.

Lus. Gods a' me! what will you do? why, young master, you are not Castalian mad, lunatic, frantic, desperate, ha!

Ovid. What ailest thou, Luscus?

Lus. God be with you, sir; I'll leave you to your poetical fancies, and furies. I'll not be guilty, I. [*Exit.*

Ovid. Be not, good ignorance. I'm glad th'art gone;
For thus alone, our ear shall better judge
The hasty errors of our morning muse.

Envy, why twit'st thou me my time's spent ill,
And call'st my verse, fruits of an idle quill?
Or that, unlike the line from whence I sprung,
War's dusty honours I pursue not young?
Or that I study not the tedious laws,
And prostitute my voice in every cause?
Thy scope is mortal ; mine, eternal fame, [*name.*
Which through the world shall ever chaunt my
Homer will live whilst Tenedos stands, and Ide,
Or, to the sea, fleet Simois doth slide:
And so shall Hesiod too, while vines do bear,
Or crooked sickles crop the ripen'd ear.
Callimachus, though in invention low,
Shall still be sung, since he in art doth flow.
No loss shall come to Sophocles' proud vein ;
With sun and moon Aratus shall remain.
While slaves be false, fathers hard, and bawds be whorish,
Whilst harlots flatter, shall Menander flourish.
Ennius, though rude, and Accius's high-rear'd strain,
A fresh applause in every age shall gain,
Of Varro's name, what ear shall not be told,
Of Jason's Argo and the fleece of gold?
Then shall Lucretius' lofty numbers die,
When earth and seas in fire and flame shall fry.
Tityrus, Tillage, Ænee shall be read,
Whilst Rome of all the conquer'd world is head!

Till Cupid's fires be out, and his bow broken,
Thy verses, neat Tibullus, shall be spoken.
Our Gallus shall be known from east to west;
So shall Lycoris, whom he now loves best.
The suffering plough-share or the flint may wear;
But heavenly Poesy no death can fear.
Kings shall give place to it, and kingly shows,
The banks o'er which gold-bearing Tagus flows.
Kneel hinds to trash: me let bright Phœbus swell
With cups full flowing from the Muses' well.
Frost-fearing myrtle shall impale my head,
And of sad lovers I be often read.
Envy the living, not the dead, doth bite!
For after death all men receive their right.
Then, when this body falls in funeral fire,
My name shall live, and my best part aspire.

Enter OVID *senior, followed by* LUSCUS, TUCCA, *and* LUPUS.

Ovid se. Your *name shall live*, indeed, sir! you say true: but how infamously, how scorn'd and contemn'd in the eyes and ears of the best and gravest Romans, that you think not on; you never so much as dream of that. Are these the fruits of all my travail and expenses? Is this the scope and aim of thy studies? Are these the hopeful courses, wherewith I have so long flattered my expectation from thee? Verses! Poetry! Ovid, whom I thought to see the pleader, become Ovid the play-maker!

Ovid ju. No, sir.

Ovid se. Yes, sir; I hear of a tragedy of yours coming forth for the common players there, call'd Medea. By my household gods, if I come to the acting of it, I'll add one tragic part more than is yet expected to it: believe me, when I promise it. What! shall I have my son a stager now? an enghle for players? a gull, a rook, a shot-clog, to make suppers, and be laugh'd at? Publius, I will set thee on the funeral pile first.

Ovid ju. Sir, I beseech you to have patience.

Lus. Nay, this 'tis to have your ears damn'd up to good counsel. I did augur all this to him beforehand, without poring into an ox's paunch for the matter, and yet he would not be scrupulous.

Tuc. How now, goodman slave! what, rowly-powly? all rivals, rascal? Why, my master of worship, dost hear? are these thy best projects? is this thy designs and thy discipline, to suffer knaves to be competitors with commanders and gentlemen? Are we parallels, rascal, are we parallels?

Ovid se. Sirrah, go get my horses ready. You'll still be prating.

Tuc. Do, you perpetual stinkard, do, go; talk to tapsters and ostlers, you slave; they are in your element, go; here be the emperor's captains, you raggamuffin rascal, and not your comrades.

[*Exit* LUSCUS.

Lup. Indeed, Marcus Ovid, these players are an idle generation, and do much harm in a state, corrupt young gentry very much, I know it; I have not been a tribune thus long and observed nothing: besides, they will rob us, us, that are magistrates, of our respect, bring us upon their stages, and make us ridiculous to the plebeians; they will play you or me, the wisest men they can come by still, only to bring us in contempt with the vulgar, and make us cheap.

Tuc. Thou art in the right, my venerable cropshin, they will indeed; the tongue of the oracle never twang'd truer. Your courtier cannot kiss his mistress's slippers in quiet for them; nor your white innocent gallant pawn his revelling suit to make his punk a supper. An honest decayed commander cannot skelder, cheat, nor be seen in a bawdy-house, but he shall be straight in one of their wormwood comedies. They are grown licentious, the rogues; libertines, flat libertines. They forget they are in the statute, the rascals; they are blazon'd there; there they are trick'd, they and their pedigrees; they need no other heralds, I wiss.

Ovid se. Methinks, if nothing else, yet this alone, the very reading of the public edicts, should fright thee from commerce with them, and give thee distaste enough of their actions. But this betrays what a student you are, this argues your proficiency in the law!

Ovid ju. They wrong me, sir, and do abuse you more,
That blow your ears with these untrue reports.
I am not known unto the open stage,
Nor do I traffic in their theatres:
Indeed, I do acknowledge, at request
Of some near friends, and honourable Romans,
I have begun a poem of that nature.

Ovid se. You have, sir, a poem! and where is it? That's the law you study.

Ovid ju. Cornelius Gallus borrowed it to read.

Ovid se. Cornelius Gallus! there's another gallant too hath drunk of the same poison, and Tibullus and Propertius. But these are gentlemen of means and revenues now. Thou art a younger brother, and hast nothing but thy bare exhibition; which I protest shall be bare indeed, if thou forsake not these unprofitable by-courses, and that timely too. Name me a profest poet, that his poetry did ever afford him so much as a competency. Ay, your god of poets there, whom all of you admire and reverence so much, Homer, he whose worm-eaten statue must not be spewed against, but with hallow'd lips and groveling adoration, what was he? what was he?

Tuc. Marry, I'll tell thee, old swaggerer; he was a poor blind, rhyming rascal, that lived obscurely up and down in booths and tap-houses, and scarce ever made a good meal in his sleep, the whoreson hungry beggar.

Ovid se. He says well:—nay, I know this nettles you now; but answer me, is it not true? You'll tell me his name shall live; and that now being dead his works have eternized him, and made him divine: but could this divinity feed him while he lived? could his name feast him?

Tuc. Or purchase him a senator's revenue, could it?

Ovid se. Ay, or give him place in the commonwealth? worship, or attendants? make him be carried in his litter?

Tuc. Thou speakest sentences, old Bias.

Lup. All this the law will do, young sir, if you'll follow it.

Ovid se. If he be mine, he shall follow and observe what I will apt him to, or I profess here openly and utterly to disclaim him.

Ovid ju. Sir, let me crave you will forego these moods:
I will be any thing, or study any thing;
I'll prove the unfashion'd body of the law
Pure elegance, and make her rugged'st strains
Run smoothly as Propertius' elegies.

Ovid se. Propertius' elegies? good!

Lup. Nay, you take him too quickly, Marcus.

Ovid se. Why, he cannot speak, he cannot think out of poetry; he is bewitch'd with it.

Lup. Come, do not misprize him.

Ovid se. Misprise! ay, marry, I would have him use some such words now; they have some touch, some taste of the law. He should make himself a style out of these, and let his Propertius' elegies go by.

Lup. Indeed, young Publius, he that will now hit the mark, must shoot through the law; we have no other planet reigns, and in that sphere you may sit and sing with angels. Why, the law makes a man happy, without respecting any other merit; a simple scholar, or none at all, may be a lawyer.

Tuc. He tells thee true, my noble neophyte; my little grammaticaster, he does: it shall never put thee to thy mathematics, metaphysics, philosophy, and I know not what supposed sufficiencies; if thou canst but have the patience to plod enough, talk, and make a noise enough, be impudent enough, and 'tis enough.

Lup. Three books will furnish you.

Tuc. And the less art the better: besides, when it shall be in the power of thy chevril conscience, to do right or wrong at thy pleasure, my pretty Alcibiades.

Lup. Ay, and to have better men than himself, by many thousand degrees, to observe him, and stand bare.

Tuc. True, and he to carry himself proud and stately, and have the law on his side for't, old boy.

Ovid se. Well, the day grows old, gentlemen, and I must leave you. Publius, if thou wilt hold my favour, abandon these idle, fruitless studies, that so bewitch thee. Send Janus home his back face again, and look only forward to the law: intend that. I will allow thee what shall suit thee in the rank of gentlemen, and maintain thy society with the best; and under these conditions I leave thee. My blessings light upon thee, if thou respect them; if not, mine eyes may drop for thee, but thine own heart will ache for itself; and so farewell! What, are my horses come?

Lus. Yes, sir, they are at the gate without.

Ovid se. That's well.—Asinius Lupus, a word. Captain, I shall take my leave of you?

Tuc. No, my little old boy, dispatch with Cothurnus there: I'll attend thee, I—

Lus. To borrow some ten drachms: I know his project. [*Aside.*

Ovid se. Sir, you shall make me beholding to you. Now, captain Tucca, what say you?

Tuc. Why, what should I say, or what can I say, my flower o' the order? Should I say thou art rich, or that thou art honourable, or wise, or valiant, or learned, or liberal? why, thou art all these, and thou knowest it, my noble Lucullus, thou knowest it. Come, be not ashamed of thy virtues, old stump: honour's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times. Thou art the man of war's Mecænas, old boy. Why shouldst not thou be graced then by them, as well as he is by his poets?—

Enter PYRGUS *and whispers* TUCCA.

How now, my carrier, what news?

Lus. The boy has stayed within for his cue this half-hour. [*Aside.*

Tuc. Come, do not whisper to me, but speak it out: what; it is no treason against the state I hope, is it?

Lus. Yes, against the state of my master's purse. [*Aside, and exit.*

Pyr. [*aloud.*] Sir, Agrippa desires you to forbear him till the next week; his mules are not yet come up.

Tuc. His mules! now the bots, the spavin, and the glanders, and some dozen diseases more, light on him and his mules! What, have they the yellows, his mules, that they come no faster? or are they foundered, ha? his mules have the staggers belike, have they?

Pyr. O no, sir:—then your tongue might be suspected for one of his mules. [*Aside.*

Tuc. He owes me almost a talent, and he thinks to bear it away with his mules, does he? Sirrah, you nut-cracker, go your ways to him again, and tell him I must have money, I: I cannot eat stones and turfs, say. What, will he clem me and my followers? ask him an he will clem me; do, go. He would have me fry my jerkin, would he? Away, setter, away. Yet, stay, my little tumbler, this old boy shall supply now. I will not trouble him, I cannot be importunate, I; I cannot be impudent.

Pyr. Alas, sir, no; you are the most maidenly blushing creature upon the earth. [*Aside.*

Tuc. Dost thou hear, my little six and fifty, or thereabouts? thou art not to learn the humours and tricks of that old bald cheater, Time; thou hast not this chain for nothing. Men of worth have their chimeras, as well as other creatures; and they do see monsters sometimes, they do, they do, brave boy.

Pyr. Better cheap than he shall see you, I warrant him. [*Aside.*

Tuc. Thou must let me have six—six drachms, I mean, old boy: thou shalt do it; I tell thee, old boy, thou shalt, and in private too, dost thou see?—Go, walk off: [*to the* Boy]—There, there. Six is the sum. Thy son's a gallant spark, and must not be put out of a sudden. Come hither, Callimachus; thy father tells me thou art too poetical, boy: thou must not be so; thou must leave them, young novice, thou must; they are a sort of poor starved rascals, that are ever wrapt up in foul linen; and can boast of nothing but a lean visage, peering out of a seam-rent suit, the very emblems of beggary. No, dost hear, turn lawyer, thou shalt be my solicitor.—'Tis right, old boy, is't?

Ovid se. You were best tell it, captain.

Tuc. No; fare thou well, mine honest horseman; and thou, old beaver. [*to* LUPUS]—Pray thee, Roman, when thou comest to town, see me at my lodging, visit me sometimes? thou shalt be welcome, old boy. Do not balk me, good swaggerer. Jove keep thy chain from pawning; go thy ways, if thou lack money I'll lend thee some; I'll leave thee to thy horse now. Adieu.

Ovid se. Farewell, good captain.

Tuc. Boy, you can have but half a share now, boy. [*Exit, followed by* PYRGUS.

Ovid se. 'Tis a strange boldness that accompanies this fellow.—Come.

Ovid ju. I'll give attendance on you to your horse, sir, please you.

Ovid se. No; keep your chamber, and fall to your studies; do so: The gods of Rome bless thee! [*Exit with* LUPUS

Ovid ju. And give me stomach to digest this law :
That should have follow'd sure, had I been he.
O, sacred Poesy, thou spirit of arts,
The soul of science, and the queen of souls ;
What profane violence, almost sacrilege,
Hath here been offered thy divinities !
That thine own guiltless poverty should arm
Prodigious ignorance to wound thee thus !
For thence is all their force of argument
Drawn forth against thee ; or, from the abuse
Of thy great powers in adulterate brains :
When, would men learn but to distinguish spirits,
And set true difference 'twixt those jaded wits
That run a broken pace for common hire,
And the high raptures of a happy muse,
Borne on the wings of her immortal thought,
That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,
And beats at heaven gates with her bright hoofs ;
They would not then, with such distorted faces,
And desperate censures, stab at Poesy.
They would admire bright knowledge, and their minds
Should ne'er descend on so unworthy objects
As gold, or titles ; they would dread far more
To be thought ignorant, than be known poor.
The time was once, when wit drown'd wealth ; but now,
Your only barbarism is t'have wit, and want.
No matter now in virtue who excels,
He that hath coin, hath all perfection else.

Tib. [*within.*] Ovid !

Ovid. Who's there? Come in.

Enter TIBULLUS.

Tib. Good morrow, lawyer.

Ovid. Good morrow, dear Tibullus ; welcome : sit down.

Tib. Not I. What, so hard at it ? Let's see, what's here ?

Numa in decimo nono ! Nay, I will see it——

Ovid. Prithee away ——

Tib. *If thrice in field a man vanquish his foe,*
'Tis after in his choice to serve or no.

How now, Ovid ! Law cases in verse ?

Ovid. In troth, I know not ; they run from my pen unwittingly, if they be verse. What's the news abroad ?

Tib. Off with this gown ; I come to have thee walk.

Ovid. No, good Tibullus, I'm not now in case. Pray let me alone.

Tib. How ! not in case ?
Slight, thou'rt in too much case, by all this law.

Ovid. Troth, if I live, I will new dress the law
In sprightly Poesy's habiliments.

Tib. The hell thou wilt ! What ! turn law into verse ?
Thy father has school'd thee, I see. Here, read that same ;
There's subject for you ; and, if I mistake not,
A *supersedeas* to your melancholy.

Ovid. How ! subscribed *Julia !* O my life, my heaven !

Tib. Is the mood changed ?

Ovid. Music of wit ! note for th' harmonious spheres !
Celestial accents, how you ravish me !

Tib. What is it, Ovid ?

Ovid. That I must meet my Julia, the princess Julia.

Tib. Where ?

Ovid. Why, at ——
Heart, I've forgot ; my passion so transports me.

Tib. I'll save your pains : it is at Albius' house,
The jeweller's, where the fair Lycoris lies.

Ovid. Who ? Cytheris, Cornelius Gallus' love ?

Tib. Ay, he'll be there too, and my Plautia.

Ovid. And why not your Delia ?

Tib. Yes, and your Corinna.

Ovid. True ; but, my sweet Tibullus, keep that secret ;
I would not, for all Rome, it should be thought
I veil bright Julia underneath that name :
Julia, the gem and jewel of my soul,
That takes her honours from the golden sky,
As beauty doth all lustre from her eye.
The air respires the pure Elysian sweets
In which she breathes, and from her looks descend
The glories of the summer. Heaven she is,
Praised in herself above all praise ; and he
Which hears her speak, would swear the tuneful orbs
Turn'd in his zenith only. [

Tib. Publius, thou'lt lose thyself.

Ovid. O, in no labyrinth can I safelier err,
Than when I lose myself in praising her.
Hence, law, and welcome Muses, though not rich,
Yet are you pleasing : let's be reconciled,
And new made one. Henceforth, I promise faith
And all my serious hours to spend with you ;
With you, whose music striketh on my heart,
And with bewitching tones steals forth my spirit,
In Julia's name ; fair Julia : Julia's love
Shall be a law, and that sweet law I'll study,
The law and art of sacred Julia's love :
All other objects will but abjects prove.

Tib. Come, we shall have thee as passionate as Propertius, anon.

Ovid. O, how does my Sextus ?

Tib. Faith, full of sorrow for his Cynthia's death.

Ovid. What, still ?

Tib. Still, and still more, his griefs do grow upon him
As do his hours. Never did I know
An understanding spirit so take to heart
The common work of Fate.

Ovid. O, my Tibullus,
Let us not blame him ; for against such chances
The heartiest strife of virtue is not proof.
We may read constancy and fortitude
To other souls ; but had ourselves been struck
With the like planet, had our loves, like his,
Been ravish'd from us by injurious death,
And in the height and heat of our best days,
It would have crack'd our sinews, shrunk our veins,
And made our very heart-strings jar, like his.
Come, let's go take him forth, and prove if mirth
Or company will but abate his passion.

Tib. Content, and I implore the gods it may.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* ALBIUS'S *House.*

Enter ALBIUS *and* CRISPINUS.

Alb. Master Crispinus, you are welcome: pray use a stool, sir. Your cousin Cytheris will come down presently. We are so busy for the receiving of these courtiers here, that I can scarce be a minute with myself, for thinking of them: Pray you sit, sir; pray you sit, sir.

Crisp. I am very well, sir. Never trust me, but you are most delicately seated here, full of sweet delight and blandishment! an excellent air, an excellent air!

Alb. Ay, sir, 'tis a pretty air. These courtiers run in my mind still; I must look out. For Jupiter's sake, sit, sir; or please you walk into the garden? There's a garden on the back-side.

Crisp. I am most strenuously well, I thank you, sir.

Alb. Much good do you, sir.

Enter CHLOE, *with two* Maids.

Chloe. Come, bring those perfumes forward a little, and strew some roses and violets here: Fie! here be rooms savour the most pitifully rank that ever I felt. I cry the gods mercy, [*sees* ALBIUS.] my husband's in the wind of us!

Alb. Why, this is good, excellent, excellent! well said, my sweet Chloe; trim up your house most obsequiously.

Chloe. For Vulcan's sake, breathe somewhere else: in troth, you overcome our perfumes exceedingly; you are too predominant.

Alb. Hear but my opinion, sweet wife.

Chloe. A pin for your pinion! In sincerity, if you be thus fulsome to me in every thing, I'll be divorced. Gods my body! you know what you were before I married you; I was a gentlewoman born, I; I lost all my friends to be a citizen's wife, because I heard, indeed, they kept their wives as fine as ladies; and that we might rule our husbands like ladies, and do what we listed; do you think I would have married you else?

Alb. I acknowledge, sweet wife:—she speaks the best of any woman in Italy, and moves as mightily; which makes me, I had rather she should make bumps on my head, as big as my two fingers, than I would offend her.—But, sweet wife——

Chloe. Yet again! Is it not grace enough for you, that I call you husband, and you call me wife; but you must still be poking me, against my will, to things?

Alb. But you know, wife, here are the greatest ladies, and gallantest gentlemen of Rome, to be entertained in our house now; and I would fain advise thee to entertain them in the best sort, i' faith, wife.

Chloe. In sincerity, did you ever hear a man talk so idly? You would seem to be master! you would have your spoke in my cart! you would advise me to entertain ladies and gentlemen! Because you can marshal your pack-needles, horse-combs, hobby-horses, and wall-candlesticks in your warehouse better than I, therefore you can tell how to entertain ladies and gentlefolks better than I?

Alb. O, my sweet wife, upbraid me not with that; gain savours sweetly from any thing; he that respects to get, must relish all commodities alike, and admit no difference between oade and frankincense, or the most precious balsamum and a tar-barrel.

Chloe. Marry, foh! you sell snuffers too, if you be remember'd; but I pray you let me buy them out of your hand; for, I tell you true, I take it highly in snuff, to learn how to entertain gentlefolks of you, at these years, i'faith. Alas, man, there was not a gentleman came to your house in your t'other wife's time, I hope! nor a lady, nor music, nor masques! Nor you nor your house were so much as spoken of, before I disbased myself, from my hood and my farthingal, to these bum-rowls and your whale-bone bodice.

Alb. Look here, my sweet wife; I am mum, my dear mummia, my balsamum, my spermaceti, and my very city of —— She has the most best, true, feminine wit in Rome!

Cris. I have heard so, sir; and do most vehemently desire to participate the knowledge of her fair features.

Alb. Ah, peace; you shall hear more anon: be not seen yet, I pray you; not yet: observe. [*Exit.*

Chloe. 'Sbody! give husbands the head a little more, and they'll be nothing but head shortly: What's he there?

1 *Maid.* I know not, forsooth.

2 *Maid.* Who would you speak with, sir?

Cris. I would speak with my cousin Cytheris.

2 *Maid.* He is one, forsooth, would speak with his cousin Cytheris.

Chloe. Is she your cousin, sir?

Cris. [*coming forward.*] Yes, in truth, forsooth, for fault of a better.

Chloe. She is a gentlewoman.

Cris. Or else she should not be my cousin, I assure you.

Chloe. Are you a gentleman born?

Cris. That I am, lady; you shall see mine arms, if it please you.

Chloe. No, your legs do sufficiently shew you are a gentleman born, sir; for a man borne upon little legs, is always a gentleman born.

Cris. Yet, I pray you, vouchsafe the sight of my arms, mistress; for I bear them about me, to have them seen: My name is *Crispinus*, or *Crispinas* indeed; which is well expressed in my arms; a face crying *in chief;* and beneath it a bloody toe, between three thorns *pungent.*

Chloe. Then you are welcome, sir: now you are a gentleman born, I can find in my heart to welcome you; for I am a gentlewoman born too, and will bear my head high enough, though 'twere my fortune to marry a tradesman.

Cris. No doubt of that, sweet feature; your carriage shews it in any man's eye, that is carried upon you with judgment.

Re-enter ALBIUS.

Alb. Dear wife, be not angry.

Chloe. Gods my passion!

Alb. Hear me but one thing; let not your maids set cushions in the parlour windows, nor in the

dining-chamber windows; nor upon stools, in either of them, in any case; for 'tis tavern-like: but lay them one upon another, in some out-room or corner of the dining-chamber.

Chloe. Go, go; meddle with your bed-chamber only; or rather with your bed in your chamber only; or rather with your wife in your bed only; or on my faith I'll not be pleased with you only.

Alb. Look here, my dear wife, entertain that gentleman kindly, I prithee——mum. [*Exit.*

Chloe. Go, I need your instructions indeed! anger me no more, I advise you. Citi-sin, quotha! she's a wise gentlewoman, i'faith, will marry herself to the sin of the city.

Alb. [*re-entering.*] But this time, and no more, by heav'n, wife: hang no pictures in the hall, nor in the dining-chamber, in any case, but in the gallery only; for 'tis not courtly else, o' my word, wife.

Chloe. 'Sprecious, never have done!

Alb. Wife——— [*Exit.*

Chloe. Do I not bear a reasonable corrigible hand over him, Crispinus?

Cris. By this hand, lady, you hold a most sweet hand over him.

Alb. [*re-entering.*] And then, for the great gilt andirons———

Chloe. Again! Would the andirons were in your great guts for me!

Alb. I do vanish, wife. [*Exit.*

Chloe. How shall I do, master Crispinus? here will be all the bravest ladies in court presently to see your cousin Cytheris: O the gods! how might I behave myself now, as to entertain them most courtly?

Cris. Marry, lady, if you will entertain them most courtly, you must do thus: as soon as ever your maid or your man brings you word they are come, you must say, *A pox on 'em! what do they here?* And yet, when they come, speak them as fair, and give them the kindest welcome in words that can be.

Chloe. Is that the fashion of courtiers, Crispinus?

Cris. I assure you it is, lady; I have observed it.

Chloe. For your pox, sir, it is easily hit on; but it is not so easy to speak fair after, methinks.

Alb. [*re-entering.*] O, wife, the coaches are come, on my word; a number of coaches and courtiers.

Chloe. A pox on them! what do they here?

Alb. How now, wife! would'st thou not have them come?

Chloe. Come! come, you are a fool, you.—He knows not the trick on't. Call Cytheris, I pray you: and, good master Crispinus, you can observe, you say; let me entreat you for all the ladies' behaviours, jewels, jests, and attires, that you marking, as well as I, we may put both our marks together, when they are gone, and confer of them.

Cris. I warrant you, sweet lady; let me alone to observe till I turn myself to nothing but observation.—

Enter CYTHERIS.

Good morrow, cousin Cytheris.

Cyth. Welcome, kind cousin. What! are they come?

Alb. Ay, your friend Cornelius Gallus, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, with Julia, the emperor's daughter, and the lady Plautia, are 'lighted at the door; and with them Hermogenes Tigellius, the excellent musician.

Cyth. Come, let us go meet them, Chloe.

Chloe. Observe, Crispinus.

Crisp. At a hair's breadth, lady, I warrant you.

As they are going out, enter CORNELIUS GALLUS, OVID, TIBULLUS, PROPERTIUS, HERMOGENES, JULIA, *and* PLAUTIA.

Gal. Health to the lovely Chloe! you must pardon me, mistress, that I prefer this fair gentlewoman.

Cyth. I pardon and praise you for it, sir; and I beseech your excellence, receive her beauties into your knowledge and favour.

Jul. Cytheris, she hath favour and behaviour, that commands as much of me: and, sweet Chloe, know I do exceedingly love you, and that I will approve in any grace my father the emperor may shew you. Is this your husband?

Alb. For fault of a better, if it please your highness.

Chloe. Gods my life, how he shames me!

Cyth. Not a whit, Chloe, they all think you politic and witty; wise women choose not husbands for the eye, merit, or birth, but wealth and sovereignty.

Ovid. Sir, we all come to gratulate, for the good report of you.

Tib. And would be glad to deserve your love, sir.

Alb. My wife will answer you all, gentlemen; I'll come to you again presently. [*Exit.*

Plau. You have chosen you a most fair companion here, Cytheris, and a very fair house.

Cyth. To both which, you and all my friends are very welcome, Plautia.

Chloe. With all my heart, I assure your ladyship.

Plau. Thanks, sweet mistress Chloe.

Jul. You must needs come to court, lady, i'faith, and there be sure your welcome shall be as great to us.

Ovid. She will deserve it, madam; I see, even in her looks, gentry, and general worthiness.

Tib. I have not seen a more certain character of an excellent disposition.

Alb. [*re-entering.*] Wife!

Chloe. O, they do so commend me here, the courtiers! what's the matter now?

Alb. For the banquet, sweet wife.

Chloe. Yes; and I must needs come to court, and be welcome, the princess says.

[*Exit with* ALBIUS.

Gal. Ovid and Tibullus, you may be bold to welcome your mistress here.

Ovid. We find it so, sir.

Tib. And thank Cornelius Gallus.

Ovid. Nay, my sweet Sextus, in faith thou art not sociable.

Prop. In faith I am not, Publius; nor I cannot.
Sick minds are like sick men that burn with fevers,
Who when they drink, please but a present taste,
And after bear a more impatient fit.
Pray let me leave you; I offend you all,
And myself most.

Gal. Stay, sweet Propertius.

Tib. You yield too much unto your griefs and fate,
Which never hurts, but when we say it hurts us

Prop. O peace, Tibullus; your philosophy

Lends you too rough a hand to search my wounds.
Speak they of griefs, that know to sigh and grieve:
The free and unconstrained spirit feels
No weight of my oppression. [*Exit.*

Ovid. Worthy Roman!
Methinks I taste his misery, and could
Sit down, and chide at his malignant stars.

Jul. Methinks I love him, that he loves so truly.

Cyth. This is the perfect'st love, lives after death.

Gal. Such is the constant ground of virtue still.

Plau. It puts on an inseparable face.

Re-enter CHLOE.

Chloe. Have you mark'd every thing, Crispinus?

Cris. Every thing, I warrant you.

Chloe. What gentlemen are these? do you know them?

Cris. Ay, they are poets, lady.

Chloe. Poets! they did not talk of me since I went, did they?

Cris. O yes, and extolled your perfections to the heavens.

Chloe. Now in sincerity they be the finest kind of men that ever I knew: Poets! Could not one get the emperor to make my husband a poet, think you?

Cris. No, lady, 'tis love and beauty make poets: and since you like poets so well, your love and beauties shall make me a poet.

Chloe. What! shall they? and such a one as these?

Cris. Ay, and a better than these: I would be sorry else.

Chloe. And shall your looks change, and your hair change, and all, like these?

Cris. Why, a man may be a poet, and yet not change his hair, lady.

Chloe. Well, we shall see your cunning: yet, if you can change your hair, I pray do.

Re-enter ALBIUS.

Alb. Ladies, and lordlings, there's a slight banquet stays within for you; please you draw near, and accost it.

Jul. We thank you, good Albius: but when shall we see those excellent jewels you are commended to have?

Alb. *At your ladyship's service.*—I got that speech by seeing a play last day, and it did me some grace now: I see, 'tis good to collect sometimes; I'll frequent these plays more than I have done, now I come to be familiar with courtiers. [*Aside.*

Gal. Why, how now, Hermogenes? what ailest thou, trow?

Her. A little melancholy; let me alone, prithee.

Gal. Melancholy! how so?

Her. With riding: a plague on all coaches for me!

Chloe. Is that hard-favour'd gentleman a poet too, Cytheris?

Cyth. No, this is Hermogenes: as humourous as a poet, though: he is a musician.

Chloe. A musician! then he can sing.

Cyth. That he can, excellently; did you never hear him?

Chloe. O no: will he be entreated, think you?

Cyth. I know not.—Friend, mistress Chloe would fain hear Hermogenes sing: are you interested in him?

Gal. No doubt, his own humanity will command him so far, to the satisfaction of so fair a beauty; but rather than fail, we'll all be suitors to him.

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. Prithee, Hermogenes.

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. For honour of this gentlewoman, to whose house I know thou mayest be ever welcome.

Chloe. That he shall, in truth, sir, if he can sing.

Ovid. What's that?

Gal. This gentlewoman is wooing Hermogenes for a song.

Ovid. A song! come, he shall not deny her. Hermogenes!

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. No, the ladies must do it; he stays but to have their thanks acknowledged as a debt to his cunning.

Jul. That shall not want; ourself will be the first shall promise to pay him more than thanks, upon a favour so worthily vouchsafed.

Her. Thank you, madam; but 'will not sing.

Tib. Tut, the only way to win him, is to abstain from entreating him.

Cris. Do you love singing, lady?

Chloe. O, passingly.

Cris. Entreat the ladies to entreat me to sing then, I beseech you.

Chloe. I beseech your grace, entreat this gentleman to sing.

Jul. That we will, Chloe; can he sing excellently?

Chloe. I think so, madam; for he entreated me to entreat you to entreat him to sing.

Cris. Heaven and earth! would you tell that?

Jul. Good, sir, let's entreat you to use your voice.

Cris. Alas, madam, I cannot, in truth.

Pla. The gentleman is modest: I warrant you he sings excellently.

Ovid. Hermogenes, clear your throat: I see by him, here's a gentleman will worthily challenge you.

Cris. Not I, sir, I'll challenge no man.

Tib. That's your modesty, sir; but we, out of an assurance of your excellency, challenge him in your behalf.

Cris. I thank you, gentlemen, I'll do my best.

Her. Let that best be good, sir, you were best.

Gal. O, this contention is excellent! What is't you sing, sir?

Cris. *If I freely may discover*, sir; I'll sing that.

Ovid. One of your own compositions, Hermogenes. He offers you vantage enough.

Cris. Nay, truly, gentlemen, I'll challenge no man.—I can sing but one staff of the ditty neither.

Gal. The better: Hermogenes himself will be entreated to sing the other.

CRISPINUS *sings.*

If I freely may discover
What would please me in my lover,
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city;
A little proud, but full of pity:
Light and humourous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying,
Long, but sweet in the enjoying;
Neither too easy nor too hard:
All extremes I would have barr'd.

Gal. Believe me, sir, you sing most excellently.

Ovid. If there were a praise above excellence, the gentleman highly deserves it.

Her. Sir, all this doth not yet make me envy you; for I know I sing better than you.

Tib. Attend Hermogenes, now.

HERMOGENES, *accompanied.*

She should be allow'd her passions,
So they were but used as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish and then swowning,
Every fit with change still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her:
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Neither her peevishness annoy me.

Jul. Nay, Hermogenes, your merit hath long since been both known and admired of us.

Her. You shall hear me sing another. Now will I begin.

Gal. We shall do this gentleman's banquet too much wrong, that stays for us, ladies.

Jul. 'Tis true; and well thought on, Cornelius Gallus.

Her. Why, 'tis but a short air, 'twill be done presently, pray stay: strike, music.

Ovid. No. good Hermogenes; we'll end this difference within.

Jul. 'Tis the common disease of all your musicians, that they know no mean, to be entreated either to begin or end.

Alb. Please you lead the way, gentles.

All. Thanks, good Albius.

[*Exeunt all but* ALBIUS.

Alb. O, what a charm of thanks was here put upon me! O Jove, what a setting forth it is to a man to have many courtiers come to his house! Sweetly was it said of a good old housekeeper, *I had rather want meat, than want guests;* especially, if they be courtly guests. For, never trust me, if one of their good legs made in a house be not worth all the good cheer a man can make them. He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife! he that would have a fine wife, let him come to me.

Re-enter CRISPINUS:

Cris. By your kind leave, master Albius.

Alb. What, you are not gone, master Crispinus?

Cris. Yes, faith, I have a design draws me hence: pray, sir, fashion me an excuse to the ladies.

Alb. Will you not stay and see the jewels, sir? I pray you stay.

Cris. Not for a million, sir, now. Let it suffice, I must relinquish; and so, in a word, please you to expiate this compliment.

Alb. Mum. [*Exit.*

Cris. I'll presently go and enghle some broker for a poet's gown, and bespeak a garland: and then, jeweller, look to your best jewel, i'faith. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Via Sacra (or Holy Street).*

Enter HORACE, CRISPINUS *following.*

Hor. Umph! yes, I will begin an ode so; and it shall be to Mecænas.

Cris. 'Slid, yonder's Horace! they say he's an excellent poet: Mecænas loves him. I'll fall into his acquaintance, if I can; I think he be composing as he goes in the street! ha! 'tis a good humour, if he be: I'll compose too.

Hor. *Swell me a bowl with lusty wine,*
Till I may see the plump Lyæus swim
Above the brim:
I drink as I would write,
In flowing measure fill'd with flame and sprite.

Cris. Sweet Horace, Minerva and the Muses stand auspicious to thy designs! How farest thou, sweet man? frolic? rich? gallant? ha!

Hor. Not greatly gallant, sir; like my fortunes, well: I am bold to take my leave, sir; you'll nought else, sir, would you?

Cris. Troth, no, but I could wish thou didst know us, Horace; we are a scholar, I assure thee.

Hor. A scholar, sir! I shall be covetous of your fair knowledge.

Cris. Gramercy, good Horace. Nay, we are new turn'd poet too, which is more; and a satirist too, which is more than that: I write just in thy vein, I. I am for your odes, or your sermons, or any thing indeed; we are a gentleman besides; our name is Rufus Laberius Crispinus; we are a pretty Stoic too.

Hor. To the proportion of your beard, I think it, sir.

Cris. By Phœbus, here's a most neat, fine street, is't not? I protest to thee, I am enamoured of this street now, more than of half the streets of Rome again; 'tis so polite and terse! there's the front of a building now! I study architecture too: if ever I should build, I'd have a house just of that prospective.

Hor. Doubtless, this gallant's tongue has a good turn, when he sleeps. [*Aside.*

Cris. I do make verses, when I come in such a street as this: O, your city ladies, you shall have them sit in every shop like the Muses—offering you the Castalian dews, and the Thespian liquors, to as many as have but the sweet grace and audacity to——sip of their lips. Did you never hear any of my verses?

Hor. No, sir;—but I am in some fear I must now. [*Aside.*

Cris. I'll tell thee some, if I can but recover them, I composed even now of a dressing I saw a jeweller's wife wear, who indeed was a jewel herself: I prefer that kind of tire now; what's thy opinion, Horace?

Hor. With your silver bodkin, it does well, sir.

Cris. I cannot tell; but it stirs me more than all your court-curls, or your spangles, or your tricks: I affect not these high gable-ends, these Tuscan tops, nor your coronets, nor your arches, nor your pyramids; give me a fine, sweet——little delicate dressing with a bodkin, as you say; and a mushroom for all your other ornatures!

Hor. Is it not possible to make an escape from him? [*Aside.*

Cris. I have remitted my verses all this while; I think I have forgot them.

Hor. Here's he could wish you had else. [*Aside.*

Cris. Pray Jove I can entreat them of my memory!

Hor. You put your memory to too much trouble, sir.

Cris. No, sweet Horace, we must not have thee think so.

Hor. I cry you mercy; then they are my ears
That must be tortured: well, you must have patience, ears.

Cris. Pray thee, Horace, observe.

Hor. Yes, sir; your satin sleeve begins to fret at the rug that is underneath it, I do observe: and your ample velvet bases are not without evident stains of a hot disposition naturally.

Cris. O——I'll dye them into another colour, at pleasure: How many yards of velvet dost thou think they contain?

Hor. 'Heart! I have put him now in a fresh way
To vex me more:—faith, sir, your mercer's book
Will tell you with more patience than I can:—
For I am crost, and so's not that, I think.

Cris. 'Slight, these verses have lost me again! I shall not invite them to mind, now.

Hor. Rack not your thoughts, good sir; rather defer it
To a new time; I'll meet you at your lodging,
Or where you please: 'till then, Jove keep you, sir!

Cris. Nay, gentle Horace, stay; I have it now.

Hor. Yes, sir Apollo, Hermes, Jupiter,
Look down upon me [*Aside.*

Cris.

Rich was thy hap, sweet dainty cap,
There to be placed;
Where thy smooth black, sleek white may smack,
And both be graced.

White is there usurp'd for her brow; her forehead: and then sleek, as the parallel to smooth, that went before. A kind of paranomasie, or agnomination: do you conceive, sir?

Hor. Excellent. Troth, sir, I must be abrupt, and leave you.

Cris. Why, what haste hast thou? prithee, stay a little; thou shalt not go yet, by Phœbus.

Hor. I shall not! what remedy? fie, how I sweat with suffering!

Cris. And then——

Hor. Pray, sir, give me leave to wipe my face a little.

Cris. Yes, do, good Horace.

Hor. Thank you, sir.
Death! I must crave his leave to p— anon;
Or that I may go hence with half my teeth:
I am in some such fear. This tyranny
Is strange, to take mine ears up by commission,
(Whether I will or no,) and make them stalls
To his lewd solecisms, and worded trash.
Happy thou, bold Bolanus, now I say;
Whose freedom, and impatience of this fellow,
Would, long ere this, have call'd him fool, and fool,
And rank and tedious fool! and have flung jests
As hard as stones, till thou hadst pelted him
Out of the place; whilst my tame modesty
Suffers my wit be made a solemn ass,
To bear his fopperies— [*Aside.*

Cris. Horace, thou art miserably affected to be gone, I see. But—prithee let's prove to enjoy thee a while. Thou hast no business, I assure me. Whither is thy journey directed, ha?

Hor. Sir, I am going to visit a friend that's sick.

Cris. A friend! what is he; do not I know him?

Hor. No, sir, you do not know him; and 'tis not the worse for him.

Cris. What's his name? where is he lodged?

Hor. Where I shall be fearful to draw you out of your way, sir; a great way hence; pray, sir, let's part.

Cris. Nay, but where is't? I prithee say.

Hor. On the far side of all Tyber yonder, by Cæsar's gardens.

Cris. O, that's my course directly; I am for you. Come, go; why stand'st thou?

Hor. Yes, sir: marry, the plague is in that part of the city; I had almost forgot to tell you, sir.

Cris. Foh! it is no matter, I fear no pestilence; I have not offended Phœbus.

Hor. I have, it seems, or else this heavy scourge
Could ne'er have lighted on me.

Cris. Come along.

Hor. I am to go down some half mile this way, sir, first, to speak with his physician; and from thence to his apothecary, where I shall stay the mixing of divers drugs.

Cris. Why, it's all one, I have nothing to do, and I love not to be idle; I'll bear thee company. How call'st thou the apothecary?

Hor. O that I knew a name would fright him now!—
Sir, Rhadamanthus, Rhadamanthus, sir.
There's one so called, is a just judge in hell,
And doth inflict strange vengeance on all those
That here on earth torment poor patient spirits.

Cris. He dwells at the Three Furies, by Janus's temple.

Hor. Your pothecary does, sir.

Cris. Heart, I owe him money for sweetmeats, and he has laid to arrest me, I hear: but——

Hor. Sir, I have made a most solemn vow, I will never bail any man.

Cris. Well then, I'll swear, and speak him fair, if the worst come. But his name is Minos, not Rhadamanthus, Horace.

Hor. That may be, sir, I but guess'd at his name by his sign. But your Minos is a judge too, sir.

Cris. I protest to thee, Horace, (do but taste me once,) if I do know myself, and mine own virtues truly, thou wilt not make that esteem of Varius, or Virgil, or Tibullus, or any of 'em indeed, as now in thy ignorance thou dost; which I am content to forgive: I would fain see which of these could pen more verses in a day, or with more facility, than I; or that could court his mistress, kiss her hand, make better sport with her fan or her dog——

Hor. I cannot bail you yet, sir.

Cris. Or that could move his body more gracefully, or dance better; you should see me, were it not in the street——

Hor. Nor yet.

Cris. Why, I have been a reveller, and at my cloth of silver suit, and my long stocking, in my time, and will be again—

Hor. If you may be trusted, sir.

Cris. And then, for my singing, Hermogenes

himself envies me, that is your only master of music you have in Rome.

Hor. Is your mother living, sir?

Cris. Au! convert thy thoughts to somewhat else, I pray thee.

Hor. You have much of the mother in you, sir: Your father is dead?

Cris. Ay, I thank Jove, and my grandfather too, and all my kinsfolks, and well composed in their urns.

Hor. The more their happiness, that rest in peace,
Free from the abundant torture of thy tongue:
Would I were with them too!

Cris. What's that, Horace?

Hor. I now remember me, sir, of a sad fate
A cunning woman, one Sabella, sung,
When in her urn she cast my destiny,
I being but a child.

Cris. What was it, I pray thee?

Hor. She told me I should surely never perish
By famine, poison, or the enemy's sword;
The hectic fever, cough, or pleurisy,
Should never hurt me, nor the tardy gout:
But in my time, I should be once surprised
By a strong tedious talker, that should vex
And almost bring me to consumption:
Therefore, if I were wise, she warn'd me shun
All such long-winded monsters as my bane;
For if I could but 'scape that one discourser,
I might no doubt prove an old aged man.—
By your leave, sir. [*Going.*

Cris. Tut, tut; abandon this idle humour, 'tis nothing but melancholy. 'Fore Jove, now I think on't, I am to appear in court here, to answer to one that has me in suit: sweet Horace, go with me, this is my hour; if I neglect it, the law proceeds against me. Thou art familiar with these things; prithee, if thou lov'st me, go.

Hor. Now, let me die, sir, if I know your laws,
Or have the power to stand still half so long
In their loud courts, as while a case is argued.
Besides, you know, sir, where I am to go.
And the necessity ——

Cris. 'Tis true.

Hor. I hope the hour of my release be come: he will, upon this consideration, discharge me, sure.

Cris. Troth, I am doubtful what I may best do, whether to leave thee or my affairs, Horace.

Hor. O Jupiter! me, sir, me, by any means; I beseech you, me, sir.

Cris. No, faith, I'll venture those now; thou shalt see I love thee—come, Horace.

Hor. Nay, then I am desperate: I follow you, sir. 'Tis hard contending with a man that overcomes thus.

Cris. And how deals Mecænas with thee? liberally, ha? is he open-handed? bountiful?

Hor. He's still himself, sir.

Cris. Troth, Horace, thou art exceeding happy in thy friends and acquaintance; they are all most choice spirits, and of the first rank of Romans: I do not know that poet, I protest, has used his fortune more prosperously than thou hast. If thou wouldst bring me known to Mecænas, I should second thy desert well; thou shouldst find a good sure assistant of me, one that would speak all good of thee in thy absence, and be content with the next place, not envying thy reputation with thy patron. Let me not live, but I think thou and I, in a small time, should lift them all out of favour, both Virgil, Varius, and the best of them, and enjoy him wholly to ourselves.

Hor. Gods, you do know it, I can hold no longer;
This brize has prick'd my patience. Sir, your silkness
Clearly mistakes Mecænas and his house,
To think there breathes a spirit beneath his roof,
Subject unto those poor affections
Of undermining envy and detraction,
Moods only proper to base grovelling minds.
That place is not in Rome, I dare affirm,
More pure or free from such low common evils.
There's no man griev'd, that this is thought more rich,
Or this more learned; each man hath his place,
And to his merit his reward of grace,
Which, with a mutual love, they all embrace.

Cris. You report a wonder: 'tis scarce credible, this.

Hor. I am no torturer to enforce you to believe it; but it is so.

Cris. Why, this inflames me with a more ardent desire to be his, than before; but I doubt I shall find the entrance to his familiarity somewhat more than difficult, Horace.

Hor. Tut, you'll conquer him, as you have done me; there's no standing out against you, sir, I see that: either your importunity, or the intimation of your good parts, or——

Cris. Nay, I'll bribe his porter, and the grooms of his chamber; make his doors open to me that way first, and then I'll observe my times. Say he should extrude me his house to-day, shall I therefore desist, or let fall my suit to-morrow? No; I'll attend him, follow him, meet him in the street, the highways, run by his coach, never leave him. What! man hath nothing given him in this life without much labour—

Hor. And impudence.
Archer of heaven, Phœbus, take thy bow,
And with a full-drawn shaft nail to the earth
This Python, that I may yet run hence and live:
Or, brawny Hercules, do thou come down,
And, tho' thou mak'st it up thy thirteenth labour,
Rescue me from this hydra of discourse here.

Enter Fuscus Aristius.

Ari. Horace, well met.

Hor. O welcome, my reliever;
Aristius, as thou lov'st me, ransom me.

Ari. What ail'st thou, man?

Hor. 'Death, I am seized on here
By a land remora; I cannot stir,
Nor move, but as he pleases.

Cris. Wilt thou go, Horace?

Hor. Heart! he cleaves to me like Alcides' shirt,
Tearing my flesh and sinews: O, I've been vex'd
And tortured with him beyond forty fevers.
For Jove's sake, find some means to take me from him.

Ari. Yes, I will;—but I'll go first and tell Mecænas. [*Aside.*

Cris. Come, shall we go?

Ari. The jest will make his eyes run, i'faith. [*Aside.*

Hor. Nay, Aristius!

Ari. Farewell, Horace. [*Going*

Hor. 'Death! will he leave me? Fuscus Aris

tius! do you hear? Gods of Rome! You said you had somewhat to say to me in private.

Ari. Ay, but I see you are now employed with that gentleman; 'twere offence to trouble you; I'll take some fitter opportunity: farewell. [*Exit.*

Hor. Mischief and torment! O my soul and heart,
How are you cramp'd with anguish! Death itself
Brings not the like convulsions. O, this day!
That ever I should view thy tedious face.——

Cris. Horace, what passion, what humour is this?

Hor. Away, good prodigy, afflict me not.—
A friend, and mock me thus! Never was man
So left under the axe.——

Enter MINOS *with two* LICTORS.

How now?

Min. That's he in the embroidered hat, there, with the ash-colour'd feather: his name is Laberius Crispinus.

Lict. Laberius Crispinus, I arrest you in the emperor's name.

Cris. Me, sir! do you arrest me?

Lict. Ay, sir, at the suit of master Minos the apothecary.

Hor. Thanks, great Apollo, I will not slip thy favour offered me in my escape, for my fortunes. [*Exit hastily.*

Cris. Master Minos! I know no master Minos. Where's Horace? Horace! Horace!

Min. Sir, do not you know me?

Cris. O yes, I know you, master Minos; cry you mercy. But Horace? God's me, is he gone?

Min. Ay, and so would you too, if you knew how.—Officer, look to him.

Cris. Do you hear, master Minos? pray let us be used like a man of our own fashion. By Janus and Jupiter, I meant to have paid you next week every drachm. Seek not to eclipse my reputation thus vulgarly.

Min. Sir, your oaths cannot serve you; you know I have forborne you long.

Cris. I am conscious of it, sir. Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, do not exhale me thus, remember 'tis but for sweetmeats——

Lict. Sweet meat must have sour sauce, sir. Come along.

Cris. Sweet master Minos, I am forfeited to eternal disgrace, if you do not commiserate. Good officer, be not so officious.

Enter TUCCA *and* PYRGI.

Tuc. Why, how now, my good brace of blood-hounds, whither do you drag the gentleman? You mongrels, you curs, you ban-dogs! we are captain Tucca that talk to you, you inhuman pilchers.

Min. Sir, he is their prisoner.

Tuc. Their pestilence! What are you, sir?

Min. A citizen of Rome, sir.

Tuc. Then you are not far distant from a fool, sir.

Min. A pothecary, sir.

Tuc. I knew thou wast not a physician: foh! out of my nostrils, thou stink'st of lotium and the syringe; away, quack-salver!—Follower, my sword.

1 *Pyr.* Here, noble leader; you'll do no harm with it, I'll trust you. [*Aside.*

Tuc. Do you hear, you goodman, slave? Hook, ram, rogue, catchpole, loose the gentleman, or by my velvet arms ——

Lict. What will you do, sir?

[*Strikes up his heels, and seizes his sword.*

Tuc. Kiss thy hand, my honourable active varlet, and embrace thee thus.

1 *Pyr.* O patient metamorphosis!

Tuc. My sword, my tall rascal.

Lict. Nay, soft, sir; some wiser than some.

Tuc. What! and a wit too? By Pluto, thou must be cherish'd, slave; here's three drachms for thee; hold.

2 *Pyr.* There's half his lendings gone.

Tuc. Give me.

Lict. No, sir, your first word shall stand; I'll hold all.

Tuc. Nay, but rogue——

Lict. You would make a rescue of our prisoner, sir, you.

Tuc. I a rescue! Away, inhuman varlet. Come, come, I never relish above one jest at most; do not disgust me, sirrah; do not, rogue! I tell thee, rogue, do not.

Lict. How, sir! rogue?

Tuc. Ay; why, thou art not angry, rascal, art thou?

Lict. I cannot tell, sir; I am little better upon these terms.

Tuc. Ha, gods and fiends! why, dost hear, rogue, thou? give me thy hand; I say unto thee, thy hand, rogue. What, dost not thou know me? not me, rogue? not captain Tucca, rogue?

Min. Come, pray surrender the gentleman his sword, officer; we'll have no fighting here.

Tuc. What's thy name?

Min. Minos, an't please you.

Tuc. Minos! Come hither, Minos; thou art a wise fellow, it seems; let me talk with thee.

Cris. Was ever wretch so wretched as unfortunate I!

Tuc. Thou art one of the centumviri, old boy, art not?

Min. No indeed, master captain.

Tuc. Go to, thou shalt be then; I'll have thee one, Minos. Take my sword from these rascals, dost thou see! go, do it; I cannot attempt with patience. What does this gentleman owe thee, little Minos?

Min. Fourscore sesterties, sir.

Tuc. What, no more! Come, thou shalt release him, Minos: what, I'll be his bail, thou shalt take my word, old boy, and cashier these furies: thou shalt do't, I say, thou shalt, little Minos, thou shalt.

Cris. Yes; and as I am a gentleman and a reveller, I'll make a piece of poetry, and absolve all, within these five days.

Tuc. Come, Minos is not to learn how to use a gentleman of quality, I know.—My sword: If he pay thee not, I will, and I must, old boy. Thou shalt be my pothecary too. Hast good eringos, Minos?

Min. The best in Rome, sir.

Tuc. Go to, then——Vermin, know the house.

1 *Pyr.* I warrant you, colonel.

Tuc. For this gentleman, Minos—

Min. I'll take your word, captain.

Tuc. Thou hast it. My sword.

Min. Yes, sir: But you must discharge the arrest, master Crispinus.

Tuc. How, Minos! Look in the gentleman's face, and but read his silence. Pay, pay; 'tis honour, Minos.

Cris. By Jove, sweet captain, you do most infinitely endear and oblige me to you.

Tuc. Tut, I cannot compliment, by Mars; but, Jupiter love me, as I love good words and good clothes, and there's an end. Thou shalt give my boy that girdle and hangers, when thou hast worn them a little more.

Cris. O Jupiter! captain, he shall have them now, presently:—Please you to be acceptive, young gentleman.

1 *Pyr.* Yes, sir, fear not; I shall accept; I have a pretty foolish humour of taking, if you knew all. [*Aside.*

Tuc. Not now, you shall not take, boy.

Cris. By my truth and earnest, but he shall, captain, by your leave.

Tuc. Nay, an he swear by his truth and earnest, take it, boy: do not make a gentleman forsworn.

Lict. Well, sir, there's your sword; but thank master Minos; you had not carried it as you do else.

Tuc. Minos is just, and you are knaves, and—

Lict. What say you, sir?

Tuc. Pass on, my good scoundrel, pass on, I honour thee: [*Exeunt* Lictors.] But that I hate to have action with such base rogues as these, you should have seen me unrip their noses now, and have sent them to the next barber's to stitching; for do you see——I am a man of humour, and I do love the varlets, the honest varlets, they have wit and valour, and are indeed good profitable,——— errant rogues, as any live in an empire. Dost thou hear, poetaster? [*To* CRISPINUS.] second me. Stand up, Minos, close, gather, yet, so! Sir, (thou shalt have a quarter-share, be resolute) you shall, at my request, take Minos by the hand here, little Minos, I will have it so; all friends, and a health; be not inexorable. And thou shalt impart the wine, old boy, thou shalt do it, little Minos, thou shalt; make us pay it in our physic. What! we must live, and honour the gods sometimes; now Bacchus, now Comus, now Priapus; every god a little. [HISTRIO *passes by.*] What's he that stalks by there, boy, Pyrgus? You were best let him pass, sirrah; do, ferret, let him pass, do——

2 *Pyr.* 'Tis a player, sir.

Tuc. A player! call him, call the lousy slave hither; what, will he sail by and not once strike, or vail to a man of war? ha!—Do you hear, you player, rogue, stalker, come back here!—

Enter HISTRIO.

No respect to men of worship, you slave! what, you are proud, you rascal, are you proud, ha? you grow rich, do you, and purchase, you two-penny tear-mouth? you have FORTUNE, and the good year on your side, you stinkard, you have, you have!

Hist. Nay, sweet captain, be confined to some reason; I protest I saw you not, sir.

Tuc. You did not? where was your sight, Œdipus? you walk with hare's eyes, do you? I'll have them glazed, rogue; an you say the word, they shall be glazed for you: come we must have you turn fiddler again, slave, get a base viol at your back, and march in a tawny coat, with one sleeve, to Goose-fair; then you'll know us, you'll see us then, you will, gulch, you will. Then, *Will't please your worship to have any music, captain?*

Hist. Nay, good captain.

Tuc. What, do you laugh, Howleglas! death, you perstemptuous varlet, I am none of your fellows; I have commanded a hundred and fifty such rogues, I.

2 *Pyr.* Ay, and most of that hundred and fifty have been leaders of a legion. [*Aside.*

Hist. If I have exhibited wrong, I'll tender satisfaction, captain.

Tuck. Say'st thou so, honest vermin! Give me thy hand; thou shalt make us a supper one of these nights.

Hist. When you please, by Jove, captain, most willingly.

Tuc. Dost thou swear! To-morrow then; say and hold, slave. There are some of you players honest gentlemen-like scoundrels, and suspected to have some wit, as well as your poets, both at drinking and breaking of jests, and are companions for gallants. A man may skelder ye, now and then, of half a dozen shillings, or so. Dost thou not know that Pantalabus there?

Hist. No, I assure you, captain.

Tuc. Go; and be acquainted with him then; he is a gentleman, parcel poet, you slave; his father was a man of worship, I tell thee. Go, he pens high, lofty, in a new stalking strain, bigger than half the rhymers in the town again; he was born to fill thy mouth, Minotaurus, he was, he will teach thee to tear and rand. Rascal, to him, cherish his muse, go; thou hast forty—forty shillings, I mean, stinkard; give him in earnest, do, he shall write for thee, slave! If he pen for thee once, thou shalt not need to travel with thy pumps full of gravel any more, after a blind jade and a hamper, and stalk upon boards and barrel heads to an old crack'd trumpet.

Hist. Troth, I think I have not so much about me, captain.

Tuc. It's no matter; give him what thou hast, stiff-toe, I'll give my word for the rest; though it lack a shilling or two, it skills not: go, thou art an honest shifter; I'll have the statute repeal'd for thee.—Minos, I must tell thee, Minos, thou hast dejected yon gentleman's spirit exceedingly; dost observe, dost note, little Minos?

Min. Yes, sir.

Tuc. Go to then, raise, recover, do; suffer him not to droop in prospect of a player, a rogue, a stager: put twenty into his hand—twenty sesterces I mean,—and let nobody see; go, do it—the work shall commend itself; be Minos, I'll pay.

Min. Yes, forsooth, captain.

2 *Pyr.* Do not we serve a notable shark? [*Aside.*

Tuc. And what new matters have you now afoot, sirrah, ha? I would fain come with my cockatrice one day, and see a play, if I knew when there were a good bawdy one; but they say you have nothing but HUMOURS, REVELS, and SATIRES, that gird and f—t at the time, you slave.

Hist. No, I assure you, captain, not we. They are on the other side of Tyber: we have as much ribaldry in our plays as can be, as you would wish, captain: all the sinners in the suburbs come and applaud our action daily.

Tuc. I hear you'll bring me o'the stage there; you'll play me, they say; I shall be presented by a sort of copper-laced scoundrels of you: life of Pluto! an you stage me, stinkard, your mansions shall sweat for't, your tabernacles, varlets, your Globes, and your Triumphs.

Hist. Not we, by Phœbus, captain; do not do us imputation without desert.

Tuc. I will not, my good twopenny rascal; reach me thy neuf. Dost hear? what wilt thou give me a week for my brace of beagles here, my little point-trussers? you shall have them act among ye.—Sirrah, you, pronounce.—Thou shalt hear him speak in King Darius' doleful strain.

1 Pyr. *O doleful days! O direful deadly dump!*
O wicked world, and worldly wickedness!
How can I hold my fist from crying, thump,
In rue of this right rascal wretchedness!

Tuc. In an amorous vein now, sirrah: peace!

1 Pyr. *O, she is wilder, and more hard, withal,*
Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall.
Yet might she love me, to uprear her state:
Ay, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might she love me, to content her fire:
Ay, but her reason masters her desire.
Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:
Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all.

Tuc. Now, the horrible, fierce soldier, you, sirrah.

2 Pyr. *What! will I brave thee? ay, and beard thee too;*
A Roman spirit scorns to bear a brain
So full of base pusillanimity.

Hist. Excellent!

Tuc. Nay, thou shalt see that shall ravish thee anon; prick up thine ears, stinkard.—The ghost, boys!

1 Pyr. *Vindicta!*
2 Pyr. *Timoria!*
1 Pyr. *Vindicta!*
2 Pyr. *Timoria!*
1 Pyr. *Veni!*
2 Pyr. *Veni!*

Tuc. Now thunder, sirrah, you, the rumbling player.

2 *Pyr.* Ay, but somebody must cry, *Murder!* then, in a small voice.

Tuc. Your fellow-sharer there shall do't: Cry, sirrah, cry.

1 Pyr. *Murder, murder!*
2 Pyr. *Who calls out murder? lady, was it you?*

Hist. O, admirable good, I protest.

Tuc. Sirrah, boy, brace your drum a little straiter, and do the t'other fellow there, he in the ——what sha' call him——and yet stay too.

2 Pyr. *Nay, an thou dalliest, then I am thy foe,*
And fear shall force what friendship cannot win;
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals.
Villain! thou diest for more respecting her——

1 Pyr. *O stay, my lord.*

2 Pyr. *Than me:*
Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee;
But if thou dally once again, thou diest.

Tuc. Enough of this, boy.

2 Pyr. *Why, then lament therefore: d—n'd be thy guts*
Unto king Pluto's Hell, and princely Erebus;
For sparrows must have food——

Hist. Pray, sweet captain, let one of them do a little of a lady.

Tuc. O! he will make thee eternally enamour'd of him, there: do, sirrah, do; 'twill allay your fellow's fury a little.

1 Pyr. *Master, mock on; the scorn thou givest*
Pray Jove some lady may return on thee. [*me,*

2 *Pyr.* Now you shall see me do the Moor: master, lend me your scarf a little.

Tuc. Here, 'tis at thy service, boy.

2 *Pyr.* You, master Minos, hark hither a little.

[*Exit with* MINOS, *to make himself ready.*

Tuc. How dost like him? art not rapt, art not tickled now? dost not applaud, rascal? dost not applaud?

Hist. Yes: what will you ask for them a week, captain.

Tuc. No, you mangonizing slave, I will not part from them; you'll sell them for enghles, you: let's have good cheer to-morrow night at supper, stalker, and then we'll talk; good capon and plover, do you hear, sirrah? and do not bring your eating player with you there; I cannot away with him: he will eat a leg of mutton while I am in my porridge, the lean Poluphagus, his belly is like Barathrum; he looks like a midwife in man's apparel, the slave: nor the villanous out-of-tune fiddler, Ænobarbus, bring not him. What hast thou there? six and thirty, ha?

Hist. No, here's all I have, captain, some five and twenty: pray, sir, will you present and accommodate it unto the gentleman? for mine own part, I am a mere stranger to his humour; besides, I have some business invites me hence, with master Asinius Lupus, the tribune.

Tuc. Well, go thy ways, pursue thy projects, let me alone with this design; my Poetaster shall make thee a play, and thou shalt be a man of good parts in it. But stay, let me see; do not bring your Æsop, your politician, unless you can ram up his mouth with cloves; the slave smells ranker than some sixteen dunghills, and is seventeen times more rotten. Marry, you may bring Frisker, my zany; he's a good skipping swaggerer; and your fat fool there, my mango, bring him too; but let him not beg rapiers nor scarfs, in his over-familiar playing face, nor roar out his barren bold jests with a tormenting laughter, between drunk and dry. Do you hear, stiff-toe? give him warning, admonition, to forsake his saucy glavering grace, and his goggle eye; it does not become him, sirrah; tell him so. I have stood up and defended you, I, to gentlemen, when you have been said to prey upon puisnes, and honest citizens, for socks or buskins; or when they have call'd you usurers or brokers, or said you were able to help to a piece of flesh ——I have sworn, I did not think so, nor that you were the common retreats for punks decayed in their practice; I cannot believe it of you.

Hist. Thank you, captain. Jupiter and the rest of the gods confine your modern delights without disgust.

Tuc. Stay, thou shalt see the Moor ere thou goest.——

Enter DEMETRIUS *at a distance.*

What's he with the half arms there, that salutes us out of his cloak, like a motion, ha?

Hist. O, sir, his doublet's a little decayed; he is otherwise a very simple honest fellow, sir, one Demetrius, a dresser of plays about the town here; we have hired him to abuse Horace, and bring him in, in a play, with all his gallants, as Tibullus, Mecænas, Cornelius Gallus, and the rest.

Tuc. And why so, stinkard?

Hist. O, it will get us a huge deal of money, captain, and we have need on't; for this winter has made us all poorer than so many starved snakes: nobody comes at us, not a gentleman, nor a——

Tuc. But you know nothing by him, do you, to make a play of?

Hist. Faith, not much, captain; but our author will devise that that shall serve in some sort.

Tuc. Why, my Parnassus here shall help him, if thou wilt. Can thy author do it impudently enough?

Hist. O, I warrant you, captain, and spitefully enough too; he has one of the most overflowing rank wits in Rome; he will slander any man that breathes, if he disgust him.

Tuc. I'll know the poor, egregious, nitty rascal; an he have these commendable qualities, I'll cherish him—stay, here comes the Tartar—I'll make a gathering for him, I, a purse, and put the poor slave in fresh rags; tell him so to comfort him.—

[DEMETRIUS *comes forward.*

Re-enter MINOS, *with* 2 PYRGUS *on his shoulders, and stalks backward and forward, as the boy acts.*

Well said, boy.

2 Pyr. *Where art thou, boy? where is Calipolis?*
Fight earthquakes in the entrails of the earth,
And eastern whirlwinds in the hellish shades;
Some foul contagion of the infected heavens
Blast all the trees, and in their cursed tops
The dismal night raven and tragic owl
Breed and become forerunners of my fall!

Tuc. Well, now fare thee well, my honest penny-biter: commend me to seven shares and a half, and remember to-morrow.—If you lack a service, you shall play in my name, rascals; but you shall buy your own cloth, and I'll have two shares for my countenance. Let thy author stay with me.

[*Exit* HISTRIO

Dem. Yes, sir.

Tuc. 'Twas well done, little Minos, thou didst stalk well: forgive me that I said thou stunk'st, Minos; 'twas the savour of a poet I met sweating in the street, hangs yet in my nostrils.

Cris. Who, Horace?

Tuc. Ay, he; dost thou know him?

Cris. O, he forsook me most barbarously, I protest.

Tuc. Hang him, fusty satyr, he smells all goat; he carries a ram under his arm-holes, the slave: I am the worse when I see him.—Did not Minos impart? [*Aside to* CRISPINUS.

Cris. Yes, here are twenty drachms he did convey.

Tuc. Well said, keep them, we'll share anon; come, little Minos.

Cris. Faith, captain, I'll be bold to show you a mistress of mine, a jeweller's wife, a gallant, as we go along.

Tuc. There spoke my genius. Minos, some of thy eringos, little Minos; send. Come hither, Parnassus, I must have thee familiar with my little locust here; 'tis a good vermin, they say.—[HORACE *and* TREBATIUS *pass over the stage.*]—See, here's Horace, and old Trebatius, the great lawyer, in his company; let's avoid him now, he is too well seconded. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* ALBIUS'S *House.*

Enter CHLOE, CYTHERIS, *and* Attendants.

Chloe. But, sweet lady, say; am I well enough attired for the court, in sadness?

Cyth. Well enough! excellent well, sweet mistress Chloe; this strait-bodied city attire, I can tell you, will stir a courtier's blood, more than the finest loose sacks the ladies use to be put in; and then you are as well jewell'd as any of them; your ruff and linen about you is much more pure than theirs; and for your beauty, I can tell you, there's many of them would defy the painter, if they could change with you. Marry, the worst is, you must look to be envied, and endure a few court-frumps for it.

Chloe. O Jove, madam, I shall buy them too cheap!—Give me my muff, and my dog there.—And will the ladies be any thing familiar with me, think you?

Cyth. O Juno! why you shall see them flock about you with their puff-wings, and ask you where you bought your lawn, and what you paid for it? who starches you? and entreat you to help 'em to some pure laundresses out of the city.

Chloe. O Cupid!—Give me my fan, and my mask too.—And will the lords, and the poets there, use one well too, lady?

Cyth. Doubt not of that; you shall have kisses from them, go pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat, upon your lips, as thick as stones out of slings at the assault of a city. And then your ears will be so furr'd with the breath of their compliments, that you cannot catch cold of your head, if you would, in three winters after.

Chloe. Thank you, sweet lady. O heaven! and how must one behave herself amongst 'em? You know all.

Cyth. Faith, impudently enough, mistress Chloe, and well enough. Carry not too much under thought betwixt yourself and them; nor your city-mannerly word, *forsooth*, use it not too often in any case; but plain, *Ay, madam*, and *no, madam*: nor never say, *your lordship*, nor *your honour*; but, *you*, and *you, my lord*, and *my lady*: the other they count too simple and minsitive. And though they desire to kiss heaven with their titles, yet they will count them fools that give them too humbly.

Chloe. O intolerable, Jupiter! by my troth, lady, I would not for a world but you had lain in my house; and, 'ifaith, you shall not pay a farthing for your board, nor your chambers.

Cyth. O, sweet mistress Chloe!

Chloe. I'faith you shall not, lady; nay, good lady, do not offer it.

Enter GALLUS *and* TIBULLUS.

Gal. Come, where be these ladies? By your leave, bright stars, this gentleman and I are come to man you to court; where your late kind entertainment is now to be requited with a heavenly banquet.

Cyth. A heavenly banquet, Gallus!

Gal. No less, my dear Cytheris.

Tib. That were not strange, lady, if the epithet were only given for the company invited thither; your self, and this fair gentlewoman.

Chloe. Are we invited to court, sir?

Tib. You are, lady, by the great princess Julia; who longs to greet you with any favours that may worthily make you an often courtier.

Chloe. In sincerity, I thank her, sir. You have a coach, have you not?

Tib. The princess hath sent her own, lady.

Chloe. O Venus! that's well: I do long to ride in a coach most vehemently.

Cyth. But, sweet Gallus, pray you resolve me why you give that heavenly praise to this earthly banquet?

Gal. Because, Cytheris, it must be celebrated by the heavenly powers: all the gods and goddesses will be there; to two of which you two must be exalted.

Chloe. A pretty fiction, in truth.

Cyth. A fiction, indeed, Chloe, and fit for the fit of a poet.

Gal. Why, Cytheris, may not poets (from whose divine spirits all the honours of the gods have been deduced) entreat so much honour of the gods, to have their divine presence at a poetical banquet?

Cyth. Suppose that no fiction; yet, where are your habilities to make us two goddesses at your feast?

Gal. Who knows not, Cytheris, that the sacred breath of a true poet can blow any virtuous humanity up to deity?

Tib. To tell you the female truth, which is the simple truth, ladies; and to shew that poets, in spite of the world, are able to deify themselves; at this banquet, to which you are invited, we intend to assume the figures of the gods; and to give our several loves the forms of goddesses. Ovid will be Jupiter; the princess Julia, Juno; Gallus here, Apollo; you, Cytheris, Pallas; I will be Bacchus; and my love Plautia, Ceres: and to install you and your husband, fair Chloe, in honours equal with ours, you shall be a goddess, and your husband a god.

Chloe. A god!—O my gods!

Tib. A god, but a lame god, lady; for he shall be Vulcan, and you Venus: and this will make our banquet no less than heavenly.

Chloe. In sincerity, it will be sugared. Good Jove, what a pretty foolish thing it is to be a poet! but, hark you, sweet Cytheris, could they not possibly leave out my husband? methinks a body's husband does not so well at court; a body's friend, or so—but, husband! 'tis like your clog to your marmoset, for all the world, and the heavens.

Cyth. Tut, never fear, Chloe! your husband will be left without in the lobby, or the great chamber, when you shall be put in, i'the closet, by this lord, and by that lady.

Chloe. Nay, then I am certified; he shall go.

Enter HORACE.

Gal. Horace! welcome.

Hor. Gentlemen, hear you the news?

Tib. What news, my Quintus!

Hor. Our melancholic friend, Propertius,
Hath closed himself up in his Cynthia's tomb;
And will by no entreaties be drawn thence.

Enter ALBIUS, *introducing* CRISPINUS *and* DEMETRIUS, *followed by* TUCCA.

Alb. Nay, good Master Crispinus, pray you bring near the gentleman.

Hor. Crispinus! Hide me, good Gallus; Tibullus, shelter me. [*Going.*

Cris. Make your approach, sweet captain.

Tib. What means this, Horace?

Hor. I am surprised again; farewell.

Gal. Stay, Horace.

Hor. What, and be tired on by yond' vulture! No:
Phœbus defend me! [*Exit hastily.*

Tib. 'Slight, I hold my life
This same is he met him in Holy-street.

Gal. Troth, 'tis like enough.—This act of Propertius relisheth very strange with me.

Tuc. By thy leave, my neat scoundrel: what, is this the mad boy you talk'd on?

Cris. Ay, this is master Albius, captain.

Tuc. Give me thy hand, Agamemnon; we hear abroad thou art the Hector of citizens: What sayest thou? are we welcome to thee, noble Neoptolemus?

Alb. Welcome, captain, by Jove and all the gods in the Capitol———

Tuc. No more, we conceive thee. Which of these is thy wedlock, Menelaus? thy Helen, thy Lucrece? that we may do her honour, mad boy.

Cris. She in the little fine dressing, sir, is my mistress.

Alb. For fault of a better, sir.

Tuc. A better! profane rascal: I cry thee mercy, my good scroyle, was't thou?

Alb. No harm, captain.

Tuc. She is a Venus, a Vesta, a Melpomene: come hither, Penelope; what's thy name, Iris?

Chloe. My name is Chloe, sir; I am a gentlewoman.

Tuc. Thou art in merit to be an empress, Chloe, for an eye and a lip; thou hast an emperor's nose: kiss me again: 'tis a virtuous punk; so! Before Jove, the gods were a sort of goslings, when they suffered so sweet a breath to perfume the bed of a stinkard: thou hadst ill fortune, Thisbe; the Fates were infatuate, they were, punk, they were.

Chloe. That's sure, sir: let me crave your name, I pray you, sir.

Tuc. I am known by the name of captain Tucca, punk; the noble Roman, punk: a gentleman, and a commander, punk.

Chloe. In good time: a gentleman, and a commander! that's as good as a poet, methinks. [*Walks aside.*

Cris. A pretty instrument! It's my cousin Cytheris' viol this, is it not?

Cyth. Nay, play, cousin; it wants but such a voice and hand to grace it, as yours is.

Cris. Alas, cousin, you are merrily inspired.

Cyth. Pray you play, if you love me.

Cris. Yes, cousin; you know I do not hate you.

Tib. A most subtile wench! how she hath baited him with a viol yonder, for a song!

Cris. Cousin, 'pray you call mistress Chloe! she shall hear an essay of my poetry.

Tuc. I'll call her.—Come hither, cockatrice: here's one will set thee up, my sweet punk, set thee up.

Chloe. Are you a poet so soon, sir?

Alb. Wife, mum.

CRISPINUS *plays and sings.*

Love is blind, and a wanton;
In the whole world, there is scant one
—Such another:
No, not his mother.
He hath pluck'd her doves and sparrows,
To feather his sharp arrows,
And alone prevaileth,
While sick Venus waileth.
But if Cypris once recover
The wag; it shall behove her
To look better to him:
Or she will undo him.

Alb. O, most odoriferous music!

Tuc. Aha, stinkard! Another Orpheus, you slave, another Orpheus! an Arion riding on the back of a dolphin, rascal!

Gal. Have you a copy of this ditty, sir?

Cris. Master Albius has.

Alb. Ay, but in truth they are my wife's verses; I must not shew them.

Tuc. Shew them, bankrupt, shew them; they have salt in them, and will brook the air, stinkard.

Gal. How! *To his bright mistress Canidia!*

Cris. Ay, sir, that's but a borrowed name; as Ovid's Corinna, or Propertius his Cynthia, or your Nemesis, or Delia, Tibullus.

Gal. It's the name of Horace his witch, as I remember.

Tib. Why, the ditty's all borrowed; 'tis Horace's: hang him, plagiary!

Tuc. How! he borrow of Horace? he shall pawn himself to ten brokers first. Do you hear, Poetasters? I know you to be men of worship—— He shall write with Horace, for a talent! and let Mecænas and his whole college of critics take his part: thou shalt do't, young Phœbus; thou shalt, Phaeton, thou shalt.

Dem. Alas, sir, Horace! he is a mere sponge; nothing but Humours and observation; he goes up and down sucking from every society, and when he comes home squeezes himself dry again. I know him, I.

Tuc. Thou say'st true, my poor poetical fury, he will pen all he knows. A sharp thorny-tooth'd satirical rascal, fly him; he carries hay in his horn: he will sooner lose his best friend, than his least jest. What he once drops upon paper, against a man, lives eternally to upbraid him in the mouth of every slave, tankard-bearer, or waterman; not a bawd, or a boy that comes from the bake-house, but shall point at him: 'tis all dog, and scorpion; he carries poison in his teeth, and a sting in his tail. Fough! body of Jove! I'll have the slave whipt one of these days for his Satires and his Humours, by one cashier'd clerk or another.

Cris. We'll undertake him, captain.

Dem. Ay, and tickle him i'faith, for his arrogancy and his impudence, in commending his own things; and for his translating, I can trace him, i'faith. O, he is the most open fellow living; I had as lieve as a new suit I were at it.

Tuc. Say no more then, but do it; 'tis the only way to get thee a new suit; sting him, my little neufts; I'll give you instructions: I'll be your intelligencer; we'll all join, and hang upon him like so many horse-leeches, the players and all. We shall sup together, soon; and then we'll conspire, i'faith.

Gal. O that Horace had stayed still here!

Tib. So would not I; for both these would have turn'd Pythagoreans then.

Gal. What, mute?

Tib. Ay, as fishes, i'faith: come, ladies, shall we go?

Cyth. We wait you, sir. But mistress Chloe asks, if you have not a god to spare for this gentleman.

Gal. Who, captain Tucca?

Cyth. Ay, ne.

Gal. Yes, if we can invite him along, he shall be Mars.

Chloe. Has Mars any thing to do with Venus?

Tib. O, most of all, lady.

Chloe. Nay, then I pray let him be invited: And what shall Crispinus be?

Tib. Mercury, mistress Chloe.

Chloe. Mercury! that's a poet, is it?

Gal. No, lady, but somewhat inclining that way; he is a herald at arms.

Chloe. A herald at arms! good; and Mercury! pretty: he has to do with Venus too?

Tib. A little with her face, lady; or so.

Chloe. 'Tis very well; pray let us go, I long to be at it.

Cyth. Gentlemen, shall we pray your companies along?

Cris. You shall not only pray, but prevail, lady. —Come, sweet captain.

Tuc. Yes, I follow: but thou must not talk of this now, my little bankrupt.

Alb. Captain, look here, mum.

Dem. I'll go write, sir.

Tuc. Do, do: stay, there's a drachm to purchase ginger-bread for thy muse. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* LUPUS'S *House.*

Enter LUPUS, HISTRIO, *and* Lictors.

Lup. Come, let us talk here; here we may be private; shut the door, lictor. You are a player, you say.

Hist. Ay, an't please your worship.

Lup. Good; and how are you able to give this intelligence?

Hist. Marry, sir, they directed a letter to me and my fellow-sharers.

Lup. Speak lower, you are not now in your theatre, stager:—my sword, knave. They directed a letter to you, and your fellow-sharers: forward.

Hist. Yes, sir, to hire some of our properties; as a sceptre and crown for Jove; and a caduceus for Mercury; and a petasus——

Lup. Caduceus and petasus! let me see your letter. This is a conjuration; a conspiracy, this. Quickly, on with my buskins: I'll act a tragedy, i'faith. Will nothing but our gods serve these poets to profane? dispatch! Player, I thank thee. The emperor shall take knowledge of thy good service. [*A knocking within.*] Who's there now? Look, knave. [*Exit* Lictor.] *A crown and a sceptre!* this is good rebellion, now.

Re-enter Lictor.

Lic. 'Tis your pothecary, sir, master Minos.

Lup. What tell'st thou me of pothecaries, knave! Tell him, I have affairs of state in hand; I can talk to no apothecaries now. Heart of me! Stay the pothecary there. [*Walks in a musing*

posture.] You shall see, I have fish'd out a cunning piece of plot now: they have had some intelligence, that their project is discover'd, and now have they dealt with my pothecary, to poison me; 'tis so; knowing that I meant to take physic to-day: as sure as death, 'tis there. Jupiter, I thank thee, that thou hast yet made me so much of a politician.

Enter MINOS.

You are welcome, sir; take the potion from him there; I have an antidote more than you wot of, sir; throw it on the ground there: so! Now fetch in the dog; and yet we cannot tarry to try experiments now: arrest him; you shall go with me, sir; I'll tickle you, pothecary; I'll give you a glister, i'faith. Have I the letter? ay, 'tis here. —Come, your fasces, lictors: the half pikes and the halberds, take them down from the Lares there. Player, assist me.

As they are going out, enter MECÆNAS *and* HORACE.

Mec. Whither now, Asinius Lupus, with this armory?

Lup. I cannot talk now; I charge you assist me: treason! treason!

Hor. How! treason?

Lup. Ay: if you love the emperor, and the state, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter OVID, JULIA, GALLUS, CYTHERIS, TIBULLUS, PLAUTIA, ALBIUS, CHLOE, TUCCA, CRISPINUS, HERMOGENES, PYRGUS, *characteristically habited, as gods and goddesses.*

Ovid. Gods and goddesses, take your several seats. Now, Mercury, move your caduceus, and, in Jupiter's name, command silence.

Cris. In the name of Jupiter, silence.

Her. The crier of the court hath too clarified a voice.

Gal. Peace, Momus.

Ovid. Oh, he is the god of reprehension; let him alone: 'tis his office. Mercury, go forward, and proclaim, after Phœbus, our high pleasure, to all the deities that shall partake this high banquet.

Cris. Yes, sir.

Gal. *The great god, Jupiter,*——[Here, and at every break in the line, Crispinus repeats aloud the words of Gallus.]——*Of his licentious goodness,——Willing to make this feast no fast——From any manner of pleasure;——Nor to bind any god or goddess——To be any thing the more god or goddess, for their names:——He gives them all free license——To speak no wiser than persons of baser titles;——And to be nothing better, than common men, or women.——And therefore no god ——Shall need to keep himself more strictly to his goddess——Than any man does to his wife:—— Nor any goddess——Shall need to keep herself more strictly to her god——Than any woman does to her husband.——But, since it is no part of wisdom,——In these days, to come into bonds;—— It shall be lawful for every lover——To break loving oaths,——To change their lovers, and make love to others,——As the heat of every one's blood, ——And the spirit of our nectar, shall inspire.—— And Jupiter save Jupiter!*

Tib. So; now we may play the fools by authority.

Her. To play the fool by authority is wisdom.

Jul. Away with your mattery sentences, Momus; they are too grave and wise for this meeting.

Ovid. Mercury, give our jester a stool, let him sit by; and reach him one of our cates.

Tuc. Dost hear, mad Jupiter? we'll have it enacted, he that speaks the first wise word, shall be made cuckold. What say'st thou? Is it not a good motion?

Ovid. Deities, are you all agreed?

All. Agreed, great Jupiter.

Alb. I have read in a book, that to play the fool wisely, is high wisdom.

Gal. How now, Vulcan! will you be the first wizard?

Ovid. Take his wife, Mars, and make him cuckold quickly.

Tuc. Come, cockatrice.

Chloe. No, let me alone with him, Jupiter: I'll make you take heed, sir, while you live again; if there be twelve in a company, that you be not the wisest of 'em.

Alb. No more; I will not indeed, wife, hereafter; I'll be here: mum.

Ovid. Fill us a bowl of nectar, Ganymede: we will drink to our daughter Venus.

Gal. Look to your wife, Vulcan: Jupiter begins to court her.

Tib. Nay, let Mars look to it: Vulcan must do as Venus does, bear.

Tuc. Sirrah, boy; catamite: Look you play Ganymede well now, you slave. Do not spill your nectar; carry your cup even: so! You should have rubbed your face with whites of eggs, you rascal; till your brows had shone like our sooty brother's here, as sleek as a horn-book: or have steept your lips in wine, till you made them so plump, that Juno might have been jealous of them. Punk, kiss me, punk.

Ovid. Here, daughter Venus, I drink to thee.

Chloe. Thank you, good father Jupiter.

Tuc. Why, mother Juno! gods and fiends! what, wilt thou suffer this ocular temptation?

Tib. Mars is enraged, he looks big, and begins to stut for anger.

Her. Well played, captain Mars.

Tuc. Well said, minstrel Momus: I must put you in, must I? when will you be in good fooling of yourself, fidler, never?

Her. O, 'tis our fashion to be silent, when there is a better fool in place ever.

Tuc. Thank you, rascal.

Ovid. Fill to our daughter Venus, Ganymede, who fills her father with affection.

Jul. Wilt thou be ranging, Jupiter, before my face?

Ovid. Why not, Juno? why should Jupiter stand in awe of thy face, Juno?

Jul. Because it is thy wife's face, Jupiter.

Ovid. What, shall a husband be afraid of his wife's face? will she paint it so horribly? we are a king, cotquean; and we will reign in our pleasures; and we will cudgel thee to death, if thou find fault with us.

Jul. I will find fault with thee, king cuckold-maker: What, shall the king of gods turn the king of good-fellows, and have no fellow in wickedness? This makes our poets, that know our profaneness, live as profane as we: By my godhead, Jupiter, I will join with all the other gods here, bind thee

hand and foot, throw thee down into the earth and make a poor poet of thee, if thou abuse me thus.

Gal. A good smart-tongued goddess, a right Juno!

Ovid. Juno, we will cudgel thee, Juno: we told thee so yesterday, when thou wert jealous of us for Thetis.

Pyr. Nay, to-day she had me in inquisition too.

Tuc. Well said, my fine Phrygian fry; inform, inform. Give me some wine, king of heralds, I may drink to my cockatrice.

Ovid. No more, Ganymede; we will cudgel thee, Juno; by Styx we will.

Jul. Ay, 'tis well; gods may grow impudent in iniquity, and they must not be told of it———

Ovid. Yea, we will knock our chin against our breast, and shake thee out of Olympus into an oyster-boat, for thy scolding.

Jul. Your nose is not long enough to do it, Jupiter, if all thy strumpets thou hast among the stars took thy part. And there is never a star in thy forehead but shall be a horn, if thou persist to abuse me.

Cris. A good jest, i'faith.

Ovid. We tell thee thou angerest us, cotquean; and we will thunder thee in pieces for thy cotqueanity.

Cris. Another good jest.

Alb. O, my hammers and my Cyclops! This boy fills not wine enough to make us kind enough to one another.

Tuc. Nor thou hast not collied thy face enough, stinkard.

Alb. I'll ply the table with nectar, and make them friends.

Her. Heaven is like to have but a lame skinker, then.

Alb. Wine and good livers make true lovers: I'll sentence them together. Here, father, here, mother, for shame, drink yourselves drunk, and forget this dissension; you two should cling together before our faces, and give us example of unity.

Gal. O, excellently spoken, Vulcan, on the sudden!

Tib. Jupiter may do well to prefer his tongue to some office for his eloquence.

Tuc. His tongue shall be gentleman-usher to his wit, and still go before it.

Alb. An excellent fit office!

Cris. Ay, and an excellent good jest besides.

Her. What, have you hired Mercury to cry your jests you make?

Ovid. Momus, you are envious.

Tuc. Why, ay, you whoreson blockhead, 'tis your only block of wit in fashion now-a-days, to applaud other folks' jests.

Her. True; with those that are not artificers themselves. Vulcan, you nod, and the mirth of the jest droops.

Pyr. He has filled nectar so long, till his brain swims in it.

Gal. What, do we nod, fellow-gods! Sound music, and let us startle our spirits with a song.

Tuc. Do, Apollo, thou art a good musician.

Gal. What says Jupiter?

Ovid. Ha! ha!

Gal. A song.

Ovid. Why, do, do, sing.

Pla. Bacchus, what say you?

Tib. Ceres?

Pla. But, to this song?

Tib. Sing, for my part.

Jul. Your belly weighs down your head, Bacchus; here's a song toward.

Tib. Begin; Vulcan.

Alb. What else, what else?

Tuc. Say, Jupiter——

Ovid. Mercury——

Cris. Ay, say, say. [*Music.*

Alb. *Wake! our mirth begins to die;*
Quicken it with tunes and wine.
Raise your notes; you're out; fie, fie!
This drowsiness is an ill sign.
We banish him the quire of gods,
That droops agen:
Then all are men,
For here's not one but nods.

Ovid. I like not this sudden and general heaviness amongst our godheads; 'tis somewhat ominous. Apollo, command us louder music, and let Mercury and Momus contend to please and revive our senses. [*Music.*

Herm. *Then, in a free and lofty strain.*
Our broken tunes we thus repair;
Cris. *And we answer them again,*
Running division on the panting air;
Ambo. *To celebrate this feast of sense,*
As free from scandal as offence.
Herm. *Here is beauty for the eye;*
Cris. *For the ear sweet melody.*
Herm. *Ambrosiac odours, for the smell;*
Cris. *Delicious nectar, for the taste;*
Ambo. *For the touch, a lady's waist;*
Which doth all the rest excel.

Ovid. Ay, this has waked us. Mercury, our herald; go from ourself, the great god Jupiter, to the great emperor Augustus Cæsar, and command him from us, of whose bounty he hath received the sirname of Augustus, that, for a thank-offering to our beneficence, he presently sacrifice, as a dish to this banquet, his beautiful and wanton daughter Julia: she's a curst quean, tell him, and plays the scold behind his back; therefore let her be sacrificed. Command him this, Mercury, in our high name of Jupiter Altitonans.

Jul. Stay, feather-footed Mercury, and tell Augustus, from us, the great Juno Saturnia; if he think it hard to do as Jupiter hath commanded him, and sacrifice his daughter, that he had better do so ten times, than suffer her to love the well-nosed poet, Ovid; whom he shall do well to whip or cause to be whipped, about the capitol, for soothing her in her follies.

Enter Augustus Cæsar, Mecænas, Horace, Lupus, Histrio, Minus, *and* Lictors.

Cæs. What sight is this? Mecænas! Horace!
Have we our senses? do we hear and see? [say?
Or are these but imaginary objects
Drawn by our phantasy! Why speak you not?
Let us do sacrifice. Are they the gods?
[Ovid *and the rest kneel.*
Reverence, amaze, and fury fight in me.
What, do they kneel! Nay, then I see 'tis true
I thought impossible: O, impious sight!
Let me divert mine eyes; the very thought
Everts my soul with passion: Look not, man,

There is a panther, whose unnatural eyes
Will strike thee dead: turn, then, and die on her
With her own death. [*Offers to kill his daughter.*
Mec. Hor. What means imperial Cæsar?
Cæs. What would you have me let the strumpet
That, for this pageant, earns so many deaths? [live
Tuc. Boy, slink, boy.
Pyr. Pray Jupiter we be not followed by the scent, master. [*Exeunt* Tucca *and* Pyrgus.
Cæs. Say, sir, what are you?
Alb. I play Vulcan, sir.
Cæs. But what are you, sir?
Alb. Your citizen and jeweller, sir.
Cæs. And what are you, dame?
Chloe. I play Venus, forsooth.
Cæs. I ask not what you play, but what you are.
Chloe. Your citizen and jeweller's wife, sir.
Cæs. And you, good sir?
Cris. Your gentleman parcel-poet, sir. [*Exit.*
Cæs. O, that profaned name!—
And are these seemly company for thee, [*To* Julia.
Degenerate monster? All the rest I know,
And hate all knowledge for their hateful sakes.
Are, you, that first the deities inspired
With skill of their high natures and their powers,
The first abusers of their useful light;
Profaning thus their dignities in their forms,
And making them, like you, but counterfeits?
O, who shall follow Virtue and embrace her,
When her false bosom is found nought but air?
And yet of those embraces centaurs spring,
That war with human peace, and poison men.—
Who shall, with greater comforts comprehend
Her unseen being and her excellence;
When you, that teach, and should eternize her,
Live as she were no law unto your lives,
Nor lived herself, but with your idle breaths?
If you think gods but feign'd, and virtue painted,
Know we sustain an actual residence,
And with the title of an emperor,
Retain his spirit and imperial power;
By which, in imposition too remiss,
Licentious Naso, for thy violent wrong,
In soothing the declined affections
Of our base daughter, we exile thy feet
From all approach to our imperial court,
On pain of death; and thy misgotten love
Commit to patronage of iron doors;
Since her soft-hearted sire cannot contain her.
Mec. O, good my lord, forgive! be like the gods.
Hor. Let royal bounty, Cæsar, mediate.
Cæs. There is no bounty to be shew'd to such
As have no real goodness: bounty is
A spice of virtue; and what virtuous act
Can take effect on them, that have no power
Of equal habitude to apprehend it,
But live in worship of that idol, vice,
As if there were no virtue, but in shade
Of strong imagination, merely enforced?
This shews their knowledge is mere ignorance,
Their far-fetch'd dignity of soul a fancy,
And all their square pretext of gravity
A mere vain-glory; hence, away with them!
I will prefer for knowledge, none but such
As rule their lives by it, and can becalm
All sea of Humour with the marble trident
Of their strong spirits: others fight below
With gnats and shadows; others nothing know.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Street before the Palace.*

Enter Tucca, Crispinus, *and* Pyrgus.

Tuc. What's become of my little punk, Venus, and the poult-foot stinkard, her husband, ha?
Cris. O, they are rid home in the coach, as fast as the wheels can run.
Tuc. God Jupiter is banished, I hear, and his cockatrice Juno lock'd up. 'Heart, an all the poetry in Parnassus get me to be a player again, I'll sell 'em my share for a sesterce. But this is Humours, Horace, that goat-footed envious slave; he's turn'd fawn now; an informer, the rogue! 'tis he has betray'd us all. Did you not see him with the emperor crouching?
Cris. Yes.
Tuc. Well, follow me. Thou shalt libel, and I'll cudgel the rascal. Boy, provide me a truncheon. Revenge shall gratulate him, *tam Marti, quam Mercurio.*
Pyr. Ay, but master, take heed how you give this out; Horace is a man of the sword.
Cris. 'Tis true, in troth; they say he's valiant.
Tuc. Valiant? so is mine a—. Gods and fiends! I'll blow him into air when I meet him next: he dares not fight with a puck-fist.
[*Horace passes over the stage.*
Pyr. Master, he comes!
Tuc. Where? Jupiter save thee, my good poet, my noble prophet, my little fat Horace.—I scorn to beat the rogue in the court; and I saluted him thus fair, because he should suspect nothing, the rascal. Come, we'll go see how far forward our journeyman is toward the untrussing of him.
Cris. Do you hear, captain? I'll write nothing in it but innocence, because I may swear I am innocent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Horace, Mecænas, Lupus, Histrio, *and* Lictors.

Hor. Nay, why pursue you not the emperor for your reward now, Lupus?
Mec. Stay, Asinius;
You and your stager, and your band of lictors:
I hope your service merits more respect,
Than thus, without a thanks, to be sent hence.
His. Well, well, jest on, jest on.
Hor. Thou base, unworthy groom!
Lup. Ay, ay, 'tis good. [plot,
Hor. Was this the treason, this the dangerous
Thy clamorous tongue so bellow'd through the
Hadst thou no other project to encrease [court?
Thy grace with Cæsar, but this wolfish train,
To prey upon the life of innocent mirth
And harmless pleasures, bred of noble wit?
Away! I loath thy presence; such as thou,
They are the moths and scarabs of a state,
The bane of empires, and the dregs of courts;
Who, to endear themselves to an employment,
Care not whose fame they blast, whose life they en-
And, under a disguised and cobweb mask [danger;
Of love unto their sovereign, vomit forth
Their own prodigious malice; and pretending
To be the props and columns of their safety,
The guards unto his person and his peace,
Disturb it most, with their false, lapwing-cries.
Lup. Good! Cæsar shall know of this, believe it.
Mec. Cæsar doth know it, wolf, and to his knowledge,

He will, I hope, reward your base endeavours.
Princes that will but hear, or give access
To such officious spies, can ne'er be safe:
They take in poison with an open ear,
And, free from danger, become slaves to fear.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*An open Space before the Palace.*

Enter OVID.

Banish'd the court! Let me be banish'd life,
Since the chief end of life is there concluded:
Within the court is all the kingdom bounded,
And as her sacred sphere doth comprehend
Ten thousand times so much, as so much place
In any part of all the empire else;
So every body, moving in her sphere,
Contains ten thousand times as much in him,
As any other her choice orb excludes.
As in a circle, a magician then
Is safe against the spirit he excites;
But, out of it, is subject to his rage,
And loseth all the virtue of his art:
So I, exiled the circle of the court,
Lose all the good gifts that in it I 'joy'd.
No virtue current is, but with her stamp,
And no vice vicious, blanch'd with her white hand.
The court's the abstract of all Rome's desert,
And my dear Julia the abstract of the court.
Methinks, now I come near her, I respire
Some air of that late comfort I received;
And while the evening, with her modest veil,
Gives leave to such poor shadows as myself
To steal abroad, I, like a heartless ghost,
Without the living body of my love,
Will here walk and attend her: for I know
Not far from hence she is imprisoned,
And hopes, of her strict guardian, to bribe
So much admittance, as to speak to me,
And cheer my fainting spirits with her breath.

Julia. [*appears above at her chamber window.*]
Ovid? my love?

Ovid. Here, heavenly Julia. [doth play

Jul. Here! and not here! O, how that word
With both our fortunes, differing, like ourselves,
Both one; and yet divided, as opposed!
I high, thou low: O, this our plight of place
Doubly presents the two lets of our love,
Local and ceremonial height, and lowness:
Both ways, I am too high, and thou too low.
Our minds are even yet; O, why should our bodies,
That are their slaves, be so without their rule?
I'll cast myself down to thee; if I die,
I'll ever live with thee: no height of birth,
Of place, of duty, or of cruel power,
Shall keep me from thee; should my father look
This body up within a tomb of brass,
Yet I'll be with thee. If the forms I hold
Now in my soul, be made one substance with it;
That soul immortal, and the same 'tis now;
Death cannot raze the affects she now retaineth:
And then, may she be any where she will.
The souls of parents rule not children's souls,
When death sets both in their dissolv'd estates;
Then is no child nor father; then eternity
Frees all from any temporal respect.
I come, my Ovid; take me in thine arms,
And let me breathe my soul into thy breast.

Ovid. O stay, my love; the hopes thou dost con-
Of thy quick death, and of thy future life, [ceive
Are not authentical. Thou choosest death,
So thou might'st 'joy thy love in the other life:
But know, my princely love, when thou art dead,
Thou only must survive in perfect soul;
And in the soul are no affections.
We pour out our affections with our blood,
And, with our blood's affections, fade our loves.
No life hath love in such sweet state as this;
No essence is so dear to moody sense
As flesh and blood, whose quintessence is sense.
Beauty, composed of blood and flesh, moves more,
And is more plausible to blood and flesh,
Than spiritual beauty can be to the spirit.
Such apprehension as we have in dreams,
When, sleep, the bond of senses, locks them up,
Such shall we have, when death destroys them quite.
If love be then thy object, change not life;
Live high and happy still: I still below,
Close with my fortunes, in thy height shall joy.

Jul. Ay me, that virtue, whose brave eagle's wings,
With every stroke blow stars in burning heaven,
Should, like a swallow, preying towards storms,
Fly close to earth, and with an eager plume,
Pursue those objects which none else can see,
But seem to all the world the empty air!
Thus thou, poor Ovid, and all virtuous men,
Must prey, like swallows, on invisible food,
Pursuing flies, or nothing: and thus love,
And every worldly fancy, is transposed
By worldly tyranny to what plight it list.
O father, since thou gav'st me not my mind,
Strive not to rule it; take but what thou gav'st
To thy disposure: thy affections
Rule not in me; I must bear all my griefs,
Let me use all my pleasures; virtuous love
Was never scandal to a goddess' state.—
But he's inflexible! and, my dear love,
Thy life may chance be shorten'd by the length
Of my unwilling speeches to depart.
Farewell, sweet life; though thou be yet exiled
The officious court, enjoy me amply still:
My soul, in this my breath, enters thine ears,
And on this turret's floor will I lie dead,
Till we may meet again: In this proud height,
I kneel beneath thee in my prostrate love,
And kiss the happy sands that kiss thy feet.
Great Jove submits a sceptre to a cell,
And lovers, ere they part, will meet in hell.

Ovid. Farewell all company, and, if I could,
All light with thee! hell's shade should hide my brows,
Till thy dear beauty's beams redeem'd my vows.
[*Going.*

Jul. Ovid, my love; alas! may we not stay
A little longer, think'st thou, undiscern'd?

Ovid. For thine own good, fair goddess, do not
Who would engage a firmament of fires [stay.
Shining in thee, for me, a falling star?
Be gone, sweet life-blood; if I should discern
Thyself but touch'd for my sake, I should die.

Jul. I will begone, then; and not heaven itself
Shall draw me back. [*Going.*

Ovid. Yet, Julia, if thou wilt,
A little longer stay.

Jul. I am content.

Ovid. O, mighty Ovid! what the sway of heaven
Could not retire, my breath hath turned back.

Jul. Who shall go first, my love? my passionate
Will not endure to see thee turn from me. [eyes

Ovid. If thou go first, my soul will follow thee.
Jul. Then we must stay.
Ovid. Ay me, there is no stay
In amorous pleasures; if both stay, both die.
I hear thy father; hence, my deity.
[JULIA *retires from the window.*
Fear forgeth sounds in my deluded ears;
I did not hear him; I am mad with love.
There is no spirit under heaven, that works
With such illusion; yet such witchcraft kill me,
Ere a sound mind, without it, save my life!
Here, on my knees, I worship the blest place
That held my goddess; and the loving air,
That closed her body in his silken arms.
Vain Ovid! kneel not to the place, nor air;
She's in thy heart; rise then, and worship there.
The truest wisdom silly men can have,
Is dotage on the follies of their flesh. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, TIBULLUS, HORACE, *and* Equites Romani.

Cæs. We, that have conquer'd still, to save the conquer'd,
And loved to make inflictions fear'd, not felt;
Grieved to reprove, and joyful to reward;
More proud of reconcilement than revenge;
Resume into the late state of our love,
Worthy Cornelius Gallus, and Tibullus:
You both are gentlemen: and, you, Cornelius,
A soldier of renown, and the first provost
That ever let our Roman eagles fly
On swarthy Ægypt, quarried with her spoils.
Yet (not to bear cold forms, nor men's out-terms,
Without the inward fires, and lives of men)
You both have virtues, shining through your shapes;
To shew, your titles are not writ on posts,
Or hollow statues which the best men are,
Without Promethean stuffings reach'd from heaven!
Sweet poesy's sacred garlands crown your gentry:
Which is, of all the faculties on earth,
The most abstract and perfect; if she be
True-born, and nursed with all the sciences.
She can so mould Rome, and her monuments,
Within the liquid marble of her lines,
That they shall stand fresh and miraculous,
Even when they mix with innovating dust;
In her sweet streams shall our brave Roman spirits
Chase, and swim after death, with their choice deeds
Shining on their white shoulders; and therein
Shall Tyber, and our famous rivers fall
With such attraction, that the ambitious line
Of the round world shall to her center shrink,
To hear their music: and, for these high parts,
Cæsar shall reverence the Pierian arts.
Mec. Your majesty's high grace to poesy,
Shall stand 'gainst all the dull detractions
Of leaden souls; who, for the vain assumings
Of some, quite worthless of her sovereign wreaths,
Contain her worthiest prophets in contempt.
Gal. Happy is Rome of all earth's other states,
To have so true and great a president,
For her inferior spirits to imitate,
As Cæsar is; who addeth to the sun
Influence and lustre; in increasing thus
His inspirations, kindling fire in us.
Hor. Phœbus himself shall kneel at Cæsar's shrine,
And deck it with bay garlands dew'd with wine,
To quit the worship Cæsar does to him:
Where other princes, hoisted to their thrones
By Fortune's passionate and disorder'd power,
Sit in their height, like clouds before the sun,
Hindering his comforts; and, by their excess
Of cold in virtue, and cross heat in vice,
Thunder and tempest on those learned heads,
Whom Cæsar with such honour doth advance.
Tib. All human business fortune doth command
Without all order; and with her blind hand,
She, blind, bestows blind gifts, that still have nurst,
They see not who, nor how, but still, the worst.
Cæs. Cæsar, for his rule, and for so much stuff
As Fortune puts in his hand, shall dispose it,
As if his hand had eyes and soul in it, [gifts
With worth and judgment. Hands, that part with
Or will restrain their use, without desert,
Or with a misery numb'd to virtue's right,
Work, as they had no soul to govern them,
And quite reject her; severing their estates
From human order. Whosoever can,
And will not cherish virtue, is no man.

Enter some of the Equestrian Order.

Eques. Virgil is now at hand, imperial Cæsar.
Cæs. Rome's honour is at hand then. Fetch a chair,
And set it on our right hand, where 'tis fit
Rome's honour and our own should ever sit.
Now he is come out of Campania,
I doubt not he hath finish'd all his Æneids.
Which, like another soul, I long to enjoy.
What think you three of Virgil, gentlemen,
That are of his profession, though rank'd higher;
Or, Horace, what say'st thou, that art the poorest,
And likeliest to envy, or to detract?
Hor. Cæsar speaks after common men in this,
To make a difference of me for my poorness;
As if the filth of poverty sunk as deep
Into a knowing spirit, as the bane
Of riches doth into an ignorant soul.
No, Cæsar, they be pathless, moorish minds,
That being once made rotten with the dung
Of damned riches, ever after sink
Beneath the steps of any villainy.
But knowledge is the nectar that keeps sweet
A perfect soul, even in this grave of sin;
And for my soul, it is as free as Cæsar's,
For what I know is due I'll give to all.
He that detracts or envies virtuous merit,
Is still the covetous and the ignorant spirit.
Cæs. Thanks, Horace, for thy free and wholesome sharpness,
Which pleaseth Cæsar more than servile fawns.
A flatter'd prince soon turns the prince of fools.
And for thy sake, we'll put no difference more
Between the great and good for being poor.
Say then, loved Horace, thy true thought of Virgil.

Hor. I judge him of a rectified spirit,
By many revolutions of discourse,
(In his bright reason's influence,) refined
From all the tartarous moods of common men;
Bearing the nature and similitude
Of a right heavenly body; most severe
In fashion and collection of himself;
And, then, as clear and confident as Jove.

Gal. And yet so chaste and tender is his ear,
In suffering any syllable to pass,
That he thinks may become the honour'd name
Of issue to his so examined self,
That all the lasting fruits of his full merit,
In his own poems, he doth still distaste;
As if his mind's piece, which he strove to paint,
Could not with fleshly pencils have her right.

Tib. But to approve his works of sovereign worth,
This observation, methinks, more than serves,
And is not vulgar. That which he hath writ
Is with such judgment labour'd, and distill'd
Through all the needful uses of our lives,
That could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him.

Cæs. You mean, he might repeat part of his works,
As fit for any conference he can use? [
Tib. True, royal Cæsar.

Cæs. Worthily observed;
And a most worthy virtue in his works.
What thinks material Horace of his learning?

Hor. His learning savours not the school-like gloss,
That most consists in echoing words and terms,
And soonest wins a man an empty name;
Nor any long or far-fetch'd circumstance
Wrapp'd in the curious generalties of arts;
But a direct and analytic sum
Of all the worth and first effects of arts.
And for his poesy, 'tis so ramm'd with life,
That it shall gather strength of life, with being,
And live hereafter more admired than now.

Cæs. This one consent in all your dooms of him,
And mutual loves of all your several merits,
Argues a truth of merit in you all.—

Enter VIRGIL.

See, here comes Virgil; we will rise and greet him.
Welcome to Cæsar, Virgil! Cæsar and Virgil
Shall differ but in sound; to Cæsar, Virgil,
Of his expressed greatness, shall be made
A second sirname, and to Virgil, Cæsar.
Where are thy famous Æneids? do us grace
To let us see, and surfeit on their sight.

Virg. Worthless they are of Cæsar's gracious eyes,
If they were perfect; much more with their wants,
Which are yet more than my time could supply.
And, could great Cæsar's expectation
Be satisfied with any other service,
I would not shew them.

Cæs. Virgil is too modest;
Or seeks, in vain, to make our longings more:
Shew them, sweet Virgil.

Virg. Then, in such due fear
As fits presenters of great works to Cæsar,
I humbly shew them.

Cæs. Let us now behold
A human soul made visible in life;
And more refulgent in a senseless paper
Than in the sensual complement of kings.
Read, read thyself, dear Virgil; let not me
Profane one accent with an untuned tongue:
Best matter, badly shown, shews worse than bad.
See then this chair, of purpose set for thee
To read thy poem in; refuse it not.
Virtue, without presumption, place may take
Above best kings, whom only she should make.

Virg. It will be thought a thing ridiculous
To present eyes, and to all future times
A gross untruth, that any poet, void
Of birth, or wealth, or temporal dignity,
Should, with decorum, transcend Cæsar's chair.
Poor virtue raised, high birth and wealth set under,
Crosseth heaven's courses, and makes worldlings wonder.

Cæs. The course of heaven, and fate itself, in this,
Will Cæsar cross; much more all worldly custom.

Hor. Custom, in course of honour, ever errs;
And they are best whom fortune least prefers.

Cæs. Horace hath but more strictly spoke our thoughts.
The vast rude swing of general confluence
Is, in particular ends, exempt from sense:
And therefore reason (which in right should be
The special rector of all harmony)
Shall shew we are a man distinct by it,
From those, whom custom rapteth in her press.
Ascend then, Virgil; and where first by chance
We here have turn'd thy book, do thou first read.

Virg. Great Cæsar hath his will; I will ascend.
'Twere simple injury to his free hand,
That sweeps the cobwebs from unused virtue,
And makes her shine proportion'd to her worth,
To be more nice to entertain his grace,
Than he is choice, and liberal to afford it.

Cæs. Gentlemen of our chamber, guard the doors,
And let none enter; [*Exeunt* EQUITES.] peace.
Begin, good Virgil.

Virg. *Meanwhile the skies 'gan thunder, and in tail*
Of that, fell pouring storms of sleet and hail:
The Tyrian lords and Trojan youth, each where
With Venus' Dardane nephew, now, in fear,
Seek out for several shelter through the plain,
Whilst floods come rolling from the hills amain.
Dido a cave, the Trojan prince the same
Lighted upon. There earth and heaven's great dame,
That hath the charge of marriage, first gave sign
Unto his contract; fire and air did shine,
As guilty of the match; and from the hill
The nymphs with shriekings do the region fill.
Here first began their bane; this day was ground
Of all their ills; for now, nor rumour's sound,
Nor nice respect of state, moves Dido ought;
Her love no longer now by stealth is sought:
She calls this wedlock, and with that fair name
Covers her fault. Forthwith the bruit and fame,
Through all the greatest Lybian towns is gone;
Fame, a fleet evil, than which is swifter none,
That moving grows, and flying gathers strength;
Little at first, and fearful; but at length
She dares attempt the skies, and stalking proud
With feet on ground, her head doth pierce a cloud!
This child, our parent earth, stirr'd up with spite
Of all the gods, brought forth; and, as some write,
She was last sister of that giant race [*pace,*
That thought to scale Jove's court; right swift of

And swifter far of wing ; a monster vast,
And dreadful. Look, how many plumes are placed
On her huge corps, so many waking eyes
Stick underneath ; and, which may stranger rise
In the report, as many tongues she bears,
As many mouths, as many listening ears.
Nightly, in midst of all the heaven, she flies,
And through the earth's dark shadow shrieking cries ;
Nor do her eyes once bend to taste sweet sleep ;
By day on tops of houses she doth keep,
Or on high towers ; and doth thence affright
Cities and towns of most conspicuous site :
As covetous she is of tales and lies,
As prodigal of truth : this monster——

Lup. [*within.*] Come, follow me, assist me, second me ! Where's the emperor ?

1 *Eques.* [*within.*] Sir, you must pardon us.

2 *Eques.* [*within.*] Cæsar is private now ; you may not enter.

Tuc. [*within.*] Not enter ! Charge them upon their allegiance, cropshin.

1 *Eques.* [*within.*] We have a charge to the contrary, sir.

Lup. [*within.*] I pronounce you all traitors, horrible traitors : What ! do you know my affairs ? I have matter of danger and state to impart to Cæsar.

Cæs. What noise is there ? who's that names Cæsar ?

Lup. [*within.*] A friend to Cæsar.
One that, for Cæsar's good, would speak with

Cæs. Who is it ? look, Cornelius. [Cæsar.

1 *Eques.* [*within.*] Asinius Lupus.

Cæs. O, bid the turbulent informer hence ;
We have no vacant ear now, to receive
The unseason'd fruits of his officious tongue.

Mec. You must avoid him there.

Lup. [*within.*] I conjure thee, as thou art Cæsar, or respectest thine own safety, or the safety of the state, Cæsar, hear me, speak with me, Cæsar ; 'tis no common business I come about, but such, as being neglected, may concern the life of Cæsar.

Cæs. The life of Cæsar ! Let him enter. Virgil, keep thy seat.

Equites. [*within.*] Bear back, there : whither will you ? keep back !

Enter Lupus, Tucca, *and* Lictors.

Tuc. By thy leave, goodman usher : mend thy peruke ; so.

Lup. Lay hold on Horace there ; and on Mecænas, lictors. Romans, offer no rescue, upon your allegiance : read, royal Cæsar. [*Gives a paper.*] I'll tickle you, Satyr.

Tuc. He will, Humours, he will ; he will squeeze you, poet puck-fist.

Lup. I'll lop you off for an unprofitable branch, you satirical varlet.

Tuc. Ay, and Epaminondas your patron here, with his flagon chain ; come, resign : [*takes off* Mecænas' *chain,*] though 'twere your great grandfather's, the law has made it mine now, sir. Look to him, my party-coloured rascals ; look to him.

Cæs. What is this, Asinius Lupus ? I understand it not.

Lup. Not understand it ! A libel, Cæsar ; a dangerous, seditious libel ; a libel in picture.

Cæs. A libel !

Lup. Ay, I found it in this Horace his study, in Mecænas his house, here ; I challenge the penalty of the laws against them.

Tuc. Ay, and remember to beg their land betimes ; before some of these hungry court-hounds scent it out.

Cæs. Shew it to Horace : ask him if he know it.

Lup. Know it ! his hand is at it, Cæsar.

Cæs. Then 'tis no libel.

Hor. It is the imperfect body of an emblem, Cæsar, I began for Mecænas.

Lup. An emblem ! right : that's Greek for a libel. Do but mark how confident he is.

Hor. A just man cannot fear, thou foolish tribune ;
Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,
The open vastness of a tyrant's ear,
The senseless rigour of the wrested laws,
Or the red eyes of strain'd authority,
Should, in a point, meet all to take his life :
His innocence is armour 'gainst all these.

Lup. Innocence ! O impudence ! let me see, let me see ! Is not here an eagle ! and is not that eagle meant by Cæsar, ha ? Does not Cæsar give the eagle ? answer me ; what sayest thou ?

Tuc. Hast thou any evasion, stinkard ?

Lup. Now he's turn'd dumb. I'll tickle you, Satyr.

Hor. Pish : ha, ha !

Lup. Dost thou pish me ? Give me my long sword.

Hor. With reverence to great Cæsar, worthy Romans,
Observe but this ridiculous commenter ;
The soul to my device was in this distich :

> Thus oft, the base and ravenous multitude
> Survive, to share the spoils of fortitude.

Which in this body I have figured here,
A vulture——

Lup. A vulture ! Ay, now, 'tis a vulture. O abominable ! monstrous ! monstrous ! has not your vulture a beak ? has it not legs, and talons, and wings, and feathers ?

Tuc. Touch him, old buskins.

Hor. And therefore must it be an eagle ?

Mec. Respect him not, good Horace : say your device.

Hor. A vulture and a wolf——

Lup. A wolf ! good : that's I ; I am the wolf : my name's Lupus ; I am meant by the wolf. On, on ; a vulture and a wolf——

Hor. Preying upon the carcass of an ass——

Lup. An ass ! good still : that's I too ; I am the ass. You mean me by the ass.

Mec. Prithee, leave braying then.

Hor. If you will needs take it, I cannot with modesty give it from you.

Mec. But, by that beast, the old Egyptians
Were wont to figure, in their hieroglyphics,
Patience, frugality, and fortitude ;
For none of which we can suspect you, tribune.

Cæs. Who was it, Lupus, that inform'd you first, This should be meant by us ? Or was't your comment ?

Lup. No, Cæsar ; a player gave me the first light of it indeed.

Tuc. Ay, an honest sycophant-like slave, and a politician besides.

Cæs. Where is that player ?

Tuc. He is without here.

Cæs. Call him in.

Tuc. Call in the player there: master Æsop, call him.

Equites. [*within.*] Player! where is the player? bear back: none but the player enter.

Enter Æsop, *followed by* Crispinus *and* Demetrius.

Tuc. Yes, this gentleman and his Achates must.

Cris. Pray you, master usher: — we'll stand close, here.

Tuc. 'Tis a gentleman of quality, this; though he be somewhat out of clothes, I tell ye.—Come, Æsop, hast a bay-leaf in thy mouth? Well said; be not out, stinkard. Thou shalt have a monopoly of playing confirm'd to thee and thy covey, under the emperor's broad seal, for this service.

Cæs. Is this he?

Lup. Ay, Cæsar, this is he.

Cæs. Let him be whipped. Lictors, go take him hence.

And, Lupus, for your fierce credulity,
One fit him with a pair of larger ears:
'Tis Cæsar's doom, and must not be revoked.
We hate to have our court and peace disturb'd
With these quotidian clamours. See it done.

Lup. Cæsar!

[*Exeunt some of the* Lictors, *with* Lupus *and* Æsop.

Cæs. Gag him, [that] we may have his silence.

Virg. Cæsar hath done like Cæsar. Fair and just
Is his award, against these brainless creatures.
Tis not the wholesome sharp morality,
Or modest anger of a satiric spirit,
That hurts or wounds the body of the state;
But the sinister application
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base
Interpreter; who will distort, and strain
The general scope and purpose of an author
To his particular and private spleen.

Cæs. We know it, our dear Virgil, and esteem it
A most dishonest practice in that man,
Will seem too witty in another's work.
What would Cornelius Gallus, and Tibullus?

[*They whisper* Cæsar.

Tuc. [*to* Mecænas.] Nay, but as thou art a man, dost hear! a man of worship and honourable: hold, here, take thy chain again. Resume, mad Mecænas. What! dost thou think I meant to have kept it, old boy? no: I did it but to fright thee, I, to try how thou would'st take it. What! will I turn shark upon my friends, or my friends' friends? I scorn it with my three souls. Come, I love bully Horace as well as thou dost, I: 'tis an honest hieroglyphic. Give me thy wrist, Helicon. Dost thou think I'll second e'er a rhinoceros of them all, against thee, ha? or thy noble Hippocrene, here? I'll turn stager first, and be whipt too: dost thou see, bully?

Cæs. You have your will of Cæsar: use it, Romans.
Virgil shall be your prætor: and ourself
Will here sit by, spectator of your sports;
And think it no impeach of royalty.
Our ear is now too much profaned, grave Maro,
With these distastes, to take thy sacred lines:
Put up thy book, till both the time and we
Be fitted with more hallow'd circumstance
For the receiving so divine a work.
Proceed with your design.

Mec. Gal. Tib. Thanks to great Cæsar.

Gal. Tibullus, draw you the indictment then, whilst Horace arrests them on the statute of Calumny. Mecænas and I will take our places here. Lictors, assist him.

Hor. I am the worst accuser under heaven.

Gal. Tut, you must do it; 'twill be noble mirth.

Hor. I take no knowledge that they do malign

Tib. Ay, but the world takes knowledge. [me.

Hor. Would the world knew
How heartily I wish a fool should hate me!

Tuc. Body of Jupiter! what! will they arraign my brisk Poetaster and his poor journeyman, ha? Would I were abroad skeldering for a drachm, so I were out of this labyrinth again! I do feel myself turn stinkard already: but I must set the best face I have upon't now. [*Aside.*]—Well said, my divine, deft Horace, bring the whoreson detracting slaves to the bar, do; make them hold up their spread golls: I'll give in evidence for thee, if thou wilt. Take courage, Crispinus; would thy man had a clean band!

Cris. What must we do, captain?

Tuc. Thou shalt see anon: do not make division with thy legs so.

Cæs. What's he, Horace?

Hor. I only know him for a motion, Cæsar.

Tuc. I am one of thy commanders, Cæsar; a man of service and action: my name is Pantilius Tucca; I have served in thy wars against Mark Antony, I.

Cæs. Do you know him, Cornelius?

Gal. He's one that hath had the mustering, or convoy of a company now and then: I never noted him by any other employment.

Cæs. We will observe him better.

Tib. Lictor, proclaim silence in the court.

Lict. In the name of Cæsar, silence!

Tib. Let the parties, the accuser and the accused, present themselves.

Lict. The accuser and the accused, present yourselves in court.

Cris. Dem. Here.

Virg. Read the indictment.

Tib. *Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, hold up your hands. You are, before this time, jointly and severally indicted, and here presently to be arraigned upon the statute of calumny, or* Lex Remmia, *the one by the name of Rufus Laberius Crispinus, alias Cri-spinas, poetaster and plagiary; the other by the name of Demetrius Fannius, play-dresser and plagiary. That you (not having the fear of Phœbus, or his shafts, before your eyes) contrary to the peace of our liege lord, Augustus Cæsar, his crown and dignity, and against the form of a statute, in that case made and provided, have most ignorantly, foolishly, and, more like yourselves, maliciously, gone about to deprave, and calumniate the person and writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, here present, poet, and priest to the Muses; and to that end have mutually conspired and plotted, at sundry times, as by several means, and in sundry places, for the better accomplishing your base and envious purpose; taxing him falsely, of self-love, arrogancy, impudence, railing, filching by translation, &c. Of all which calumnies, and every of them, in manner and form aforesaid; what answer you? Are you guilty, or not guilty?*

Tuc. Not guilty, say.

Cris. Dem. Not guilty. K

Tib. How will you be tried?

Tuc. By the Roman Gods, and the noblest Romans. [*Aside to* CRISPINUS.

Cris. Dem. By the Roman gods, and the noblest Romans.

Virg. Here sits Mecænas, and Cornelius Gallus, are you contented to be tried by these?

Tuc. Ay, so the noble captain may be joined with them in commission, say. [*Aside.*

Cris. Dem. Ay, so the noble captain may be joined with them in commission.

Virg. What says the plaintiff?

Hor. I am content.

Virg. Captain, then take your place.

Tuc. Alas, my worshipful prætor! 'tis more of thy gentleness than of my deserving, I wusse. But since it hath pleased the court to make choice of my wisdom and gravity, come, my calumnious varlets; let's hear you talk for yourselves, now, an hour or two. What can you say? Make a noise. Act, act!

Virg. Stay, turn, and take an oath first. *You shall swear,*
By thunder-darting Jove, the king of gods,
And by the genius of Augustus Cæsar;
By your own white and uncorrupted souls,
And the deep reverence of our Roman justice;
To judge this case, with truth and equity:
As bound by your religion, and your laws.
Now read the evidence: but first demand
Of either prisoner, if that writ be theirs.
[*Gives him two papers.*

Tib. Shew this unto Crispinus. Is it yours?

Tuc. Say, ay. [*Aside.*]—What! dost thou stand upon it, pimp? Do not deny thine own Minerva, thy Pallas, the issue of thy brain.

Cris. Yes it is mine.

Tib. Shew that unto Demetrius. Is it yours?

Dem. It is.

Tuc. There's a father will not deny his own bastard now, I warrant thee.

Virg. Read them aloud.

Tib. *Ramp up my genius, be not retrograde;*
But boldly nominate a spade a spade.
What, shall thy lubrical and glibbery muse
Live, as she were defunct, like punk in stews!

Tuc. Excellent!

Alas! that were no modern consequence.
To have cothurnal buskins frighted hence.
No, teach thy Incubus to poetize;
And throw abroad thy spurious snotteries,
Upon that puft up lump of balmy froth,

Tuc. Ah, Ah!

Or clumsy chilblain'd judgment; that with oath
Magnificates his merit; and bespawls
The conscious time, with humourous foam and
As if his organons of sense would crack [*brawls,*
The sinews of my patience. Break his back,
O poets all and some! for now we list
Of strenuous vengeance to clutch the fist.
CRISPINUS.

Tuc. Ay, marry, this was written like a Hercules in poetry, now.

Cæs. Excellently well threaten'd!

Virg. And as strangely worded, Cæsar.

Cæs. We observe it.

Virg. The other now.

Tuc. This is a fellow of a good prodigal tongue too, this will do well.

Tib. *Our Muse is in mind for th' untrussing a poet;*
I slip by his name, for most men do know it:
A critic, that all the world bescumbers
With satirical humours and lyrical numbers:

Tuc. Art thou there, boy?

And for the most part, himself doth advance
With much self-love, and more arrogance.

Tuc. Good again!

And, but that I would not be thought a prater,
I could tell you he were a translator.
I know the authors from whence he has stole,
And could trace him too, but that I understand them not full and whole.

Tuc. That line is broke loose from all his fellows: chain him up shorter, do.

The best note I can give you to know him by,
Is, that he keeps gallants' company;
Whom I could wish, in time should him fear,
Lest after they buy repentance too dear.
DEME. FANNIUS.

Tuc. Well said! This carries palm with it.

Hor. And why, thou motley gull, why should they fear?
When hast thou known us wrong or tax a friend?
I dare thy malice to betray it. Speak.
Now thou curl'st up, thou poor and nasty snake,
And shrink'st thy poisonous head into thy bosom:
Out, viper! thou that eat'st thy parents, hence!
Rather, such speckled creatures, as thyself,
Should be eschew'd, and shunn'd; such as will bite
And gnaw their absent friends, not cure their fame;
Catch at the loosest laughters, and affect
To be thought jesters; such as can devise
Things never seen, or heard, t'impair men's names,
And gratify their credulous adversaries;
Will carry tales, do basest offices,
Cherish divided fires, and still encrease
New flames, out of old embers; will reveal
Each secret that's committed to their trust:
These be black slaves; Romans, take heed of these.

Tuc. Thou twang'st right, little Horace: they be indeed a couple of chap-fall'n curs. Come, we of the bench, let's rise to the urn, and condemn them quickly.

Virg. Before you go together, worthy Romans,
We are to tender our opinion;
And give you those instructions, that may add
Unto your even judgment in the cause:
Which thus we do commence. First, you must know,
That where there is a true and perfect merit,
There can be no dejection; and the scorn
Of humble baseness, oftentimes so works
In a high soul, upon the grosser spirit,
That to his bleared and offended sense,
There seems a hideous fault blazed in the object;
When only the disease is in his eyes.
Here-hence it comes our Horace now stands tax'd
Of impudence, self-love, and arrogance,
By those who share no merit in themselves;
And therefore think his portion is as small.
For they, from their own guilt, assure their souls,
If they should confidently praise their works,
In them it would appear inflation:
Which, in a full and well digested man,
Cannot receive that foul abusive name,
But the fair title of erection.
And, for his true use of translating men,
It still hath been a work of as much palm,
In clearest judgments, as to invent or make.

His sharpness,—that is most excusable;
As being forced out of a suffering virtue,
Oppressed with the license of the time:
And howsoever fools or jerking pedants,
Players, or such like buffoon barking wits,
May with their beggarly and barren trash
Tickle base vulgar ears, in their despite;
This, like Jove's thunder, shall their pride control,
"The honest satire hath the happiest soul."
Now, Romans, you have heard our thoughts; withdraw when you please.

Tib. Remove the accused from the bar.

Tuc. Who holds the urn to us, ha? Fear nothing, I'll quit you, mine honest pitiful stinkards; I'll do't.

Cris. Captain, you shall eternally girt me to you, as I am generous.

Tuc. Go to.

Cæs. Tibullus, let there be a case of vizards privately provided; we have found a subject to bestow them on.

Tib. It shall be done, Cæsar.

Cæs. Here be words, Horace, able to bastinado a man's ears.

Hor. Ay.
Please it, great Cæsar, I have pills about me,
Mixt with the whitest kind of hellebore,
Would give him a light vomit, that should purge
His brain and stomach of those tumorous heats:
Might I have leave to minister unto him.

Cæs. O, be his Æsculapius, gentle Horace!
You shall have leave, and he shall be your patient.
Virgil,
Use your authority, command him forth.

Virg. Cæsar is careful of your health, Crispinus;
And hath himself chose a physician
To minister unto you: take his pills.

Hor. They are somewhat bitter, sir, but very wholesome.
Take yet another; so: stand by, they'll work anon.

Tib. Romans, return to your several seats: lictors, bring forward the urn; and set the accused to the bar.

Tuc. Quickly, you whoreson egregious varlets; come forward. What! shall we sit all day upon you? You make no more haste now, than a beggar upon pattens; or a physician to a patient that has no money, you pilchers.

Tib. *Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, hold up your hands. You have, according to the Roman custom, put yourselves upon trial to the urn, for divers and sundry calumnies, whereof you have, before this time, been indicted, and are now presently arraigned: prepare yourselves to hearken to the verdict of your tryers. Caius Cilnius Mecænas pronounceth you, by this hand-writing, guilty. Cornelius Gallus, guilty. Pantilius Tucca——*

Tuc. Parcel-guilty, I.

Dem. He means himself; for it was he indeed Suborn'd us to the calumny.

Tuc. I, you whoreson cantharides! was it I?

Dem. I appeal to your conscience, captain.

Tib. Then you confess it now?

Dem. I do, and crave the mercy of the court.

Tib. What saith Crispinus?

Cris. O, the captain, the captain——

Hor. My physic begins to work with my patient, I see.

Virg. Captain, stand forth and answer.

Tuc. Hold thy peace, poet prætor: I appeal from thee to Cæsar, I. Do me right, royal Cæsar.

Cæs. Marry, and I will, sir.—Lictors, gag him; And put a case of vizards o'er his head, [do.
That he may look bifronted, as he speaks.

Tuc. Gods and fiends! Cæsar! thou wilt not, Cæsar, wilt thou? Away, you whoreson vultures; away. You think I am a dead corps now, because Cæsar is disposed to jest with a man of mark, or so. Hold your hook'd talons out of my flesh, you inhuman harpies. Go to, do't. What! will the royal Augustus cast away a gentleman of worship, a captain and a commander, for a couple of condemn'd caitiff calumnious cargos?

Cæs. Dispatch, lictors.

Tuc. Cæsar! [*The vizards are put upon him.*

Cæs. Forward, Tibullus.

Virg. Demand what cause they had to malign Horace.

Dem. In troth, no great cause, not I, I must confess; but that he kept better company, for the most part, than I; and that better men loved him than loved me; and that his writings thrived better than mine, and were better liked and graced: nothing else.

Virg. Thus envious souls repine at others good.

Hor. If this be all, faith, I forgive thee freely.
Envy me still, so long as Virgil loves me,
Gallus, Tibullus, and the best-best Cæsar,
My dear Mecænas; while these, with many more,
Whose names I wisely slip, shall think me worthy
Their honour'd and adored society,
And read and love, prove and applaud my poems;
I would not wish but such as you should spite them.

Cris. O————!

Tib. How now, Crispinus?

Cris. O, I am sick————!

Hor. A bason, a bason, quickly; our physic works. Faint not, man.

Cris. O—*retrograde*——*reciprocal*—*incubus.*

Cæs. What's that, Horace?

Hor. *Retrograde, reciprocal,* and *incubus,* are come up.

Gal. Thanks be to Jupiter!

Cris. O——*glibbery—lubrical—defunct*—O—!

Hor. Well said; here's some store.

Virg. What are they?

Hor. *Glibbery, lubrical,* and *defunct.*

Gal. O, they came up easy.

Cris. O——O——!

Tib. What's that?

Hor. Nothing yet.

Cris. *Magnificate*——

Mec. *Magnificate!* That came up somewhat hard.

Hor. Ay. What cheer, Crispinus?

Cris. O! I shall cast up my—*spurious—snotteries*—

Hor. Good. Again.

Cris. *Chilblain'd*——O——O——*clumsie*——

Hor. That *clumsie* stuck terribly.

Mec. What's all that, Horace?

Hor. *Spurious, snotteries, chilblain'd, clumsie.*

Tib. O Jupiter!

Gal. Who would have thought there should have been such a deal of filth in a poet?

Cris. O——*balmy froth*——

Cæs. What's that?

Cris. —*Puffie—inflate—turgidous—ventosity.*

Hor. *Barmy froth, puffie, inflate, turgidous,* and *ventosity* are come up.

Tib. O terrible windy words.

Gal. A sign of a windy brain.

Cris. O——*oblatrant*——*furibund*——*fatuate*——*strenuous*——

Hor. Here's a deal; *oblatrant, furibund, fatuate, strenuous.*

Cæs. Now all's come up, I trow. What a tumult he had in his belly?

Hor. No, there's the often *conscious damp* behind still.

Cris. O——*conscious*——*damp.*

Hor. It is come up, thanks to Apollo and Æsculapius: yet there's another; you were best take a pill more.

Cris. O, no; O——O——O——O——O!

Hor. Force yourself then a little with your finger.

Cris. O——O——*prorumped.*

Tib. *Prorumped!* What a noise it made! as if his spirit would have prorumpt with it.

Cris. O——O——O!

Virg. Help him, it sticks strangely, whatever it is.

Cris. O——*clutcht.*

Hor. Now it is come; *clutcht.*

Cæs. *Clutcht!* it is well that's come up; it had but a narrow passage.

Cris. O——!

Virg. Again! hold him, hold his head there.

Cris. *Snarling gusts*——*quaking custard.*

Hor. How now, Crispinus?

Cris. O——*obstupefact.*

Tib. Nay, that are all we, I assure you.

Hor. How do you feel yourself?

Cris. Pretty and well, I thank you.

Virg. These pills can but restore him for a time,
Not cure him quite of such a malady,
Caught by so many surfeits, which have fill'd
His blood and brain thus full of crudities:
'Tis necessary therefore he observe
A strict and wholesome diet. Look you take
Each morning of old Cato's principles
A good draught next your heart; that walk upon,
Till it be well digested: then come home,
And taste a piece of Terence, suck his phrase
Instead of liquorice; and, at any hand,
Shun Plautus and old Ennius: they are meats
Too harsh for a weak stomach. Use to read
(But not without a tutor) the best Greeks,
As Orpheus, Musæus, Pindarus,
Hesiod, Callimachus, and Theocrite,
High Homer; but beware of Lycophron,
He is too dark and dangerous a dish.
You must not hunt for wild outlandish terms,
To stuff out a peculiar dialect;
But let your matter run before your words.
And if at any time you chance to meet
Some Gallo-Belgic phrase, you shall not straight
Rack your poor verse to give it entertainment,
But let it pass; and do not think yourself
Much damnified, if you do leave it out,
When nor your understanding, nor the sense
Could well receive it. This fair abstinence,
In time, will render you more sound and clear:
And this have I prescribed to you, in place
Of a strict sentence; which till he perform,
Attire him in that robe. And henceforth learn
To bear yourself more humbly; not to swell,
Or breathe your insolent and idle spite
On him whose laughter can your worst affright.

Tib. Take him away.

Cris. Jupiter guard Cæsar!

Virg. And for a week or two see him lock'd up
In some dark place, removed from company;
He will talk idly else after his physic.
Now to you, sir. [*to* Demetrius.] The extremity
Awards you to be branded in the front, [of law
For this your calumny: but since it pleaseth
Horace, the party wrong'd, t' intreat of Cæsar
A mitigation of that juster doom,
With Cæsar's tongue thus we pronounce your sentence.
Demetrius Fannius, thou shalt here put on
That coat and cap, and henceforth think thyself
No other than they make thee; vow to wear them
In every fair and generous assembly,
Till the best sort of minds shall take to knowledge
As well thy satisfaction, as thy wrongs.

Hor. Only, grave prætor, here, in open court,
I crave the oath for good behaviour
May be administer'd unto them both.

Virg. Horace, it shall: Tibullus, give it them.

Tib. *Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, lay your hands on your hearts. You shall here solemnly attest and swear, that never, after this instant, either at booksellers' stalls, in taverns, two-penny rooms, tyring-houses, noblemen's butteries, puisnés chambers, (the best and farthest places where you are admitted to come,) you shall once offer or dare (thereby to endear yourself the more to any player, enghle, or guilty gull in your company) to malign, traduce, or detract the person or writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, or any other eminent man, transcending you in merit, whom your envy shall find cause to work upon, either for that, or for keeping himself in better acquaintance, or enjoying better friends; or if, transported by any sudden and desperate resolution, you do, that then you shall not under the batoon, or in the next presence, being an honourable assembly of his favourers, be brought as voluntary gentlemen to undertake the forswearing of it. Neither shall you, at any time, ambitiously affecting the title of the Untrussers or Whippers of the age, suffer the itch of writing to over-run your performance in libel, upon pain of being taken up for lepers in wit, and, losing both your time and your papers, be irrecoverably forfeited to the hospital of fools. So help you our Roman gods and the Genius of great Cæsar.*

Virg. So! now dissolve the court.

Hor. Tib. Gal. Mec. And thanks to Cæsar,
That thus hath exercised his patience.

Cæs. We have, indeed, you worthiest friends of
It is the bane and torment of our ears, [Cæsar
To hear the discords of those jangling rhymers,
That with their bad and scandalous practices
Bring all true arts and learning in contempt.
But let not your high thoughts descend so low
As these despised objects; let them fall,
With their flat groveling souls: be you yourselves;
And as with our best favours you stand crown'd,
So let your mutual loves be still renown'd.
Envy will dwell where there is want of merit,
Though the deserving man should crack his spirit.

Blush, folly, blush; here 's none that fears
The wagging of an ass's ears,
Although a wolfish case he wears.

Detraction is but baseness' varlet;
And apes are apes, though clothed in scarlet.
[*Exeunt.*

Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidiâ.

"Here, reader, in place of the epilogue, was meant to thee an apology from the author, with his reasons for the publishing of this book: but, since he is no less restrained, than thou deprived of it by authority, he prays thee to think charitably of what thou hast read, till thou mayest hear him speak what he hath written."

HORACE AND TREBATIUS.

A DIALOGUE.

Sat. 1. *Lib.* 2.

Hor. There are to whom I seem excessive sour,
And past a satire's law t' extend my power:
Others, that think whatever I have writ
Wants pith and matter to eternize it;
And that they could, in one day's light, disclose
A thousand verses, such as I compose.
What shall I do, Trebatius? say.
Treb. Surcease.
Hor. And shall my muse admit no more increase?
Treb. So I advise.
Hor. An ill death let me die,
If 'twere not best; but sleep avoids mine eye,
And I use these, lest nights should tedious seem.
Treb. Rather, contend to sleep, and live like them,
That, holding golden sleep in special price,
Rubb'd with sweet oils, swim silver Tyber thrice,
And every even with neat wine steeped be:
Or, if such love of writing ravish thee,
Then dare to sing unconquer'd Cæsar's deeds;
Who cheers such actions with abundant meeds.
Hor. That, father, I desire; but, when I try,
I feel defects in every faculty:
Nor is't a labour fit for every pen,
To paint the horrid troops of armed men,
The lances burst, in Gallia's slaughter'd forces;
Or wounded Parthians, tumbled from their horses:
Great Cæsar's wars cannot be fought with words.
Treb. Yet, what his virtue in his peace affords,
His fortitude and justice thou canst show
As wise Lucilius honour'd Scipio.
Hor. Of that, my powers shall suffer no neglect,
When such slight labours may aspire respect:
But, if I watch not a most chosen time,
The humble words of Flaccus cannot climb
Th' attentive ear of Cæsar; nor must I
With less observance shun gross flattery:
For he, reposed safe in his own merit,
Spurns back the gloses of a fawning spirit.
Treb. But how much better would such accents sound
Than with a sad and serious verse to wound
Pantolabus, railing in his saucy jests,
Or Nomentanus spent in riotous feasts?
In satires, each man, though untouch'd, complains
As he were hurt; and hates such biting strains.
Hor. What shall I do? Milonius shakes his heels
In ceaseless dances, when his brain once feels
The stirring fervour of the wine ascend;
And that his eyes false numbers apprehend.
Castor his horse, Pollux loves handy-fights;
A thousand heads, a thousand choice delights.
My pleasure is in feet my words to close,
As, both our better, old Lucilius does:
He, as his trusty friends, his books did trust
With all his secrets; nor, in things unjust,
Or actions lawful, ran to other men:
So that the old man's life described, was seen
As in a votive table in his lines:
And to his steps my genius inclines;
Lucanian, or Apulian, I know not whether,
For the Venusian colony ploughs either;
Sent thither, when the Sabines were forced thence,
As old Fame sings, to give the place defence
'Gainst such as, seeing it empty, might make road
Upon the empire; or there fix abode:
Whether the Apulian borderer it were,
Or the Lucanian violence they fear.—
But this my style no living man shall touch,
If first I be not forced by base reproach;
But like a sheathed sword it shall defend
My innocent life; for why should I contend
To draw it out, when no malicious thief
Robs my good name, the treasure of my life?
O Jupiter, let it with rust be eaten,
Before it touch, or insolently threaten
The life of any with the least disease;
So much I love, and woo a general peace.
But, he that wrongs me, better, I proclaim,
He never had assay'd to touch my fame.
For he shall weep, and walk with every tongue
Throughout the city, infamously sung.
Servius the prætor threats the laws, and urn,
If any at his deeds repine or spurn;
The witch Canidia, that Albutius got,
Denounceth witchcraft, where she loveth not:
Thurius the judge, doth thunder worlds of ill,
To such as strive with his judicial will.
All men affright their foes in what they may,
Nature commands it, and men must obey.
Observe with me: The wolf his tooth doth use,
The bull his horn; and who doth this infuse,
But nature? There's luxurious Scæva; trust
His long-lived mother with him; his so just
And scrupulous right-hand no mischief will;
No more than with his heel a wolf will kill,
Or ox with jaw: marry, let him alone
With temper'd poison to remove the croan.
But briefly, if to age I destined be,
Or that quick death's black wings environ me;
If rich, or poor; at Rome; or fate command
I shall be banished to some other land;
What hue soever my whole state shall bear,
I will write satires still, in spite of fear.
Treb. Horace, I fear thou draw'st no lasting breath;
And that some great man's friend will be thy death.
Hor. What! when the man that first did satirize
Durst pull the skin over the ears of vice,
And make who stood in outward fashion clear,
Give place, as foul within; shall I forbear?
Did Lælius, or the man so great with fame,
That from sack'd Carthage fetch'd his worthy name,
Storm that Lucilius did Metellus pierce,
Or bury Lupus quick in famous verse?
Rulers and subjects, by whole tribes he checkt,
But virtue and her friends did still protect:
And when from sight, or from the judgment-seat,
The virtuous Scipio and wise Lælius met,
Unbraced, with him in all light sports they shared,
Till their most frugal suppers were prepared.

Whate'er I am, though both for wealth and wit
Beneath Lucilius I am pleased to sit;
Yet Envy, spite of her empoison'd breast,
Shall say, I lived in grace here with the best;
And seeking in weak trash to make her wound,
Shall find me solid, and her teeth unsound:
'Less learn'd Trebatius' censure disagree.

Treb. No, Horace, I of force must yield to thee;
Only take heed, as being advised by me,
Lest thou incur some danger: better pause,
Than rue thy ignorance of the sacred laws;
There's justice, and great action may be sued
'Gainst such as wrong men's fames with verses lewd.

Hor. Ay, with lewd verses, such as libels be,
And aim'd at persons of good quality:
I reverence and adore that just decree.
But if they shall be sharp, yet modest rhymes,
That spare men's persons, and but tax their crimes,
Such shall in open court find current pass,
Were Cæsar judge, and with the maker's grace.

Treb. Nay, I'll add more; if thou thyself, being
Shall tax in person a man fit to bear [clear,
Shame and reproach, his suit shall quickly be
Dissolved in laughter, and thou thence set free.

TO THE READER.

If, by looking on what is past, thou hast deserved that name, I am willing thou should'st yet know more, by that which follows, an Apologetical Dialogue; which was only once spoken upon the stage, and all the answer I ever gave to sundry impotent libels then cast out (and some yet remaining) against me, and this play. Wherein I take no pleasure to revive the times; but that posterity may make a difference between their manners that provoked me then, and mine that neglected them ever. For, in these strifes, and on such persons, were as wretched to affect a victory, as it is unhappy to be committed with them.

Non annorum canities est laudanda, sed morum.

SCENE, *The* Author's *Lodgings.*

Enter Nasutus *and* Polyposus.

Nas. *I pray you, let's go see him, how he looks After these libels.*

Pol. *O vex'd, vex'd, I warrant you.*

Nas. *Do you think so? I should be sorry for him, If I found that.*

Pol. *O, they are such bitter things, He cannot choose.*

Nas. *But, is he guilty of them?*

Pol. *Fuh! that's no matter.*

Nas. *No!*

Pol. *No. Here's his lodging. We'll steal upon him: or let's listen; stay. He has a humour oft to talk t' himself.*

Nas. *They are your manners lead me, not mine own.*

[They come forward; the scene opens, and discovers the Author in his study.

Aut. *The fates have not spun him the coarsest thread, That (free from knots of perturbation) Doth yet so live, although but to himself, As he can safely scorn the tongues of slaves, And neglect fortune, more than she can him. It is the happiest thing this, not to be Within the reach of malice; it provides A man so well, to laugh off injuries; And never sends him farther for his vengeance, Than the vex'd bosom of his enemy. I, now, but think how poor their spite sets off, Who, after all their waste of sulphurous terms, And burst-out thunder of their charged mouths, Have nothing left but the unsavoury smoke Of their black vomit, to upbraid themselves: Whilst I, at whom they shot, sit here shot-free, And as unhurt of envy, as unhit.*

[Pol. and Nas. discover themselves.

Pol. *Ay, but the multitude they think not so, sir; They think you hit, and hurt: and dare give out, Your silence argues it in not rejoining To this or that late libel.*

Aut. *'Las, good rout! I can afford them leave to err so still; And like the barking students of Bears-college, To swallow up the garbage of the time With greedy gullets, whilst myself sit by, Pleased, and yet tortured, with their beastly feeding. 'Tis a sweet madness runs along with them, To think, all that are aim'd at still are struck: Then, where the shaft still lights, make that the mark: And so each fear or fever-shaken fool May challenge Teucer's hand in archery. Good troth, if I knew any man so vile, To act the crimes these Whippers reprehend, Or what their servile apes gesticulate, I should not then much muse their shreds were liked; Since ill men have a lust t' hear others sins, And good men have a zeal to hear sin shamed. But when it is all excrement they vent, Base filth and offal; or thefts, notable As ocean-piracies, or highway-stands; And not a crime there tax'd, but is their own, Or what their own foul thoughts suggested to them; And that, in all their heat of taxing others, Not one of them but lives himself, if known,* Improbior satiram scribente cinædo. *What should I say more, than turn stone with wonder!*

Nas. *I never saw this play bred all this tumult: What was there in it could so deeply offend, And stir so many hornets?*

Aut. *Shall I tell you?*

Nas. *Yes, and ingenuously.*

Aut. *Then, by the hope Which I prefer unto all other objects, I can profess, I never writ that piece More innocent or empty of offence. Some salt it had, but neither tooth nor gall, Nor was there in it any circumstance Which, in the setting down, I could suspect Might be perverted by an enemy's tongue; Only it had the fault to be call'd mine; That was the crime.*

Pol. *No! why, they say you tax'd The law and lawyers, captains and the players, By their particular names.*

Aut. *It is not so. I used no name. My books have still been taught To spare the persons, and to speak the vices. These are mere slanders, and enforced by such As have no safer ways to men's disgraces. But their own lies and loss of honesty: Fellows of practised and most laxative tongues, Whose empty and eager bellies, in the year,*

Compel their brains to many desperate shifts,
(I spare to name them, for their wretchedness
Fury itself would pardon.) These, or such,
Whether of malice, or of ignorance,
Or itch t' have me their adversary, I know not,
Or all these mixt; but sure I am, three years
They did provoke me with their petulant styles
On every stage: and I at last unwilling,
But weary, I confess, of so much trouble,
Thought I would try if shame could win upon 'em;
And therefore chose Augustus Cæsar's times,
When wit and arts were at their height in Rome,
To shew that Virgil, Horace, ana the rest
Of those great master-spirits, did not want
Detractors then, or practicers against them:
And by this line, although no parallel,
I hoped at last they would sit down and blush;
But nothing I could find more contrary.
And though the impudence of flies be great,
Yet this hath so provok'd the angry wasps,
Or, as you said, of the next nest, the hornets,
That they fly buzzing, mad, about my nostrils,
And, like so many screaming grasshoppers
Held by the wings, fill every ear with noise.
And what? those former calumnies you mention'd.
First, of the law: indeed I brought in Ovid
Chid by his angry father for neglecting
The study of their laws for poetry:
And I am warranted by his own words:

Sæpe pater dixit, studium quid inutile tentas?
Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.

And in far harsher terms elsewhere, as these:

Non me verbosas leges ediscere, non me
Ingrato voces prostituisse foro.

But how this should relate unto our laws,
Or the just ministers, with least abuse,
I reverence both too much to understand!
Then, for the captain, I will only speak
An epigram I here have made: it is
UNTO TRUE SOLDIERS. *That's the lemma: mark it.*
Strength of my country, whilst I bring to view
Such as are mis-call'd captains, and wrong you,
And your high names; I do desire, that thence,
Be nor put on you, nor you take offence:
I swear by your true friend, my muse, I love
Your great profession which I once did prove;
And did not shame it with my actions then,
No more than I dare now do with my pen.
He that not trusts me, having vow'd thus much,
But's angry for the captain, still: is such.
Now for the players, it is true, I tax'd them,
And yet but some; and those so sparingly,
As all the rest might have sat still unquestion'd,
Had they but had the wit or conscience
To think well of themselves. But impotent, they
Thought each man's vice belong'd to their whole tribe;
And much good do't them! What they have done 'gainst me,
I am not moved with: if it gave them meat,
Or got them clothes, 'tis well; that was their end.
Only amongst them, I am sorry for
Some better natures, by the rest so drawn,
To run in that vile line.
Pol. *And is this all!*
Will you not answer then the libels?
Aut. *No.*
Pol. *Nor the Untrussers?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Pol. *Y'are undone then.*
Aut. *With whom?*
Pol. *The world.*
Aut. *The bawd!*
Pol. *It will be taken*
To be stupidity or tameness in you.
Aut. *But they that have incensed me, can in soul*
Acquit me of that guilt. They know I dare
To spurn or baffle them, or squirt their eyes
With ink or urine; or I could do worse,
Arm'd with Archilochus' fury, write Iambics,
Should make the desperate lashers hang themselves;
Rhime them to death, as they do Irish rats
In drumming tunes. Or, living, I could stamp
Their foreheads with those deep and public brands,
That the whole company of barber-surgeons
Should not take off, with all their art and plasters.
And these my prints should last, still to be read
In their pale fronts; when, what they write 'gainst me
Shall, like a figure drawn in water, fleet,
And the poor wretched papers be employed
To clothe tobacco, or some cheaper drug:
This I could do, and make them infamous.
But, to what end? when their own deeds have mark'd 'em;
And that I know, within his guilty breast
Each slanderer bears a whip that shall torment him
Worse than a million of these temporal plagues:
Which to pursue, were but a feminine humour,
And far beneath the dignity of man.
Nas. *'Tis true; for to revenge their injuries,*
Were to confess you felt them. Let them go,
And use the treasure of the fool, their tongues,
Who makes his gain, by speaking worst of best.
Pol. *O, but they lay particular imputations——*
Aut. *As what?*
Pol. *That all your writing is mere railing.*
Aut. *Ha?*
If all the salt in the old comedy
Should be so censured, or the sharper wit
Of the bold satire termed scolding rage,
What age could then compare with those for buffoons?
What should be said of Aristophanes,
Persius, or Juvenal, whose names we now
So glorify in schools, at least pretend it?—
Have they no other?
Pol. *Yes; they say you are slow,*
And scarce bring forth a play a year.
Aut. *'Tis true.*
I would they could not say that I did that!
There's all the joy that I take in their trade,
Unless such scribes as these might be proscribed
Th' abused theatres. They would think it strange, now,
A man should take but colts-foot for one day,
And, between whiles, spit out a better poem
Than e'er the master of art, or giver of wit,
Their belly, made. Yet, this is possible,
If a free mind had but the patience,
To think so much together and so vile.
But that these base and beggarly conceits
Should carry it, by the multitude of voices,
Against the most abstracted work, opposed
To the stuff'd nostrils of the drunken rout!
O, this would make a learn'd and liberal soul

To rive his stained quill up to the back,
And damn his long-watch'd labours to the fire;
Things that were born when none but the still night
And his dumb candle, saw his pinching throes;
Were not his own free merit a more crown
Unto his travails than their reeling claps.
This 'tis that strikes me silent, seals my lips,
And apts me rather to sleep out my time,
Than I would waste it in contemned strifes
With these vile Ibides, these unclean birds,
That make their mouths their clysters, and still purge
From their hot entrails. But I leave the monsters
To their own fate. And, since the Comic Muse
Hath proved so ominous to me, I will try
If TRAGEDY *have a more kind aspect;*
Her favours in my next I will pursue,
Where, if I prove the pleasure but of one,
So he judicious be, he shall be alone
A theatre unto me; Once I'll say
To strike the ear of time in those fresh strains,
As shall, beside the cunning of their ground,
Give cause to some of wonder, some despite,
And more despair, to imitate their sound.
I, that spend half my nights, and all my days,
Here in a cell, to get a dark pale face,
To come forth worth the ivy or the bays,
And in this age can hope no other grace—
Leave me! There's something come into my thought,
That must and shall be sung high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof.

NAS. *I reverence these raptures, and obey them.*

[The scene closes.

SEJANUS: HIS FALL.

TO THE NO LESS NOBLE BY VIRTUE THAN BLOOD,

ESME LORD AUBIGNY.

My Lord,—If ever any ruin were so great as to survive, I think this be one I send you, The Fall of Sejanus. It is a poem, that, if I well remember, in your lordship's sight, suffered no less violence from our people here, than the subject of it did from the rage of the people of Rome; but with a different fate, as, I hope, merit: for this hath outlived their malice, and begot itself a greater favour than he lost, the love of good men. Amongst whom, if I make your lordship the first it thanks, it is not without a just confession of the bond your benefits have, and ever shall hold upon me,

Your lordship's most faithful honourer, Ben Jonson.

TO THE READERS.

The following and voluntary labours of my friends, prefixed to my book, have relieved me in much whereat, without them, I should necessarily have touched. Now I will only use three or four short and needful notes, and so rest.

First, if it be objected, that what I publish is no true poem, in the strict laws of time, I confess it: as also in the want of a proper chorus; whose habit and moods are such and so difficult, as not any, whom I have seen, since the ancients, no, not they who have most presently affected laws, have yet come in the way of. Nor is it needful, or almost possible in these our times, and to such auditors as commonly things are presented, to observe the old state and splendor of dramatic poems, with preservation of any popular delight. But of this I shall take more seasonable cause to speak, in my observations upon Horace his Art of Poetry, which, with the text translated, I intend shortly to publish. In the mean time, if in truth of argument, dignity of persons, gravity and height of elocution, fulness and frequency of sentence, I have discharged the other offices of a tragic writer, let not the absence of these forms be imputed to me, wherein I shall give you occasion hereafter, and without my boast, to think I could better prescribe, than omit the due use for want of a convenient knowledge.

The next is, lest in some nice nostril the quotations might savour affected, I do let you know, that I abhor nothing more; and I have only done it to shew my integrity in the story, and save myself in those common torturers that bring all wit to the rack; whose noses are over like swine, spoiling and rooting up the Muses' gardens; and their whole bodies like moles, as blindly working under earth, to cast any, the least, hills upon virtue.

Whereas they are in Latin, and the work in English, it was presupposed none but the learned would take the pains to confer them: the authors themselves being all in the learned tongues, save one, with whose English side I have had little to do. To which it may be required, since I have quoted the page, to name what editions I followed: Tacit. Lips. in quarto, Antwerp. edit. 1600; Dio. folio, Hen. Steph. 1592. For the rest, as Sueton. Seneca, &c. the chapter doth sufficiently direct, or the edition is not varied.

Lastly, I would inform you, that this book, in all numbers, is not the same with that which was acted on the public stage; wherein a second pen had good share: in place of which, I have rather chosen to put weaker, and, no doubt, less pleasing, of mine own, than to defraud so happy a genius of his right by my loathed usurpation.

Fare you well, and if you read farther of me, and like, I shall not be afraid of it, though you praise me out.

Neque enim mihi cornea fibra est.

But that I should plant my felicity in your general saying, good, or well, &c. were a weakness which the better sort of you might worthily contemn, if not absolutely hate me for.

Ben Jonson;

and no such,

Quem
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ælius Sejanus, son to Seius Strabo, a gentleman of Rome, and born at Vulsinium; after his long service in court, first under Augustus; afterward, Tiberius; grew into that favour with the latter, and won him by those arts, as there wanted nothing but the name to make him a co-partner of the empire. Which greatness of his, Drusus, the emperor's son, not brooking; after many smothered dislikes, it one day breaking out, the prince struck him publicly on the face. To revenge which disgrace, Livia, the wife of Drusus (being before corrupted by him to her dishonour, and the discovery of her husband's counsels) Sejanus practiseth with, together with her physician called Eudemus, and one Lygdus an eunuch, to poison Drusus. This their inhuman act having successful and unsuspected passage, it emboldeneth Sejanus to further and more insolent projects, even the ambition of the empire; where finding the lets he must encounter to be many and hard, in respect of the issue of Germanicus, who were next in hope for the succession, he deviseth to make Tiberius' self his means, and instils into his ears many doubts and suspicions, both against the princes, and their mother Agrippina; which Cæsar jealously hearkening to, as covetously consenteth to their ruin, and their friends. In this time, the better to mature and strengthen his design, Sejanus labours to marry Livia, and worketh with all his ingine, to remove Tiberius from the know-

ledge of public business, with allurements of a quiet and retired life; the latter of which, Tiberius, out of a proneness to lust, and a desire to hide those unnatural pleasures which he could not so publicly practise, embraceth: the former enkindleth his fears, and there gives him first cause of doubt or suspect towards Sejanus: against whom he raiseth in private a new instrument, one Sertorius Macro, and by him underworketh, discovers the other's counsels, his means, his ends, sounds the affections of the senators, divides, distracts them: at last, when Sejanus least looketh, and is most secure; with pretext of doing him an unwonted honour in the senate, he trains him from his guards, and with a long doubtful letter, in one day hath him suspected, accused, condemned, and torn in pieces by the rage of the people.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIBERIUS.
DRUSUS SENIOR.
NERO.
DRUSUS JUNIOR.
CALIGULA.
LUCIUS ARRUNTIUS.
CAIUS SILIUS.
TITIUS SABINUS.
MARCUS LEPIDUS.
CREMUTIUS CORDUS.
ASINIUS GALLUS.
REGULUS.
TERENTIUS.
GRACINUS LACO.
EUDEMUS.

RUFUS.
SEJANUS.
LATIARIS.
VARRO.
SERTORIUS MACRO.
COTTA.
DOMITIUS AFER.
HATERIUS.
SANQUINIUS.
POMPONIUS.
JULIUS POSTHUMUS.
FULCINIUS TRIO.
MINUTIUS.
SATRIUS SECUNDUS.
PINNARIUS NATTA.

ORSIUS.

Tribuni.
Præcones.
Flamen.
Tubicines.
Nuntius.
Lictores.
Ministri.
Tibicines.
Servi, &c.

AGRIPPINA.
LIVIA.
SOSIA.

SCENE,—ROME.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A State Room in the Palace.*

Enter SABINUS *and* SILIUS, *followed by* LATIARIS.

Sab. Hail, Caius[1] Silius!
Sil. Titius Sabinus,[2] hail!
You're rarely met in court.
Sab. Therefore, well met. [sphere.
Sil. 'Tis true: indeed, this place is not our
Sab. No, Silius, we are no good inginers.
We want their fine arts, and their thriving use
Should make us graced, or favour'd of the times:
We have no shift of faces, no cleft tongues,
No soft and glutinous bodies, that can stick,
Like snails on painted walls; or, on our breasts,
Creep up, to fall from that proud height, to which
We did by slavery,[3] not by service climb.
We are no guilty men, and then no great;
We have no place in court, office in state,
That we can say,[4] we owe unto our crimes:
We burn with no black secrets,[5] which can make
Us dear to the pale authors; or live fear'd
Of their still waking jealousies, to raise
Ourselves a fortune, by subverting theirs.
We stand not in the lines, that do advance
To that so courted point.

Enter SATRIUS *and* NATTA, *at a distance.*

Sil. But yonder lean
A pair that do.
Sab. [*salutes* LATIARIS.] Good cousin Latiaris.——[6]
Sil. Satrius Secundus,[7] and Pinnarius Natta,[8]
The great Sejanus' clients: there be two,
Know more than honest counsels; whose close breasts,
Were they ripp'd up to light, it would be found
A poor and idle sin, to which their trunks
Had not been made fit organs. These can lie,
Flatter, and swear, forswear, deprave,[9] inform,
Smile, and betray; make guilty men; then beg
The forfeit lives, to get their livings; cut
Men's throats with whisperings; sell to gaping suitors
The empty smoke, that flies about the palace;
Laugh when their patron laughs; sweat when he sweats;
Be hot and cold with him; change every mood,
Habit, and garb, as often as he varies;
Observe him, as his watch observes his clock;
And, true, as turquoise in the dear lord's ring,
Look well or ill with him:[10] ready to praise
His lordship, if he spit, or but p— fair,
Have an indifferent stool, or break wind well;
Nothing can 'scape their catch.
Sab. Alas! these things
Deserve no note, conferr'd with other vile
And filthier flatteries,[11] that corrupt the times;
When, not alone our gentries chief are fain
To make their safety from such sordid acts;
But all our consuls,[12] and no little part
Of such as have been prætors, yea, the most
Of senators,[13] that else not use their voices,

[1] De Caio Silio, vid. Tacit. Lips. edit. quarto; Ann. Lib. i. p. 11, Lib. ii. p. 28 et 33.
[2] De Titio Sabino, vid. Tacit. Lib. iv. p. 79.
[3] Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 2.
[4] Juv. Sat. i. v. 75.
[5] Juv. Sat. iii. v. 49, &c.
[6] De Latiari, cons. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 94, et Dion. Step. edit. fol. Lib. lviii. p. 711.
[7] De Satrio Secundo, et
[8] Pinnario Natta, leg. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 83. Et de Satrio cons. Senec. Consol. ad Marciam.
[9] Vid. Sen. de Benef. Lib. iii. cap. 26.
[10] Juv. Sat. iii. ver. 105, &c.
[11] Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 3.
[12] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iii. p. 69.
[13] Pedarii.

Start up in public senate and there strive
Who shall propound most abject things, and base.
So much, as oft Tiberius hath been heard,
Leaving the court, to cry,[1] O race of men,
Prepared for servitude!—which shew'd that he,
Who least the public liberty could like,
As lothly brook'd their flat servility.
Sil. Well, all is worthy of us, were it more,
Who with our riots, pride, and civil hate,
Have so provok'd the justice of the gods:
We, that, within these fourscore years, were born
Free, equal lords of the triúmphed world,
And knew no masters, but affections;
To which betraying first our liberties,
We since became the slaves to one man's lusts;
And now to many:[2] every minist'ring spy
That will accuse and swear, is lord of you,
Of me, of all our fortunes and our lives.
Our looks are call'd to question,[3] and our words,
How innocent soever, are made crimes;
We shall not shortly dare to tell our dreams,
Or think, but 'twill be treason.
Sab. Tyrants arts
Are to give flatterers grace; accusers, power;
That those may seem to kill whom they devour.

Enter CORDUS *and* ARRUNTIUS.

Now, good Cremutius Cordus.[4]
Cor. [*salutes* SABINUS.] Hail to your lordship!
Nat. [*whispers* LATIARIS.] Who's that salutes your cousin?
Lat. 'Tis one Cordus,
A gentleman of Rome: one that has writ
Annals of late, they say, and very well.
Nat. Annals! of what times?
Lat. I think of Pompey's,[5]
And Caius Cæsar's; and so down to these.
Nat. How stands he affected to the present state?
Is he or Drusian,[6] or Germanican,
Or ours, or neutral?
Lat. I know him not so far.
Nat. Those times are somewhat queasy to be touch'd.
Have you or seen, or heard part of his work?
Lat. Not I; he means they shall be public shortly.
Nat. O, Cordus do you call him?
Lat. Ay. [*Exeunt* NATTA *and* SATRIUS.
Sab. But these our times
Are not the same, Arruntius.[7]
Arr. Times! the men,
The men are not the same: 'tis we are base,
Poor, and degenerate from the exalted strain
Of our great fathers. Where is now the soul
Of god-like Cato? he, that durst be good,
When Cæsar durst be evil; and had power,
As not to live his slave, to die his master?
Or where's the constant Brutus, that being proof
Against all charm of benefits, did strike
So brave a blow into the monster's heart
That sought unkindly to captive his country?
O, they are fled the light! Those mighty spirits
Lie raked up with their ashes in their urns,
And not a spark of their eternal fire
Glows in a present bosom. All's but blaze,
Flashes and smoke, wherewith we labour so,
There's nothing Roman in us; nothing good,
Gallant, or great: 'tis true that Cordus says,
"Brave Cassius was the last of all that race."

DRUSUS *passes over the stage, attended by* LATERIUS, *&c*

Sab. Stand by! lord Drusus.[8]
Hat. The emperor's son! give place.
Sil. I like the prince well.
Arr. A riotous youth;[9]
There's little hope of him.
Sab. That fault his age
Will, as it grows, correct. Methinks he bears
Himself each day more nobly than other;
And wins no less on men's affections,
Than doth his father lose. Believe me, I love him;
And chiefly for opposing to Sejanus.[10]
Sil. And I, for gracing his young kinsmen so,[11]
The sons[12] of prince Germanicus:[13] it shews
A gallant clearness in him, a straight mind,
That envies not, in them, their father's name.
Arr. His name was, while he lived, above all envy;
And, being dead, without it. O, that man!
If there were seeds of the old virtue left,
They lived in him.
Sil. He had the fruits, Arruntius,
More than the seeds:[14] Sabinus, and myself [him.
Had means to know him within; and can report
We were his followers, he would call us friends;
He was a man most like to virtue; in all,
And every action, nearer to the gods,
Than men, in nature; of a body as fair
As was his mind; and no less reverend
In face, than fame:[15] he could so use his state,
Tempering his greatness with his gravity,
As it avoided all self-love in him,
And spite in others. What his funerals lack'd
In images and pomp, they had supplied
With honourable sorrow, soldiers' sadness,
A kind of silent mourning, such, as men,
Who know no tears, but from their captives, use
To shew in so great losses.
Cor. I thought once,
Considering their forms, age, manner of deaths,
The nearness of the places where they fell,
To have parallel'd him with great Alexander:
For both were of best feature, of high race,
Year'd but to thirty, and, in foreign lands,
By their own people alike made away.

[1] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iii. p. 69.
[2] Lege Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 24. de Romano, Hispano, et cæteris, ibid. et Lib. iii. Ann. p. 61 et 62. Juv. Sat. x. v. 87. Suet. Tib. cap. 61.
[3] Vid. Tacit. Ann. i. p. 4, et Lib. iii. p. 62. Suet. Tib. cap. 61. Senec. de Benef. Lib. iii. cap. 26.
[4] De Crem. Cordo, vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 83, 84. Senec. Cons. ad Marciam. Dio. Lib. lvii. p. 710. Suet. Aug. c. 35. Tib. c. 61. Cal. c. 16.
[5] Suet. Aug. cap. 35.
[6] Vid. de faction. Tacit. Ann. Lib. ii. p. 39. et Lib. iv. p. 79.
[7] De Lu. Arrun. isto vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 6. et Lib. iii. p. 60. et Dion. Rom. Hist. Lib. 58.
[8] Lege de Druso Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 9. Suet. Tib. c. 52. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 699.
[9] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iii. p. 62.
[10] Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74.
[11] Ann. Lib. iv. p. 75. 76.
[12] Nero, Drusus, Caius, qui in castris genitus, et Caligula nominatus. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i.
[13] De Germanico Cons. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 14. et Dion. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 694.
[14] Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79.
[15] Tacit. Ann. Lib. ii. p. 47, et Dion. Rom. Hist. Lib lvii. p. 705.

Sab. I know not, for his death, how you might wrest it:
But, for his life, it did as much disdain
Comparison, with that voluptuous, rash,
Giddy, and drunken Macedon's, as mine
Doth with my bondman's. All the good in him,
His valour and his fortune, he made his;
But he had other touches of late Romans,
That more did speak him:[1] Pompey's dignity,
The innocence of Cato, Cæsar's spirit,
Wise Brutus' temperance; and every virtue,
Which, parted unto others, gave them name,
Flow'd mix'd in him. He was the soul of goodness;
And all our praises of him are like streams
Drawn from a spring, that still rise full, and leave
The part remaining greatest.

Arr. I am sure
He was too great for us,[2] and that they knew
Who did remove him hence.

Sab. When men grow fast
Honour'd and loved, there is a trick in state,
Which jealous princes never fail to use,
How to decline that growth, with fair pretext,
And honourable colours of employment,
Either by embassy, the war, or such,
To shift them forth into another air,
Where they may purge and lessen; so was he:[3]
And had his seconds there, sent by Tiberius,
And his more subtile dam, to discontent him;
To breed and cherish mutinies; detract
His greatest actions; give audacious check
To his commands; and work to put him out
In open act of treason. All which snares
When his wise cares prevented,[4] a fine poison
Was thought on, to mature their practices.

Enter SEJANUS *talking to* TERENTIUS, *followed by* SATRIUS, NATTA, *&c.*

Cor. Here comes Sejanus.[5]

Sil. Now observe the stoops,
The bendings, and the falls.

Arr. Most creeping base!

Sej. [*to* NATTA.] I note them well: no more.
Say you?

Sat. My lord,
There is a gentleman of Rome would buy——

Sej. How call you him you talk'd with?

Sat. Please your lordship,
It is Eudemus,[6] the physician
To Livia, Drusus' wife.

Sej. On with your suit.
Would buy, you said——

Sat. A tribune's place, my lord.

Sej. What will he give?

Sat. Fifty sestertia.[7]

Sej. Livia's physician, say you, is that fellow?

Sat. It is, my lord: Your lordship's answer.

Sej. To what?

Sat. The place, my lord. 'Tis for a gentleman
Your lordship will well like of, when you see him;
And one, that you may make yours, by the grant.

Sej. Well, let him bring his money, and his name.

Sat. 'Thank your lordship. He shall, my lord.

Sej. Come hither.
Know you this same Eudemus? is he learn'd?

Sat. Reputed so, my lord, and of deep practice.

Sej. Bring him in, to me, in the gallery;
And take you cause to leave us there together:
I would confer with him, about a grief——
On. [*Exeunt* SEJANUS, SATRIUS, TERENTIUS, *&c.*

Arr. So! yet another? yet? O desperate state
Of groveling honour! seest thou this, O sun,
And do we see thee after? Methinks, day
Should lose his light, when men do lose their shames,
And for the empty circumstance of life,
Betray their cause of living.

Sil. Nothing so.[8]
Sejanus can repair, if Jove should ruin.
He is now the court god; and well applied
With sacrifice of knees, of crooks, and cringes;
He will do more than all the house of heaven
Can, for a thousand hecatombs. 'Tis he
Makes us our day, or night; hell, and elysium
Are in his look: we talk of Rhadamanth,
Furies, and firebrands; but it is his frown
That is all these; where, on the adverse part,
His smile is more, than e'er yet poets feign'd
Of bliss, and shades, nectar——

Arr. A serving boy!
I knew him, at Caius' trencher,[9] when for hire
He prostituted his abused body
To that great gormond, fat Apicius;
And was the noted pathic of the time.

Sab. And, now,[10] the second face of the whole world!
The partner of the empire, hath his image
Rear'd equal with Tiberius, born in ensigns;
Commands, disposes every dignity,
Centurions, tribunes, heads of provinces,
Prætors and consuls; all that heretofore
Rome's general suffrage gave, is now his sale.
The gain, or rather spoil of all the earth,
One, and his house, receives.

Sil. He hath of late
Made him a strength too, strangely, by reducing
All the prætorian bands into one camp,
Which he commands: pretending that the soldiers,
By living loose and scatter'd, fell to riot;
And that if any sudden enterprize
Should be attempted, their united strength
Would be far more than sever'd; and their life
More strict, if from the city more removed.

Sab. Where, now, he builds what kind of forts he please,
Is heard to court the soldier by his name,
Woos, feasts the chiefest men of action,
Whose wants, not loves, compel them to be his.

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[1] Vid. apud Vell. Paterc. Lips. 4to. p. 35—47, istorum hominum characteres.

[2] Vid. Tacit. Lib. ii. Ann. p. 28 et p. 34. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 705.

[3] Con. Tacit. Ann. Lib. ii. p. 39. de occultis mandatis Pisoni, et postea p. 42, 43, 48. Orat. D. Celeris. Est Tibi Augustæ conscientia, est Cæsaris favor, sed in occulto, &c. Leg. Suet. Tib. c. 52. Dio. p. 706.

[4] Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. ii. p. 46, 47. Lib. iii. p. 54. et Suet. Cal. c. 1 et 2.

[5] De Sejano vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 9. Lib. iv. princip. et per tot. Suet. Tib. Dio. Lib. lvii. lviii. et Plin. et Senec.

[6] De Eudemo isto vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74.

[7] Monetæ nostræ 375 lib. vid. Budæum de asse, Lib. ii. p. 64.

[8] De ingenio, moribus, et potentia Sejani, leg. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 708.

[9] Caius divi Augusti nepos. Cons. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74, et Dio. Lib. lvii. p. 706.

[10] Juv. Sat. x. v. 63, &c. Tacit. ibid. Dion. ibid. et sic passim.

And though he ne'er were liberal by kind,
Yet to his own dark ends, he's most profuse,
Lavish, and letting fly, he cares not what
To his ambition.
Arr. Yet, hath he ambition?
Is there that step in state can make him higher,
Or more, or anything he is, but less?
Sil. Nothing but emperor.
Arr. The name Tiberius,
I hope, will keep, howe'er he hath foregone
The dignity and power.
Sil. Sure, while he lives.
Arr. And dead, it comes to Drusus. Should he fail,
To the brave issue of Germanicus;
And they are three:[1] too many—ha? for him
To have a plot upon!
Sab. I do not know
The heart of his designs; but, sure, their face
Looks farther than the present.
Arr. By the gods,
If I could guess he had but such a thought,
My sword should cleave him down from head to heart,
But I would find it out: and with my hand
I'd hurl his panting brain about the air
In mites, as small as atomi, to undo
The knotted bed——
Sab. You are observ'd, Arruntius.
Arr. [*turns to* NATTA, TERENTIUS, *&c.*] Death! I dare tell him so; and all his spies:
You, sir, I would, do you look? and you.
Sab. Forbear.

SCENE II.

(The former Scene continued.)

A Gallery discovered opening into the State Room.

Enter SATRIUS *with* EUDEMUS.

Sat. Here he will instant be: let's walk a turn;
You're in a muse, Eudemus.
Eud. Not I, sir.
I wonder he should mark me out so! well,
Jove and Apollo form it for the best. [*Aside.*
Sat. Your[2] fortune's made unto you now, Eudemus,
If you can but lay hold upon the means;
Do but observe his humour, and—believe it—
He is the noblest Roman, where he takes—

Enter SEJANUS.

Here comes his lordship.
Sej. Now, good Satrius.
Sat. This is the gentleman, my lord.
Sej. Is this?
Give me your hand—we must be more acquainted.
Report, sir, hath spoke out your art and learning:
And I am glad I have so needful cause,
However in itself painful and hard,
To make me known to so great virtue.—Look,
Who is that, Satrius? [*Exit* SAT.]—I have a grief, sir,
That will desire your help. Your name's Eudemus?
Eud. Yes.
Sej. Sir?
Eud. It is, my lord.
Sej. I hear you are
Physician to Livia,[3] the princess.
Eud. I minister unto her, my good lord.
Sej. You minister to a royal lady, then.
Eud. She is, my lord, and fair.
Sej. That's understood
Of all their sex, who are or would be so;
And those that would be, physic soon can make them:
For those that are, their beauties fear no colours.
Eud. Your lordship is conceited.
Sej. Sir, you know it,
And can, if need be, read a learned lecture
On this, and other secrets. 'Pray you, tell me,
What more of ladies besides Livia,
Have you your patients?
Eud. Many, my good lord.
The great Augusta,[4] Urgulania,[5]
Mutilia Prisca,[6] and Plancina;[7] divers—
Sej. And all these tell you the particulars
Of every several grief? how first it grew,
And then increased; what action caused that;
What passion that: and answer to each point
That you will put them?
Eud. Else, my lord, we know not
How to prescribe the remedies.
Sej. Go to,
You are a subtile nation, you physicians!
And grown the only cabinets in court,[8]
To ladies privacies. Faith, which of these
Is the most pleasant lady in her physic?
Come, you are modest now.
Eud. 'Tis fit, my lord.
Sej. Why, sir, I do not ask you of their urines,
Whose smell's most violet, or whose siege is best,
Or who makes hardest faces on her stool?
Which lady sleeps with her own face a nights?
Which puts her teeth off, with her clothes, in court?
Or, which her hair, which her complexion,
And, in which box she puts it; These were questions,
That might, perhaps, have put your gravity
To some defence of blush But, I enquired,
Which was the wittiest, merriest, wantonnest?
Harmless intergatories, but conceits.——
Methinks Augusta should be most perverse,
And froward in her fit.
Eud. She's so, my lord.
Sej. I knew it: and Mutilia the most jocund.
Eud. 'Tis very true, my lord.
Sej. And why would you
Conceal this from me, now? Come, what is Livia?
I know she's quick and quaintly spirited,
And will have strange thoughts, when she is at leisure:
She tells them all to you.
Eud. My noblest lord,
He breathes not in the empire, or on earth,
Whom I would be ambitious to serve
In any act, that may preserve mine honour,
Before your lordship.
Sej. Sir, you can lose no honour,

[1] Nero, Drusus, et Caligula.—Tacit. ibid.
[2] Lege Terentii defensionem Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi. p. 102.
[3] Germanici soror, uxor Drusi. Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv p. 74.
[4] Mater Tiberii. vid. Tacit. Ann 1, 2, 3, 4, moritur 5. Suet. Tib. Dio. Rom. Hist. 57, 58.
[5] Delicium Augustæ. Tacit. Ann. Lib. ii. et iv.
[6] Adultera Julii Posthumi. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 77.
[7] Pisonis uxor. Tacit. Ann. Lib. ii. iii. iv.
[8] Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74. et Plin. Nat. Hist. Lib. xxix. c. 1.

By trusting aught to me. The coarsest act
Done to my service, I can so requite,
As all the world shall style it honourable:
Your idle, virtuous definitions,
Keep honour poor, and are as scorn'd as vain:
Those deeds breathe honour that do suck in gain.
Eud. But, good my lord, if I should thus betray
The counsels of my patient, and a lady's
Of her high place and worth; what might your lordship,
Who presently are to trust me with your own,
Judge of my faith?
Sej. Only the best I swear.
Say now that I should utter you my grief,
And with it the true cause; that it were love.
And love to Livia;[1] you should tell her this:
Should she suspect your faith; I would you could
Tell me as much from her; see if my brain
Could be turn'd jealous.
Eud. Happily, my lord,
I could in time tell you as much and more;
So I might safely promise but the first
To her from you.
Sej. As safely, my Eudemus,
I now dare call thee so, as I have put
The secret into thee.
Eud. My lord——
Sej. Protest not,
Thy looks are vows to me; use only speed,
And but affect her with Sejanus' love,[2]
Thou art a man, made to make consuls. Go.
Eud. My lord, I'll promise you a private meeting
This day together.
Sej. Canst thou?
Eud. Yes.
Sej. The place?
Eud. My gardens, whither I shall fetch your lordship.
Sej. Let me adore my Æsculapius.
Why, this indeed is physic! and outspeaks
The knowledge of cheap drugs, or any use
Can be made out of it! more comforting
Than all your opiates, juleps, apozems,
Magistral syrups, or——Be gone, my friend,
Not barely styled, but created so;
Expect things greater than thy largest hopes,
To overtake thee: Fortune shall be taught
To know how ill she hath deserv'd thus long,
To come behind thy wishes. Go, and speed.
[*Exit* EUDEMUS.
Ambition makes more trusty slaves than need.
These fellows,[3] by the favour of their art,
Have still the means to tempt; oft-times the power.
If Livia will be now corrupted, then
Thou hast the way, Sejanus, to work out
His secrets, who, thou know'st, endures thee not,
Her husband, Drusus: and to work against them.
Prosper it, Pallas, thou that better'st wit;
For Venus hath the smallest share in it.

Enter TIBERIUS *and* DRUSUS, *attended.*

Tib. [*to* HATERIUS, *who kneels to him.*] We not endure these flatteries; let him stand;
Our empire, ensigns, axes, rods and state
Take not away our human nature from us:
Look up on us, and fall before the gods.
Sej. How like a god speaks Cæsar!
Arr. There, observe!
He can endure that second, that's no flattery.
O, what is it, proud slime will not believe
Of his own worth, to hear it equal praised
Thus with the gods!
Cor. He did not hear it, sir.
Arr. He did not! Tut, he must not, we think meanly.
'Tis your most courtly known confederacy,
To have your private parasite redeem
What he, in public, subtilely will lose,
To making him a name.
Hat. Right mighty lord—— [*Gives him letters.*
Tib. We must make up our ears 'gainst these assaults
Of charming tongues;[5] we pray you use no more
These contumelies to us; style not us
Or lord, or mighty, who profess ourself
The servant of the senate, and are proud
T' enjoy them our good, just, and favouring lords.
Cor. Rarely[6] dissembled!
Arr. Prince-like to the life.
Sab. When power that may command, so much descends,
Their bondage, whom it stoops to, it intends.
Tib. Whence are these letters?
Hat. From the senate.
Tib. So. [LAT. *gives him letters.*
Whence these?
Lat. From thence too.
Tib. Are they sitting now?
Lat. They stay thy answer, Cæsar.
Sil. If this man
Had but a mind allied unto his words,
How blest a fate were it to us, and Rome!
We could not think that state for which to change,
Although the aim were our old liberty:
The ghosts[7] of those that fell for that, would grieve
Their bodies lived not, now, again to serve.
Men are deceived, who think there can be thrall
Beneath a virtuous prince: Wish'd liberty
Ne'er lovelier looks, than under such a crown.
But, when his grace[8] is merely but lip-good,
And that, no longer than he airs himself
Abroad in public, there, to seem to shun
The strokes and stripes of flatterers, which within
Are lechery unto him, and so feed
His brutish sense with their afflicting sound,
As, dead to virtue, he permits himself
Be carried like a pitcher by the ears,
To every act of vice: this is a case
Deserves our fear, and doth presage the nigh
And close approach of blood and tyranny.
Flattery is midwife[9] unto prince's rage:
And nothing sooner doth help forth a tyrant,

1 Cons. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74.
2 Tacit. ibid.
3 Eud. specie artis frequens secretis. Tacit. ibid. Vid. Plin. Nat. Hist. Lib. xxix. c. 1. in criminat. medicorum.
4 De initio Tiberii principatus vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 23, Lib. iv. p. 75. et Suet. Tib. c. 27. De Haterio vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 6.
5 Cons. Tacit. Ann. Lib. ii. p. 50. et Suet. Tib. c. 27 et 29.
6 Nullam æque Tiberius ex virtutibus suis quam dissimulationem diligebat. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 95.
7 Bruti, Cassii, Catonis, &c.
8 Vid. Dio. Hist. Lib. lvii. de moribus Tiberii.
9 Tyrannis fere oritur ex nimia procerum adulatione in principem. Arist. Pol. Lib. v. c. 10, 11. et delatorum auctoritate. Leg. Tacit. Dio. Suet. Tib. per totum. Sub quo decreta accusatoribus præcipua præmia. Vid. Suet. Tib. c. 61, et Sen. Benef. Lib. iii. c. 6.

Than that and whisperers' grace, who have the time,
The place, the power, to make all men offenders.
Arr. He should be told this; and be bid dissemble
With fools and blind men: we that know the evil,
Should hunt the palace-rats,[1] or give them bane;
Fright hence these worse than ravens, that devour
The quick, where they but prey upon the dead:
He shall be told it.
Sab. Stay, Arruntius,
We must abide our opportunity;
And practise what is fit, as what is needful.
It is not safe t' enforce a sovereign's ear:
Princes hear well, if they at all will hear.
Arr. Ha, say you so? well! In the mean time, Jove,
(Say not, but I do call upon thee now,)
Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant;
And of all tame, a flatterer.
Sil. 'Tis well pray'd.
Tib. [*having read the letters.*] Return the lords this voice,——We are their creature,
And it is fit a good and honest prince,
Whom they, out of their bounty, have instructed[2]
With so dilate and absolute a power,
Should owe the office of it to their service,
And good of all and every citizen.
Nor shall it e'er repent us to have wish'd
The senate just, and favouring lords unto us,
Since their free loves do yield no less defence
To a prince's state, than his own innocence.
Say then, there can be nothing in their thought
Shall want to please us, that hath pleased them;
Our suffrage rather shall prevent than stay
Behind their wills: 'tis empire to obey,
Where such, so great, so grave, so good determine.
Yet, for the suit of Spain,[3] to erect a temple
In honour of our mother and our self,
We must, with pardon of the senate, not
Assent thereto. Their lordships may object
Our not denying the same late request
Unto the Asian cities: we desire
That our defence for suffering that be known
In these brief reasons, with our after purpose.
Since deified Augustus hindered not
A temple to be built at Pergamum,
In honour of himself and sacred Rome;
We, that have all his deeds[4] and words observed
Ever, in place of laws, the rather follow'd
That pleasing precedent, because with ours,
The senate's reverence, also, there was join'd.
But as, t' have once received it, may deserve
The gain of pardon; so, to be adored
With the continued style, and note of gods,
Through all the provinces, were wild ambition,
And no less pride: yea, even Augustus' name
Would early vanish, should it be profaned
With such promiscuous flatteries. For our part,
We here protest it, and are covetous
Posterity should know it, we are mortal;
And can but deeds of men: 'twere glory enough,
Could we be truly a prince. And, they shall add
Abounding grace unto our memory,
That shall report us worthy our forefathers,
Careful of your affairs, constant in dangers,
And not afraid of any private frown
For public good. These things shall be to us
Temples and statues, reared in your minds,
The fairest, and most during imagery:
For those of stone or brass, if they become
Odious in judgment of posterity,
Are more contemn'd as dying sepulchres,
Than ta'en for living monuments. We then
Make here our suit, alike to gods and men;
The one, until the period of our race,
To inspire us with a free and quiet mind,
Discerning both divine and human laws;
The other, to vouchsafe us after death,
An honourable mention, and fair praise,
To accompany our actions and our name:
The rest of greatness princes may command,
And, therefore, may neglect; only, a long,
A lasting, high, and happy memory
They should, without being satisfied, pursue:
Contempt of fame begets contempt of virtue.
Nat. Rare!
Sat. Most divine!
Sej. The oracles are ceased,
That only Cæsar, with their tongue, might speak.
Arr. Let me be gone: most felt and open this!
Cor. Stay.
Arr. What! to hear more cunning and fine words,
With their sound flatter'd ere their sense be meant?
Tib. Their choice of Antium,[5] there to place the gift
Vow'd to the goddess[6] for our mother's health,
We will the senate know, we fairly like;
As also of their grant[7] to Lepidus,
For his repairing the Æmilian place,
And restoration of those monuments:
Their grace[8] too in confining of Silanus
To the other isle Cithera, at the suit
Of his religious[9] sister, much commends
Their policy, so temper'd with their mercy.
But for the honours which they have decreed
To our Sejanus,[10] to advance his statue
In Pompey's theatre, (whose ruining fire
His vigilance and labour kept restrain'd
In that one loss,) they have therein out-gone
Their own great wisdoms, by their skilful choice,
And placing of their bounties on a man,
Whose merit more adorns the dignity,
Than that can him; and gives a benefit,
In taking, greater than it can receive.
Blush not, Sejanus,[11] thou great aid of Rome,
Associate of our labours, our chief helper;
Let us not force thy simple modesty
With offering at thy praise, for more we cannot,
Since there's no voice can take it. No man here
Receive our speeches as hyperboles:
For we are far from flattering our friend,
Let envy know, as from the need to flatter.
Nor let them ask the causes of our praise:

[1] Tineas soricesque Palatii vocat istos Sex. Aurel. Vict. et Tacit. Hist. Lib. i. p. 233, qui secretis criminat. infamant ignarum, et quo incautior deciperetur, palam laudatum, &c.
[2] Vid. Suet. Tib. c. 20. et Dio. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 696.
[3] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 84 et 85.
[4] Cons. Strab. Lib. vi. de Tib.
[5] Tacit. Lib. iii. p. 71.
[6] Fortuna equestris, ibid.
[7] Tacit. ibid.
[8] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iii. p. 170.
[9] Torquata virgo vestalis, cujas memoriam servat marmor Romæ. vid. Lips. comment. in Tacit.
[10] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iii. p. 71.
[11] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74—76.

Princes have still their grounds rear'd with themselves,
Above the poor low flats of common men;
And who will search the reasons of their acts,
Must stand on equal bases. Lead, away:
Our loves unto the senate.

[*Exeunt* TIB. SEJAN. NATTA, HAT. LAT. *Officers, &c.*

Arr. Cæsar!

Sab. Peace.

Cor. Great Pompey's theatre[1] was never ruin'd
Till now, that proud Sejanus hath a statue
Rear'd on his ashes.

Arr. Place the shame of soldiers,
Above the best of generals? crack the world,
And bruise the name of Romans into dust,
Ere we behold it!

Sil. Check your passion;
Lord Drusus tarries.

Dru. Is my father mad,[2]
Weary of life, and rule, lords? thus to heave
An idol up with praise! make him his mate,
His rival in the empire!

Arr. O, good prince.

Dru. Allow him statues,[3] titles, honours, such
As he himself refuseth!

Arr. Brave, brave Drusus!

Dru. The first ascents to sovereignty are hard;
But, entered once, there never wants or means,
Or ministers, to help the aspirer on.

Arr. True, gallant Drusus.

Dru. We must shortly pray
To Modesty, that he will rest contented—

Arr. Ay, where he is, and not write emperor.

Re-enter SEJANUS, SATRIUS, LATIARIS, *Clients, &c.*

Sej. There is your bill, and yours; bring you your man. [*To* SATRIUS.]
I have moved for you, too, Latiaris.

Dru. What!
Is your vast greatness grown so blindly bold,
That you will over us?

Sej. Why then give way.

Dru. Give way, Colossus! do you lift? advance you?
Take that![4] [*Strikes him.*

Arr. Good! brave! excellent, brave prince!

Dru. Nay, come, approach. [*Draws his sword.*
What, stand you off? at gaze?
It looks too full of death for thy cold spirits.
Avoid mine eye, dull camel, or my sword
Shall make thy bravery fitter for a grave,
Than for a triumph. I'll advance a statue
O' your own bulk; but 't shall be on the cross;[5]
Where I will nail your pride at breadth and length,
And crack those sinews, which are yet but stretch'd
With your swoln fortune's rage.

Arr. A noble prince!

All. A Castor,[6] a Castor, a Castor, a Castor!
[*Exeunt all but* SEJANUS.

Sej. He that, with such wrong moved, can bear it through
With patience, and an even mind, knows how
To turn it back. Wrath cover'd carries fate:
Revenge is lost, if I profess my hate.
What was my practice late, I'll now pursue,
As my fell justice: this hath styled it new.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of* EUDEMUS.

Enter SEJANUS, LIVIA, *and* EUDEMUS.

Sej. Physician, thou art worthy of a province,
For the great favours done unto our loves;
And, but that greatest Livia bears a part
In the requital of thy services,
I should alone despair of aught, like means,
To give them worthy satisfaction.

Liv. Eudemus, I will see it, shall receive
A fit and full reward for his large merit.——
But for this potion[7] we intend to Drusus,
No more our husband now, whom shall we choose
As the most apt and able instrument,
To minister it to him?

Eud. I say, Lygdus.[8]

Sej. Lygdus? what's he?

Liv. An eunuch Drusus loves.

Eud. Ay, and his cup-bearer.

Sej. Name not a second.
If Drusus love him, and he have that place,
We cannot think a fitter.

Eud. True, my lord.
For free access and trust are two main aids.

Sej. Skilful physician!

Liv. But he must be wrought
To the undertaking, with some labour'd art.

Sej. Is he ambitious?

Liv. No.

Sej. Or covetous?

Liv. Neither.

Eud. Yet, gold is a good general charm.

Sej. What is he, then?

Liv. Faith, only wanton, light.

Sej. How! is he young and fair?

Eud. A delicate youth.

Sej. Send him to me,[9] I'll work him.—Royal lady,
Though I have loved you long, and with that height
Of zeal and duty, like the fire, which more
It mounts it trembles, thinking nought could add
Unto the fervour which your eye had kindled;
Yet, now I see your wisdom, judgment, strength,
Quickness, and will, to apprehend the means
To your own good and greatness, I protest
Myself through rarified, and turn'd all flame
In your affection: such a spirit as yours,
Was not created for the idle second
To a poor flash, as Drusus; but to shine

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1 Vid. Sen. Cons. ad. Marc. c. 22.

2 Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 76.

3 Tacit. ibid.

4 Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74—76.

5 Tacit. ibidem.

6 Tacit. sequimur Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74, quanquam apud Dionem et Zonaram aliter legitur.

7 Servile, apud Romanos, et ignominiosissimum mortis genus erat supplicium crucis, ut ex Liv. ipso. Tacit. Dio. et omnibus fere antiquis, præsertim historicis constet. vid. Plaut. in. Mil. Amph. Aulii. Hor. Lib. i. Ser. 3. et Jev. Sat. vi. Pone crucem servo, &c.

8 Sic Drusus ob violentiam cognominatus, vid. Dion. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 701.

9 Spadonis animum stupro devinxit. Tacit. ibid.

Bright as the moon among the lesser lights,
And share the sov'reignty of all the world.
Then Livia triumphs in her proper sphere,
When she and her Sejanus shall divide
The name of Cæsar, and Augusta's star
Be dimm'd with glory of a brighter beam:
When Agrippina's[1] fires are quite extinct,
And the scarce-seen Tiberius borrows all
His little light from us, whose folded arms
Shall make one perfect orb. [*Knocking within.*]
Who's that? Eudemus,
Look. [*Exit* EUDEMUS.] 'Tis not Drusus, lady,
do not fear.
Liv. Not I, my lord: my fear and love of him
Left me at once.
Sej. Illustrious lady, stay——————
Eud. [*within.*] I'll tell his lordship.

Re-enter EUDEMUS.

Sej. Who is it, Eudemus?
Eud. One of your lordship's servants brings you
word
The emperor hath sent for you.
Sej. O! where is he?
With your fair leave, dear princess, I'll but ask
A question and return. [*Exit.*
Eud. Fortunate princess!
How are you blest in the fruition
Of this unequall'd man, the soul of Rome,
The empire's life, and voice of Cæsar's world!
Liv. So blessed, my Eudemus, as to know
The bliss I have, with what I ought to owe
The means that wrought it. How do I look to-day?
Eud. Excellent clear, believe it. This same
Was well laid on. [fucus
Liv. Methinks 'tis here not white.
Eud. Lend me your scarlet, lady. 'Tis the sun,
Hath giv'n some little taint unto the ceruse:[2]
You should have used of the white oil I gave you.
Sejanus, for your love! his very name
Commandeth above Cupid or his shafts———
[*Paints her cheeks.*
Liv. Nay, now you've made it worse.
Eud. I'll help it straight——
And but pronounced, is a sufficient charm
Against all rumour; and of absolute power
To satisfy for any lady's honour.
Liv. What do you now, Eudemus?
Eud. Make a light fucus,
To touch you o'er withal.—Honour'd Sejanus!
What act, though ne'er so strange and insolent,
But that addition will at least bear out,
If't do not expiate?
Liv. Here, good physician.
Eud. I like this study to preserve the love
Of such a man, that comes not every hour
To greet the world.—'Tis now well, lady, you
should
Use of the dentifrice I prescribed you too,
To clear your teeth, and the prepared pomatum,
To smooth the skin:—A lady cannot be
Too curious of her form, that still would hold
The heart of such a person, made her captive,
As you have his: who, to endear him more
In your clear eye, hath put away his wife,[3]
The trouble of his bed, and your delights,
Fair Apicata, and made spacious room
To your new pleasures.
Liv. Have not we return'd
That with our hate to Drusus, and discovery[4]
Of all his counsels?
Eud. Yes, and wisely, lady.
The ages that succeed, and stand far off
To gaze at your high prudence, shall admire,
And reckon it an act without your sex:
It hath that rare appearance. Some will think
Your fortune could not yield a deeper sound,
Than mix'd with Drusus; but, when they shall hear
That, and the thunder of Sejanus meet,
Sejanus, whose high name doth strike the stars,
And rings about the concave; great Sejanus,
Whose glories, style, and titles are himself,
The often iterating of Sejanus:
They then will lose their thoughts, and be ashamed
To take acquaintance of them.

Re-enter SEJANUS.

Sej. I must make
A rude departure, lady: Cæsar sends
With all his haste both of command and prayer.
Be resolute in our plot; you have my soul,
As certain yours as it is my body's.
And, wise physician,[5] so prepare the poison,
As you may lay the subtile operation
Upon some natural disease of his:
Your eunuch send to me. I kiss your hands,
Glory of ladies, and commend my love
To your best faith and memory.
Liv. My lord,
I shall but change your words. Farewell. Yet, this
Remember for your heed, he loves you not:
You know what I have told you: his designs
Are full of grudge and danger; we must use
More than a common speed.
Sej. Excellent lady,
How you do fire my blood!
Liv. Well, you must go?
The thoughts be best, are least set forth to show.
[*Exit* SEJANUS.
Eud. When will you take some physic, lady?
Liv. When
I shall, Eudemus: but let Drusus' drug
Be first prepared.
Eud. Were Lygdus made, that's done;
I have it ready. And to-morrow morning
I'll send you a perfume, first to resolve
And procure sweat, and then prepare a bath
To cleanse and clear the cutis; against when
I'll have an excellent new fucus made,
Resistive 'gainst the sun, the rain, or wind,
Which you shall lay on with a breath, or oil,
As you best like, and last some fourteen hours.
This change came timely, lady, for your health,
And the restoring your complexion,
Which Drusus' choler had almost burnt up!
Wherein your fortune hath prescribed you better
Than art could do.
Liv. Thanks, good physician,
I'll use my fortune, you shall see, with reverence.
Is my coach ready?
Eud. It attends your highness. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Germanici vidua.

[2] Cerussa (apud Romanos) inter fictitiores colores erat et quæ solem ob calorem timebat. vid. Mart. Lib. ii. Epig. 41.

Quæ cretata timet Fabulla nimbum,
Cerussata timet Sabella solem.

[3] Ex qua tres liberos genuerat, ne pellici suspectaretur Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74.

[4] Leg. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 76.

[5] Tacit. ibid. et Dion. Rom. His Lib. lvii. p. 709.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter SEJANUS.

Sej. If this be not revenge, when I have done
And made it perfect, let Egyptian slaves,[1]
Parthians, and bare-foot Hebrews brand my face,
And print my body full of injuries.
Thou lost thyself, child Drusus, when thou thoughtst
Thou couldst outskip my vengeance; or outstand
The power I had to crush thee into air.
Thy follies now shall taste what kind of man
They have provoked, and this thy father's house
Crack in the flame of my incensed rage,
Whose fury shall admit no shame or mean.—
Adultery! it is the lightest ill
I will commit. A race of wicked acts
Shall flow out of my anger, and o'erspread
The world's wide face, which no posterity
Shall e'er approve, nor yet keep silent: things
That for their cunning, close, and cruel mark,
Thy father would wish his: and shall, perhaps,
Carry the empty name, but we the prize.
On, then, my soul, and start not in thy course;
Though heaven drop sulphur, and hell belch out fire,
Laugh at the idle terrors; tell proud Jove,
Between his power and thine there is no odds:
'Twas only fear first in the world made gods.[2]

Enter TIBERIUS, *attended.*

Tib. Is yet Sejanus come!
Sej. He's here, dread Cæsar.
Tib. Let all depart that chamber, and the next.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.
Sit down, my comfort.[3] When the master prince
Of all the world, Sejanus, saith he fears,
Is it not fatal?
Sej. Yes, to those are fear'd.
Tib. And not to him?
Sej. Not, if he wisely turn
That part of fate he holdeth, first on them.
Tib. That nature, blood, and laws of kind forbid.
Sej. Do policy and state forbid it?
Tib. No.
Sej. The rest of poor respects, then, let go by;
State is enough to make the act just, them guilty.
Tib. Long hate pursues such acts.
Sej. Whom hatred frights,
Let him not dream of sovereignty.
Tib. Are rites
Of faith, love, piety, to be trod down,
Forgotten, and made vain?
Sej. All for a crown.
The prince who shames a tyrant's name to bear,
Shall never dare do anything, but fear;
All the command of sceptres quite doth perish,
If it begin religious thoughts to cherish:
Whole empires fall, sway'd by those nice respects;
It is the license of dark deeds protects
Ev'n states most hated, when no laws resist
The sword, but that it acteth what it list.
Tib. Yet so, we may do all things cruelly,
Not safely.
Sej. Yes, and do them thoroughly.
Tib. Knows yet Sejanus whom we point at?
Sej. Ay,
Or else my thought, my sense, or both do err:
'Tis Agrippina.[4]
Tib. She, and her proud race.
Sej. Proud! dangerous,[5] Cæsar: for in them apace
The father's spirit shoots up. Germanicus[6]
Lives in their looks, their gait, their form, t' upbraid us
With his close death, if not revenge the same.
Tib. The act's not known.
Sej. Not proved: but whispering Fame
Knowledge and proof doth to the jealous give,
Who, than to fail, would their own thought believe.
It is not safe, the children draw long breath,
That are provoked by a parent's death.
Tib. It is as dangerous to make them hence,
If nothing but their birth be their offence.
Sej. Stay, till they strike at Cæsar; then their crime
Will be enough; but late and out of time
For him to punish.
Tib. Do they purpose it?
Sej. You know, sir, thunder speaks not till it hit.
Be not secure; none swiftlier are opprest,
Than they whom confidence betrays to rest.
Let not your daring make your danger such:
All power is to be fear'd, where 'tis too much.
The youths are of themselves hot, violent,
Full of great thought; and that male-spirited dame,
Their mother, slacks no means to put them on,
By large allowance, popular presentings,
Increase of train and state, suing for titles;
Hath them commended with like prayers,[8] like vows,
To the same gods, with Cæsar: days and nights
She spends in banquets and ambitious feasts
For the nobility; where Caius Silius,
Titius Sabinus, old Arruntius,
Asinius Gallus, Furnius, Regulus,
And others of that discontented list,
Are the prime guests. There, and to these, she tells
Whose niece she was,[9] whose daughter, and whose wife.
And then must they compare her with Augusta,
Ay, and prefer her too; commend her form,
Extol her[10] fruitfulness; at which a shower
Falls for the memory of Germanicus,
Which they blow over straight with windy praise,
And puffing hopes of her aspiring sons;
Who, with these hourly ticklings, grow so pleased,
And wantonly conceited of themselves,
As now, they stick not to believe they're such
As these do give them out; and would be thought
More than competitors, immediate heirs.
Whilst to their thirst of rule, they win the rout

[1] Hi apud Romanos barbari et vilissimi æstimab. Juv. Mart. &c.
[2] Idem, et Petro. Arbiter, Sat. et Statius, Lib. iii.
[3] De hac consultatione, vid. Suet. Tib. c. 55.
[4] De Agrip. vid. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 69.
[5] De Sejani consil. in Agrip. leg. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 23, et Lib. iv. p. 77—79. de Tib. susp. Lib. iii. p. 52.
[6] Gnaris omnibus lætam Tiberio Germanici mortem male dissimulari. Tacit. Lib. iii. ibid. Huc confer Tacit. narrat. de morte Pisonis. p. 55. et Lib. iv. p. 74. Germanici mortem inter prospera ducebat.
[7] De anim. virili Agrip. cons. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 12 et 22. Lib. ii. p. 47.
[8] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79.
[9] Erat enim neptis Augusti, Agrippæ et Juliæ filia, Germanici uxor. Suet. Aug. c. 64.
[10] De fœcund. ejus. vid. Tacit. Ann Lib. ii. p. 39. et Lib. iv. p. 77.

(That's still the friend of novelty)[1] with hope
Of future freedom, which on every change
That greedily, though emptily expects.
Cæsar, 'tis age in all things breeds neglects,
And princes that will keep old dignity
Must not admit too youthful heirs stand by;
Not their own issue; but so darkly set
As shadows are in picture, to give height
And lustre to themselves.

Tib. We will command[2]
Their rank thoughts down, and with a stricter hand
Than we have yet put forth; their trains must bate,
Their titles, feasts, and factions.

Sej. Or your state.
But how, sir, will you work?

Tib. Confine them.

Sej. No.
They are too great, and that too faint a blow
To give them now; it would have serv'd at first,
When with the weakest touch their knot had burst.
But, now, your care must be, not to detect
The smallest cord, or line of your suspect;
For such, who know the weight of prince's fear,
Will, when they find themselves discover'd, rear
Their forces, like seen snakes, that else would lie
Roll'd in their circles, close: nought is more high,
Daring, or desperate, than offenders found;
Where guilt is, rage and courage both abound.
The course must be, to let them still swell up,
Riot, and surfeit on blind fortune's cup;
Give them more place, more dignities, more style,
Call them to court, to senate; in the while,
Take from their strength some one or twain, or more,
Of the main fautors, (it will fright the store,)
And, by some by-occasion. Thus, with slight
You shall disarm them first; and they, in night
Of their ambition, not perceive the train,
Till in the engine they are caught and slain.

Tib. We would not kill, if we knew how to save;
Yet, than a throne, 'tis cheaper give a grave.
Is there no way to bind them by deserts?

Sej. Sir, wolves do change their hair, but not their hearts.
While thus your thought unto a mean is tied,
You neither dare enough, nor do provide.
All modesty is fond: and chiefly where
The subject is no less compell'd to bear,
Than praise his sovereign's acts.

Tib. We can no longer[3]
Keep on our mask to thee, our dear Sejanus;
Thy thoughts are ours, in all, and we but proved
Their voice, in our designs, which by assenting
Hath more confirm'd us, than if heart'ning Jove
Had, from his hundred statues, bid us strike,
And at the stroke click'd all his marble thumbs[4].
But who shall first be struck?

Sej. First Caius Silius;
He is the most of mark, and most of danger:
In power and reputation equal strong,
Having commanded[5] an imperial army
Seven years together, vanquish'd Sacrovir
In Germany, and thence obtain'd to wear
The ornaments triumphal. His steep fall,
By how much it doth give the weightier crack,
Will send more wounding terror to the rest,
Command them stand aloof, and give more way
To our surprising of the principal.

Tib. But what[6], Sabinus?

Sej. Let him grow a while,
His fate is not yet ripe: we must not pluck
At all together, lest we catch ourselves.
And there's Arruntius too, he only talks.
But Sosia[7], Silius' wife, would be wound in
Now, for she hath a fury in her breast,
More than hell ever knew; and would be sent
Thither in time. Then is there one Cremutius[8]
Cordus, a writing fellow, they have got
To gather notes of the precedent times,
And make them into Annals; a most tart
And bitter spirit, I hear; who, under colour
Of praising those, doth tax the present state,
Censures the men, the actions, leaves no trick,
No practise unexamined, parallels
The times, the governments; a profest champion
For the old liberty———

Tib. A perishing wretch!
As if there were that chaos bred in things,
That laws and liberty would not rather choose
To be quite broken, and ta'en hence by us,
Than have the stain to be preserved by such.
Have we the means to make these guilty first?

Sej. Trust that to me: let Cæsar, by his power
But cause a formal meeting of the senate,
I will have matter and accusers ready.

Tib. But how? let us consult.

Sej. We shall mispend
The time of action. Counsels are unfit
In business, where all rest is more pernicious
Than rashness can be. Acts of this close kind
Thrive more by execution than advice.
There is no lingering in that work begun,
Which cannot praised be, until through done.

Tib. Our edicts shall forthwith command a court.[9]
While I can live, I will prevent earth's fury:
Ἐμοῦ θανόντος γαῖα μιχθήτω πυρί.[10] [*Exit.*

Enter JULIUS POSTHUMUS.

Pos. My lord Sejanus———

Sej. Julius[11] Posthumus!
Come with my wish! What news from Agrippina's?

Pos. Faith, none. They all lock up themselves
Or talk in character; I have not seen [a'late,
A company so changed. Except they had
Intelligence by augury of our practice.—

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[1] Displicere regnantibus civilia filiorum ingenia: neque ob aliud interceptos quam quia Pop. Rom. æquo jure complecti, reddita libertate, agitaverint. Nat. Tacit. Lib. ii. Ann. p. 49.

[2] Vid. Suet. Tib. c. 54.

[3] Tiberium variis artibus devinxit adeo Sejanus, ut obscurum adversum alios, sibi uni incautum, intectumquo efficeret. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74. Vid. Dio. Hist Rom. Lib. lvii. p. 707.

[4] Premere pollicem, apud Romanos, maximi favoris erat signum. Horat. Epist. ad Lollium. Fautor utroque horum laudabit pollice ludum. Et Plin. Nat. Hist. Lib. xxviii. cap. 2. Pollices, cum faveamus, premere etiam proverbio jubemur. De interp. loci, vid. Ang. Pol. Miscell. cap. xlii. et Turn. Adver. Lib. xi. cap. vi.

[5] Tacit. Lib. Ann. iii. p. 63. et Lib. iv. p. 79.

[6] Tacit. ibid.

[7] Tacit. ibid.

[8] Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 83. Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lvii. p. 710, et Sen. Cons. ad Marc. cap. 1. et fusius, cap. 22.

[9] Edicto ut plurimum Senatores in curiam vocatos constat. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 3.

[10] Vulgaris quidam versus, quem sæpe Tiber. recitasse memoratur. Dion. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 729.

[11] De Julio Postumo, vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 77.

Sej. When were you there?
Pos. Last night.
Sej. And what guests found you?
Pos. Sabinus, Silius, the old list, Arruntius, Furnius, and Gallus.
Sej. Would not these talk?
Pos. Little:
And yet we offer'd choice of argument.
Satrius was with me.
Sej. Well: 'tis guilt enough
Their often meeting. You forgot to extol[1]
The hospitable lady?
Pos. No; that trick
Was well put home, and had succeeded too,
But that Sabinus cough'd a caution out;
For she began to swell.
Sej. And may she burst!
Julius, I would have you go instantly
Unto the palace of the great Augusta,
And, by your[2] kindest friend, get swift access;
Acquaint her with these meetings: tell the words[3]
You brought me the other day, of Silius,
Add somewhat to them. Make her understand
The danger of Sabinus, and the times,
Out of his closeness. Give Arruntius' words
Of malice against Cæsar; so, to Gallus:
But, above all, to Agrippina. Say,
As you may truly, that her infinite pride[4],
Propt with the hopes of her too fruitful womb,
With popular studies gapes for sovereignty,
And threatens Cæsar. Pray Augusta then,
That for her own, great Cæsar's, and the pub-
Lic safety, she be pleased to urge these dangers.
Cæsar is too secure, he must be told,
And best he'll take it from a mother's tongue.
Alas! what is't for us to sound, to explore,
To watch, oppose, plot, practice, or prevent,
If he, for whom it is so strongly labour'd,
Shall, out of greatness and free spirit, be
Supinely negligent? our city's now[5]
Divided as in time o' the civil war,
And men forbear not to declare themselves
Of Agrippina's party. Every day
The faction multiplies; and will do more,
If not resisted: you can best enlarge it,
As you find audience. Noble Posthumus,
Commend me to your Prisca: and pray her,
She will solicit this great business,
To earnest and most present execution,
With all her utmost credit with Augusta.
Pos. I shall not fail in my instructions. [*Exit.*
Sej. This second, from his mother, will well urge
Our late design, and spur on Cæsar's rage;
Which else might grow remiss. The way to put
A prince in blood, is to present the shapes
Of dangers, greater than they are, like late,
Or early shadows; and, sometimes, to feign
Where there are none, only to make him fear?
His fear will make him cruel: and once enter'd,
He doth not easily learn to stop, or spare
Where he may doubt. This have I made my rule,
To thrust Tiberius into tyranny,
And make him toil, to turn aside those blocks,
Which I alone could not remove with safety,
Drusus once gone, Germanicus' three sons[6]
Would clog my way; whose guards have too much faith
To be corrupted: and their mother known
Of too, too unreproved a chastity,
To be attempted, as light Livia was.
Work then, my art, on Cæsar's fears, as they
On those they fear, 'till all my lets be clear'd,
And he in ruins of his house, and hate
Of all his subjects, bury his own state;
When with my peace and safety, I will rise,
By making him the public sacrifice. *Exit*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* AGRIPPINA'S *House.*

Enter SATRIUS *and* NATTA.

Sat. They're grown exceeding circumspect, and wary.
Nat. They have us in the wind: and yet Ar-
Cannot contain himself. [runtius
Sat. Tut, he's not yet
Look'd after; there are others more desired[7]
That are more silent.
Nat. Here he comes. Away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SABINUS, ARRUNTIUS, *and* CORDUS.

Sab. How is it, that these beagles haunt the
Of Agrippina? [house
Arr. O, they hunt[8], they hunt!
There is some game here lodged, which they must
To make the great ones sport. [rouse,
Cor. Did you observe
How they inveigh'd 'gainst Cæsar?
Arr. Ay, baits, baits,
For us to bite at: would I have my flesh
Torn by the public hook, these qualified hangmen
Should be my company.
Cor. Here comes another.
[DOM. AFER *passes over the Stage.*
Arr. Ay, there's a man[9], Afer the orator!
One that hath phrases, figures, and fine flowers,
To strew his rhetoric with,[10] and doth make haste,
To get him note, or name, by any offer
Where blood or gain be objects; steeps his words,
When he would kill, in artificial tears:
The crocodile of Tyber! him I love,
That man is mine; he hath my heart and voice
When I would curse! he, he.
Sab. Contemn the slaves,
Their present lives will be their future graves.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter SILIUS, AGRIPPINA, NERO, *and* SOSIA.

Sil. May't please your highness not forget yourself;

[1] Proximi Agrip. inliciebantur pravis sermonibus tumidos spiritus perstimulare. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 77.
[2] Mutilia Prisca, quæ in animum Augustæ valida. Tac. ibid.
[3] Verba Silii immodice jactata, vid. apud Tac. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79.
[4] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 77.
[5] Hæc apud Tacit. leg. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79.
[6] Quorum non dubia successio, neque spargi venenum in tres poterat, &c. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 77.
[7] Silius, Sabinus, de quibus supra.
[8] Tib. tempor. delatores genus hominum publico exitio repertum, et pœnis quidem nunquam satis coërcitum, per præmia eliciebantur. Tac. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 82.
[9] De Domit. Af. vid. Tac. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 89—93.
[10] Quoquo facinore properus clarescere. Tacit. ibid. Et infra. prosperiore eloquentiæ quam morum famâ fuit. Et p. 93. diu egens, et parto nuper præmio male usus, plura ad flagitia accingeretur.

I dare not, with my manners, to attempt
Your trouble farther.
Agr. Farewell, noble Silius!
Sil. Most royal princess.
Agr. Sosia stays with us?
Sil. She is your servant, and doth owe your grace
An honest, but unprofitable love.
Agr. How can that be, when there's no gain but virtue's?
Sil. You take the moral, not the politic sense.
I meant, as she is bold, and free of speech,
Earnest [1] to utter what her zealous thought
Travails withal, in honour of your house;
Which act, as it is simply born in her,
Partakes of love and honesty; but may,
By the over-often, and unseason'd use,
Turn to your loss and danger [2]: for your state
Is waited on by envies, as by eyes;
And every second guest your tables take
Is a fee'd spy, to observe who goes, who comes;
What conference you have, with whom, where, when,
What the discourse is, what the looks, the thoughts
Of every person there, they do extract,
And make into a substance.
Agr. Hear me, Silius.
Were all Tiberius' body stuck with eyes,
And every wall and hanging in my house
Transparent, as this lawn I wear, or air;
Yea, had Sejanus both his ears as long
As to my inmost closet, I would hate
To whisper any thought, or change an act,
To be made Juno's rival. Virtue's forces
Show ever noblest in conspicuous courses.
Sil. 'Tis great, and bravely spoken, like the spirit
Of Agrippina: yet, your highness knows,
There is nor loss nor shame in providence;
Few can, what all should do, beware enough.
You may perceive [3] with what officious face,
Satrius, and Natta, Afer, and the rest
Visit your house, of late, to enquire the secrets;
And with what bold and privileged art, they rail
Against Augusta, yea, and at Tiberius;
Tell tricks of Livia, and Sejanus; all
To excite, and call your indignation on,
That they might hear it at more liberty.
Agr. You're too suspicious, Silius.
Sil. Pray the gods,
I be so, Agrippina; but I fear
Some subtile practice.[4] They that durst to strike
At so exampless, and unblamed a life,
As that of the renowned Germanicus,
Will not sit down with that exploit alone:
He threatens many that hath injured one.
Nero. 'Twere best rip forth their tongues, seal out their eyes,
When next they come.
Sos. A fit reward for spies.

Enter DRUSUS, jun.

Dru. jun. Hear you the rumour?
Agr. What?
Dru. jun. Drusus is dying.[6]
Agr. Dying!
Nero. That's strange!
Agr. You were with him yesternight.
Dru. jun. One met Eudemus the physician,
Sent for, but now; who thinks he cannot live.
Sil. Thinks! if it be arrived at that, he knows,
Or none.
Agr. 'Tis quick! what should be his disease?
Sil. Poison, poison——
Agr. How, Silius!
Nero. What's that?
Sil. Nay, nothing. There was late a certain blow
Given o' the face.
Nero. Ay, to Sejanus.
Sil. True.
Dru. jun. And what of that?
Sil. I'm glad I gave it not.
Nero. But there is somewhat else?
Sil. Yes, private meetings,
With a great lady [sir], at a physician's,
And a wife turn'd away.
Nero. Ha!
Sil. Toys, mere toys:
What wisdom's now in th' streets, in the common mouth?
Dru. jun. Fears, whisperings, tumults, noise, I know not what:
They say the Senate sit.[7]
Sil. I'll thither straight;
And see what's in the forge.
Agr. Good Silius do;
Sosia and I will in.
Sil. Haste you, my lords,
To visit the sick prince; tender your loves,
And sorrows to the people. This Sejanus,
Trust my divining soul, hath plots on all:
No tree, that stops his prospect, but must fall.
[*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Senate-House.*

Enter Præcones, Lictores, SEJANUS, VARRO, LATIARIS, COTTA, *and* AFER.

Sej. 'Tis only [5] you must urge against him, Varro;
Nor I nor Cæsar may appear therein,
Except in your defence, who are the consul;
And, under colour of late enmity
Between your father and his, may better do it,
As free from all suspicion of a practice.
Here be your notes, what points to touch at; read:
Be cunning in them. Afer has them too.
Var. But is he summon'd?
Sej. No. It was debated
By Cæsar, and concluded as most fit
To take him unprepared.

[1] Vid. Tac. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79.
[2] Ibid. p. 77.
[3] Tacit. ibid. et pp. 90 et 92.
[4] Suet. Tib. c. 2. Dion. Rom. Hist Lib. lvii. p. 705.
[5] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79.
[6] Tac. Ann. Lib. iv. pp. 74, 75, 76, 77.
[7] Vid. Tac. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 76.

Afer. And prosecute
All under name of treason.[1]
Var. I conceive.

Enter SABINUS, GALLUS, LEPIDUS, *and* ARRUNTIUS.

Sab. Drusus being dead, Cæsar will not be here.
Gal. What should the business of this senate be?
Arr. That can my subtle whisperers tell you: we
That are the good-dull-noble lookers on,
Are only call'd to keep the marble warm.
What should we do with those deep mysteries,
Proper to these fine heads? let them alone.
Our ignorance may, perchance, help us be saved
From whips and furies.
Gall. See, see, see their action!
Arr. Ay, now their heads do travail, now they work;
Their faces run like shittles; they are weaving
Some curious cobweb to catch flies.
Sab. Observe,
They take their places.
Arr. What,[2] so low!
Gal. O yes,
They must be seen to flatter Cæsar's grief,
Though but in sitting.
Var. Bid us silence.
Præ. Silence!
Var. *Fathers conscript,[3] may this our present meeting*
Turn fair, and fortunate to the common-wealth!

Enter SILIUS, *and other* Senators.

Sej. See, Silius enters.
Sil. Hail, grave fathers!
Lic. Stand.
Silius, forbear thy place.
Sen. How!
Præ. Silius, stand forth,
The consul hath to charge thee.
Lic. Room for Cæsar.
Arr. Is he come too! nay then expect a trick.
Sab. Silius accused! sure he will answer nobly.

Enter TIBERIUS, *attended.*

Tib. We stand amazed, fathers, to behold
This general dejection. Wherefore sit
Rome's consuls thus dissolved,[4] as they had lost
All the remembrance both of style and place?
It not becomes. No woes are of fit weight,
To make the honour of the empire stoop:
Though I, in my peculiar self, may meet
Just reprehension, that so suddenly,
And, in so fresh a grief, would greet the senate,
When private tongues, of kinsmen and allies,
Inspired with comforts, lothly are endured,
The face of men not seen, and scarce the day,
To thousands that communicate our loss.
Nor can I argue these of weakness; since
They take but natural ways; yet I must seek
For stronger aids, and those fair helps draw out
From warm embraces of the common-wealth.
Our mother, great Augusta, 's struck with time,
Our self imprest with aged characters,
Drusus is gone, his children young and babes;
Our aims must now reflect on those that may
Give timely succour to these present ills,
And are our only glad-surviving hopes,
The noble issue of Germanicus,
Nero and Drusus: might it please the consul
Honour them in, they both attend without.
I would present them to the senate's care,
And raise those suns of joy that should drink up
These floods of sorrow in your drowned eyes.
Arr. By Jove, I am not Œdipus enough
To understand this Sphynx.
Sab. The princes come.

Enter NERO, *and* DRUSUS, junior.

Tib. Approach you, noble Nero, noble Drusus.
These princes, fathers, when their parent died,
I gave unto their uncle, with this prayer,
That though he had proper issue of his own,
He would no less bring up, and foster these,
Than that self-blood; and by that act confirm
Their worths to him, and to posterity.
Drusus ta'en hence, I turn my prayers to you,
And 'fore our country, and our gods, beseech
You take, and rule Augustus' nephew's sons,
Sprung of the noblest ancestors; and so
Accomplish both my duty, and your own.
Nero, and Drusus, these shall be to you
In place of parents, these your fathers, these;
And not unfitly: for you are so born,
As all your good, or ill's the common-wealth's.
Receive them, you strong guardians; and blest gods,
Make all their actions answer to their bloods:
Let their great titles find increase by them,
Not they by titles. Set them as in place,
So in example, above all the Romans:
And may they know no rivals but themselves.
Let Fortune give them nothing; but attend
Upon their virtue: and that still come forth
Greater than hope, and better than their fame.
Relieve me, fathers, with your general voice.
Senators. *May all the gods consent to Cæsar's wish,*
And add to any honours that may crown
The hopeful issue of Germanicus!
Tib. We thank you, reverend fathers, in their right.
Arr. If this were true now! but the space, the space
Between the breast and lips—Tiberius' heart
Lies a thought further than another man's. [*Aside.*
Tib. My comforts are so flowing in my joys,
As, in them, all my streams of grief are lost,
No less than are land-waters in the sea,
Or showers in rivers; though their cause was such,
As might have sprinkled ev'n the gods with tears:
Yet, since the greater doth embrace the less,
We covetously obey.
Arr. Well acted, Cæsar. [*Aside.*
Tib. And now I am the happy witness made
Of your so much desired affections
To this great issue, I could wish, the Fates
Would here set peaceful period to my days;
However to my labours, I entreat,
And beg it of this senate, some fit ease.
Arr. Laugh, fathers, laugh:[5] have you no spleens about you? [*Aside.*

[1] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79. Sed cuncta quæstione majestatis exercita.

[2] Tacit. eod. Lib. iv. p. 76. Consulesque sede vulgari per speciem mœstitiæ sedentes.

[3] Præfatio solennis Consulum Rom. vid. Bar. Briss. de for. Lib. ii.

[4] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 76.

[5] Tacit. Lib. iv. p. 76. Ad vana et toties inrisa revolutus de reddenda Rep. utque consules, seu quis alius rem susciperent.

Tib. The burden is too heavy I sustain
On my unwilling shoulders; and I pray
It may be taken off, and reconferred
Upon the consuls, or some other Roman,
More able, and more worthy.
Arr. Laugh on still. [*Aside.*
Sab. Why this doth render all the rest suspected!
Gal. It poisons all.
Arr. O, do you taste it then?
Sab. It takes away my faith to any thing
He shall hereafter speak.
Arr. Ay, to pray that,
Which would be to his head as hot as thunder,
'Gainst which he wears that charm[1] should but the
Receive him at his word. [court
Gal. Hear!
Tib. For myself
I know my weakness, and so little covet,
Like some gone past, the weight that will oppress
As my ambition is the counter-point. [me,
Arr. Finely maintained; good still!
Sej. But Rome, whose blood,
Whose nerves, whose life, whose very frame relies
On Cæsar's strength, no less than heaven on Atlas,
Cannot admit it but with general ruin.
Arr. Ah! are you there to bring him off?
[*Aside.*
Sej. Let Cæsar
No more then urge a point so contrary
To Cæsar's greatness, the grieved senate's vows,
Or Rome's necessity.
Gal. He comes about—
Arr. More nimbly than Vertumnus.
Tib. For the publick,
I may be drawn to shew I can neglect
All private aims, though I affect my rest;
But if the senate still command me serve,
I must be glad to practice my obedience.[2]
Arr. You must and will, sir. We do know it.
[*Aside.*
Senators. *Cæsar,*
Live long and happy, great and royal Cæsar;
The gods preserve thee and thy modesty,
Thy wisdom and thy innocence!
Arr. Where is't?
The prayer is made before the subject. [*Aside.*
Senators. *Guard*
His meekness, Jove; his piety, his care,
His bounty——
Arr. And his subtility, I'll put in:
Yet he'll keep that himself, without the gods.
All prayers are vain for him. [*Aside.*
Tib. We will not hold
Your patience, fathers, with long answer; but
Shall still contend to be what you desire,
And work to satisfy so great a hope.
Proceed to your affairs.
Arr. Now, Silius, guard thee;
The curtain's drawing. Afer advanceth. [*Aside.*
Præ. Silence!
Afer. Cite[3] Caius Silius.
Præ. Caius Silius!
Sil. Here.
Afer. The triumph that thou hadst in Germany
For thy late victory on Sacrovir,
Thou hast enjoy'd so freely, Caius Silius,
As no man it envied thee; nor would Cæsar,
Or Rome admit, that thou wert then defrauded
Of any honours thy deserts could claim,
In the fair service of the commonwealth:
But now, if, after all their loves and graces,
(Thy actions, and their courses being discover'd)
It shall appear to Cæsar and this senate,
Thou hast defiled those glories with thy crimes—
Sil. Crimes!
Afer. Patience, Silius.
Sil. Tell thy mule of patience;
I am a Roman. What are my crimes? proclaim
Am I too rich, too honest for the times? [them.
Have I or treasure, jewels, land, or houses
That some informer gapes for? is my strength
Too much to be admitted, or my knowledge?
These now are crimes.[4]
Afer. Nay, Silius, if the name
Of crime so touch thee, with what impotence
Wilt thou endure the matter to be search'd?
Sil. I tell thee, Afer, with more scorn than fear:
Employ your mercenary tongue and art.
Where's my accuser?
Var. Here.
Arr. Varro, the consul!
Is he thrust in? [*Aside.*
Var. 'Tis I accuse thee, Silius.
Against the majesty of Rome, and Cæsar,
I do pronounce thee here a guilty cause,
First of beginning[5] and occasioning,
Next, drawing out the war in[6] Gallia,
For which thou late triumph'st; dissembling long
That Sacrovir to be an enemy,
Only to make thy entertainment more.
Whilst thou, and thy wife Sosia, poll'd the province:
Wherein, with sordid, base desire of gain,
Thou hast discredited thy actions' worth,
And been a traitor to the state.
Sil. Thou liest.
Arr. I thank thee, Silius, speak so still and often.
Var. If I not prove it, Cæsar,[7] but unjustly
Have call'd him into trial; here I bind
Myself to suffer, what I claim against him;
And yield to have what I have spoke, confirm'd
By judgment of the court, and all good men.
Sil. Cæsar, I crave to have my cause deferr'd,
Till this man's consulship be out.
Tib. We cannot,
Nor may we grant it.
Sil. Why? shall he design
My day of trial? Is he my accuser,
And must he be my judge?
Tib. It hath been usual,
And is a right that custom hath allow'd
The magistrate,[8] to call forth private men;

[1] *'Gainst which he wears a charm.*] Tonitrua præter modum expavescebat; et turbatiore cœlo nunquam non coronam lauream capite gestavit, quod fulmine afflari negetur id genus frondis. Suet. Tib. c. 69. Plin. Nat. Hist. Lib. xv. c. 20.

[2] Semper perplexa et obscura orat. Tib. vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 5.

[3] Citabatur reus e tribunali voce præconis. vid. Bar. Brisson. Lib. 5. de form.

[4] Vid. Suet. Tib. Tacit. Dio. Senec.

[5] Tacit. Lib. iv. p. 79. Conscientiâ belli, Sacrovir diu dissimulatus, victoria per avaritiam fœdata, et uxor Sosia arguebantur.

[6] Bellum Sacrovirianum in Gall. erat. Triumph. in Germ. vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iii. p. 63.

[7] Vid. accusandi formulam apud Brisson. Lib. v. de form.

[8] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79. Adversatus est Cæsar, soli-

And to appoint their day: which privilege
We may not in the consul see infringed,
By whose deep watches, and industrious care
It is so labour'd, as the common-wealth
Receive no loss, by any oblique course.
Sil. Cæsar, thy fraud is worse than violence.
Tib. Silius, mistake us not, we dare not use
The credit of the consul to thy wrong;
But only do preserve his place and power,
So far as it concerns the dignity
And honour of the state.
Arr. Believe him, Silius.
Cot. Why, so he may, Arruntius.
Arr. I say so.
And he may choose too.
Tib. By the Capitol,
And all our gods, but that the dear republic,
Our sacred laws, and just authority
Are interess'd therein, I should be silent.
Afer. 'Please Cæsar to give way unto his trial,
He shall have justice.
Sil. Nay, I shall have law;
Shall I not, Afer? speak.
Afer. Would you have more?
Sil. No, my well-spoken man, I would no more;
Nor less: might I enjoy it natural,
Not taught to speak unto your present ends,
Free from thine, his, and all your unkind handling,
Furious enforcing, most unjust presuming,
Malicious, and manifold applying,
Foul wresting, and impossible construction.
Afer. He raves, he raves.
Sil. Thou durst not tell me so,
Hadst thou not Cæsar's warrant. I can see
Whose power condemns me.
Var. This betrays his spirit:
This doth enough declare him what he is.
Sil. What am I? speak.
Var. An enemy to the state.
Sil. Because I am an enemy to thee,
And such corrupted ministers o' the state,
That here art made a present instrument
To[1] gratify it with thine own disgrace.
Sej. This, to the consul, is most insolent,
And impious!
Sil. Ay, take part. Reveal yourselves,
Alas! I scent not your confederacies,
Your plots, and combinations! I not know
Minion Sejanus hates me; and that all,
This boast of law, and law, is but a form,
A net of Vulcan's filing, a mere ingine,
To take that life by a pretext of justice,
Which you pursue in malice! I want brain,
Or nostril to persuade me, that your ends,
And purposes are made to what they are,
Before my answer! O, you equal gods,
Whose justice not a world of wolf-turn'd men
Shall make me to accuse, howe'er provoked;
Have I for this so oft engaged myself?
Stood in the heat and fervour of a fight,
When Phœbus sooner hath forsook the day
Than I the field, against the blue-eyed Gauls,
And crisped Germans? when our Roman eagles
Have fann'd the fire, with their labouring wings,
And no blow dealt, that left not death behind it?
When I have charged, alone, into the troops
Of curl'd Sicambrians,[2] routed them, and came
Not off, with backward ensigns of a slave;
But forward marks, wounds on my breast and face,
Were meant to thee, O Cæsar, and thy Rome?
And have I this return! did I, for this,
Perform so noble and so brave defeat
On Sacrovir! O Jove, let it become me
To boast my deeds, when he whom they concern,
Shall thus forget them.
Afer. Silius, Silius,
These are the common customs of thy blood,
When it is high with wine, as now with rage:
This well agrees with that intemperate vaunt,
Thou lately mad'st[3] at Agrippina's table,
That, when all other of the troops were prone
To fall into rebellion, only thine
Remain'd in their obedience. Thou wert he
That saved the empire, which had then been lost
Had but thy legions, there, rebell'd, or mutined;
Thy virtue met, and fronted every peril.
Thou gav'st to Cæsar, and to Rome their surety;
Their name, their strength, their spirit, and their
Their being was a donative from thee. [state,
Arr. Well worded, and most like an orator.
Tib. Is this true, Silius?
Sil. Save thy question, Cæsar;
Thy spy of famous credit hath affirm'd it.
Arr. Excellent Roman!
Sab. He doth answer stoutly.
Sej. If this be so, there needs no farther cause
Of crime against him.
Var. What can more impeach
The royal dignity and state of Cæsar,
Than to be urged with a benefit
He cannot pay?
Cot. In this, all Cæsar's fortune
Is made unequal to the courtesy.
Lat. His means are clean destroyed that should requite.
Gal. Nothing is great enough for Silius' merit.
Arr. Gallus on that side too! [*Aside.*
Sil. Come, do not hunt,
And labour so about for circumstance,
To make him guilty whom you have foredoom'd:
Take shorter ways, I'll meet your purposes.
The words were mine, and more I now will say:
Since I have done thee that great service, Cæsar,
Thou still hast fear'd me; and in place of grace,
Return'd me hatred: so soon all best turns,
With doubtful princes, turn deep injuries
In estimation, when they greater rise
Than can be answer'd. Benefits, with you,
Are of no longer pleasure, than you can
With ease restore them; that transcended once,
Your studies are not how to thank, but kill.
It is your nature, to have all men slaves
To you, but you acknowledging to none.
The means that make your greatness, must not come
In mention of it; if it do, it takes
So much away, you think: and that which help'd,
Shall soonest perish, if it stand in eye,
Where it may front, or but upbraid the high.
Cot. Suffer him speak no more.
Var. Note but his spirit.
Afer. This shews him in the rest.

tum quippe magistratibus diem privatis dicere, nec infringendum Consulis jus, cujus vigiliis, &c.

[1] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79. Immissusque Varro consul qui paternas inimicitias obtendens, odiis Sejani per dedecus suum gratificabatur.

[2] Populi Germ. hodie Geldri in Belgica sunt inter Mosam et Rhenum, quos celebrat Mart. Spec. 3. Crinibus in nodum tortis venere Sicambri.

[3] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79.

Lat. Let him be censured.
Sej. He hath spoke enough to prove him Cæsar's foe.
Cot. His thoughts look through his words.
Sej. A censure.
Sil. Stay,
Stay, most officious senate, I shall straight
Delude thy fury. Silius hath not placed
His guards within him, against fortune's spite,
So weakly, but he can escape your gripe
That are but hands of fortune: she herself,
When virtue doth oppose, must lose her threats.
All that can happen in humanity,
The frown of Cæsar, proud Sejanus' hatred,
Base Varro's spleen, and Afer's bloodying tongue,
The senate's servile flattery, and these
Muster'd to kill, I'm fortified against;
And can look down upon: they are beneath me.
It is not life whereof I stand enamour'd;
Nor shall my end make me accuse my fate.
The coward and the valiant man must fall,
Only the cause and manner how, discerns them:
Which then are gladdest, when they cost us dearest.
Romans, if any here be in this senate,
Would know to mock Tiberius' tyranny,
Look upon Silius, and so learn to die. [*Stabs himself.*
Var. O desperate act!
Arr. An honourable hand!
Tib. Look, is he dead?
Sab. 'Twas nobly struck, and home.
Arr. My thought did prompt him to it. Farewell, Silius,
Be famous ever for thy great example.
Tib. We are not pleased in this sad accident,
That thus hath stalled, and abused our mercy,
Intended to preserve thee, noble Roman,
And to prevent thy hopes.
Arr. Excellent wolf!
Now he is full he howls. [*Aside.*
Sej. Cæsar doth wrong
His dignity and safety thus to mourn
The deserv'd end of so profest a traitor,
And doth, by this his lenity, instruct
Others as factious to the like offence.
Tib. The confiscation merely of his state
Had been enough.
Arr. O, that was gaped for then? [*Aside.*
Var. Remove the body.
Sej. Let citation
Go out for Sosia.
Gal. Let her be proscribed:
And for the goods, I think it fit that half
Go to the treasure, half unto the children.
Lep. With leave of Cæsar, I would think that fourth.
The which the law doth cast on the informers,
Should be enough; the rest go to the children.
Wherein the prince shall shew humanity,
And bounty; not to force them by their want,
Which in their parents' trespass they deserv'd,
To take ill courses.
Tib. It shall please us.
Arr. Ay,
Out of necessity. This[1] Lepidus
Is grave and honest, and I have observed
A moderation still in all his censures.
Sab. And bending to the better——Stay, who's this?

[1] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 80

Enter SATRIUS *and* NATTA, *with* CREMUTIUS CORDUS *guarded.*

Cremutius Cordus! What! is he brought in?
Arr. More blood into the banquet! Noble Cordus,[2]
I wish thee good: be as thy writings, free,
And honest.
Tib. What is he?
Sej. For the Annals, Cæsar.
Præ. Cremutius Cordus!
Cor. Here.
Præ. Satrius Secundus,
Pinnarius Natta, you are his accusers.
Arr. Two of Sejanus' blood-hounds, whom he breeds
With human flesh, to bay at citizens.
Afer. Stand forth before the Senate, and confront him.
Sat. I do accuse thee here, Cremutius Cordus,
To be a man factious and dangerous,
A sower of sedition in the state,
A turbulent and discontented spirit,
Which I will prove from thine own writings, here,
The Annals thou hast publish'd; where thou bit'st
The present age, and with a viper's tooth,
Being a member of it, dar'st that ill
Which never yet degenerous bastard did
Upon his parent.
Nat. To this, I subscribe;
And, forth a world of more particulars,
Instance in only one: comparing men,
And times, thou praisest Brutus, and affirm'st
That Cassius was the last of all the Romans.
Cot. How! what are we then?
Var. What is Cæsar? nothing?
Afer. My lords, this strikes at every Roman's private,
In whom reigns gentry, and estate of spirit,
To have a Brutus brought in parallel,
A parricide, an enemy of his country,
Rank'd, and preferr'd to any real worth
That Rome now holds. This is most strangely invective,
Most full of spite, and insolent upbraiding.
Nor is't the time alone is here disprised,
But the whole man of time, yea, Cæsar's self
Brought in disvalue; and he aimed at most,
By oblique glance of his licentious pen.
Cæsar, if Cassius were the last of Romans,
Thou hast no name.
Tib. Let's hear him answer. Silence
Cor. So innocent I am of fact, my lords,
As but my words are argued: yet those words
Not reaching either prince or prince's parent:
The which your law of treason comprehends.
Brutus and Cassius I am charged to have praised;
Whose deeds, when many more, besides myself,
Have writ, not one hath mention'd without honour.
Great Titus Livius, great for eloquence,
And faith amongst us, in his history,
With so great praises Pompey did extol,
As oft Augustus call'd him a Pompeian:
Yet this not hurt their friendship. In his book
He often names Scipio, Afranius,
Yea, the same Cassius, and this Brutus too,
As worthiest men; not thieves and parricides,
Which notes upon their fames are now imposed.
Asinius Pollio's writings quite throughout

[2] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 83, 84. Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib lvii. p. 710

Give them a noble memory; so[1] Messala
Renown'd his general Cassius: yet both these
Lived with Augustus, full of wealth and honours.
To Cicero's book, where Cato was heav'd up
Equal with Heaven, what else did Cæsar answer,
Being then dictator, but with a penn'd oration,
As if before the judges? Do but see
Antonius' letters; read but Brutus' pleadings:
What vile reproach they hold against Augustus,
False, I confess, but with much bitterness.
The epigrams of Bibaculus and Catullus
Are read, full stuft with spite of both the Cæsars;
Yet deified Julius, and no less Augustus,
Both bore them, and contemn'd them: I not know,
Promptly to speak it, whether done with more
Temper, or wisdom; for such obloquies
If they despised be, they die supprest;
But if with rage acknowledg'd, they are confest.
The Greeks I slip, whose license not alone,
But also lust did scape unpunished:
Or where some one, by chance, exception took,
He words with words revenged. But, in my work,
What could be aim'd more free, or farther off
From the times scandal, than to write of those,
Whom death from grace or hatred had exempted?
Did I, with Brutus and with Cassius,
Arm'd, and possess'd of the Philippi fields,
Incense the people in the civil cause,
With dangerous speeches? Or do they, being slain
Seventy years since, as by their images,
Which not the conqueror hath defaced, appears,
Retain that guilty memory with writers?
Posterity pays every man his honour:
Nor shall there want, though I condemned am,
That will not only Cassius well approve,
And of great Brutus' honour mindful be,
But that will also mention make of me.

Arr. Freely and nobly spoken!

Sab. With good temper;
I like him, that he is not moved with passion.

Arr. He puts them to their whisper.

Tib. Take him hence;[2]
We shall determine of him at next sitting.

[*Exeunt* Officers *with* CORDUS.

Cot. Mean time, give order, that his books be
To the ædiles. [burnt,

Sej. You have well advised.

Afer. It fits not such licentious things should
T' upbraid the age. [live

Arr. If the age were good, they might.

Lat. Let them be burnt.

Gal. All sought, and burnt to-day.

Præ. The court is up; lictors, resume the fasces.

[*Exeunt all but* ARRUNTIUS, SABINUS, *and* LEPIDUS.

Arr. Let them be burnt! O, how ridiculous
Appears the senate's brainless diligence,
Who think they can, with present power, extinguish
The memory of all succeeding times!

Sab. 'Tis true; when, contrary, the punishment
Of wit, doth make the authority increase.
Nor do they aught, that use this cruelty
Of interdiction, and this rage of burning,
But purchase to themselves rebuke and shame,
And to the writers[3] an eternal name.

Lep. It is an argument the times are sore,
When virtue cannot safely be advanced;
Nor vice reproved.

Arr. Ay, noble Lepidus;
Augustus well foresaw what we should suffer
Under Tiberius, when he did pronounce
The Roman race most wretched,[4] that should live
Between so slow jaws, and so long a bruising.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter TIBERIUS *and* SEJANUS.

Tib. This business hath succeeded well, Sejanus,
And quite removed all jealousy of practice
'Gainst Agrippina, and our nephews. Now,
We must bethink us how to plant our ingine,
For th' other pair, Sabinus and Arruntius,
And[5] Gallus too; howe'er he flatter us,
His heart we know.

Sej. Give it some respite, Cæsar.
Time shall mature, and bring to perfect crown,
What we, with so good vultures have begun:
Sabinus shall be next.

Tib. Rather Arruntius.

Sej. By any means, preserve him. His frank tongue
Being let the reins, would take away all thought
Of malice, in your course against the rest:
We must keep him to stalk with.

Tib. Dearest head,
To thy most fortunate design I yield it.

Sej. Sir,[6]—I have been so long train'd up in grace,
First with your father, great Augustus; since,
With your most happy bounties so familiar
As I not sooner would commit my hopes
Or wishes to the gods, than to your ears.
Nor have I ever, yet, been covetous
Of over-bright and dazzling honours; rather
To watch and travail in great Cæsar's safety,
With the most common soldier.

Tib. 'Tis confest.

Sej. The only gain, and which I count most fair
Of all my fortunes, is, that mighty Cæsar
Has thought me worthy his[7] alliance. Hence
Begin my hopes.

Tib. Umph!

Sej. I have heard, Augustus,
In the bestowing of his daughter, thought
But even of gentlemen of Rome: if so,—
I know not how to hope so great a favour—
But if a husband should be sought for Livia,
And I be had in mind, as Cæsar's friend,
I would but use the glory of the kindred:
It should not make me slothful, or less caring
For Cæsar's state: it were enough to me
It did confirm, and strengthen my weak house,
Against the now unequal opposition
Of Agrippina; and for dear regard
Unto my children, this I wish: myself
Have no ambition farther than to end
My days in service of so dear a master.

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[1] Septem dec. lib. Hist. scripsit. vid. Suid. Suet.

[2] Egressus dein senatu vitam abstinentiâ finivit. Tacit. ibid. Generosam ejus mortem vid. apud Sen. Cons. ad Marc. cap. 22.

[3] Manserunt ejus libri occultati et editi. Tacit. ibid. Scripserat his Cremut. bella civilia, et res Aug. extantque fragmenta in Suasoriâ sextâ Senec.

[4] Vid. Suet. Tib. c. 21.

[5] Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 6. Lib. ii. p. 85.

[6] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 85.

[7] Filia ejus Claudii filio desponsa.

Tib. We cannot but commend thy piety;
Most loved Sejanus, in acknowledging
Those bounties; which we, faintly, such remember—
But to thy suit. The rest of mortal men,
In all their drifts and counsels, pursue profit;
Princes alone are of a different sort,
Directing their main actions still to fame:
We therefore will take time to think and answer.
For Livia she can best, herself, resolve
If she will marry, after Drusus, or
Continue in the family; besides,
She hath a mother, and a grandam yet,
Whose nearer counsels she may guide her by:
But I will simply deal. That enmity
Thou fear'st in Agrippina, would burn more,
If Livia's marriage should, as 'twere in parts,
Divide the the imperial house; an emulation
Between the women might break forth; and discord
Ruin the sons and nephews on both hands.
What if it cause some present difference?
Thou art not safe, Sejanus, if thou prove it.
Canst thou believe, that Livia, first the wife
To Caiüs Cæsar,[1] then my Drusus, now
Will be contented to grow old with thee,
Born but a private gentleman of Rome,
And raise thee with her loss, if not her shame?
Or say that I should wish it, canst thou think
The senate, or the people (who have seen
Her brother, father, and our ancestors,
In highest place of empire) will endure it?
The state thou hold'st already, is in talk;
Men murmur at thy greatness; and the nobles
Stick not, in public, to upbraid thy climbing
Above our father's favours, or thy scale:
And dare accuse me, from their hate to thee.
Be wise, dear friend. We would not hide these things,
For friendship's dear respect: Nor will we stand
Adverse to thine, or Livia's designments.
What we have purposed to thee, in our thought,
And with what near degrees of love to bind thee,
And make thee equal to us; for the present,
We will forbear to speak. Only thus much
Believe, our loved Sejanus, we not know
That height in blood or honour, which thy virtue
And mind to us, may not aspire with merit.
And this we'll publish on all watch'd occasion
The senate or the people shall present.

Sej. I am restored, and to my sense again,
Which I had lost in this so blinding suit.
Cæsar hath taught me better to refuse,
Than I knew how to ask. How pleaseth[2] Cæsar
I' embrace my late advice for leaving Rome?

Tib. We are resolved.

Sej. Here are some motives more,
[*Gives him a Paper.*
Which I have thought on since, may more confirm.

Tib. Careful Sejanus! we will straight peruse
Go forward in our main design, and prosper. [them:
[*Exit.*

Sej. If those but take, I shall. Dull, heavy Cæsar! [crimes,
Wouldst thou tell me, thy favours were made
And that my fortunes were esteem'd thy faults,
That thou for me wert hated, and not think
I would with winged haste prevent that change,
When thou might'st win all to thyself again,
By forfeiture of me! Did those fond words
Fly swifter from thy lips, than this my brain,
This sparkling forge, created me an armour
T' encounter chance and thee? Well, read my charms,
And may they lay that hold upon thy senses,
As thou hadst snuft up hemlock, or ta'en down
The juice of poppy and of mandrakes. Sleep,
Voluptuous Cæsar, and security
Seize on thy stupid powers, and leave them dead
To public cares; awake but to thy lusts,
The strength of which makes thy libidinous soul
Itch to leave Rome! and I have thrust it on;
With blaming of the city business,
The multitude of suits, the confluence
Of suitors; then their importunacies,
The manifold distractions he must suffer,
Besides ill-rumours, envies, and reproaches,
All which a quiet and retired life,
Larded with ease and pleasure,[3] did avoid:
And yet for any weighty and great affair,
The fittest place to give the soundest counsels.
By this I shall remove him both from thought
And knowledge of his own most dear affairs;
Draw all dispatches through my private hands;
Know his designments, and pursue mine own;
Make mine own strengths by giving suits and places,
Conferring dignities and offices;
And these that hate me now, wanting access
To him, will make their envy none, or less:
For when they see me arbiter of all,
They must observe; or else, with Cæsar fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter TIBERIUS.

Tib. To marry Livia! will no less, Sejanus,
Content thy aims? no lower object? well!
Thou know'st how thou art wrought into our trust;
Woven in our design; and think'st we must
Now use thee, whatsoe'er thy projects are:
'Tis true. But yet with caution and fit care.
And, now we better think——who's there within?

Enter an Officer.

Off. Cæsar!

Tib. To leave our journey off, were sin
'Gainst our decreed delights; and would appear
Doubt; or, what less becomes a prince, low fear.
Yet doubt hath law, and fears have their excuse.
Where princes' states plead necessary use;
As ours doth now: more in Sejanus' pride,
Than all fell Agrippina's hates beside.
Those are the dreadful enemies we raise
With favours, and make dangerous with praise;
The injured by us may have will alike,
But 'tis the favourite hath the power to strike;
And fury ever boils more high and strong,
Heat with ambition, than revenge of wrong.
'Tis then a part of supreme skill, to grace
No man too much; but hold a certain space
Between the ascender's rise, and thine own flat,
Lest, when all rounds be reach'd, his aim be that.
'Tis thought. [*Aside.*]—Is[4] Macro in the palace? see:
If not, go seek him, to come to us. [*Exit* Offi.]—He
Must be the organ we must work by now;

[1] August. nepoti et M. Vapsanii Agrippæ filio ex Julia.
[2] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 85, Dio. Lib. lviii.
[3] Tacit. ibid.
[4] De Macrone isto, vid. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lii. p. 718, et Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi. p. 109, &c.

Though none less apt for trust: need doth allow
What choice would not. I have heard that aconite,
Being timely taken, hath a healing might
Against the scorpion's stroke: the proof we'll give:
That, while two poisons wrestle, we may live.
He hath a spirit too working to be used
But to the encounter of his like; excused
Are wiser sov'reigns then, that raise one ill
Against another, and both safely kill:
The prince that feeds great natures, they will sway
Who nourisheth a lion must obey him.— [him;

Re-enter Officer, *with* MACRO.

Macro, we sent for you.

Mac. I heard so, Cæsar.

Tib. Leave us a while. [*Exit* Officer.]—When you shall know, good Macro,
The causes of our sending, and the ends,
You will then hearken nearer; and be pleas'd
You stand so high both in our choice and trust.

Mac. The humblest place in Cæsar's choice or trust,
May make glad Macro proud; without ambition,
Save to do Cæsar service.

Tib. Leave your courtings.
We are in purpose, Macro,[1] to depart
The city for a time, and see Campania;
Not for our pleasures, but to dedicate
A pair of temples, one to Jupiter
At Capua; th' other at[2] Nola, to Augustus:
In which great work, perhaps our stay will be
Beyond our will produced. Now since we are
Not ignorant what danger may be born
Out of our shortest absence in a state
So subject unto envy, and embroil'd
With hate and faction; we have thought on thee,
Amongst a field of Romans, worthiest Macro,
To be our eye and ear: to keep strict watch
On Agrippina, Nero, Drusus; ay,
And on Sejanus: not that we distrust
His loyalty, or do repent one grace
Of all that heap we have conferred on him;
For that were to disparage our election,
And call that judgment now in doubt, which then
Seem'd as unquestion'd as an oracle—
But, greatness hath his cankers. Worms and moths
Breed out of too much humour, in the things
Which after they consume, transferring quite
The substance of their makers into themselves.
Macro is sharp, and apprehends: besides,
I know him subtle, close, wise, and well-read
In man, and his large nature; he hath studied
Affections, passions, knows their springs, their ends,
Which way, and whether they will work: 'tis proof
Enough of his great merit, that we trust him.
Then to a point, because our conference
Cannot be long without suspicion——
Here Macro, we assign thee, both to spy,
Inform, and chastise; think, and use thy means,
Thy ministers, what, where, on whom thou wilt;
Explore, plot, practise: all thou dost in this
Shall be, as if the senate, or the laws
Had given it privilege, and thou thence styled
The saviour both of Cæsar and of Rome.
We will not take thy answer but in act:
Whereto, as thou proceed'st, we hope to hear
By trusted messengers. If 't be inquired,
Wherefore we call'd you, say you have in charge
To see our chariots ready, and our horse.——
Be still our loved and, shortly, honour'd Macro.
[*Exit*

Mac. I will not ask, why Cæsar bids do this;
But joy that he bids me.[4] It is the bliss
Of courts to be employ'd, no matter how;
A prince's power makes all his actions virtue.
We, whom he works by, are dumb instruments,
To do, but not inquire: his great intents
Are to be served, not search'd. Yet, as that bow
Is most in hand, whose owner best doth know
To affect his aims; so let that statesman hope
Most use, most price, can hit his prince's scope.
Nor must he look at what, or whom to strike,
But loose at all; each mark must be alike.
Were it to plot against the fame, the life
Of one, with whom I twinn'd; remove a wife
From my warm side, as loved as is the air;
Practise away each parent; draw mine heir
In compass, though but one; work all my kin
To swift perdition; leave no untrain'd engin,
For friendship, or for innocence; nay, make
The Gods all guilty; I would undertake
This, being imposed me, both with gain and ease
The way to rise is to obey and please.
He that will thrive in state, he must neglect
The trodden paths that truth and right respect;
And prove new, wilder ways: for virtue there
Is not that narrow thing, she is elsewhere;
Men's fortune there is virtue; reason their will;
Their license, law; and their observance, skill.
Occasion is their foil; conscience, their stain;
Profit their lustre; and what else is, vain.
If then it be the lust of Cæsar's power,[5]
To have raised Sejanus up, and in an hour
O'erturn him, tumbling down, from height of all;
We are his ready engine: and his fall
May be our rise. It is no uncouth thing
To see fresh buildings from old ruins spring. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in* AGRIPPINA'S *House.*

Enter GALLUS *and* AGRIPPINA.

Gal. You must have patience,[3] royal Agrippina.

Agr. I must have vengeance, first; and that were nectar
Unto my famish'd spirits. O, my fortune,
Let it be sudden thou prepar'st against me;
Strike all my powers of understanding blind,
And ignorant of destiny to come!
Let me not fear that cannot hope.

Gal. Dear princess,
These tyrannies on yourself, are worse than Cæsar's.

[1] Suet. Tib. c. 4. Dio Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 711.
[2] Suet. Tib. c. 43. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p 91.
[3] Agrippina semper atrox, tum et periculo propinquo accensa. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 89.
[4] De Macrone et ingenio ejus, cons. Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi. pp. 114, 115.
[5] Vide Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 718, &c.

Agr. Is this the happiness of being born great?
Still to be aim'd at? still to be suspected?
To live the subject of all jealousies?
At least the colour made, if not the ground
To every painted danger? who would not
Choose once to fall, than thus to hang for ever?
Gal. You might be safe if you would——
Agr. What, my Gallus!
Be lewd Sejanus' strumpet, or the bawd
To Cæsar's lusts, he now is gone to practise?
Not these are safe, where nothing is. Yourself,
While thus you stand but by me, are not safe.
Was Silius safe? or the good Sosia safe?
Or was my niece, dear[1] Claudia Pulchra, safe,
Or innocent Furnius? they that latest have
(By being made guilty) added reputation[2]
To Afer's eloquence? O, foolish friends,
Could not so fresh example warn your loves,
But you must buy my favours with that loss
Unto yourselves; and when you might perceive
That Cæsar's cause of raging must forsake him,
Before his will! Away, good Gallus, leave me.
Here to be seen, is danger; to speak, treason:
To do me least observance, is call'd faction.
You are unhappy in me, and I in all.
Where are my sons, Nero and Drusus? We
Are they be shot at; let us fall apart;
Not in our ruins, sepulchre our friends.
Or shall we do some action like offence,
To mock their studies that would make us faulty,
And frustrate practice by preventing it?
The danger's like: for what they can contrive,
They will make good. No innocence is safe,
When power contests: nor can they trespass more,
Whose only being was all crime before.

Enter NERO, DRUSUS, *and* CALIGULA.

Ner. You hear Sejanus is come back from Cæsar?
Gal. No. How? disgraced?
Dru. More graced now than ever.
Gal. By what mischance?
Cal. A fortune like enough
Once to be bad.
Dru. But turn'd too good to both.
Gal. What was't?
Ner. Tiberius[3] sitting at his meat,
In a farm-house they call [4]Spelunca, sited
By the sea-side, among the Fundane hills,
Within a natural cave; part of the grot,
About the entry, fell, and overwhelm'd
Some of the waiters; others ran away:
Only Sejanus with his knees, hands, face,
O'erhanging Cæsar, did oppose himself
To the remaining ruins, and was found
In that so labouring posture by the soldiers
That came to succour him. With which adventure,
He hath [5]so fix'd himself in Cæsar's trust,
As thunder cannot move him, and is come
With all the height of Cæsar's praise to Rome.
Agr. And power, to turn those ruins all on us;
And bury whole posterities beneath them.
Nero, and Drusus, and Caligula,
Your places are the next, and therefore most
In their offence. Think on your birth and blood,
Awake your spirits, meet their violence;
'Tis princely when a tyrant doth oppose,
And is a fortune sent to exercise
Your virtue, as the wind doth try strong trees,
Who by vexation grow more sound and firm.
After your father's fall, and uncle's fate,
What can you hope, but all the change of stroke
That force or sleight can give? then stand upright;
And though you do not act, yet suffer nobly:
Be worthy of my womb, and take strong chear;
What we do know will come, we should not fear.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] Pulchra et Furnius damnat. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 89.
[2] Afer primoribus oratorum additus, divulgato ingenio, &c. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 89.
[3] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 91.
[4] Prætorium Suet. appellat. Tib. c. 39.
[5] Præbuitque ipsi materiem cur amicitæ constantiæque Sejani magis fideret. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 91.

SCENE II.—*The Street*

Enter MACRO.

Mac. Return'd so soon! renew'd in trust and grace!
Is Cæsar then so weak, or hath the place
But wrought this alteration with the air;
And he, on next remove, will all repair?
Macro, thou art engaged: and what before
Was public; now, must be thy private, more.
The weal of Cæsar, fitness did imply;
But thine own fate confers necessity
On thy employment; and the thoughts born nearest
Unto ourselves, move swiftest still, and dearest.
If he recover, thou art lost; yea, all
The weight of preparation to his fall
Will turn on thee, and crush thee: therefore strike
Before he settle, to prevent the like
Upon thyself. He doth his vantage know,
That makes it home, and gives the foremost blow.
[*Exit*

SCENE III.—*An upper Room of* AGRIPPINA'S *House.*

Enter LATIARIS, RUFUS, *and* OPSIUS.

Lat. It is a service[6] lord Sejanus will
See well requited, and accept of nobly.
Here place yourself between the roof and ceiling;
And when I bring him to his words of danger,
Reveal yourselves, and take him.
Ruf. Is he come?
Lat. I'll now go fetch him. [*Exit.*
Ops. With good speed.—I long
To merit from the state in such an action.
Ruf. I hope, it will obtain the consulship
For one of us.
Ops. We cannot think of less,
To bring in one so dangerous as Sabinus.
Ruf. He was a follower of Germanicus,
And still is an observer of his wife
And children,[7] though they be declined in grace
A daily visitant, keeps them company
In private and in public, and is noted
To be the only client of the house:
Pray Jove, he will be free to Latiaris.
Ops. He's allied to him, and doth trust him well.
Ruf. And he'll requite his trust!

[6] Sabinum aggrediuntur cupidine consulatus, ad quem non nisi per Sejanum aditus, neque Sejani voluntas nisi scelere quærebatur. Tacit. Lib. iv. p. 94. Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 711.
[7] Eoque apud bonos laudatus, et gravis iniquis. Tacit. Lib. iv. p. 94.

Ops. To do an office
So grateful to the state, I know no man
But would strain nearer bands, than kindred ——
Ruf. List!
I hear them come.
Ops. Shift to our holes[1] with silence.
[*They retire.*

Re-enter LATIARIS *and* SABINUS.

Lat. It is a noble constancy you shew
To this afflicted house; that not like others,
The friends of season, you do follow fortune,
And, in the winter of their fate, forsake
The place whose glories warm'd you. You are just,
And worthy such a princely patron's love,
As was the world's renown'd Germanicus:
Whose ample merit when I call to thought,
And see his wife and issue, objects made
To so much envy, jealousy, and hate;
It makes me ready to accuse the gods
Of negligence, as men of tyranny.
Sab. They must be patient, so must we.
Lat. O Jove,
What will become of us or of the times,
When, to be high or noble, are made crimes,
When land and treasure are most dangerous faults?
Sab. Nay, when our table, yea our bed[2], assaults
Our peace and safety? when our writings are,
By any envious instruments, that dare
Apply them to the guilty, made to speak
What they will have to fit their tyrannous wreak?
When ignorance is scarcely innocence;
And knowledge made a capital offence?
When not so much, but the bare empty shade
Of liberty is reft us; and we made
The prey to greedy vultures and vile spies,
That first transfix us with their murdering eyes
Lat. Methinks the genius of the Roman race
Should not be so extinct, but that bright flame
Of liberty might be revived again,
(Which no good man but with his life should lose)
And we not sit like spent and patient fools,
Still puffing in the dark at one poor coal,
Held on by hope till the last spark is out.
The cause is public, and the honour, name,
The immortality of every soul,
That is not bastard or a slave in Rome,
Therein concern'd: whereto, if men would change
The wearied arm, and for the weighty shield
So long sustain'd, employ the facile sword,
We might soon have assurance of our vows.
This ass's fortitude doth tire us all:
It must be active valour must redeem
Our loss, or none. The rock and our hard steel
Should meet to enforce those glorious fires again,
Whose splendor cheer'd the world, and heat gave life,
No less than doth the sun's.
Sab. 'Twere better stay
In lasting darkness, and despair of day.
No ill should force the subject undertake
Against the sovereign, more than hell should make
The gods do wrong. A good man should and must
Sit rather down with loss, than rise unjust.
Though, when the Romans first did yield themselves
To one man's power, they did not mean their lives,
Their fortunes and their liberties, should be
His absolute spoil, as purchased by the sword.
Lat. Why we are worse, if to be slaves, and bond
To Cæsar's slave be such, the proud Sejanus!
He that is all, does all, gives Cæsar leave
To hide his [3]ulcerous and anointed face,
With his bald crown at [4]Rhodes, while he here stalks
Upon the heads of Romans, and their princes,
Familiarly to empire.
Sab. Now you touch
A point indeed, wherein he shews his art,
As well as power.
Lat. And villainy in both.
Do you observe where Livia lodges? how
Drusus came dead? what men have been cut off?
Sab. Yes, those are things removed: I nearer
Into his later practice, where he stands [look'd
Declared a master in his mystery.
First, ere Tiberius went, he wrought his fear
To think that Agrippina sought his death.
Then put those doubts in her; sent her oft word,
Under the show of friendship, to beware
Of Cæsar, for he laid to [5]poison her:
Drave them to frowns, to mutual jealousies,
Which, now, in visible hatred are burst out.
Since, he hath had his hired instruments
To work[6] on Nero, and to heave him up;
To tell him Cæsar's old, that all the people,
Yea, all the army have their eyes on him;
That both do long to have him undertake
Something of worth, to give the world a hope;
Bids him to court their grace: the easy youth
Perhaps gives ear, which straight he writes to Cæsar;
And with this comment: *See yon dangerous boy;*
Note but the practice of the mother, there;
She's tying him for purposes at hand,
With men of sword. Here's Cæsar put in fright
'Gainst son and mother. Yet, he leaves not thus.
The second brother, Drusus, a fierce nature,
And fitter for his snares, because ambitious
And full of envy, him[7] he clasps and hugs,
Poisons with praise, tells him what hearts he wears,
How bright he stands in popular expectance;
That Rome doth suffer with him in the wrong
His mother does him, by preferring Nero:
Thus sets he them asunder, each 'gainst other,
Projects the course that serves him to condemn,
Keeps in opinion of a friend to all,
And all drives on to ruin.
Lat. Cæsar sleeps,
And nods at this.
Sab. Would he might ever sleep,
Bogg'd in his filthy lusts!
[OPSIUS *and* RUFUS *rush in.*
Ops. Treason to Cæsar!
Ruf. Lay hands upon the traitor, Latiaris,
Or take the name thyself.
Lat. I am for Cæsar.

[1] Haud minus turpi latebrâ quam detestandâ fraude, sese abstrudunt; foraminibus et rimis aurem admovent. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. c. 69.

[2] Ne nox quidem secura, cum uxor (Neronis) vigilias, somnos, suspiria matri Liviæ, atque illa Sejano patefaceret. Tacit. Ann. Lib iv. p. 92.

[3] Facies ulcerosa ac plerumque medicaminibus interstincta. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 91.

[4] Tacit ibid. Et Rhodi secreto, vitare cœtus, recondere voluptates insuerat.

[5] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 90.

[6] Tacit. Lib. eod. pp. 91. 92.

[7] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. pp. 91. 92.

Sab. Am I then catch'd?
Ruf. How think you, sir? you are.
Sab. Spies of this head, so white, so full of years!
Well, my most reverend monsters, you may live
To see yourselves thus snared.
Ops. Away with him!
Lat. Hale him away.
Ruf. To be a spy for traitors,
Is honourable vigilance.
Sab. You do well,[1]
My most officious instruments of state;
Men of all uses: drag me hence, away.
The year is well begun, and I fall fit
To be an offering to Sejanus. Go!
Ops. Cover him with his garments, hide his face.
Sab. It shall not need. Forbear your rude assault.
The fault's not shameful, villainy makes a fault.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Street before* AGRIPPINA'S *House.*

Enter MACRO *and* CALIGULA.

Mac. Sir, but observe how thick your dangers meet
In his clear drifts! your[2] mother and your brothers,
Now cited to the senate; their friend[3] Gallus,
Feasted to-day by Cæsar, since committed!
Sabinus here we met, hurried to fetters:
The senators all strook with fear and silence,
Save those whose hopes depend not on good means,
But force their private prey from public spoil.
And you must know, if here you stay, your state
Is sure to be the subject of his hate,
As now the object.
Cal. What would you advise me?
Mac. To go for Capreæ presently; and there
Give up yourself entirely to your uncle.
Tell Cæsar (since your[4] mother is accused
To fly for succours to Augustus' statue,
And to the army with your brethren) you
Have rather chose to place your aids in him,
Than live suspected; or in hourly fear
To be thrust out, by bold Sejanus' plots:
Which, you shall confidently urge to be
Most full of peril to the state, and Cæsar,
As being laid to his peculiar ends,
And not to be let run with common safety.
All which, upon the second, I'll make plain,
So both shall love and trust with Cæsar gain.
Cal. Away then, let's prepare us for our journey.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Street.*

Enter ARRUNTIUS.

Arr. Still dost thou suffer, heaven! will no flame,
No heat of sin, make thy just wrath to boil
In thy distemper'd bosom, and o'erflow
The pitchy blazes of impiety,
Kindled beneath thy throne! Still canst thou sleep,
Patient, while vice doth make an antick face
At thy dread power, and blow dust and smoke
Into thy nostrils! Jove! will nothing wake thee?
Must vile Sejanus pull thee by the beard,
Ere thou wilt open thy black-lidded eye,
And look him dead? Well! snore on, dreaming gods
And let this last of that proud giant-race
Heave mountain upon mountain, 'gainst your state—
Be good unto me, Fortune and you powers,
Whom I, expostulating, have profaned;
I see what's equal with a prodigy,
A great, a noble Roman, and an honest,
Live an old man!—

Enter LEPIDUS.

O Marcus[5] Lepidus,
When is our turn to bleed? Thyself and I,
Without our boast, are almost all the few
Left to be honest in these impious times.
Lep. What we are left to be, we will be, Lucius;
Though tyranny did stare as wide as death,
To fright us from it.
Arr. 'T hath so on Sabinus.
Lep. I saw him now drawn from the[6] Gemonies,
And, what increased the direness of the fact,
His faithful[7] dog, upbraiding all us Romans,
Never forsook the corps, but, seeing it thrown
Into the stream, leap'd in, and drown'd with it.
Arr. O act, to be envied him of us men!
We are the next the hook lays hold on, Marcus:
What are thy arts, good patriot, teach them me,
That have preserved thy hairs to this white dye,
And kept so reverend and so dear a head
Safe on his comely shoulders?
Lep. Arts, Arruntius!
None,[8] but the plain and passive fortitude,
To suffer and be silent; never stretch
These arms against the torrent; live at home,
With my own thoughts, and innocence about me,
Not tempting the wolves' jaws: these are my arts.
Arr. I would begin to study 'em, if I thought
They would secure me. May I pray to Jove
In secret and be safe? ay, or aloud,
With open wishes, so I do not mention
Tiberius or Sejanus? yes, I must,
If I speak out. 'Tis hard that. May I think,
And not be rack'd? What danger is't to dream,
Talk in one's sleep, or cough? Who knows the law?
May I shake my head without a comment? say
It rains, or it holds up, and not be thrown
Upon the Gemonies? These now are things,
Whereon men's fortune, yea, their faith depends.
Nothing hath privilege 'gainst the violent ear.
No place, no day, no hour, we see, is free,
Not our religious and most sacred times,
From some one kind of cruelty: all matter,
Nay, all occasion pleaseth. Madmen's rage,
The idleness of drunkards, women's nothing,
Jester's simplicity, all, all is good
That can be catcht at. Nor is now the event

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[1] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. pp. 94. 95.
[2] Tacit. Ann. Lib. v. p. 98.
[3] Asinium Gal. eodem die et convivam Tiberii fuisse et ejus subornante damnatum narrat Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 713.
[4] Vid. Tacit. Lib. v. p. 94. Suet. Tib. c. 53.
[5] De Lepido isto vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 6. Lib. iii. pp. 60, 65, et Lib. iv. p. 81.
[6] Scalæ Gemoniæ fuerunt in Aventino, prope templum Junonis reginæ a Camillo captis Veiis dicatum; a planctu et gemitu dictas vult Rhodig. In quas contumeliæ causâ cadavera projecta; aliquando a carnifice unco trahebantur. Vid. Tac. Suet. Dio. Senec. Juvenal.
[7] Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 712. Et Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 94.
[8] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 80.

Of any person, or for any crime,
To be expected; for 'tis always one:
Death, with some little difference of place,
Or time——What's this? Prince Nero, guarded!

Enter LACO[1] *and* NERO, *with Guards.*

Lac. On, lictors, keep your way. My lords, forbear.
On pain of Cæsar's wrath, no man attempt
Speech with the prisoner.
Nero. Noble friends, be safe;
To lose yourselves for words, were as vain hazard,
As unto me small comfort: fare you well.
Would all Rome's sufferings in my fate did dwell!
Lac. Lictors, away.
Lep. Where goes he, Laco?
Lac. Sir,
He's banish'd into[2] Pontia by the senate.
Arr. Do I see, hear, and feel? May I trust
Or doth my phant'sie form it? [sense,
Lep. Where's his brother?
Lac. Drusus[3] is prisoner in the palace.
Arr. Ha!
I smell it now: 'tis rank. Where's Agrippina?
Lac. The princess is confined to[4] Pandataria.
Arr. Bolts, Vulcan; bolts for Jove! Phœbus, thy bow;
Stern Mars, thy sword: and, blue-ey'd maid, thy spear;
Thy club, Alcides: all the armoury [heaven is too little!—Ha!—to guard
The gods, I meant. Fine, rare dispatch! this same
Was swiftly born! Confined, imprison'd, banish'd?
Most tripartite! the cause, sir?
Lac. Treason.
Arr. O!
The[5] complement of all accusings! that
Will hit, when all else fails.
Lep. This turn is strange!
But yesterday the people would not hear,
Far less objected, but cried[6] Cæsar's letters
Were false and forged; that all these plots were malice;
And that the ruin of the prince's house [practised 'gainst his knowledge. Where are now
Was practised 'gainst his knowledge. Where are
Their voices, now, that they behold his heirs
Lock'd up, disgraced, led into exile?
Arr. Hush'd,
Drown'd in their bellies. Wild Sejanus' breath
Hath, like a whirlwind, scatter'd that poor dust,
With this rude blast.—We'll talk no treason, sir,
[*Turns to* LACO *and the rest.*
If that be it you stand for. Fare you well.
We have no need of horse-leeches. Good spy,
Now you are spied, be gone.
[*Exeunt* LACO, NERO, *and Guards.*
Lep. I fear you wrong him:
He has the voice to be an honest Roman.
Arr. And trusted to this office! Lepidus,
I'd sooner trust Greek Sinon, than a man
Our state employs. He's gone: and being gone,
I dare tell you, whom I dare better trust,
That our night-eyed[7] Tiberius doth not see
His minion's drifts; or, if he do, he's not
So arrant subtile, as we fools do take him;
To breed a mungrel up, in his own house,
With his own blood, and, if the good gods please,
At his own throat, flesh him, to take a leap.
I do not beg it, heaven; but if the fates
Grant it these eyes, they must not wink.
Lep. They must
Not see it, Lucius.
Arr. Who should let them?
Lep. Zeal,
And duty: with the thought he is our prince.
Arr. He is our monster: forfeited to vice
So far, as no rack'd virtue can redeem him.
His loathed person[8] fouler than all crimes:
An emperor, only in his lusts. Retired,
From all regard of his own fame, or Rome's,
Into an[9] obscure island; where he lives
Acting his tragedies with a comic face,
Amidst his route of Chaldees:[10] spending hours,
Days, weeks, and months, in the unkind abuse
Of grave astrology, to the bane of men,
Casting the scope of men's nativities,
And having found aught worthy in their fortune,
Kill, or precipitate them in the sea,
And boast, he can mock fate. Nay, muse not: these
Are far from ends of evil, scarce degrees.
He hath his slaughter-house at Capreæ;
Where he doth study murder, as an art;
And they are dearest in his grace, that can
Devise the deepest tortures. Thither, too,
He hath his boys, and beauteous girls ta'en up
Out of our noblest houses, the best form'd,
Best nurtured, and most modest; what's their good,
Serves to provoke his bad. Some are[11] allured,
Some threaten'd; others, by their friends detained,
Are ravish'd hence, like captives, and, in sight
Of their most grieved parents, dealt away
Unto his spintries, sellaries, and slaves,
Masters of strange and new commented lusts,
For which wise nature hath not left a name.
To this (what most strikes us, and bleeding Rome)
He is, with all his craft, become[12] the ward
To his own vassal, a stale catamite:
Whom he, upon our low and suffering necks,
Hath raised from excrement to side the gods,
And have his proper sacrifice in Rome:
Which Jove beholds, and yet will sooner rive
A senseless oak with thunder than his trunk!—

Re-enter LACO,[13] *with* POMPONIUS *and* MINUTIUS.

Lac. These[14] letters make men doubtful what t' expect,
Whether his coming, or his death.
Pom. Troth, both:
And which comes soonest, thank the gods for.
Arr. List!
Their talk is Cæsar; I would hear all voices.
[ARRUNT. *and* LEPIDUS *stand aside.*

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[1] De Lacon. vid. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 718.
[2] Suet. Tib. c. 54.
[3] Suet. ibid.
[4] Suet. ibid.
[5] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iii. p. 62.
[6] Tacit. Lib. v. p. 98.
[7] Tiberius in tenebris videret; testibus Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lvii. p. 691. Et Plin. Nat. Hist. Lib. ii. c. 37.
[8] Cons. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 91. (Juv. Sat. 4.)
[9] Vid. Suet. Tib. de secessu Caprensi, c. 43. Dio. p. 715. Juv. Sat. 10.
[10] Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi. p. 106. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 706. Suet. Tib. c. 62, &c. 44.
[11] Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi. p. 100. Suet. Tib. c. 43.
[12] Leg. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 714.
[13] De Pomponio et Minutio vid. Tacit. Ann Lib. vi.
[14] Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 716.

Min. One day,[1] he's well; and will return to Rome;
The next day, sick; and knows not when to hope it.
Lac. True; and to-day, one of Sejanus' friends
Honour'd by special writ; and on the morrow
Another punish'd——
Pom. By more special writ.
Min. This man[2] receives his praises of Sejanus,
A second but slight mention, a third none,
A fourth rebukes: and thus he leaves the senate
Divided and suspended, all uncertain.
Lac. These forked tricks, I understand them not:
Would he would tell us whom he loves or hates,
That we might follow, without fear or doubt.
Arr. Good Heliotrope! Is this your honest man?
Let him be yours so still; he is my knave.
Pom. I cannot tell, Sejanus still goes on,
And mounts, we see;[3] new statues are advanced,
Fresh leaves of titles, large inscriptions read,
His fortune sworn by,[4] himself new gone out
Cæsar's[5] colleague in the fifth consulship;
More altars smoke to him than all the gods:
What would we more?
Arr. That the dear smoke would choke him,
That would I more.
Lep. Peace, good Arruntius.
Lat. But there are[6] letters come, they say, ev'n now,
Which do forbid that last.
Min. Do you hear so?
Lac. Yes.
Pom. By Castor, that's the worst.
Arr. By Pollux, best.
Min. I did not like the sign, when[7] Regulus,
Whom all we know no friend unto Sejanus,
Did, by Tiberius' so precise command,
Succeed a fellow in the consulship:
It boded somewhat.
Pom. Not a mote. His[8] partner,
Fulcinius Trio, is his own, and sure.—
Here comes Terentius.

Enter TERENTIUS.

He can give us more.
[*They whisper with* TERENTIUS.
Lep. I'll ne'er believe, but Cæsar hath some scent
Of bold Sejanus' footing.[9] These cross points
Of varying letters, and opposing consuls,
Mingling his honours and his punishments,
Feigning now ill, now well,[10] raising Sejanus,
And then depressing him, as now of late
In all reports we have it, cannot be
Empty of practise: 'tis Tiberius' art.
For having found his favourite grown too great,
And with his greatness[11] strong; that all the soldiers
Are, with their leaders, made at his devotion;
That almost all the senate are his creatures,
Or hold on him their main dependencies,
Either for benefit, or hope, or fear;
And that himself hath lost much of his own,
By parting unto him; and, by th' increase
Of his rank lusts and rages, quite disarm'd
Himself of love, or other public means,
To dare an open contestation;
His subtilty hath chose this doubling line,
To hold him even in: not so to fear him,
As wholly put him out, and yet give check
Unto his farther boldness. In mean time,
By his employments, makes him odious
Unto the staggering rout, whose aid, in fine,
He hopes to use, as sure, who, when they sway,
Bear down, o'erturn all objects in their way.
Arr. You may be a Lynceus, Lepidus: yet I
See no such cause, but that a politic tyrant,
Who can so well disguise it, should have ta'en
A nearer way: feign'd honest, and come home
To cut his throat, by law.
Lep. Ay, but his fear
Would ne'er be mask'd, allbe his vices were.
Pom. His lordship then is still in grace?
Ter. Assure you,
Never in more, either of grace or power.
Pom. The gods are wise and just.
Arr. The fiends they are,
To suffer thee belie 'em.
Ter. I have here
His last and present letters, where he writes him,
The partner of his cares, and *his Sejanus.*—
Lac. But is that true,[12] it is prohibited
To sacrifice unto him?
Ter. Some such thing
Cæsar makes scruple of, but forbids it not;
No more than to himself: says he could wish
It were forborn to all.
Lac. Is it no other?
Ter. No other, on my trust. For your more surety,
Here is that letter too.
Arr. How easily
Do wretched men believe, what they would have!
Looks this like plot?
Lep. Noble Arruntius, stay.
Lac. He names him here[13] without his titles
Lep. Note!
Arr. Yes, and come off your notable fool. I will.
Lac. No other than Sejanus.
Pom. That's but haste
In him that writes: here he gives large amends.
Mar. And with his own hand written?
Pom. Yes.
Lac. Indeed?
Ter. Believe it, gentlemen, Sejanus' breast
Never received more full contentments in,
Than at this present.
Pom. Takes he well[14] the escape
Of young Caligula, with Macro?
Ter. Faith,
At the first air it somewhat troubled him.
Lep. Observe you?
Arr. Nothing; riddles. Till I see
Sejanus struck, no sound thereof strikes me.
[*Exeunt* ARRUN. *and* LEPIDUS

[1] Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 716.
[2] Dio. ibid.
[3] Leg. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 96.
[4] Adulationis pleni omnes ejus Fortunam jurabant. Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 714.
[5] Dio. p. 714. Suet. Tib. c. 65.
[6] Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 718.
[7] De Regulo cons. Dio. ibid.
[8] Dio. ibid.
[9] Suet. Tib. c. 65.
[10] Dio. p. 726.
[11] Dio. p. 714.
[12] Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 718.
[13] Dio. ibid.
[14] Dio. p. 717.

Pom. I like it not. I muse he would not attempt
Somewhat against him in the[1] consulship.
Seeing the people 'gin to favour him.
Ter. He doth repent it now; but he has em-
Pagonianus after him:[2] and he holds [ploy'd
That correspondence there, with all that are
Near about Cæsar, as no thought can pass
Without his knowledge, thence in act to front him.
Pom. I gratulate the news.
Lac. But how comes Macro
So in trust and favour with Caligula?
Pom. O, sir, he has a wife;[6] and the young prince
An appetite: he can look up, and spy
Flies in the roof, when there are fleas i' the bed;
And hath a learned nose to assure his sleeps.
Who to be favour'd of the rising sun,
Would not lend little of his waning moon?
It is the saf'st ambition. Noble Terentius!
Ter. The night grows fast upon us. At your service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in* SEJANUS's *House.*

Enter SEJANUS.

Sej. Swell, swell, my joys; and faint not to
Yourselves as ample as your causes are. [declare
I did not live till now; this my first hour;
Wherein I see my thoughts reach'd by my power.
But this, and gripe my wishes.[3] Great and high,
The world knows only two, that's Rome and I.
My roof receives me not; 'tis air I tread;
And, at each step, I feel my advanced head
Knock out a star in heaven! rear'd to this height,
All my desires seem modest, poor, and slight,
That did before sound impudent: 'tis place,
Not blood, discerns the noble and the base.
Is there not something more than to be Cæsar?
Must we rest there? it irks t' have come so far,
To be so near a stay. Caligula,
Would thou stood'st stiff, and many in our way!
Winds lose their strength, when they do empty fly,
Unmet of woods or buildings; great fires die,
That want their matter to withstand them: so,
It is our grief, and will be our loss, to know
Our power shall want opposites; unless
The gods, by mixing in the cause, would bless
Our fortune with their conquest. That were worth
Sejanus' strife; durst fates but bring it forth.

Enter TERENTIUS.

Ter. Safety to great Sejanus!
Sej. Now, Terentius?
Ter. Hears not my lord the wonder?
Sej. Speak it, no.
Ter. I meet it violent in the people's mouths,
Who run in routs to Pompey's theatre,
To view your statue,[4] which, they say, sends forth
A smoke, as from a furnace, black and dreadful.
Sej. Some traitor hath put fire in: you, go see,
And let the head be taken off, to look
What 'tis. [*Exit* TERENTIUS.]——Some slave hath practised an imposture,
To stir the people.—How now! why return you?

Re-enter TERENTIUS, *with* SATRIUS *and* NATTA.

Sat. The head,[5] my lord, already is ta'en off,
I saw it; and, at opening, there leapt out
A great and monstrous serpent.
Sej. Monstrous! why?
Had it a beard, and horns? no heart? a tongue
Forked as flattery? look'd it of the hue,
To such as live in great men's bosoms? was
The spirit of it Macro's?
Nat. May it please
The most divine Sejanus, in my days,
(And by his sacred fortune, I affirm it,)
I have not seen a more extended, grown,
Foul, spotted, venomous, ugly——
Sej. O, the fates!
What a wild muster's here of attributes,
T' express a worm, a snake!
Ter. But how that should
Come there, my lord!
Sej. What, and you too, Terentius!
I think you mean to make 't a prodigy
In your reporting.
Ter. Can the wise Sejanus
Think heaven hath meant it less?
Sej. O, superstition!
Why, then the[7] falling of our bed, that brake
This morning, burden'd with the populous weight,
Of our expecting clients, to salute us;
Or running[8] of the cat betwixt our legs,
As we set forth unto the Capitol,
Were prodigies.
Ter. I think them ominous:
And would they had not happened! As. to-day,
The fate of some your[9] servants: who, declining
Their way, not able, for the throng, to follow,
Slipt down the Gemonies, and brake their necks!
Besides, in taking your last[10] augury,
No prosperous bird appear'd; but croaking ravens
Flagg'd up and down, and from the sacrifice
Flew to the prison, where they sat all night,
Beating the air with their obstreperous beaks!
I dare not counsel, but I could entreat,
That great Sejanus would attempt the gods
Once more with sacrifice.
Sej. What excellent fools
Religion makes of men! Believes Terentius,
If these were dangers, as I shame to think them,
The gods could change the certain course of fate?
Or, if they could they would, now in a moment,
For a beeve's fat, or less, be bribed to invert
Those long decrees? Then think the gods, like flies,
Are to be taken with the steam of flesh,

[1] Dio. p. 717.
[2] De Pagoniano, vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi. p. 101. alibi Paconiano.
[3] De fastu Sejani leg. Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 715, et Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 96.
[4] Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 717.
[5] Dio. ibid.
[6] Tacit. cons. Ann. Lib. vi. p. 114.
[7] Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 715.
[8] Dio. ibid. p. 716.
[9] Dio. ibid.
[10] Dio. ibid.

Or blood, diffused about their altars: think
Their power as cheap as I esteem it small.——
Of all the throng that fill th' Olympian hall,
And, without pity, lade poor Atlas' back,
I know not that one deity, but Fortune,
To whom I would throw up, in begging smoke,
One[1] grain of incense; or whose ear I'd buy
With thus much oil. Her I, indeed, adore;
And keep her grateful[2] image in my house,
Sometime belonging to a Roman king.
But now call'd mine, as by the better style:
To her I care not, if, for satisfying
Your scrupulous phant'sies, I go offer. Bid
Our priest prepare us[3] honey, milk, and poppy,
His masculine odours, and night-vestments: say,
Our rites are instant; which perform'd, you'll see
How vain, and worthy laughter, your fears be.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter COTTA *and* POMPONIUS.

Cot. Pomponius, whither in such speed?
Pom. I go
To give my lord Sejanus notice——
Cot. What?
Pom. Of Macro.
Cot. Is he come?
Pom. Enter'd but now
The house of Regulus.[4]
Cot. The opposite consul!
Pom. Some half hour since.
Cot. And by night too! Stay, sir;
I'll bear you company.
Pom. Along then—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* REGULUS'S *House.*

Enter MACRO, REGULUS, *and* Attendant.

Mac. 'Tis Cæsar's will to have a frequent senate;
And therefore must your [5]edict lay deep mulct
On such as shall be absent.
Reg. So it doth.
Bear it my fellow consul to adscribe.
Mac. And tell him it must early be proclaim'd:
The place [6]Apollo's temple. [*Exit* Attendant.
Reg. That's remember'd.
Mac. And at what hour?
Reg. Yes.
Mac. You do [7]forget
To send one for the provost of the watch.
Reg. I have not: here he comes.

Enter LACO.

Mac. Gracinus Laco,
You are a friend most welcome: by and by,
I'll speak with you.—You must procure this list
Of the prætorian cohorts, with the names
Of the centurions, and their tribunes.
Reg. Ay.
Mac. I bring you[8] letters, and a health from
Lac. Sir, both come well. [Cæsar—
Mac. And hear you? with your note,
Which are the eminent men, and most of action.
Reg. That shall be done you too.
Mac. Most worthy Laco,
Cæsar salutes you. [*Exit* REGULUS.]—Consul!
death and furies!
Gone now!—The argument will please you, sir.
Ho! Regulus! The anger of the gods
Follow your diligent legs, and overtake 'em,
In likeness of the gout!—

Re-enter REGULUS.

O, my good lord,
We lack'd you present; I would pray you send
Another to Fulcinius Trio, straight,
To tell him you will come, and speak with him:
The matter we'll devise, to stay him there,
While I with Laco do survey the watch.
[*Exit* REGULUS.
What are your strengths, Gracinus?
Lac. [9]Seven cohorts.
Mac. You see what Cæsar writes; and——
Gone again!
H' has sure a vein of mercury in his feet.—
Know you what store of the prætorian soldiers
Sejanus holds about him, for his guard?
Lac. I cannot the just number; but, I think,
Three centuries.
Mac. Three! good.
Lac. At most not four.
Mac. And who be those centurions?
Lac. That the consul
Can best deliver you.
Mac. When he's away!
Spite on his nimble industry—Gracinus,
You find what place you hold, there, in the trust
Of royal Cæsar?
Lac. Ay, and I am——
Mac. Sir,
The honours there proposed are but beginnings
Of his great favours.
Lac. They are more——
Mac. I heard him
When he did study what to add.
Lac. My life,
And all I hold——
Mac. You were his own first choice:
Which doth confirm as much as you can speak;
And will, if we succeed, make more——Your guards
Are seven cohorts, you say?
Lac. Yes.
Mac. Those we must
Hold still in [10]readiness and undischarged.
Lac. I understand so much. But how it can—
Mac. Be done without suspicion, you'll object?

Re-enter REGULUS.

Reg. What's that?
Lac. The keeping of the watch in arms,
When morning comes.
Mac. The senate shall be met, and set

[1] Grani turis. Plaut. Pœnu. A. I. Sc. 1. et Ovid. Fast. Lib. iv.
[2] Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 717.
[3] De sacris Fortunæ, vid. Lil. Gre. Gyr. Synt. 17. et Stuch. lib. de Sacrif. Gent. p. 48.
[4] Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 718.
[5] Edicto ut plurimum senatores in curiam vocatos constat, ex Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. et Liv. Lib. ii. Fest. Pon. Lib. xv. vid. Bar. Briss. de Form. Lib. i. et Lips. Sat. Menip.
[6] Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 718.
[7] Dio. ibid.
[8] Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 718.
[9] De prefecto vigilum vid. Ros. Antiq. Rom. Lib. vii. et Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lv.
[10] Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 718.

So early in the temple, as all mark
Of that shall be avoided.
Reg. If we need,
We have commission to [1] possess the palace,
Enlarge prince Drusus, and make him our chief.
Mac. That secret would have burnt his reverend mouth,
Had he not spit it out now: by the gods,
You carry things too——Let me borrow a man
Or two, to bear these——That of freeing Drusus,
Cæsar projected as the last and utmost;
Not else to be remember'd.

Enter Servants.

Reg. Here are servants.
Mac. These to Arruntius, these to Lepidus;
This bear to Cotta, this to Latiaris.
If they demand you of me, say I have ta'en
Fresh horse, and am departed. [*Exeunt* Servants.
You, my lord,
To your colleague, and be you sure to hold him
With long narration of the new fresh favours,
Meant to Sejanus, his great patron; I,
With trusted Laco, here, are for the guards:
Then to divide. For, night hath many eyes,
Whereof, though most do sleep, yet some are spies.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Sacellum (or Chapel) in* SEJANUS'S *House.*

Enter Præcones,[2] Flamen, [3] Tubicines, Tibicines, Ministri, SEJANUS, TERENTIUS, SATRIUS, NATTA, *&c.*

Præ. [4] *Be all profane far hence; fly, fly far off: Be absent far; far hence be all profane!*
[Tub. *and* Tib. [6] *sound while the* Flamen *washeth.*
Fla. We have been faulty, but repent us now,
And bring pure [6] hands, pure vestments, and pure [minds.
1 *Min.* Pure vessels.
2 *Min.* And pure offerings.
3 *Min.* Garlands pure.
Fla. Bestow your [7] garlands: and, with reverence, place
The vervin on the altar.
Præ. [8] Favour your tongues.
[*While they sound again,* [9] *the* Flamen *takes of the honey with his finger, and tastes, then ministers to all the rest; so of the* [10] *milk, in an earthen vessel, he deals about; which done, he sprinkleth upon the altar, milk; then imposeth the honey, and kindleth his gums, and after censing about the altar, placeth his censer thereon, into which they put several* [11] *branches of poppy, and the music ceasing, proceeds.*
Fla. *Great* [12] *mother Fortune, queen of human*
Rectress of action, arbitress of fate, [*state,*
To whom all sway, all power, all empire bows,
Be present, and propitious to our vows!
Præ. Favour [13] it with your tongues.
Min. Be present and propitious to our vows!
Omnes. Accept our [14] offering and be pleased, great goddess.
Ter. See, see, the image stirs!
Sat. And turns away!
Nat. Fortune [15] averts her face.
Fla. Avert, you gods,
The prodigy. Still! still, some pious rite
We have neglected. Yet, heaven be appeased,
And be all tokens false and void, that speak
Thy present wrath!
Sej. Be thou dumb, scrupulous priest:
And gather up thyself, with these thy wares
Which I, in spite of thy blind mistress, or
Thy juggling mystery, religion, throw
Thus scorned on the earth.
[*Overturns the statue and the altar.*
Nay, hold thy look
Averted till I woo thee turn again;
And thou shalt stand to all posterity,
The eternal game and laughter, with thy neck
Writh'd to thy tail, like a ridiculous cat.
Avoid these fumes, these superstitious lights,
And all these cozening ceremonies: you,
Your pure and spiced conscience!
[*Exeunt all but* SEJANUS, TERENT. SATRI. *and* NATTA.
I, the slave
And mock of fools, scorn on my worthy head!
That have been [16] titled and adored a god,
Yea, [17] sacrificed unto, myself, in Rome,
No less than Jove: and I be brought to do
A peevish giglot, rites! perhaps the thought
And shame of that, made fortune turn her face,
Knowing herself the lesser deity,
And but my servant.—Bashful queen, if so,
Sejanus thanks thy modesty.—Who's that?

Enter POMPONIUS *and* [18] MINUTIUS.

Pom. His fortune suffers, till he hears my news:
I have waited here too long. Macro, my lord——
Sej. Speak lower and withdraw.
[*Takes him aside.*
Ter. Are these things true?
Min. Thousands are gazing at it in the streets.
Sej. What's that?

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[1] Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi. p. 107. et Suet. Tib. c. 65.

[2] Præcones, Flamen, hi omnibus sacrificiis interesse solebant. Ros. Ant. Rom. Lib. iii. Stuch. de Sac. p. 72.

[3] Ex iis, qui Flamines Curiales dicerentur, vid. Lil. Greg. Gyr. Synt. 17. et Onup. Panvin. Rep. Rom. Comment. 2.

[4] Moris antiqui erat, Præcones præcedere, et sacris arcere profanos. Cons. Briss. Ross. Stuch. Lil. Gyr. &c.

[5] Observatum antiquis invenimus, ut qui rem divinam facturus erat, lautus, ac mundus accederet, et ad suas levandas culpas, se imprimis reum dicere solitum, et noxæ pœnituisse. Lil. Gyr. Synt. 17.

[6] In sacris puras manus, puras vestes, pura vasa, &c. antiqui desiderabunt; ut ex Virg. Plaut. Tibul. Ovid. &c. pluribus locis constat.

[7] Alius ritus sertis aras coronare, et verbenas imponere.

[8] Hujusmodi verbis silentium imperatum fuisse constat. Vid. Sen. in lib. de beata vita. Serv. et Don. ad eum versum, Lib. v. Æneid.
Ore favete omnes, et cingite tempora ramis.

[9] Vocabatur hic ritus Libatio. Lege Rosin. Ant. Lib. iii. Bas. Brisson. de form. Lib. i. Stuchium de Sacrif. et Lil. Synt. 17.

[10] In sacris Fortunæ lacte non vino libabant. iisdem test. Talia sacrificia ἀοίνα et νηφάλια dicta. Hoc est sobria, et vino carentia.

[11] Hoc reddere erat et litare, id est propitiare, et votum impetrare; secundum Nonium Marcellum. Litare enim Mac. Lib. iii. c. 5. explicat, sacrificio facto placare numen. In quo sens. leg. apud Plaut. Senec. Suet. &c.

[12] His solemnibus præfationibus in sacris utebantur.

[13] Quibus, in clausu, populus vel cætus a præconibus favere jubebatur; id est bona verba fari. Talis enim altera hujus formæ interpretatio apud Briss. Lib. i. extat. Ovid. Lib. i. Fast. Linguis animisque favete. Et Metam. Lib. xv.
——————————— piumque
Æneadæ præstant et mente, et voce favorem.

[14] Solemnis formula in lonis cuivis nomini offerendis.

[15] Leg. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 717. de hoc sacrificio.

[16] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 96.

[17] Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 716.

[18] De Minutio vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi.

Ter. Minutius tells us here, my lord,
That a new head being set upon your statue,
A [1] rope is since found wreath'd about it! and,
But now [2] a fiery meteor in the form
Of a great ball was seen to roll along
The troubled air, where yet it hangs unperfect,
The amazing wonder of the multitude!
Sej. No more. That Macro's come, is more [than all!
Ter. Is Macro come?
Pom. I saw him.
Ter. Where? with whom?
Pom. With Regulus.
Sej. Terentius!
Ter. My lord.
Sej. Send for the [3] tribunes, we will straight have up
More of the soldiers for our guard. [*Exit* TER.]
We pray you go for Cotta, Latiaris, [Minutius,
Trio the consul, or what senators
You know are sure, and ours. [*Exit* MIN.] You, my good Natta,
For Laco, provost of the watch. [*Exit* NAT.] Now, Satrius,
The time of proof comes on; arm all our servants,
And without tumult. [*Exit* SAT.] You, Pomponius,
Hold some good correspondence with the consul:
Attempt him, noble friend. [*Exit* POMP.] These things begin
To look like dangers, now, worthy my fates.
Fortune, I see thy worst: let doubtful states,
And things uncertain, hang upon thy will:
Me surest death shall render certain still.
Yet, why is now my thought turn'd toward death,
Whom fates have let go on, so far in breath,
Uncheck'd or unreproved? I,[4] that did help
To fell the lofty cedar of the world,
Germanicus; that at one stroke [5] cut down
Drusus, that upright elm; wither'd his vine;
Laid [6] Silius and [7] Sabinus, two strong oaks,
Flat on the earth; besides those other shrubs,
Cordus [8] and [9] Sosia,[10] Claudia Pulchra,
Furnius and [11] Gallus, which I have grubb'd up;
And since, have set my axe so strong and deep
Into the root of spreading [12] Agrippina;
Lopt off and scatter'd her proud branches, Nero,
Drusus; and [13] Caius too, although re-planted.
If you will, Destinies, that after all,
I faint now ere I touch my period,
You are but cruel; and I already have done
Things great enough. All Rome hath been my slave;
The senate sate an idle looker on,
And witness of my power; when I have blush'd
More to command than it to suffer: all
The fathers have sate ready and prepared,
To give me empire, temples, or their throats,
When I would ask 'em; and what crowns the top,
Rome, senate, people, all the world have seen
Jove, but my equal; Cæsar, but my second.
'Tis then your malice, Fates, who, but your own,
Envy and fear to have any power long known.
[*Exit*

[1] Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 717.
[2] Vid. Senec. Nat. Quest. Lib. i. c. 1.
[3] Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 718.
[4] Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 23.
[5] Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. pp. 74, 75. et Dio. Lib. lvii. p. 709.
[6] Tacit. Lib. iv. p. 79.
[7] Ibid. p. 94.
[8] De Cremut. Cor. vid. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 710. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 83.
[9] De Sosia. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 94.
[10] De Clau. et Furnio. quære Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 89.
[11] De Gallo. Tacit. Lib. iv. p. 95. et Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 713.
[12] De Agr. Ner. et Dru. leg. Suet. Tib. cap. 53, 4.
[13] De Caio, cons. Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 727.

SCENE V.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter TERENTIUS *and* Tribunes.

Ter. Stay here: I'll give his lordship, you are come.

Enter MINUTIUS, *with* COTTA *and* LATIARIS.

Min. Marcus Terentius, 'pray you tell my lord
Here's Cotta, and Latiaris.
Ter. Sir, I shall. [*Exit*
Cot. My letter is the very same with yours;
Only requires me to be present there,
And give my voice to strengthen his design.
Lat. Names he not what it is?
Cot. No, nor to you.
Lat. 'Tis strange and singular doubtful!
Cot. So it is.
It may be all is left to lord Sejanus.

Enter NATTA *and* GRACINUS LACO.

Nat. Gentlemen, where's my lord?
Tri. We wait him here.
Cot. The provost Laco! what's the news?
Lat. My lord——

Enter SEJANUS.

Sej. Now, my right dear, noble, and trusted friends,
How much I am a captive to your kindness!
Most worthy Cotta, Latiaris, Laco,
Your valiant hand; and, gentlemen, your loves.
I wish I could divide myself unto you;
Or that it lay within our narrow powers,
To satisfy for so enlarged bounty.
Gracinus, we must pray you, hold your guards
Unquit when morning comes. Saw you the consul?
Min. Trio will presently be here, my lord.
Cot. They are but giving [14] order for the edict,
To warn the senate.
Sej. How! the senate?
Lac. Yes.
This morning in Apollo's temple.
Cot. We
Are charged by letter to be there, my lord.
Sej. By letter! pray you, let's see.
Lat. Knows not his lordship?
Cot. It seems so!
Sej. A senate warn'd! without my knowledge!
And on this sudden! Senators by letters
Required to be there! who brought these?
Cot. Macro.
Sej. Mine [15] enemy! and when?
Cot. This midnight.
Sej. Time,
With every other circumstance, doth give
It hath some strain of engine in't!—How now?

Enter SATRIUS

Sat. My lord, Sertorius Macro is without,
Alone, and prays t' have private conference
In business of high nature with your lordship,
He says to me, and which regards you much.
Sej. Let him come here.

[14] Vid. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 718.
[15] Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 718.

Sat. Better, my lord, withdraw:
You will betray what store and strength of friends
Are now about you; which he comes to spy.
Sej. Is he not arm'd?
Sat. We'll search him.
Sej. No; but take,
And lead him to some room, where you conceal'd
May keep a guard upon us. [*Exit* SAT.] Noble
You are our trust; and till our own cohorts [Laco,
Can be brought up, your strengths must be our
Now, good Minutius, honour'd Latiaris, [guard.
[*He salutes them humbly.*
Most worthy and my most unwearied friends:
I return instantly. [*Exit.*
Lat. Most worthy lord.
Cot. His lordship is turn'd instant kind, me-
I have not observed it in him, heretofore. [thinks;
1 *Tri.* 'Tis true, and it becomes him nobly.
Min. I
Am wrapt withal.
2 *Tri.* By Mars, he has my lives,
Were they a million, for this only grace.
Lac. Ay, and to name a man!
Lat. As he did me!
Min. And me!
Lat. Who would not spend his life and fortunes,
To purchase but the look of such a lord?
Lac. He that would nor be lord's fool, nor the world's. [*Aside.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter SEJANUS, MACRO, *and* SATRIUS.

Sej. Macro![1] most welcome, a most coveted friend!
Let me enjoy my longings. When arrived you?
Mac. About[2] the noon of night.
Sej. Satrius, give leave. [*Exit* SAT.
Mac. I have been, since I came, with both the
On a particular design from Cæsar. [consuls,
Sej. How fares it with our great and royal master?
Mac. Right plentifully well; as, with a prince,
That still holds out[3] the great proportion
Of his large favours, where his judgment hath
Made once divine election: like the god
That wants not, nor is wearied to bestow
Where merit meets his bounty, as it doth
In you, already the most happy, and ere
The sun shall climb the south, most high Sejanus.
Let not my lord be amused. For, to this end
Was I by Cæsar sent for to the isle,
With special caution to conceal my journey;
And, thence, had my dispatch as privately
Again to Rome; charged to come here by night;
And only to the consuls make narration
Of his great purpose; that the benefit
Might come more full, and striking, by how much
It was less look'd for, or aspired by you,
Or least informed to the common thought.
Sej. What may this be? part of myself, dear Macro,
If good, speak out; and share with your Sejanus.
Mac. If bad, I should for ever loath myself
To be the messenger to so good a lord.
I do exceed my instructions to acquaint
Your lordship with thus much; but 'tis my venture
On your retentive wisdom: and because
I would no jealous scruple should molest
Or rack your peace of thought. For I assure
My noble lord, no senator yet knows
The business meant: though all by several letters
Are warned to be there, and give their voices,
Only to add unto the state and grace
Of what is purposed.
Sej. You take pleasure, Macro,
Like a coy wench, in torturing your lover.
What can be worth this suffering?
Mac. That which follows,
The[4] tribunitial dignity and power:
Both which Sejanus is to have this day
Conferr'd upon him, and by public senate.
Sej. Fortune be mine again! thou hast satisfied
For thy suspected loyalty. [*Aside.*
Mac. My lord,
I have no longer time, the day approacheth,
And I must back to Cæsar.
Sej. Where's Caligula?
Mac. That I forgot to tell your lordship. Why,
He lingers yonder about Capreæ,
Disgraced; Tiberius hath not seen him yet:
He needs would thrust himself to go with me,
Against my wish or will; but I have quitted
His forward trouble, with as tardy note
As my neglect or silence could afford him.
Your lordship cannot now command me aught,
Because I take no knowledge that I saw you;
But I shall boast to live to serve your lordship:
And so take leave.
Sej. Honest and worthy Macro;
Your love and friendship. [*Exit* MACRO.]—Who's there? Satrius,
Attend my honourable friend forth.—O!
How vain and vile a passion is this fear,
What base uncomely things it makes men do!
Suspect their noblest friends, as I did this,
Flatter poor enemies, entreat their servants,
Stoop, court, and catch at the benevolence
Of creatures, unto whom, within this hour,
I would not have vouchsafed a quarter-look,
Or piece of face! By you that fools call gods,
Hang all the sky with your prodigious signs,
Fill earth with monsters, drop the scorpion down,
Out of the zodiac, or the fiercer lion,
Shake off the loosen'd globe from her long hinge,
Roll all the world in darkness, and let loose
The enraged winds to turn up groves and towns!
When I do fear again, let me be struck
With forked fire, and unpitied die:
Who fears, is worthy of calamity. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter TERENTIUS, MINUTIUS, LACO, COTTA, LATIARIS, *and* POMPONIUS; REGULUS, TRIO, *and others, on different sides.*

Pom. Is not my lord here?
Ter. Sir, he will be straight.
Cot. What news, Fulcinius Trio?
Tri. Good, good tidings;
But keep it to yourself. My lord Sejanus
Is to receive this day in open senate
The tribunitial dignity.

[1] Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 78.
[2] Meridies noctis, Varr. Marcipor. vid. Non. Mar. cap. vi.
[3] Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 78.
[4] Dio. Lib. lviii p. 78. vid. Suet. de oppress. Sejan. Tib. c. 65.

Cot. Is't true?
Tri. No words, not to your thought: but, sir,
Lat. What says the consul? [believe it.
Cot. Speak it not again:
He tells me, that to-day my lord Sejanus——
Tri. I must entreat you, Cotta, on your honour
Not to reveal it.
Cot. On my life, sir.
Lat. Say.
Cot. Is to receive the tribunitial power.
But, as you are an honourable man,
Let me conjure you not to utter it;
For it is trusted to me with that bond.
Lat. I am Harpocrates.
Ter. Can you assure it?
Pom. The consul told it me, but keep it close.
Min. Lord Latiaris, what's the news?
Lat. I'll tell you;
But you must swear to keep it secret.

Enter SEJANUS.

Sej. I knew the Fates had on their distaff left
More of our thread, than so.
Reg. Hail, great Sejanus!
Tri. Hail, the [1]most honour'd!
Cot. Happy!
Lat. High Sejanus!
Sej. Do you bring prodigies too?
Tri. May all presage
Turn to those fair effects, whereof we bring
Your lordship news.
Reg. May't please my lord withdraw.
Sej. Yes:—I will speak with you anon.
[*To some that stand by.*
Ter. My lord,
What is your pleasure for the tribunes?
Sej. Why,
Let them be thank'd and sent away.
Min. My lord———
Lac. Will't please your lordship to command
Sej. No: [me———
You are troublesome.
Min. The [2]mood is changed.
Tri. Not speak,
Nor look!
Lac. Ay, he is wise, will make him friends
Of such who never love, but for their ends.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*A Space before the Temple of Apollo.*

Enter ARRUNTIUS *and* LEPIDUS, *divers* Senators *passing by them.*

Arr. Ay, go, make haste; take heed you be not
To tender your [3]All Hail in the wide hall [last
Of huge Sejanus: run a lictor's pace:
Stay not to put your robes on; but away,
With the pale troubled ensigns of great friendship
Stamp'd in your face! Now, Marcus Lepidus,
You still believe your former augury!
Sejanus must go downward! You perceive
His wane approaching fast!
Lep. Believe me, Lucius,
I wonder at this rising.
Arr. Ay, and that we
Must give our suffrage to it. You will say,
It is to make his fall more steep and grievous:
It may be so. But think it, they that can
With idle wishes 'say to bring back time:
In cases desperate, all hope is crime.
See, see! what troops of his officious friends
Flock to salute my lord, and start before
My great proud lord! to get a lord-like nod!
Attend my lord unto the senate-house!
Bring back my lord! like servile ushers, make
Way for my lord! proclaim his idol lordship,
More than ten criers, or six noise of trumpets!
Make legs, kiss hands, and take a scatter'd hair
From my lord's eminent shoulder!
[SANQUINIUS *and* HATERIUS *pass over the stage.*
See, [4]Sanquinius
With his slow belly, and his dropsy! look,
What toiling haste he makes! yet here's another
Retarded with the gout, will be afore him.
Get thee [5]Liburnian porters, thou gross fool,
To bear thy obsequious fatness, like thy peers.
They are met! the gout returns, and his great carriage.
[LICTORS, REGULUS, TRIO, SEJANUS, SATRIUS, *and many other* Senators, *pass over the stage.*
Lict. Give way, make place, room for the consul!
San. Hail,
Hail, great Sejanus!
Hat. Hail, my honour'd lord!
Arr. We shall be mark'd anon, for our not Hail.
Lep. That is already done.
Arr. It is a note
Of upstart greatness, to observe and watch
For these poor trifles, which the noble mind
Neglects and scorns.
Lep. Ay, and they think themselves
Deeply dishonour'd where they are omitted,
As if they were [6]necessities that help'd
To the perfection of their dignities;
And hate the men that but refrain them.
Arr. O!
There is a farther cause of hate. Their breasts
Are guilty, that we know their obscure springs,
And base beginnings; thence the anger grows.
On. Follow.

SCENE IX.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter MACRO *and* LACO.

Mac. When all are enter'd, [7]shut the temple doors;
And bring your guards up to the gate.
Lac. I will.
Mac. If you shall hear commotion in the senate,
Present yourself: and charge on any man
Shall offer to come forth.
Lac. I am instructed. [*Exeunt.*

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[1] Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 718.
[2] Dio. ibid.
[3] Ave, matutina vox salutanti propria, apud Romanos, vid. Briss. de form. Lib. viii.
[4] De Sanquinio vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi. et de Haterio, ibid.
[5] Ex Liburnia, magnæ et proceræ staturæ mittebantur, qui erant Rom. Lecticarii; test. Juv. Sat. iii. v. 240.
——————Turba cedente vehetur
Dives, et ingenti curret super ora Liburno.
[6] Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii.
[7] Dio. ibid. p. 718.

SCENE X.—*The Temple of Apollo.*

Enter Haterius, Trio, Sanquinius, Cotta, Regulus, Sejanus, Pomponius, Latiaris, Lepidus, Arruntius, *and divers other* Senators; Præcones, *and* Lictors.

Hat. How well his lordship looks to-day!
Tri. As if
He had been born, or made for this hour's state.
Cot. Your fellow consul's come about, methinks?
Tri. Ay, he is wise.
San. Sejanus trusts him well.
Tri. Sejanus is a noble, [1] bounteous lord.
Hat. He is so, and most valiant.
Lat. And most wise.
1 *Sen.* He's every thing.
Lat. Worthy of all, and more
Than bounty can bestow.
Tri. This dignity
Will make him worthy.
Pom. Above Cæsar.
San. Tut,
Cæsar is but the [2] rector of an isle,
He of the empire.
Tri. Now he will have power
More to reward than ever.
Cot. Let us look
We be not [3] slack in giving him our voices.
Lat. Not I.
San. Nor I.
Cot. The readier we seem
To propagate his honours, will more bind
His thoughts to ours.
Hat. I think right with your lordship;
It is the way to have us hold our places.
San. Ay, and get more.
Lat. More office and more titles.
Pom. I will not lose the part I hope to share
In these his fortunes, for my patrimony.
Lat. See, how Arruntius sits, and Lepidus!
Tri. Let them alone, they will be mark'd anon.
1 *Sen.* I'll do with others.
2 *Sen.* So will I.
3 *Sen.* And I.
Men grow not in the state, but as they are planted
Warm in his favours.
Cot. Noble Sejanus!
Hat. Honour'd Sejanus!
Lat. Worthy and great Sejanus!
Arr. Gods! how the sponges open and take in,
And shut again! look, look! is not he blest
That gets a seat in eye-reach of him? more,
That comes in ear, or tongue-reach? O but most,
Can claw his subtle elbow, or with a buz
Fly-blow his ears?
Præt. Proclaim the senate's peace,
And give last summons by the edict.
Præ. Silence!
In name of Cæsar, and the senate, silence!
Memmius Regulus, and Fulcinius Trio, [4] *consuls, these present kalends of June, with the first light, shall hold a senate, in the temple of Apollo Palatine:* [5] *all that are fathers, and are registered fathers, that have right of entering the senate, we warn or command you be frequently present, take knowledge the business is the commonwealth's: whosoever is absent, his fine or mulct will be taken, his excuse will not be taken.*
Tri. Note who are absent, and record their names.
Reg. Fathers conscript, [6] may what I am to utter
Turn good and happy for the commonwealth!
And thou, Apollo, in whose holy house
We here have met, inspire us all with truth,
And liberty of censure to our thought!
The majesty of great Tiberius Cæsar
Propounds to this grave senate, the bestowing
Upon the man he loves, honour'd Sejanus,
The [7] tribunitial dignity and power:
Here are his letters, signed with his signet.
What [8] pleaseth now the fathers to be done?
Sen. Read, read them, open, publicly read them.
Cot. Cæsar hath honour'd his own greatness
In thinking of this act. [much
Tri. It was a thought
Happy, and worthy Cæsar.
Lat. And the lord
As worthy it, on whom it is directed!
Hat. Most worthy!
San. Rome did never boast the virtue
That could give envy bounds, but his: Sejanus—
1 *Sen.* Honour'd and noble!
2 *Sen.* Good and great Sejanus!
Arr. O, most tame slavery, and fierce flattery!
Præ. Silence!

Tiberius Cæsar *to the* Senate, *greeting.*

If you, [9] *conscript fathers, with your children, be in health, it is abundantly well: we with our friends here are so. The care of the commonwealth, howsoever we are removed in person, cannot be absent to our thought; although, oftentimes, even to princes most present, the truth of their own affairs is hid; than which, nothing falls out more miserable to a state, or makes the art of governing more difficult. But since it hath been our easeful happiness to enjoy both the aids and industry of so vigilant a senate, we profess to have been the more indulgent to our pleasures, not as being careless of our office, but rather secure of the necessity. Neither do these common rumours of many, and infamous libels published against our retirement, at all afflict us; being born more out of men's ignorance than their malice: and will, neglected, find their own grave quickly; whereas, too sensibly acknowledged, it would make their obloquy ours. Nor do we desire their authors, though found, be censured, since in a* [10] *free state, as ours, all men ought to enjoy both their minds and tongues free.*
Arr. The lapwing, the lapwing!
Yet in things which shall worthily and more near concern the majesty of a prince, we shall fear to be so unnaturally cruel to our own fame, as to neglect them. True it is, conscript fathers, that we have

1 Vid. acclamation. Senat. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 719.
2 Dio. p. 715.
3 Dio. p. 719.
4 Vid. Brissonium de formul. Lib. ii. et Lipsium Sat. Men. p.
5 Palatinus, a monte Palatino dictus.
6 Solemnis præfatio consulum in relationibus. Dio. p. 718.
7 Vid. Suet. Tib. cap. 65.
8 Alia formula solemnis, vid. Briss. Lib. ii. et Dio. p. 719.
9 Solenne exordium epistolar. apud Romanos. cons. Briss. de formul. Lib. viii.
10 Firmus et patiens subinde jactabat, in civitate libera, linguam mentemque liberas esse debere. Suet. Tib. c. 28.

raised Sejanus from obscure, and almost unknown gentry.

Sen. How, how!

to the highest and most conspicuous point of greatness, and, we hope, deservingly; yet not without danger: it being a most bold hazard in that sovereign, who, by his particular love to one, dares adventure the hatred of all his other subjects.

Arr. This touches; the blood turns.

But we affy in your loves and understandings, and do no way suspect the merit of our Sejanus, to make our favours offensive to any.

Sen. O! good, good.

Though we could have wished his zeal had run a calmer course against Agrippina and our nephews, howsoever the openness of their actions declared them delinquents; and, that he would have remembered, no innocence is so safe, but it rejoiceth to stand in the sight of mercy: the use of which in us, he hath so quite taken away, towards them, by his loyal fury, as now our clemency would be thought but wearied cruelty, if we should offer to exercise it.

Arr. I thank him; there I look'd for't. A good fox!

Some there be that [1] *would interpret this his public severity to be particular ambition; and that, under a pretext of service to us, he doth but remove his own lets: alleging the strengths he hath made to himself, by the prætorian soldiers, by his faction in court and senate, by the offices he holds himself, and confers on others, his popularity and dependents, his urging and almost driving us to this our unwilling retirement, and, lastly, his aspiring to be our son-in-law.*

Sen. This is strange!

Arr. I shall anon believe your vultures, Marcus. *Your wisdoms, conscript fathers, are able to examine, and censure these suggestions. But, were they left to our absolving voice, we durst pronounce them, as we think them, most malicious.*

Sen. O, he has restored all; list!

Yet are they offered to be averred, and on the lives of the informers. What we should say, or rather what we should not say, lords of the senate, if this be true, our gods and goddesses confound us if we know! Only we must think, we have placed our benefits ill; and conclude, that in our choice, either we were wanting to the gods, or the gods to us.

[The Senators shift their places.

Arr. The place grows hot; they shift.

We have not been covetous, honourable fathers, to change; neither is it now any new lust that alters our affection, or old lothing; but those needful jealousies of state, that warn wiser princes hourly to provide their safety; and do teach them how learned a thing it is to beware of the humblest enemy; much more of those great ones, whom their own employed favours have made fit for their fears.

1 *Sen.* Away.

2 *Sen.* Sit farther.

Cot. Let's remove ——

Arr. Gods! how the leaves drop off, this little wind!

We therefore desire, that the offices he holds be first seized by the senate; and himself suspended from all exercise of place or power ——

Sen. How!

San. [*Thrusting by.*] By your leave.

[1] De hac epist. vid. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 719. et Juv. Sat. x.

Arr. Come, porpoise; where's Haterius? His gout keeps him most miserably constant; Your dancing shews a tempest.

Sej. Read no more.

Reg. Lords of the senate, hold your seats: read on.

Sej. These letters they are forged.

Reg. A guard! sit still.

Enter LACO, *with the Guards.*

Arr. Here's change!

Reg. Bid silence, and read forward.

Præ. Silence! —— *and himself suspended from all exercise of place or power, but till due and mature trial be made of his innocency, which yet we can faintly apprehend the necessity to doubt. If, conscript fathers, to your more searching wisdoms, there shall appear farther cause* —— *or of farther proceeding, either to seizure of lands, goods, or more* —— *it is not our power that shall limit your authority, or our favour that must corrupt your justice: either were dishonourable in you, and both uncharitable to ourself. We would* [2] *willingly be present with your counsels in this business; but the danger of so potent a faction, if it should prove so, forbids our attempting it: except one of the consuls would be entreated for our safety, to undertake the guard of us home; then we should most readily adventure. In the mean time, it shall not be fit for us to importune so judicious a senate, who know how much they hurt the innocent, that spare the guilty; and how grateful a sacrifice to the gods is the life of an ingrateful person. We reflect not, in this, on Sejanus, (notwithstanding, if you keep an eye upon him* —— *and there is Latiaris, a senator, and Pinnarius Natta, two of his most trusted ministers, and so professed, whom we desire not to have apprehended,) but as the necessity of the cause exacts it.*

Reg. A guard on Latiaris!

Arr. O, the spy,
The reverend spy is caught! who pities him?
Reward, sir, for your service: now, you have done
Your property, you see what use is made!

[*Exeunt* LATIARIS *and* NATTA, *guarded.*

Hang up the instrument.

Sej. Give leave.

Lac. Stand, stand!
He comes upon his death, that doth advance
An inch toward my point.

Sej. Have we no friends here?

Arr. Hush'd!
Where now are all the hails and acclamations?

Enter MACRO.

Mac. Hail to the consuls, and this noble senate!

Sej. Is Macro here? O, thou art lost, Sejanus! [*Aside.*

Mac. Sit still, and unaffrighted, reverend fathers:
Macro, by Cæsar's grace, the new-made provost,
And now possest of the prætorian bands,
An honour late belong'd to that proud man,
Bids you be safe: and to your constant doom
Of his deservings, offers you the surety
Of all the soldiers, tribunes, and centurions,
Received in our command.

Reg. Sejanus, Sejanus,
Stand forth, Sejanus!

Sej. Am I call'd?

[2] Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 719, et Suet. Tib.

Mac. Ay, thou,
Thou insolent monster, art bid stand.
Sej. Why, Macro,
It hath been otherwise between you and I;
This court, that knows us both, hath seen a differ-
And can, if it be pleased to speak, confirm [ence,
Whose insolence is most.
Mac. Come down, Typhœus.
If mine be most, lo! thus I make it more;
Kick up thy heels in air, tear off thy robe,
Play with thy beard and nostrils. Thus 'tis fit
(And no man take compassion of thy state)
To use th' ingrateful viper, tread his brains
Into the earth.
Rey. Forbear.
Mac. If I could lose
All my humanity now, 'twere well to torture
So meriting a traitor.—Wherefore, fathers,
Sit you amazed and silent; and not censure
This wretch, who, in the hour he first rebell'd
'Gainst Cæsar's bounty, did condemn himself?
Phlegra, the field where all the sons of earth
Muster'd against the gods, did ne'er acknowledge
So proud and huge a monster.
Reg. Take him hence;
And all the gods guard Cæsar!
Tri. Take him hence.
Hat. Hence.
Cot. To the dungeon with him.
San. He deserves it.
Sen. Crown all our [1]doors with bays.
San. And let an ox,
With gilded horns and garlands, straight be led
Unto the Capitol—
Hat. And sacrificed
To Jove, for Cæsar's safety.
Tri. All our gods
Be present still to Cæsar!
Cot. Phœbus.
San. Mars.
Hat. Diana.
San. Pallas.
Sen. Juno, Mercury,
All guard him!
Mac. Forth, thou prodigy of men!
[*Exit* SEJANUS, *guarded.*
Cot. Let all the traitor's titles be defaced.
Tri. His images and statues be pull'd down.
Hat. His chariot-wheels be broken.
Arr. And the legs
Of the poor horses, that deserved nought,
Let them be broken too!
[*Exeunt* Lictors, Præcones, MACRO, REGULUS, TRIO, HATERIUS, *and* SANQUINIUS: *manent* LEPIDUS, ARRUNTIUS, *and a few* Senators.
Lep. O violent change,
And whirl of men's affections!
Arr. Like, as both
Their bulks and souls were bound on Fortune's wheel,
And must act only with her motion.
Lep. Who would depend upon the popular air,
Or voice of men, that have to-day beheld
That which, if all the gods had fore-declared,
Would not have been believed, Sejanus' fall?
He, that this morn rose proudly, as the sun,
And, breaking through a mist of clients' breath,
Came on, as gazed at and admired as he,
When superstitious Moors salute his light!

[1] Leg. Juv. Sat. x.

That had our servile nobles waiting him
As common grooms; and hanging on his look,
No less than human life on destiny!
That had men's knees as frequent as the gods;
And sacrifices [2] more than Rome had altars:
And this man fall! fall? ay, without a look
That durst appear his friend, or lend so much
Of vain relief, to his changed state, as pity!
Arr. They that before, like gnats, play'd in his beams,
And throng'd to circumscribe him, now not seen
Nor deign to hold a common seat with him!
Others, that waited him unto the senate,
Now inhumanely ravish him to prison,
Whom, but this morn, they follow'd as their lord!
Guard through the streets, bound like a fugitive,
Instead of wreaths give fetters, strokes for stoops,
Blind shames for honours, and black taunts for [titles
Who would trust slippery chance?
Lep. They that would make
Themselves her spoil; and foolishly forget,
When she doth flatter, that she comes to prey.
Fortune, thou hadst no deity, if men
Had wisdom: we have placed thee so high,
By fond belief in thy felicity.
[*Shout within.*] The gods guard Cæsar! All the gods guard Cæsar!

Re-enter MACRO, REGULUS, *and divers* Senators.

Mac. Now, [3] great Sejanus, you that awed the state,
And sought to bring the nobles to your whip; [state,
That would be Cæsar's tutor, and dispose
Of dignities and offices! that had
The public head still bare to your designs,
And made the general voice to echo yours!
That look'd for salutations twelve score off,
And would have pyramids, yea temples, rear'd
To your huge greatness; now you lie as flat,
As was your pride advanced!
Reg. Thanks to the gods!
Sen. And praise to Macro, that hath saved
Liberty, liberty, liberty! Lead on, [Rome!
And praise to Macro, that hath saved Rome!
[*Exeunt all but* ARRUNTIUS *and* LEPIDUS.
Arr. I prophesy, out of the senate's flattery,
That this new fellow, Macro, will become
A greater prodigy in Rome, than he
That now is fallen.

Enter TERENTIUS.

Ter. O you, whose minds are good,
And have not forced all mankind from your breasts;
That yet have so much stock of virtue left,
To pity guilty states, when they are wretched:
Lend your soft ears to hear, and eyes to weep,
Deeds done by men, beyond the acts of furies.
The eager multitude (who never yet
Knew why to love or hate, but only pleased
T' express their rage of power) no sooner heard
The murmur of Sejanus in decline,
But with that speed and heat of appetite,
With which they greedily devour the way
To some great sports, or a new theatre,
They fill'd the Capitol, and Pompey's Cirque,
Where, like so many mastiffs, biting stones,
As if his statues now were sensitive
Of their wild fury; first, [4] they tear them down;

[2] Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 719, &c.
[3] Vid. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 720, &c.
[4] Vid. Juv. Sat. x.

Then fastening ropes, drag them along the streets,
Crying in scorn, This, this was that rich head
Was crown'd with garlands, and with odours, this
That was in Rome so reverenced! Now
The furnace and the bellows shall to work,
The great Sejanus crack, and piece by piece
Drop in the founder's pit.

Lep. O popular rage!

Ter. The whilst the senate at [1] the temple of Concord
Make haste to meet again, and thronging cry,
Let us condemn him, tread him down in water,
While he doth lie upon the bank; away!
While some more tardy, cry unto their bearers,
He will be censured ere we come; run, knaves,
And use that furious diligence, for fear
Their bondmen should inform against their slack-
And bring their quaking flesh unto the hook: [ness,
The rout they follow with confused voice,
Crying, they're glad, say, they could ne'er abide him,
Enquire what man he was, what kind of face,
What beard he had, what nose, what lips? Protest
They ever did presage he'd come to this;
They never thought him wise, nor valiant; ask
After his garments, when he dies, what death;
And not a beast of all the herd demands,
What was his crime, or who were his accusers,
Under what proof or testimony he fell?
There came, says one, a huge long-worded letter
From Capreæ against him. Did there so?
O, they are satisfied; no more.

Lep. Alas!
They follow [2] Fortune, and hate men condemn'd,
Guilty or not.

Arr. But had Sejanus thrived
In his design, and prosperously opprest
The old Tiberius; then, in that same minute,
These very rascals, that now rage like furies,
Would have proclaim'd Sejanus emperor.

Lep. But what hath follow'd?

Ter. Sentence [3] by the senate,
To lose his head; which was no sooner off,
But that and the unfortunate trunk were seized
By the rude multitude; who not content
With what the forward justice of the state
Officiously had done, with violent rage
Have rent it limb from limb. A thousand heads,
A thousand hands, ten thousand tongues and voices,
Employ'd at once in several acts of malice!
Old men not staid with age, virgins with shame,
Late wives with loss of husbands, mothers of chil-
Losing all grief in joy of his sad fall, [dren,
Run quite transported with their cruelty!
These mounting at his head, these at his face,
These digging out his eyes, those with his brains
Sprinkling themselves, their houses and their friends;
Others are met, have ravish'd thence an arm,
And deal small pieces of the flesh for favours;
These with a thigh, this hath cut off his hands,
And this his feet; these fingers and these toes;
That hath his liver, he his heart: there wants
Nothing but room for wrath, and place for hatred!

[1] Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 720.
[2] Juv. Sat. x.
[3] Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 720. Senec. lib. de Tranq. Anim. c. 11. Quo die illum senatus deduxerat, populus in frusta divisit, &c.

What cannot oft be done, is now o'erdone.
The whole, and all of what was great Sejanus,
And, next to Cæsar, did possess the world,
Now torn and scatter'd, as he needs no grave;
Each little dust covers a little part:
So lies he no where, and yet often buried!

Enter NUNTIUS.

Arr. More of Sejanus?

Nun. Yes.

Lep. What can be added?
We know him dead.

Nun. Then there begin your pity.
There is enough behind to melt ev'n Rome,
And Cæsar into tears; since never slave
Could yet so highly offend, but tyranny,
In torturing him, would make him worth lamenting.—
A son and daughter to the dead Sejanus,
(Of whom [4] there is not now so much remaining
As would give fast'ning to the hangman's hook,)
Have they drawn forth for farther sacrifice;
Whose tenderness of knowledge, unripe years,
And childish silly innocence was such,
As scarce would lend them feeling of their danger:
The [5] girl so simple, as she often ask'd
"Where they would lead her? for what cause they dragg'd her?"
Cried, "She would do no more:" that she could take
"Warning with beating." And because our laws
Admit no virgin [6] immature to die,
The wittily and strangely cruel Macro
Deliver'd her to be deflower'd and spoil'd,
By the rude lust of the licentious hangman,
Then to be strangled with her harmless brother.

Lep. O, act most worthy hell, and lasting night,
To hide it from the world!

Nun. Their bodies thrown
Into the Gemonies, (I know not how,
Or by what accident return'd,) the mother,
The expulsed [7] Apicata, finds them there;
Whom when she saw lie spread on the [8] degrees,
After a world of fury on herself,
Tearing her hair, defacing of her face,
Beating her breasts and womb, kneeling amaz'd,
Crying to heaven, then to them; at last,
Her drowned voice gat up above her woes,
And with such black and bitter execrations,
As might affright the gods, and force the sun
Run backward to the east; nay, make the old
Deformed chaos rise again, to o'erwhelm
Them, us, and all the world, she fills the air,
Upbraids the heavens with their partial dooms,
Defies their tyrannous powers, [9] and demands,
What she, and those poor innocents have transgress'd,
That they must suffer such a share in vengeance,
Whilst Livia, Lygdus, and Eudemus live,
Who, as she says, and firmly vows to prove it
To Cæsar and the senate, poison'd Drusus?

Lep. Confederates with her husband!

[4] Vid. Senec. lib. de Tranq. Ani. c. xi.
[5] Tac. Ann. Lib. v. p. 99. Et Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 720.
[6] Lex non tam virginitati ignotum cautumque voluit quam ætati. Cons. Lips. comment. Tac.
[7] Dio. Lib. lviii. c. 720.
[8] Scalæ Gemoniæ in quas erant projecta damnatorum corpora.
[9] Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 720.

Nun. Ay.
Lep. Strange act!
Arr. And strangely open'd: what says now my monster,
The multitude? they reel now, do they not?
Nun. Their gall is gone, and now they 'gin to weep
The mischief they have done.
Arr. I thank 'em, rogues.
Nun. Part are so stupid, or so flexible,
As they believe him innocent; all grieve:
And some whose hands yet reek with his warm blood,
And gripe the part which they did tear of him,
Wish him collected and created new.
Lep. How Fortune plies her sports, when she begins
To practise them! pursues, continues, adds,
Confounds with varying her impassion'd moods!
Arr. Dost thou hope, Fortune, to redeem thy crimes,
To make amend for thy ill placed favours,
With these strange punishments? Forbear, you things
That stand upon the pinnacles of state,
To boast your slippery height; when you do fall,
You pash yourselves in pieces, ne'er to rise;
And he that lends you pity, is not wise.
Ter. Let this example move the insolent man,
Not to grow proud and careless of the gods.
It is an odious wisdom to blaspheme,
Much more to slighten, or deny their powers:
For, whom the morning saw so great and high,
Thus low and little, 'fore the even doth lie. [*Exeunt*

VOLPONE; OR, THE FOX.

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND MOST EQUAL SISTERS,

THE TWO FAMOUS UNIVERSITIES,

FOR THEIR LOVE AND ACCEPTANCE SHEWN TO HIS POEM IN THE PRESENTATION;

BEN JONSON,

THE GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGER,

DEDICATES BOTH IT AND HIMSELF.

Never, most equal Sisters, had any man a wit so presently excellent, as that it could raise itself; but there must come both matter, occasion, commenders, and favourers to it. If this be true, and that the fortune of all writers doth daily prove it, it behoves the careful to provide well towards these accidents; and, having acquired them, to preserve that part of reputation most tenderly, wherein the benefit of a friend is also defended. Hence is it, that I now render myself grateful, and am studious to justify the bounty of your act; to which, though your mere authority were satisfying, yet it being an age wherein poetry and the professors of it bear so ill on all sides, there will a reason be looked for in the subject. It is certain, nor can it with any forehead be opposed, that the too much license of poetasters in this time, hath much deformed their mistress; that, every day, their manifold and manifest ignorance doth stick unnatural reproaches upon her: but for their petulancy, it were an act of the greatest injustice, either to let the learned suffer, or so divine a skill (which indeed should not be attempted with unclean hands) to fall under the least contempt. For, if men will impartially, and not asquint, look toward the offices and function of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's being the good poet, without first being a good man. He that is said to be able to inform young men to all good disciplines, inflame grown men to all great virtues, keep old men in their best and supreme state, or, as they decline to childhood, recover them to their first strength; that comes forth the interpreter and arbiter of nature, a teacher of things divine no less than human, a master in manners; and can alone, or with a few, effect the business of mankind: this, I take him, is no subject for pride and ignorance to exercise their railing rhetoric upon. But it will here be hastily answered, that the writers of these days are other things; that not only their manners, but their natures, are inverted, and nothing remaining with them of the dignity of poet, but the abused name, which every scribe usurps; that now, especially in dramatic, or, as they term it, stage-poetry, nothing but ribaldry, profanation, blasphemy, all license of offence to God and man is practised. I dare not deny a great part of this, and am sorry I dare not, because in some men's abortive features (and would they had never boasted the light) it is over true: but that all are embarked in this bold adventure for hell, is a most uncharitable thought, and, uttered, a more malicious slander. For my particular, I can, and from a most clear conscience, affirm, that I have ever trembled to think toward the least profaneness; have loathed the use of such foul and unwashed bawdry, as is now made the food of the scene: and, howsoever I cannot escape from some, the imputation of sharpness, but that they will say, I have taken a pride, or lust, to be bitter, and not my youngest infant but hath come into the world with all his teeth; I would ask of these supercilious politics, what nation, society, or general order or state, I have provoked? What public person? Whether I have not in all these preserved their dignity, as mine own person, safe? My works are read, allowed, (I speak of those that are intirely mine,) look into them, what broad reproofs have I used? where have I been particular? where personal? except to a mimic, cheater, bawd, or buffoon, creatures, for their insolencies, worthy to be taxed? yet to which of these so pointingly, as he might not either ingenuously have confest, or wisely dissembled his disease? But it is not rumour can make men guilty, much less entitle me to other men's crimes. I know, that nothing can be so innocently writ or carried, but may be made obnoxious to construction; marry, whilst I bear mine innocence about me, I fear it not. Application is now grown a trade with many; and there are that profess to have a key for the decyphering of every thing: but let wise and noble persons take heed how they be too credulous, or give leave to these invading interpreters to be overfamiliar with their fames, who cunningly, and often, utter their own virulent malice, under other men's simplest meanings. As for those that will (by faults which charity hath raked up, or common honesty concealed) make themselves a name with the multitude, or, to draw their rude and beastly claps, care not whose living faces they intrench with their petulant styles, may they do it without a rival, for me! I choose rather to live graved in obscurity, than share with them in so preposterous a fame. Nor can I blame the wishes of those severe and wise patriots, who providing the hurts these licentious spirits may do in a state, desire rather to see fools and devils, and those antique relics of barbarism retrieved, with all other ridiculous and exploded follies, than behold the wounds of private men, of princes and nations: for, as Horace makes Trebatius speak among these,

"Sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, et odit."

And men may justly impute such rages, if continued, to the writer, as his sports. The increase of which lust in liberty, together with the present trade of the stage, in all their miscelline interludes, what learned or liberal soul doth not already abhor? where nothing but the filth of the time is uttered, and with such impropriety of phrase, such plenty of solecisms, such dearth of sense, so bold prolepses, so racked metaphors, with brotherly, able to violate the ear of a pagan, and blasphemy, to turn the blood of a christian to water. I cannot but be serious in a cause of this nature, wherein my fame, and the reputation of divers honest and learned are the question; when a name so full of authority, antiquity, and all great mark, is, through their insolence, become the lowest scorn of the age; and those men subject to the petulancy of every vernaculous orator, that were wont to be the care of kings and happiest monarchs. This it is that hath not only rapt me to present indignation, but made me studious heretofore, and by all my actions, to stand off from them; which may most appear in this my latest work, which you, most learned Arbitresses, have seen, judged, and to my crown, approved; wherein I have laboured for their instruction and amendment, to reduce not only the

ancient forms, but manners of the scene, the easiness, the propriety, the innocence, and last, the doctrine, which is the principal end of poesie, to inform men in the best reason of living. And though my catastrophe may, in the strict rigour of comic law, meet with censure, as turning back to my promise: I desire the learned and charitable critic, to have so much faith in me, to think it was done of industry: for, with what ease I could have varied it nearer his scale (but that I fear to boast my own faculty) I could here insert. But my special aim being to put the snaffle in their mouths, that cry out, We never punish vice in our interludes, &c., I took the more liberty; though not without some lines of example, drawn even in the ancients themselves, the goings out of whose comedies are not always joyful, but oft times the bawds, the servants, the rivals, yea, and the masters are mulcted; and fitly, it being the office of a comic poet to imitate justice, and instruct to life, as well as purity of language, or stir up gentle affections; to which I shall take the occasion elsewhere to speak.

For the present, most reverenced Sisters, as I have cared to be thankful for your affections past, and here made the understanding acquainted with some ground of your favours; let me not despair their continuance, to the maturing of some worthier fruits; wherein, if my muses be true to me, I shall raise the despised head of poetry again, and stripping her out of those rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form, restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty, and render her worthy to be embraced and kist of all the great and master-spirits of our world. As for the vile and slothful, who never affected an act worthy of celebration, or are so inward with their own vicious natures, as they worthily fear her, and think it an high point of policy to keep her in contempt, with their declamatory and windy invectives; she shall out of just rage incite her servants (who are *genus irritabile*) to spout ink in their faces, that shall eat farther than their marrow into their fames; and not Cinnamus the barber, with his art, shall be able to take out the brands; but they shall live, and be read, till the wretches die, as things worst deserving of themselves in chief, and then of all mankind.

From my House in the Black-Friars,
this 11th day of February, 1607.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VOLPONE, *a Magnifico.*
MOSCA, *his Parasite.*
VOLTORE, *an Advocate.*
CORBACCIO, *an old Gentleman.*
CORVINO, *a Merchant.*
BONARIO, *son to Corbaccio.*
SIR POLITICK WOULD-BE, *a Knight.*
PEREGRINE, *a Gentleman Traveller.*
NANO, *a Dwarf.*
CASTRONE, *an Eunuch.*
ANDROGYNO, *an Hermaphrodite.*

GREGE (*or Mob.*)

Commandadori, *Officers of Justice.*
Mercatori, *three Merchants.*
Avocatori, *four Magistrates.*
Notario, *the Register.*

LADY WOULD-BE, *Sir Politick's Wife.*
CELIA, *Corvino's Wife.*

Servitori, Servants, *two* Waiting-women, *&c.*

SCENE,—VENICE.

THE ARGUMENT.

V *olpone, childless, rich, feigns sick, despairs,*
O *ffers his state to hopes of several heirs,*
L *ies languishing: his parasite receives*
P *resents of all, assures, deludes; then weaves*
O *ther cross plots, which ope themselves, are told.*
N *ew tricks for safety are sought; they thrive: when bold,*
E *ach tempts the other again, and all are sold.*

PROLOGUE.

Now, luck yet send us, and a little wit
Will serve to make our play hit;
According to the palates of the season)
Here is rhime, not empty of reason.
This we were bid to credit from our poet,
Whose true scope, if you would know it,
In all his poems still hath been this measure,
To mix profit with your pleasure;
And not as some, whose throats their envy failing,
Cry hoarsely, All he writes is railing:
And when his plays come forth, think they can flout them,
With saying, he was a year about them.
To this there needs no lie, but this his creature,
Which was two months since no feature;
And though he dares give them five lives to mend it,
'Tis known, five weeks fully penn'd it,
From his own hand, without a co-adjutor,
Novice, journey-man, or tutor.
Yet thus much I can give you as a token
Of his play's worth, no eggs are broken,
Nor quaking custards with fierce teeth affrighted,
Wherewith your rout are so delighted;
Nor hales he in a gull old ends reciting,
To stop gaps in his loose writing;
With such a deal of monstrous and forced action,
As might make Bethlem a faction:
Nor made he his play for jests stolen from each table,
But makes jests to fit his fable;
And so presents quick comedy refined,
As best critics have designed;
The laws of time, place, persons he observeth,
From no needful rule he swerveth.
All gall and copperas from his ink he draineth,
Only a little salt remaineth,
Wherewith he'll rub your cheeks, till red, with laughter,
They shall look fresh a week after.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* VOLPONE'S *House.*

Enter VOLPONE *and* MOSCA.

Volp. Good morning to the day; and next,
my gold!—
Open the shrine, that I may see my saint.
[MOSCA *withdraws the curtain, and discovers piles of gold, plate, jewels, &c.*
Hail the world's soul, and mine! more glad than is
The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,
Am I, to view thy splendor darkening his;
That lying here, amongst my other hoards,
Shew'st like a flame by night, or like the day
Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol,
But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
With adoration, thee, and every relick
Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.
Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,
Title that age which they would have the best;
Thou being the best of things, and far transcending
All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dream on earth:
Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,
They should have given her twenty thousand
Cupids;
Such are thy beauties and our loves! Dear saint,
Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men tongues,
Thou canst do nought, and yet mak'st men do all
things;
The price of souls; even hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth heaven. Thou art virtue, fame,
Honour, and all things else. Who can get thee,
He shall be noble valiant, honest, wise——

Mos. And what he will, sir. Riches are in fortune
A greater good than wisdom is in nature.

Volp. True, my beloved Mosca. Yet I glory
More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
Than in the glad possession, since I gain
No common way; I use no trade, no venture;
I wound no earth with plough-shares, fat no beasts,
To feed the shambles; have no mills for iron,
Oil, corn, or men, to grind them into powder:
I blow no subtle glass, expose no ships
To threat'nings of the furrow-faced sea;
I turn no monies in the public bank,
Nor usure private.

Mos. No, sir, nor devour
Soft prodigals. You shall have some will swallow
A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch
Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for it;
Tear forth the fathers of poor families
Out of their beds, and coffin them alive
In some kind clasping prison, where their bones
May be forth-coming, when the flesh is rotten:
But your sweet nature doth abhor these courses;
You lothe the widow's or the orphan's tears
Should wash your pavements, or their piteous cries
Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for vengeance.

Volp. Right, Mosca; I do lothe it.

Mos. And besides, sir,
You are not like the thresher that doth stand
With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn,
And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest grain,
But feeds on mallows, and such bitter herbs;
Nor like the merchant, who hath fill'd his vaults
With Romagnia, and rich Candian wines,
Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar:
You will lie not in straw, whilst moths and worms
Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft beds;
You know the use of riches, and dare give now
From that bright heap, to me, your poor observer,
Or to your dwarf, or your hermaphrodite,
Your eunuch, or what other household trifle
Your pleasure allows maintenance——

Volp. Hold thee, Mosca, [*Gives him money.*
Take of my hand; thou strik'st on truth in all,
And they are envious term thee parasite.
Call forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my fool,
And let them make me sport. [*Exit* MOS.] What
should I do,
But cocker up my genius, and live free
To all delights my fortune calls me to?
I have no wife, no parent, child, ally,
To give my substance to; but whom I make
Must be my heir: and this makes men observe me:
This draws new clients daily to my house,
Women and men of every sex and age,
That bring me presents, send me plate, coin, jewels,
With hope that when I die (which they expect
Each greedy minute) it shall then return
Ten-fold upon them; whilst some, covetous
Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,
And counter-work the one unto the other,
Contend in gifts, as they would seem in love:
All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,
And am content to coin them into profit,
And look upon their kindness, and take more,
And look on that; still bearing them in hand,
Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And draw it by their mouths, and back again.—
How now!

Re-enter MOSCA *with* NANO, ANDROGYNO, *and* CASTRONE.

Nan. *Now, room for fresh gamesters, who do will*
you to know,
They do bring you neither play nor university
show;
And therefore do intreat you, that whatsoever they
rehearse,
May not fare a whit the worse, for the false
pace of the verse.
If you wonder at this, you will wonder more ere
we pass,
For know, here is inclosed the soul of Pythagoras,
That juggler divine, as hereafter shall follow;
Which soul, fast and loose, sir, came first from
Apollo,
And was breath'd into Æthalides, Mercurius his
son,
Where it had the gift to remember all that ever
was done.
From thence it fled forth, and made quick transmi-
gration
To goldly-lock'd Euphorbus, who was killed in
good fashion,
At the siege of old Troy, by the cuckold of Sparta.
Hermotimus was next (I find it in my charta)
To whom it did pass, where no sooner it was missing
But with one Pyrrhus of Delos it learn'd to go
a fishing;
And thence did it enter the sophist of Greece.
From Pythagore, she went into a beautiful piece,

Hight Aspasia, the meretrix ; and the next toss of her
Was again of a whore, she became a philosopher,
Crates the cynick, as it self doth relate it :
Since kings, knights, and beggars, knaves, lords, and fools gat it,
Besides ox and ass, camel, mule, goat, and brock,
In all which it hath spoke, as in the cobler's cock.
But I come not here to discourse of that matter,
Or his one, two, or three, or his great oath, By QUATER!
His musics, his trigon, his golden thigh,
Or his telling how elements shift, but I
Would ask, how of late thou hast suffered translation,
And shifted thy coat in these days of reformation.
And. *Like one of the reformed, a fool, as you see,*
Counting all old doctrine heresie.
Nan. *But not on thine own forbid meats hast thou ventured?*
And. *On fish, when first a Carthusian I enter'd.*
Nan. *Why, then thy dogmatical silence hath left thee?*
And. *Of that an obstreperous lawyer bereft me.*
Nan. *O wonderful change, when sir lawyer forsook thee!*
For Pythagore's sake, what body then took thee?
And. *A good dull mule.* Nan. *And how! by that means*
Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of beans?
And. *Yes.* Nan. *But from the mule into whom didst thou pass?*
And. *Into a very strange beast, by some writers call'd an ass;*
By others, a precise, pure, illuminate brother,
Of those devour flesh, and sometimes one another;
And will drop you forth a libel, or a sanctified lie,
Betwixt every spoonful of a nativity-pie.
Nan. *Now quit thee, for heaven, of that profane nation,*
And gently report thy next transmigration.
And. *To the same that I am.* Nan. *A creature of delight,*
And, what is more than a fool, an hermaphrodite!
Now, prithee, sweet soul, in all thy variation,
Which body would'st thou choose, to keep up thy station?
And. *Troth, this I am in: even here would I tarry.*
Nan. *'Cause here the delight of each sex thou canst vary?*
And. *Alas, those pleasures be stale and forsaken;*
No, 'tis your fool wherewith I am so taken,
The only one creature that I can call blessed;
For all other forms I have proved most distressed.
Nan. *Spoke true, as thou wert in Pythagoras still.*
This learned opinion we celebrate will,
Fellow eunuch, as behoves us, with all our wit and art,
To dignify that whereof ourselves are so great and special a part.
Volp. Now, very, very pretty! Mosca, this
Was thy invention?
Mos. If it please my patron,
Not else.
Volp. It doth, good Mosca.
Mos. Then it was, sir.

NANO *and* CASTRONE *sing.*

Fools, they are the only nation
Worth men's envy or admiration;
Free from care or sorrow-taking,
Selves and others merry making:
All they speak or do is sterling.
Your fool he is your great man's darling,
And your ladies' sport and pleasure;
Tongue and bauble are his treasure.
E'en his face begetteth laughter,
And he speaks truth free from slaughter;
He's the grace of every feast,
And sometimes the chiefest guest;
Hath his trencher and his stool,
When wit waits upon the fool.
O, who would not be
He, he, he? [*Knocking without.*

Volp. Who's that? Away! [*Exeunt* NANO *and* CASTRONE.] Look, Mosca. Fool, begone! [*Exit* ANDROGYNO
Mos. 'Tis signior Voltore, the advocate;
I know him by his knock.
Volp. Fetch me my gown,
My furs and night-caps; say, my couch is changing,
And let him entertain himself awhile
Without i' the gallery. [*Exit* MOSCA.] Now, now, my clients
Begin their visitation! Vulture, kite,
Raven, and gorcrow, all my birds of prey,
That think me turning carcase, now they come;
I am not for them yet —

Re-enter MOSCA, *with the gown, &c.*

How now! the news?
Mos. A piece of plate, sir.
Volp. Of what bigness?
Mos. Huge,
Massy, and antique, with your name inscribed,
And arms engraven.
Volp. Good! and not a fox
Stretch'd on the earth, with fine delusive sleights,
Mocking a gaping crow? ha, Mosca!
Mos. Sharp, sir.
Volp. Give me my furs. [*Puts on his sick dress.*] Why dost thou laugh so, man?
Mos. I cannot choose, sir, when I apprehend
What thoughts he has without now, as he walks:
That this might be the last gift he should give;
That this would fetch you; if you died to-day,
And gave him all, what he should be to-morrow;
What large return would come of all his ventures;
How he should worship'd be, and reverenced;
Ride with his furs, and foot-cloths; waited on
By herds of fools, and clients; have clear way
Made for his mule, as letter'd as himself;
Be call'd the great and learned advocate:
And then concludes, there's nought impossible.
Volp. Yes, to be learned, Mosca.
Mos. O, no: rich
Implies it. Hood an ass with reverend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious ears,
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.
Volp. My caps, my caps, good Mosca. Fetch him in.
Mos. Stay, sir; your ointment for your eyes.
Volp. That's true;
Dispatch, dispatch: I long to have possession
Of my new present.
Mos. That, and thousands more,
I hope to see you lord of.
Volp. Thanks, kind Mosca.
Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended dust
And hundred such as I am, in succession——
Volp. Nay, that were too much, Mosca.

Mos. You shall live,
Still, to delude these harpies.
Volp. Loving Mosca!
'Tis well: my pillow now, and let him enter.
[*Exit* MOSCA.
Now, my feign'd cough, my phthisic, and my gout,
My apoplexy, palsy, and catarrhs,
Help, with your forced functions, this my posture,
Wherein, this three year, I have milk'd their hopes.
He comes; I hear him—Uh! [*coughing.*] uh!
uh! uh! O—

Re-enter MOSCA, *introducing* VOLTORE, *with a piece of Plate.*

Mos. You still are what you were, sir. Only you,
Of all the rest, are he commands his love,
And you do wisely to preserve it thus,
With early visitation, and kind notes
Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
Cannot but come most grateful. Patron! sir!
Here's signior Voltore is come——
Volp. [*faintly.*] What say you?
Mos. Sir, signior Voltore is come this morning
To visit you.
Volp. I thank him.
Mos. And hath brought
A piece of antique plate, bought of St. Mark,
With which he here presents you.
Volp. He is welcome.
Pray him to come more often.
Mos. Yes,
Volt. What says he?
Mos. He thanks you, and desires you see him often.
Volp. Mosca.
Mos. My patron!
Volp. Bring him near, where is he?
I long to feel his hand.
Mos. The plate is here, sir.
Volt. How fare you, sir?
Volp. I thank you, signior Voltore;
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad.
Volt. [*putting it into his hands.*] I'm sorry,
To see you still thus weak.
Mos. That he's not weaker. [*Aside.*
Volp. You are too munificent.
Volt. No, sir; would to heaven,
I could as well give health to you, as that plate!
Volp. You give, sir, what you can: I thank you.
Your love
Hath taste in this, and shall not be unanswer'd:
I pray you see me often.
Volt. Yes, I shall, sir.
Volp. Be not far from me.
Mos. Do you observe that, sir?
Volp. Hearken unto me still; it will concern you.
Mos. You are a happy man, sir; know your good.
Volp. I cannot now last long——
Mos. You are his heir, sir.
Volt. Am I?
Volp. I feel me going; Uh! uh! uh! uh!
I'm sailing to my port, Uh! uh! uh! uh!
And I am glad I am so near my haven.
Mos. Alas, kind gentleman! Well, we must all go——
Volt. But, Mosca——
Mos. Age will conquer.
Volt. 'Pray thee, hear me:
Am I inscribed his heir for certain?
Mos. Are you!
I do beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe
To write me in your family. All my hopes
Depend upon your worship: I am lost,
Except the rising sun do shine on me.
Volt. It shall both shine, and warm thee, Mosca.
Mos. Sir,
I am a man, that hath not done your love
All the worst offices: here I wear your keys,
See all your coffers and your caskets lock'd,
Keep the poor inventory of your jewels,
Your plate and monies; am your steward, sir,
Husband your goods here.
Volt. But am I sole heir?
Mos. Without a partner, sir; confirm'd this morning:
The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry
Upon the parchment.
Volt. Happy, happy, me!
By what good chance, sweet Mosca?
Mos. Your desert, sir;
I know no second cause.
Volt. Thy modesty
Is not to know it; well, we shall requite it.
Mos. He ever liked your course, sir; that first took him.
I oft have heard him say, how he admired
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law;
That, with most quick agility, could turn,
And [re-] return; [could] make knots, and undo
Give forked counsel; take provoking gold [them;
On either hand, and put it up: these men,
He knew, would thrive with their humility.
And, for his part, he thought he should be blest
To have his heir of such a suffering spirit,
So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor scarce
Lie still, without a fee; when every word
Your worship but lets fall, is a chequin!—
[*Knocking without.*
Who's that? one knocks; I would not have you seen, sir.
And yet—pretend you came, and went in haste:
I'll fashion an excuse——and, gentle sir,
When you do come to swim in golden lard,
Up to the arms in honey, that your chin
Is borne up stiff, with fatness of the flood,
Think on your vassal; but remember me:
I have not been your worst of clients.
Volt. Mosca!——
Mos. When will you have your inventory brought, sir?
Or see a copy of the will?——Anon!—
I'll bring them to you, sir. Away, be gone,
Put business in your face. [*Exit* VOLTORE.
Volp. [*springing up.*] Excellent Mosca!
Come hither, let me kiss thee.
Mos. Keep you still, sir.
Here is Corbaccio.
Volp. Set the plate away:
The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come!
Mos. Betake you to your silence, and your sleep.
Stand there and multiply. [*Putting the plate to the rest.*] Now, shall we see
A wretch who is indeed more impotent
Than this can feign to be; yet hopes to hop
Over his grave—

Enter CORBACCIO.

Signior Corbaccio!
You're very welcome, sir.

Corb. How does your patron?
Mos. Troth, as he did, sir; no amends.
Corb. What! mends he?
Mos. No, sir: he's rather worse.
Corb. That's well. Where is he?
Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleep.
Corb. Does he sleep well?
Mos. No wink, sir, all this night.
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.
Corb. Good! he should take
Some counsel of physicians: I have brought him
An opiate here, from mine own doctor.
Mos. He will not hear of drugs.
Corb. Why? I myself
Stood by while it was made, saw all the ingredients:
And know, it cannot but most gently work:
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.
Volp. Ay, his last sleep, if he would take it. [*Aside.*
Mos. Sir,
He has no faith in physic.
Corb. Say you, say you?
Mos. He has no faith in physic: he does think
Most of your doctors are the greater danger,
And worse disease, to escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your physician
Should never be his heir.
Corb. Not I his heir?
Mos. Not your physician, sir.
Corb. O, no, no, no,
I do not mean it.
Mos. No, sir, nor their fees
He cannot brook: he says, they flay a man,
Before they kill him.
Corb. Right, I do conceive you.
Mos. And then they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve them,
But gives them great reward: and he is loth
To hire his death, so.
Corb. It is true, they kill
With as much license as a judge.
Mos. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.
Corb. Ay, or me;
Or any man. How does his apoplex?
Is that strong on him still?
Mos. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer than 'twas wont——
Corb. How! how!
Stronger than he was wont?
Mos. No, sir: his face
Drawn longer than 'twas wont.
Corb. O, good!
Mos. His mouth
Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.
Corb. Good.
Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all his joints,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead.
Corb. 'Tis good.
Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.
Corb. Good symptoms still.
Mos. And from his brain——
Corb. I conceive you; good.
Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual rheum,
Forth the resolved corners of his eyes.
Corb. Is't possible? Yet I am better, ha!
How does he, with the swimming of his head?
Mos. O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy; he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:
You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes.
Corb. Excellent, excellent! sure I shall outlast him:
This makes me young again, a score of years.
Mos. I was a coming for you, sir.
Corb. Has he made his will?
What has he given me?
Mos. No, sir.
Corb. Nothing! ha?
Mos. He has not made his will, sir.
Corb. Oh, oh, oh!
What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here?
Mos. He smelt a carcase, sir, when he but heard
My master was about his testament;
As I did urge him to it for your good——
Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought so.
Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.
Corb. To be his heir?
Mos. I do not know, sir.
Corb. True:
I know it too.
Mos. By your own scale, sir. [*Aside.*
Corb. Well,
I shall prevent him, yet. See, Mosca, look,
Here, I have brought a bag of bright chequines,
Will quite weigh down his plate.
Mos. [*Taking the bag.*] Yea, marry, sir.
This is true physic, this your sacred medicine;
No talk of opiates, to this great elixir!
Corb. 'Tis aurum palpabile, if not potabile.
Mos. It shall be minister'd to him, in his bowl.
Corb. Ay, do, do, do.
Mos. Most blessed cordial!
This will recover him.
Corb. Yes, do, do, do.
Mos. I think it were not best, sir.
Corb. What?
Mos. To recover him.
Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.
Mos. Why, sir, this
Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.
Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear; I'll take my venture:
Give me it again.
Mos. At no hand; pardon me:
You shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. I
Will so advise you, you shall have it all.
Corb. How?
Mos. All, sir; 'tis your right, your own: no man
Can claim a part: 'tis yours, without a rival,
Decreed by destiny.
Corb. How, how, good Mosca?
Mos. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall recover.
Corb. I do conceive you.
Mos. And, on first advantage
Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune him
Unto the making of his testament:
And shew him this. [*Pointing to the money.*
Corb. Good, good.
Mos. 'Tis better yet,
If you will hear, sir.
Corb. Yes, with all my heart.
Mos. Now, would I counsel you, make home with speed;
There, frame a will; whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heir.
Corb. And disinherit
My son!
Mos. O, sir, the better: for that colour
Shall make it much more taking.

Corb. O, but colour?
Mos. This will, sir, you shall send it unto me.
Now, when I come to inforce, as I will do,
Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,
Your more than many gifts, your this day's present,
And last, produce your will; where, without thought,
Or least regard, unto your proper issue,
A son so brave, and highly meriting,
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
Upon my master, and made him your heir:
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
But out of conscience, and mere gratitude——
Corb. He must pronounce me his?
Mos. 'Tis true.
Corb. This plot
Did I think on before.
Mos. I do believe it.
Corb. Do you not believe it?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corb. Mine own project.
Mos. Which, when he hath done, sir——
Corb. Publish'd me his heir?
Mos. And you so certain to survive him——
Corb. Ay.
Mos. Being so lusty a man——
Corb. 'Tis true.
Mos. Yes, sir——
Corb. I thought on that too. See, how he should be
The very organ to express my thoughts!
Mos. You have not only done yourself a [good——
Corb. But multiplied it on my son.
Mos. 'Tis right, sir.
Corb. Still, my invention.
Mos. 'Las, sir! heaven knows,
It hath been all my study, all my care,
(I e'en grow gray withal,) how to work things——
Corb. I do conceive, sweet Mosca.
Mos. You are he,
For whom I labour here.
Corb. Ay, do, do, do:
I'll straight about it. [*Going.*
Mos. Rook go with you, raven!
Corb. I know thee honest.
Mos. You do lie, sir! [*Aside.*
Corb. And——
Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your ears, sir.
Corb. I do not doubt, to be a father to thee.
Mos. Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing.
Corb. I may have my youth restored to me, why not?
Mos. Your worship is a precious ass!
Corb. What say'st thou?
Mos. I do desire your worship to make haste, sir.
Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done; I go. [*Exit.*
Volp. [*leaping from his couch.*] O, I shall burst!
Let out my sides, let out my sides—
Mos. Contain
Your flux of laughter, sir: you know this hope
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.
Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold; good rascal, let me kiss thee:
I never knew thee in so rare a humour.
Mos. Alas, sir, I but do as I am taught;
Follow your grave instructions; give them words;
Pour oil into their ears, and send them hence.
Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself! [
Mos. Ay, with our help, sir.
Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending on old age,
Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with them, their limbs faint,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,
All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them:
Yet this is reckon'd life! nay, here was one,
Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer!
Feels not his gout, nor palsy; feigns himself
Younger by scores of years, flatters his age
With confident belying it, hopes he may,
With charms, like Æson, have his youth restored:
And with these thoughts so battens, as if fate
Would be as easily cheated on, as he,
And all turns air! [*Knocking within.*] Who's that there, now? a third!
Mos. Close, to your couch again; I hear his voice:
It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.
Volp. [*lies down as before.*] Dead.
Mos. Another bout, sir, with your eyes. [*Anointing them.*]—Who's there?

Enter CORVINO.

Signior Corvino! come most wish'd for! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it, now!
Corv. Why? what? wherein?
Mos. The tardy hour is come, sir.
Corv. He is not dead?
Mos. Not dead, sir, but as good;
He knows no man.
Corv. How shall I do then?
Mos. Why, sir?
Corv. I have brought him here a pearl.
Mos. Perhaps he has
So much remembrance left, as to know you, sir:
He still calls on you; nothing but your name
Is in his mouth. Is your pearl orient, sir?
Corv. Venice was never owner of the like.
Volp. [*faintly.*] Signior Corvino!
Mos. Hark.
Volp. Signior Corvino!
Mos. He calls you; step and give it him.—He's here, sir,
And he has brought you a rich pearl.
Corv. How do you, sir?
Tell him, it doubles the twelfth caract.
Mos. Sir,
He cannot understand, his hearing's gone;
And yet it comforts him to see you——
Corv. Say,
I have a diamond for him, too.
Mos. Best shew it, sir;
Put it into his hand; 'tis only there
He apprehends: he has his feeling, yet.
See how he grasps it!
Corv. 'Las, good gentleman!
How pitiful the sight is!
Mos. Tut! forget, sir.
The weeping of an heir should still be laughter
Under a visor.
Corv. Why, am I his heir?
Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not shew the will
Till he be dead; but here has been Corbaccio,
Here has been Voltore, here were others too,
I cannot number 'em, they were so many;
All gaping here for legacies: but I,

Taking the vantage of his naming you,
Signior Corvino, Signior Corvino, took
Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I asked him,
Whom he would have his heir? *Corvino.* Who
Should be executor? *Corvino.* And,
To any question he was silent to,
I still interpreted the nods he made,
Through weakness, for consent: and sent home th' others,
Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry and curse.
Corv. O, my dear Mosca! [*They embrace.*] Does he not perceive us?
Mos. No more than a blind harper. He knows no man,
No face of friend, nor name of any servant,
Who 'twas that fed him last, or gave him drink:
Not those he hath begotten, or brought up,
Can he remember.
Corv. Has he children?
Mos. Bastards,
Some dozen, or more, that he begot on beggars,
Gypsies, and Jews, and black-moors, when he was drunk.
Knew you not that, sir? 'tis the common fable.
The dwarf, the fool, the eunuch, are all his;
He's the true father of his family,
In all, save me:—but he has given them nothing.
Corv. That's well, that's well! Art sure he does not hear us?
Mos. Sure, sir! why, look you, credit your own sense. [*Shouts in* Vol.'s *ear.*
The pox approach, and add to your diseases,
If it would send you hence the sooner, sir,
For your incontinence, it hath deserv'd it
Thoroughly, and thoroughly, and the plague to boot!—
You may come near, sir.—Would you would once close
Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with slime,
Like two frog-pits; and those same hanging cheeks,
Cover'd with hide instead of skin—Nay, help, sir—
That look like frozen dish-clouts set on end!
Corv. [*aloud.*] Or like an old smoked wall, on
Ran down in streaks! [which the rain
Mos. Excellent, sir! speak out:
You may be louder yet; a culverin
Discharged in his ear would hardly bore it.
Corv. His nose is like a common sewer, still running.
Mos. 'Tis good! And what his mouth?
Corv. A very draught.
Mos. O, stop it up———
Corv. By no means.
Mos. 'Pray you, let me:
Faith I could stifle him rarely with a pillow,
As well as any woman that should keep him.
Corv. Do as you will; but I'll begone.
Mos. Be so:
It is your presence makes him last so long.
Corv. I pray you, use no violence.
Mos. No, sir! why?
Why should you be thus scrupulous, pray you, sir?
Corv. Nay, at your discretion.
Mos. Well, good sir, begone. [pearl.
Corv. I will not trouble him now, to take my
Mos. Puh! nor your diamond. What a needless
Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours? [care
Am not I here, whom you have made your creature?
That owe my being to you?
Corv. Grateful Mosca!
Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,
My partner, and shalt share in all my fortunes.
Mos. Excepting one.
Corv. What's that?
Mos. Your gallant wife, sir,— [*Exit* Corv.
Now is he gone: we had no other means
To shoot him hence, but this.
Volp. My divine Mosca!
Thou hast to-day outgone thyself. [*Knocking within.*]—Who's there?
I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Me music, dances, banquets, all delights;
The Turk is not more sensual in his pleasures,
Than will Volpone. [*Exit* Mos.] Let me see; a pearl!
A diamond! plate! chequines! Good morning's purchase.
Why, this is better than rob churches, yet;
Or fat, by eating, once a month, a man—
Re-enter Mosca.
Who is't?
Mos. The beauteous lady Would-be, sir,
Wife to the English knight, sir Politick Would-be,
(This is the style, sir, is directed me,)
Hath sent to know how you have slept to-night,
And if you would be visited?
Volp. Not now:
Some three hours hence—
Mos. I told the squire so much.
Volp. When I am high with mirth and wine; then, then:
'Fore heaven, I wonder at the desperate valour
Of the bold English, that they dare let loose
Their wives to all encounters!
Mos. Sir, this knight
Had not his name for nothing, he is *politick*,
And knows, howe'er his wife affect strange airs,
She hath not yet the face to be dishonest:
But had she signior Corvino's wife's face—
Volp. Has she so rare a face?
Mos. O, sir, the wonder,
The blazing star of Italy! a wench
Of the first year! a beauty ripe as harvest!
Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over,
Than silver, snow, or lilies! a soft lip,
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!
And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood!
Bright as your gold, and lovely as your gold!
Volp. Why had not I known this before?
Mos. Alas, sir,
Myself but yesterday discover'd it.
Volp. How might I see her?
Mos. O, not possible;
She's kept as warily as is your gold;
Never does come abroad, never takes air,
But at a window. All her looks are sweet,
As the first grapes or cherries, and are watch'd
As near as they are.
Volp. I must see her.
Mos. Sir,
There is a guard of spies ten thick upon her,
All his whole household; each of which is set
Upon his fellow, and have all their charge,
When he goes out, when he comes in, examined.
Volp. I will go see her, though but at her
Mos. In some disguise, then. [window.
Volp. That is true; I must
Maintain mine own shape still the same: we'll think. [*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—St. Mark's Place; *a retired corner before* Corvino's *House.*

Enter Sir Politick Would-be, *and* Peregrine.

Sir P. Sir, to a wise man, all the world's his soil:
It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,
That must bound me, if my fates call me forth.
Yet, I protest, it is no salt desire
Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,
Nor any disaffection to the state
Where I was bred, and unto which I owe
My dearest plots, hath brought me out; much less,
That idle, antique, stale, gray-headed project
Of knowing men's minds and manners, with
But a peculiar humour of my wife's [Ulysses!
Laid for this height of Venice, to observe,
To quote, to learn the language, and so forth—
I hope you travel, sir, with license?

Per. Yes.

Sir P. I dare the safelier converse——How
Since you left England? [long, sir,

Per. Seven weeks.

Sir P. So lately!
You have not been with my lord ambassador?

Per. Not yet, sir.

Sir P. Pray you, what news, sir, vents our climate?
I heard last night a most strange thing reported
By some of my lord's followers, and I long
To hear how 'twill be seconded.

Per. What was't, sir?

Sir P. Marry, sir, of a raven that should build
In a ship royal of the king's.

Per. This fellow,
Does he gull me, trow? or is gull'd? [*Aside.*]
Your name, sir.

Sir P. My name is Politick Would-be.

Per. O, that speaks him.—[*Aside*].
A knight, sir?

Sir P. A poor knight, sir.

Per. Your lady
Lies here in Venice, for intelligence
Of tires, and fashions, and behaviour,
Among the courtezans? the fine lady Would be?

Sir P. Yes, sir; the spider and the bee, oftimes,
Suck from one flower.

Per. Good sir Politick,
I cry you mercy; I have heard much of you:
'Tis true, sir, of your raven.

Sir P. On your knowledge?

Per. Yes, and your lion's whelping in the Tower.

Sir P. Another whelp!

Per. Another, sir.

Sir P. Now heaven!
What prodigies be these? The fires at Berwick!
And the new star! these things concurring, strange,
And full of omen! Saw you those meteors?

Per. I did, sir.

Sir P. Fearful! Pray you, sir, confirm me,
Were there three porpoises seen above the bridge,
As they give out?

Per. Six, and a sturgeon, sir.

Sir P. I am astonish'd.

Per. Nay, sir, be not so;
I'll tell you a greater prodigy than these.

Sir P. What should these things portend?

Per. The very day
(Let me be sure) that I put forth from London,
There was a whale discover'd in the river,
As high as Woolwich, that had waited there,
Few know how many months, for the subversion
Of the Stode fleet.

Sir P. Is't possible? believe it,
'Twas either sent from Spain, or the archdukes:
Spinola's whale, upon my life, my credit!
Will they not leave these projects? Worthy sir,
Some other news.

Per. Faith, Stone the fool is dead,
And they do lack a tavern fool extremely.

Sir P. Is Mass Stone dead?

Per. He's dead, sir; why, I hope
You thought him not immortal?—O, this knight,
Were he well known, would be a precious thing
To fit our English stage: he that should write
But such a fellow, should be thought to feign
Extremely, if not maliciously. [*Aside.*

Sir P. Stone dead!

Per. Dead.—Lord! how deeply, sir, you ap-
He was no kinsman to you? [prehend it?

Sir P. That I know of.
Well! that same fellow was an unknown fool.

Per. And yet you knew him, it seems?

Sir P. I did so. Sir,
I knew him one of the most dangerous heads
Living within the state, and so I held him.

Per. Indeed, sir?

Sir P. While he lived, in action.
He has received weekly intelligence,
Upon my knowledge, out of the Low Countries,
For all parts of the world, in cabbages;
And those dispensed again to ambassadors,
In oranges, musk-melons, apricocks,
Lemons, pome-citrons, and such-like; sometimes
In Colchester oysters, and your Selsey cockles.

Per. You make me wonder.

Sir P. Sir, upon my knowledge.
Nay, I've observed him, at your public ordinary,
Take his advertisement from a traveller,
A conceal'd statesman, in a trencher of meat;
And instantly, before the meal was done,
Convey an answer in a tooth-pick.

Per. Strange!
How could this be, sir?

Sir P. Why, the meat was cut
So like his character, and so laid, as he
Must easily read the cipher.

Per. I have heard,
He could not read, sir.

Sir P. So 'twas given out,
In policy, by those that did employ him:
But he could read, and had your languages,
And to't, as sound a noddle——

Per. I have heard, sir,
That your baboons were spies, and that they were
A kind of subtle nation near to China.

Sir P. Ay, ay, your Mamaluchi. Faith, they had
Their hand in a French plot or two; but they
Were so extremely given to women, as
They made discovery of all: yet I
Had my advices here, on Wednesday last.
From one of their own coat, they were return'd,
Made their relations, as the fashion is,
And now stand fair for fresh employment.

Per. 'Heart!
This sir Pol will be ignorant of nothing. [*Aside.*
It seems, sir, you know all.
Sir P. Not all, sir, but
I have some general notions. I do love
To note and to observe: though I live out,
Free from the active torrent, yet I'd mark
The currents and the passages of things,
For mine own private use; and know the ebbs
And flows of state.
Per. Believe it, sir, I hold
Myself in no small tie unto my fortunes,
For casting me thus luckily upon you,
Whose knowledge, if your bounty equal it,
May do me great assistance, in instruction
For my behaviour, and my bearing, which
Is yet so rude and raw.
Sir P. Why, came you forth
Empty of rules for travel?
Per. Faith, I had
Some common ones, from out that vulgar grammar,
Which he that cried Italian to me, taught me.
Sir P. Why this it is that spoils all our brave bloods,
Trusting our hopeful gentry unto pedants,
Fellows of outside, and mere bark. You seem
To be a gentleman, of ingenuous race:——
I not profess it, but my fate hath been
To be, where I have been consulted with,
In this high kind, touching some great men's sons,
Persons of blood and honour.——

Enter Mosca *and* Nano *disguised, followed by persons with materials for erecting a Stage.*

Per. Who be these, sir?
Mos. Under that window, there 't must be. The same.
Sir P. Fellows, to mount a bank. Did your instructor
In the dear tongues, never discourse to you
Of the Italian mountebanks?
Per. Yes, sir.
Sir P. Why,
Here you shall see one.
Per. They are quacksalvers;
Fellows, that live by venting oils and drugs.
Sir P. Was that the character he gave you of them?
Per. As I remember.
Sir P. Pity his ignorance.
They are the only knowing men of Europe!
Great general scholars, excellent physicians,
Most admired statesmen, profest favourites,
And cabinet counsellors to the greatest princes;
The only languaged men of all the world!
Per. And, I have heard, they are most lewd impostors;
Made all of terms and shreds; no less beliers
Of great men's favours, than their own vile med'cines;
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths:
Selling that drug for two-pence, ere they part,
Which they have valued at twelve crowns before.
Sir P. Sir, calumnies are answer'd best with silence.
Yourself shall judge.—Who is it mounts, my friends?
Mos. Scoto of Mantua, sir.
Sir P. Is't he? Nay, then
I'll proudly promise, sir, you shall behold
Another man than has been phant'sied to you.
I wonder yet, that he should mount his bank,
Here in this nook, that has been wont t'appear
In face of the Piazza!—Here he comes.

Enter Volpone, *disguised as a mountebank Doctor, and followed by a crowd of people.*

Volp. Mount, zany. [*to* Nano.]
Mob. Follow, follow, follow, follow!
Sir P. See how the people follow him! he's a man
May write ten thousand crowns in bank here. Note,
Mark but his gesture:—I do use to observe [Volpone *mounts the Stage.*
The state he keeps in getting up.
Per. 'Tis worth it, sir.
Volp. *Most noble gentlemen, and my worthy patrons! It may seem strange, that I, your Scoto Mantuano, who was ever wont to fix my bank in face of the public Piazza, near the shelter of the Portico to the Procuratia, should now, after eight months absence from this illustrious city of Venice, humbly retire myself into an obscure nook of the Piazza.*
Sir P. Did not I now object the same?
Per. Peace, sir.
Volp. *Let me tell you: I am not, as your Lombard proverb saith, cold on my feet; or content to part with my commodities at a cheaper rate, than I accustomed: look not for it. Nor that the calumnious reports of that impudent detractor, and shame to our profession, (Alessandro Buttone, I mean,) who gave out, in public, I was condemned a sforzato to the galleys, for poisoning the cardinal Bembo's —— cook, hath at all attached, much less dejected me. No, no, worthy gentlemen; to tell you true, I cannot endure to see the rabble of these ground ciarlitani, that spread their cloaks on the pavement, as if they meant to do feats of activity, and then come in lamely, with their mouldy tales out of Boccacio, like stale Tabarine, the fabulist: some of them discoursing their travels, and of their tedious captivity in the Turks gallies, when, indeed, were the truth known, they were the Christians gallies, where very temperately they eat bread, and drunk water, as a wholesome penance, enjoined them by their confessors, for base pilferies.*
Sir P. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.
Volp. *These turdy-facy-nasty-paty-lousy-fartical rogues, with one poor grout's worth of unprepared antimony, finely wrapt up in several scartoccios, are able, very well, to kill their twenty a week, and play; yet, these meagre, starved spirits, who have half stopt the organs of their minds with earthy oppilations, want not their favourers among your shrivell'd sallad-eating artizans, who are overjoyed that they may have their half-pe'rth of physic; though it purye them into another world, it makes no matter.*
Sir P. Excellent! have you heard better language, sir.
Volp. *Well, let them go. And, gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, know, that for this time, our bank, being thus removed from the clamours of the canaglia, shall be the scene of pleasure and delight; for I have nothing to sell, little or nothing to sell.*
Sir P. I told you, sir, his end.
Per. You did so, sir.
Volp. *I protest, I, and my six servants, are not able to make of this precious liquor, so fast as it is fetch'd away from my lodging by gentlemen of*

your city ; strangers of the Terra-firma ; worshipful merchants ; ay, and senators too: who, ever since my arrival, have detained me to their uses, by their splendidous liberalities. And worthily ; for, what avails your rich man to have his magazines stuft with moscadelli, or of the purest grape, when his physicians prescribe him, on pain of death, to drink nothing but water cocted with aniseeds? O, health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying this world without thee? Be not then so sparing of your purses, honourable gentlemen, as to abridge the natural course of life——

Per. You see his end.

Sir P. Ay, is't not good?

Volp. *For, when a humid flux, or catarrh, by the mutability of air, falls from your head into an arm or shoulder, or any other part ; take you a ducket, or your chequin of gold, and apply to the place affected: see what good effect it can work. No, no, 'tis this blessed unguento, this rare extraction, that hath only power to disperse all malignant humours, that proceed either of hot, cold, moist, or windy causes——*

Per. I would he had put in dry too.

Sir P. 'Pray you, observe.

Volp. *To fortify the most indigest and crude stomach, ay, were it of one that, through extreme weakness, vomited blood, applying only a warm napkin to the place, after the unction and fricace ; —for the vertigine in the head, putting but a drop into your nostrils, likewise behind the ears ; a most sovereign and approved remedy : the mal caduco, cramps, convulsions, paralysies, epilepsies, tremor-cordia, retired nerves, ill vapours of the spleen, stopping of the liver, the stone, the strangury, hernia ventosa, iliaca passio ; stops a dysenteria immediately ; easeth the torsion of the small guts ; and cures melancholia hypondriaca, being taken and applied according to my printed receipt.* [Pointing to his bill and his vial.] *For, this is the physician, this the medicine ; this counsels, this cures ; this gives the direction, this works the effect ; and, in sum, both together may be termed an abstract of the theorick and practick in the Æsculapian art. 'Twill cost you eight crowns. And,—Zan Fritada, prithee sing a verse extempore in honour of it.*

Sir P. How do you like him, sir?

Per. Most strangely, I!

Sir P. Is not his language rare?

Per. But alchemy,
I never heard the like ; or Broughton's books.

NANO *sings.*

Had old Hippocrates, or Galen,
That to their books put med'cines all in,
But known this secret, they had never
(Of which they will be guilty ever)
Been murderers of so much paper,
Or wasted many a hurtless taper ;
No Indian drug had e'er been famed,
Tobacco, sassafras not named ;
Ne yet, of guacum one small stick, sir,
Nor Raymund Lully's great elixir.
Ne had been known the Danish Gonswart,
Or Paracelsus, with his long sword.

Per. All this, yet, will not do ; eight crowns is high.

Volp. *No more.—Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oil, surnamed Oglio del Scoto ; with the countless catalogue of those I have cured of the aforesaid, and many more diseases ; the patents and privileges of all the princes and commonwealths of Christendom ; or but the depositions of those that appeared on my part, before the signiory of the Sanita and most learned College of Physicians ; where I was authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable virtues of my medicaments, and mine own excellency in matter of rare and unknown secrets, not only to disperse them publicly in this famous city, but in all the territories, that happily joy under the government of the most pious and magnificent states of Italy. But may some other gallant fellow say, O, there be divers that make profession to have as good, and as experimented receipts as yours : indeed, very many have assayed, like apes, in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in me, to make of this oil ; bestowed great cost in furnaces, stills, alembecks, continual fires, and preparation of the ingredients, (as indeed there goes to it six hundred several simples, besides some quantity of human fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the anatomists,) but, when these practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in fumo: ha, ha, ha! Poor wretches! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion, than their loss of time and money ; for these may be recovered by industry : but to be a fool born, is a disease incurable.*

For myself, I always from my youth have endeavoured to get the rarest secrets, and book them, either in exchange, or for money : I spared nor cost nor labour, where any thing was worthy to be learned. And, gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, I will undertake, by virtue of chemical art, out of the honourable hat that covers your head, to extract the four elements ; that is to say, the fire, air, water, and earth, and return you your felt without burn or stain. For, whilst others have been at the Balloo, I have been at my book ; and am now past the craggy paths of study, and come to the flowery plains of honour and reputation.

Sir P. I do assure you, sir, that is his aim.

Volp. *But to our price——*

Per. And that withal, sir Pol.

Volp. *You all know, honourable gentlemen, I never valued this ampulla, or vial, at less than eight crowns ; but for this time, I am content to be deprived of it for six : six crowns is the price, and less in courtesy I know you cannot offer me ; take it or leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your service. I ask you not as the value of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand crowns, so the cardinals Montalto, Fernese, the great Duke of Tuscany, my gossip, with divers other princes, have given me ; but I despise money. Only to shew my affection to you, honourable gentlemen, and your illustrious State here, I have neglected the messages of these princes, mine own offices, framed my journey hither, only to present you with the fruits of my travels.—Tune your voices once more to the touch of your instruments, and give the honourable assembly some delightful recreation.*

Per. What monstrous and most painful circumstance
Is here, to get some three or four gazettes,
Some three-pence in the whole! for that 'twill come to.

NANO *sings.*

You that would last long, list to my song,
Make no more coil, but buy of this oil.
Would you be ever fair and young?
Stout of teeth, and strong of tongue?
Tart of palate? quick of ear?
Sharp of sight? of nostril clear?
Moist of hand? and light of foot?
Or, I will come nearer to't,
Would you live free from all diseases?
Do the act your mistress pleases,
Yet fright all aches from your bones?
Here's a med'cine for the nones.

Volp. *Well, I am in a humour at this time to make a present of the small quantity my coffer contains; to the rich in courtesy, and to the poor for God's sake. Wherefore now mark: I ask'd you six crowns; and six crowns, at other times, you have paid me; you shall not give me six crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one; nor half a ducat; no, nor a moccinigo. Sixpence it will cost you, or six hundred pound—— expect no lower price, for, by the banner of my front, I will not bate a bagatine,—that I will have, only, a pledge of your loves, to carry something from amongst you, to shew I am not contemn'd by you. Therefore, now, toss your handkerchiefs, cheerfully cheerfully; and be advertised, that the first heroic spirit that deigns to grace me with a handkerchief, I will give it a little remembrance of something, beside, shall please it better, than if I had presented it with a double pistolet.*

Per. Will you be that *heroic spark*, sir Pol?

[CELIA *at a window above, throws down her handkerchief.*

O, see! the window has prevented you.

Volp. *Lady, I kiss your bounty; and for this timely grace you have done your poor Scoto of Mantua, I will return you, over and above my oil, a secret of that high and inestimable nature, shall make you for ever enamour'd on that minute, wherein your eye first descended on so mean, yet not altogether to be despised, an object. Here is a powder conceal'd in this paper, of which, if I should speak to the worth, nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word; so short is this pilgrimage of man (which some call life) to the expressing of it. Would I reflect on the price? why, the whole world is but as an empire, that empire as a province, that province as a bank, that bank as a private purse to the purchase of it. I will only tell you; it is the powder that made Venus a goddess, (given her by Apollo,) that kept her perpetually young, clear'd her wrinkles, firm'd her gums, fill'd her skin, colour'd her hair; from her derived to Helen, and at the sack of Troy unfortunately lost: till now, in this our age, it was as happily recovered, by a studious antiquary, out of some ruins of Asia, who sent a moiety of it to the court of France, (but much sophisticated,) wherewith the ladies there, now, colour their hair. The rest, at this present, remains with me; extracted to a quintessence: so that, wherever it but touches, in youth it perpetually preserves, in age restores the complexion; seats your teeth, did they dance like virginal jacks, firm as a wall; makes them white as ivory, that were black as——*

Enter CORVINO.

Cor. Spight o' the devil, and my shame! come down, here;
Come down;—No house but mine to make your scene?
Signior Flaminio, will you down, sir? down?
What, is my wife your Franciscina, sir?
No windows on the whole Piazza, here,
To make your properties, but mine? but mine?
[*Beats away* VOLPONE, NANO, *&c.*
Heart! ere to-morrow I shall be new-christen'd,
And call'd the Pantalone di Besogniosi,
About the town.
Per. What should this mean, sir Pol?
Sir P. Some trick of state, believe it; I will home.
Per. It may be some design on you.
Sir P. I know not,
I'll stand upon my guard.
Per. It is your best, sir.
Sir P. This three weeks, all my advices, all my letters,
They have been intercepted. [
Per. Indeed, sir!
Best have a care.
Sir P. Nay, so I will.
Per. This knight,
I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* VOLPONE'S *House.*

Enter VOLPONE *and* MOSCA.

Volp. O, I am wounded!
Mos. Where, sir?
Volp. Not without;
Those blows were nothing: I could bear them ever
But angry Cupid, bolting from her eyes,
Hath shot himself into me like a flame;
Where, now, he flings about his burning heat,
As in a furnace an ambitious fire,
Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within me.
I cannot live, except thou help me, Mosca;
My liver melts, and I, without the hope
Of some soft air, from her refreshing breath,
Am but a heap of cinders.
Mos. 'Las, good sir,
Would you had never seen her!
Volp. Nay, would thou
Had'st never told me of her!
Mos. Sir, 'tis true;
I do confess I was unfortunate,
And you unhappy: but I'm bound in conscience,
No less than duty, to effect my best
To your release of torment, and I will, sir.
Volp. Dear Mosca, shall I hope?
Mos. Sir, more than dear,
I will not bid you to despair of aught
Within a human compass.
Volp. O, there spoke
My better angel. Mosca, take my keys,
Gold, plate, and jewels, all's at thy devotion;
Employ them how thou wilt; nay, coin me too:
So thou, in this, but crown my longings, Mosca.
Mos. Use but your patience.
Volp. So I have.
Mos. I doubt not
To bring success to your desires.
Volp. Nay, then,
I not repent me of my late disguise.
Mos. If you can horn him, sir, you need not.
Volp. True:
Besides, I never meant him for my heir.—
Is not the colour of my beard and eyebrows
To make me known?

Mos. No jot.
Volp. I did it well.
Mos. So well, would I could follow you in mine,
With half the happiness!—and yet I would
Escape your epilogue. [*Aside.*
Volp. But were they gull'd
With a belief that I was Scoto?
Mos. Sir,
Scoto himself could hardly have distinguish'd!
I have not time to flatter you now; we'll part;
And as I prosper, so applaud my art. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* CORVINO'S *House.*

Enter CORVINO, *with his sword in his hand, dragging in* CELIA.

Corv. Death of mine honour, with the city's fool!
A juggling, tooth-drawing, prating mountebank!
And at a public window! where, whilst he,
With his strain'd action, and his dole of faces,
To his drug-lecture draws your itching ears,
A crew of old, unmarried, noted letchers,
Stood leering up like satyrs; and you smile
Most graciously, and fan your favours forth,
To give your hot spectators satisfaction!
What, was your mountebank their call? their whistle?
Or were you enamour'd on his copper rings,
His saffron jewel, with the toad-stone in't,
Or his embroider'd suit, with the cope-stitch,
Made of a herse cloth? or his old tilt-feather?
Or his starch'd beard? Well, you shall have him,
He shall come home, and minister unto you [yes!
The fricace for the mother. Or, let me see,
I think you'd rather mount; would you not mount?
Why, if you'll mount, you may: yes, truly, you
And so you may be seen, down to the foot. [may:
Get you a cittern, lady Vanity,
And be a dealer with the virtuous man;
Make one: I'll but protest myself a cuckold,
And save your dowry. I'm a Dutchman, I!
For, if you thought me an Italian,
You would be damn'd, ere you did this, you whore!
Thou'dst tremble, to imagine, that the murder
Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,
Should follow, as the subject of my justice.
Cel. Good sir, have patience.
Corv. What couldst thou propose
Less to thyself, than in this heat of wrath,
And stung with my dishonour, I should strike
This steel into thee, with as many stabs,
As thou wert gaz'd upon with goatish eyes?
Cel. Alas, sir, be appeased! I could not think
My being at the window should more now
Move your impatience, than at other times.
Corv. No! not to seek and entertain a parley
With a known knave, before a multitude!
You were an actor with your handkerchief,
Which he most sweetly kist in the receipt,
And might, no doubt, return it with a letter,
And point the place where you might meet; your sister's,
Your mother's, or your aunt's might serve the turn.
Cel. Why, dear sir, when do I make these ex- [cuses,
Or ever stir abroad, but to the church? [cuses,
And that so seldom——
Corv. Well, it shall be less;
And thy restraint before was liberty,
To what I now decree: and therefore mark me.
First, I will have this bawdy light damm'd up;
And till't be done, some two or three yards off,
I'll chalk a line: o'er which if thou but chance
To set thy desperate foot, more hell, more horror,
More wild remorseless rage shall seize on thee,
Than on a conjuror, that had heedless left
His circle's safety ere his devil was laid.
Then here's a lock which I will hang upon thee,
And, now I think on't, I will keep thee backwards;
Thy lodging shall be backwards; thy walks backwards;
Thy prospect, all be backwards; and no pleasure,
That thou shalt know but backwards: nay, since
My honest nature, know, it is your own, [you force
Being too open, makes me use you thus:
Since you will not contain your subtle nostrils
In a sweet room, but they must snuff the air
Of rank and sweaty passengers. [*Knocking within.*]
—One knocks.
Away, and be not seen, pain of thy life;
Nor look toward the window: if thou dost——
Nay, stay, hear this—let me not prosper, whore,
But I will make thee an anatomy,
Dissect thee mine own self, and read a lecture
Upon thee to the city, and in public.
Away!— [*Exit* CELIA.

Enter Servant.

Who's there?
Serv. 'Tis signior Mosca, sir.
Corv. Let him come in. [*Exit* Serv.] His master's dead: there's yet
Some good to help the bad.—

Enter MOSCA.

My Mosca, welcome!
I guess your news.
Mos. I fear you cannot, sir.
Corv. Is't not his death?
Mos. Rather the contrary.
Corv. Not his recovery?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corv. I am curs'd,
I am bewitch'd, my crosses meet to vex me.
How? how? how? how?
Mos. Why, sir, with Scoto's oil;
Corbaccio and Voltore brought of it,
Whilst I was busy in an inner room——
Corv. Death! that damn'd mountebank; but for the law
Now, I could kill the rascal: it cannot be,
His oil should have that virtue. Have not I
Known him a common rogue, come fidling in
To the osteria, with a tumbling whore,
And, when he has done all his forced tricks, been glad
Of a poor spoonful of dead wine, with flies in't?
It cannot be. All his ingredients
Are a sheep's gall, a roasted bitch's marrow,
Some few sod earwigs, pounded caterpillars,
A little capon's grease, and fasting spittle:
I know them to a dram.
Mos. I know not, sir;
But some on't, there, they pour'd into his ears,
Some in his nostrils, and recover'd him;
Applying but the fricace.
Corv. Pox o' that fricace!
Mos. And since, to seem the more officious
And flatt'ring of his health, there, they have had,
At extreme fees, the college of physicians
Consulting on him, how they might restore him;

Where one would have a cataplasm of spices,
Another a flay'd ape clapp'd to his breast,
A third would have it a dog, a fourth an oil,
With wild cats' skins: at last, they all resolved
That, to preserve him, was no other means,
But some young woman must be straight sought
Lusty, and full of juice, to sleep by him; [out,
And to this service, most unhappily,
And most unwillingly, am I now employ'd,
Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
For your advice, since it concerns you most;
Because, I would not do that thing might cross
Your ends, on whom I have my whole dependance,
Yet, if I do it not, they may delate [sir:
My slackness to my patron, work me out
Of his opinion; and there all your hopes,
Ventures, or whatsoever, are all frustrate!
I do but tell you, sir. Besides, they are all
Now striving, who shall first present him; therefore—
I could entreat you, briefly conclude somewhat;
Prevent them if you can.

Corv. Death to my hopes,
This is my villainous fortune! Best to hire
Some common courtezan.

Mos. Ay, I thought on that, sir;
But they are all so subtle, full of art—
And age again doting and flexible,
So as—I cannot tell—we may, perchance,
Light on a quean may cheat us all.

Corv. 'Tis true.

Mos. No, no: it must be one that has no tricks,
Some simple thing, a creature made unto it; [sir,
Some wench you may command. Have you no kinswoman? [think, sir.
Odso—Think, think, think, think, think, think,
One o' the doctors offer'd there his daughter.

Corv. How!

Mos. Yes, signior Lupo, the physician.

Corv. His daughter!

Mos. And a virgin, sir. Why, alas,
He knows the state of's body, what it is;
That nought can warm his blood, sir, but a fever;
Nor any incantation raise his spirit:
A long forgetfulness hath seized that part.
Besides, sir, who shall know it? some one or two—

Corv. I pray thee give me leave. [*Walks aside.*]
If any man
But I had had this luck—The thing in't self,
I know, is nothing—Wherefore should not I
As well command my blood and my affections,
As this dull doctor? In the point of honour,
The cases are all one of wife and daughter.

Mos. I hear him coming. [*Aside.*

Corv. She shall do't: 'tis done.
Slight! if this doctor, who is not engaged,
Unless 't be for his counsel, which is nothing,
Offer his daughter, what should I, that am
So deeply in? I will prevent him: Wretch!
Covetous wretch!—Mosca, I have determined.

Mos. How, sir?

Corv. We'll make all sure. The party you wot
Shall be mine own wife, Mosca. [of

Mos. Sir, the thing,
But that I would not seem to counsel you,
I should have motion'd to you, at the first:
And make your count, you have cut all their throats.
Why, 'tis directly taking a possession!
And in his next fit, we may let him go.
'Tis but to pull the pillow from his head,
And he is throttled: it had been done before,
But for your scrupulous doubts.

Corv. Ay, a plague on't,
My conscience fools my wit! Well, I'll be brief,
And so be thou, lest they should be before us:
Go home, prepare him, tell him with what zeal
And willingness I do it; swear it was
On the first hearing, as thou may'st do, truly,
Mine own free motion.

Mos. Sir, I warrant you,
I'll so possess him with it, that the rest
Of his starv'd clients shall be banish'd all;
And only you received. But come not, sir,
Until I send, for I have something else
To ripen for your good, you must not know't.

Corv. But do not you forget to send now.

Mos. Fear not. [*Exit.*

Corv. Where are you, wife? my Celia! wife!

Re-enter CELIA.

—What, blubbering?
Come, dry those tears. I think thou thought'st
me in earnest;
Ha! by this light I talk'd so but to try thee:
Methinks the lightness of the occasion
Should have confirm'd thee. Come, I am not
Cel. No! [jealous.

Corv. Faith I am not, I, nor never was;
It is a poor unprofitable humour.
Do not I know, if women have a will,
They'll do 'gainst all the watches of the world,
And that the fiercest spies are tamed with gold?
Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see't;
And see I'll give thee cause too, to believe it.
Come kiss me. Go, and make thee ready, straight,
In all thy best attire, thy choicest jewels,
Put them all on, and, with them, thy best looks:
We are invited to a solemn feast,
At old Volpone's, where it shall appear
How far I am free from jealousy or fear. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter MOSCA.

Mos. I fear, I shall begin to grow in love
With my dear self, and my most prosperous parts,
They do so spring and burgeon; I can feel
A whimsy in my blood: I know not how,
Success hath made me wanton. I could skip
Out of my skin, now, like a subtle snake,
I am so limber. O! your parasite
Is a most precious thing, dropt from above,
Not bred 'mongst clods and clodpoles, here on earth.
I muse, the mystery was not made a science,
It is so liberally profest! almost
All the wise world is little else, in nature,
But parasites or sub-parasites.—And, yet,
I mean not those that have your bare town-art,
To know who's fit to feed them; have no house,

No family, no care, and therefore mould
Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense; or get
Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts
To please the belly, and the groin; nor those,
With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn and fleer,
Make their revenue out of legs and faces,
Echo my lord, and lick away a moth:
But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise,
And stoop, almost together, like an arrow;
Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star;
Turn short as doth a swallow; and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder, all at once;
Present to any humour, all occasion;
And change a visor, swifter than a thought!
This is the creature had the art born with him;
Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it
Out of most excellent nature: and such sparks
Are the true parasites, others but their zanis.

Enter BONARIO.

Who's this? Bonario, old Corbaccio's son?
The person I was bound to seek.—Fair sir,
You are happily met.
Bon. That cannot be by thee.
Mos. Why, sir?
Bon. Nay, pray thee, know thy way, and leave me:
I would be loth to interchange discourse
With such a mate as thou art.
Mos. Courteous sir,
Scorn not my poverty.
Bon. Not I, by heaven;
But thou shalt give me leave to hate thy baseness.
Mos. Baseness!
Bon. Ay; answer me, is not thy sloth
Sufficient argument? thy flattery?
Thy means of feeding?
Mos. Heaven be good to me!
These imputations are too common, sir,
And easily stuck on virtue when she's poor.
You are unequal to me, and however
Your sentence may be righteous, yet you are not
That, ere you know me, thus proceed in censure:
St. Mark bear witness 'gainst you, 'tis inhuman.
[*Weeps.*
Bon. What! does he weep? the sign is soft and good:
I do repent me that I was so harsh. [*Aside.*
Mos. 'Tis true, that, sway'd by strong necessity,
I am enforced to eat my careful bread
With too much obsequy; 'tis true, beside,
That I am fain to spin mine own poor raiment
Out of my mere observance, being not born
To a free fortune: but that I have done
Base offices, in rending friends asunder,
Dividing families, betraying counsels,
Whispering false lies, or mining men with praises,
Train'd their credulity with perjuries,
Corrupted chastity, or am in love
With mine own tender ease, but would not rather
Prove the most rugged, and laborious course,
That might redeem my present estimation,
Let me here perish, in all hope of goodness.
Bon. This cannot be a personated passion.—
[*Aside.*
I was to blame, so to mistake thy nature;
Prithee, forgive me: and speak out thy business.
Mos. Sir, it concerns you; and though I may seem,
At first to make a main offence in manners,
And in my gratitude unto my master;
Yet, for the pure love, which I bear all right,
And hatred of the wrong, I must reveal it.
This very hour your father is in purpose
To disinherit you——
Bon. How!
Mos. And thrust you forth,
As a mere stranger to his blood; 'tis true, sir,
The work no way engageth me, but, as
I claim an interest in the general state
Of goodness and true virtue, which I hear
To abound in you: and, for which mere respect,
Without a second aim, sir, I have done it.
Bon. This tale hath lost thee much of the late trust
Thou hadst with me; it is impossible:
I know not how to lend it any thought,
My father should be so unnatural.
Mos. It is a confidence that well becomes,
Your piety; and form'd, no doubt, it is
From your own simple innocence: which makes
Your wrong more monstrous and abhorr'd. But, sir,
I now will tell you more. This very minute,
It is, or will be doing; and, if you
Shall be but pleased to go with me, I'll bring you,
I dare not say where you shall see, but where
Your ear shall be a witness of the deed;
Hear yourself written bastard, and profest
The common issue of the earth.
Bon. I am amazed!
Mos. Sir, if I do it not, draw your just sword,
And score your vengeance on my front and face:
Mark me your villain: you have too much wrong,
And I do suffer for you, sir. My heart
Weeps blood in anguish——
Bon. Lead; I follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* VOLPONE'S *House.*

Enter VOLPONE.

Volp. Mosca stays long, methinks.—Bring forth your sports,
And help to make the wretched time more sweet.

Enter NANO, ANDROGYNO, *and* CASTRONE.

Nan. *Dwarf, fool, and eunuch, well met here we be.*
A question it were now, whether of us three,
Being all the known delicates of a rich man,
In pleasing him, claim the precedency can?
Cas. *I claim for myself.*
And. *And so doth the fool.*
Nan. *'Tis foolish indeed: let me set you both to school.*
First for your dwarf, he's little and witty,
And every thing, as it is little, is pretty;
Else why do men say to a creature of my shape,
So soon as they see him, It's a pretty little ape?
And why a pretty ape, but for pleasing imitation
Of greater men's actions, in a ridiculous fashion?
Beside, this feat body of mine doth not crave
Half the meat, drink, and cloth, one of your bulks will have.
Admit your fool's face be the mother of laughter,
Yet, for his brain, it must always come after:
And though that do feed him, it's a pitiful case,
His body is beholding to such a bad face.
[Knocking within.
Volp. Who's there? my couch; away! look! Nano, see: [*Exe.* AND. *and* CAS

Give me my caps, first——go, enquire. [*Exit* NANO.]—Now, Cupid
Send it be Mosca, and with fair return!
Nan. [*within.*] It is the beauteous madam——
Vol. Would-be——is it?
Nan. The same.
Vol. Now torment on me! Squire her in;
For she will enter, or dwell here for ever:
Nay, quickly. [*Retires to his couch.*]—That my fit were past! I fear
A second hell too, that my lothing this
Will quite expel my appetite to the other:
Would she were taking now her tedious leave.
Lord, how it threats me what I am to suffer!

Re-enter NANO, *with Lady* POLITICK WOULD-BE.

Lady P. I thank you, good sir. 'Pray you sig-
Unto your patron, I am here.—This band [nify
Shews not my neck enough-—I trouble you, sir;
Let me request you, bid one of my women
Come hither to me.—In good faith, I am drest
Most favourably to-day! It is no matter:
'Tis well enough.—

Enter 1 Waiting-woman.

Look, see, these petulant things,
How they have done this!
Volp. I do feel the fever
Entering in at mine ears; O, for a charm,
To fright it hence! [*Aside.*
Lady P. Come nearer: is this curl
In his right place, or this? Why is this higher
Than all the rest? You have not wash'd your eyes,
Or do they not stand even in your head? [yet!
Where is your fellow? call her. [*Exit* 1 Woman.
Nan. Now, St. Mark
Deliver us! anon, she'll beat her women,
Because her nose is red.

Re-enter 1 *with* 2 Woman.

Lady P. I pray you, view
This tire, forsooth: are all things apt, or no?
1 *Wom.* One hair a little, here, sticks out, forsooth.
Lady P. Does't so, forsooth! and where was your dear sight,
When it did so, forsooth! What now! bird-eyed?
And you, too? 'Pray you, both approach and mend it.
Now, by that light, I muse you are not ashamed!
I, that have preach'd these things so oft unto you,
Read you the principles, argued all the grounds,
Disputed every fitness, every grace,
Call'd you to counsel of so frequent dressings—
Nan. More carefully than of your fame or honour. [*Aside.*
Lady P. Made you acquainted, what an ample dowry
The knowledge of these things would be unto you,
Able, alone, to get you noble husbands
At your return: and you thus to neglect it!
Besides you seeing what a curious nation
The Italians are, what will they say of me?
The English lady cannot dress herself.
Here's a fine imputation to our country!
Well, go your ways, and stay in the next room.
This fucus was too coarse too; it's no matter.—
Good sir, you'll give them entertainment?
[*Exeunt* NANO *and* Waiting-women.
Volp. The storm comes toward me.
Lady P. [*goes to the couch.*] How does my Volpone?
Volp. Troubled with noise, I cannot sleep; I dreamt
That a strange fury enter'd, now, my house,
And, with the dreadful tempest of her breath,
Did cleave my roof asunder.
Lady P. Believe me, and I
Had the most fearful dream, could I remember't—
Volp. Out on my fate! I have given her the occasion
How to torment me: she will tell me her's. [*Aside.*
Lady P. Me thought, the golden mediocrity,
Polite and delicate——
Volp. O, if you do love me,
No more: I sweat, and suffer, at the mention
Of any dream; feel how I tremble yet.
Lady P. Alas, good soul! the passion of the heart.
Seed-pearl were good now, boil'd with syrup of
Tincture of gold, and coral, citron-pills, [apples,
Your elicampane root, myrobalanes——
Volp. Ah me, I have ta'en a grass-hopper by the wing! [*Aside.*
Lady P. Burnt silk, and amber: You have mus-
Good in the house—— [cadel
Volp. You will not drink, and part?
Lady P. No, fear not that. I doubt, we shall not get
Some English saffron, half a dram would serve;
Your sixteen cloves, a little musk, dried mints,
Bugloss, and barley-meal——
Volp. She's in again!
Before I feign'd diseases, now I have one. [*Aside.*
Lady P. And these applied with a right scarlet cloth.
Volp. Another flood of words! a very torrent! [*Aside.*
Lady P. Shall I, sir, make you a poultice?
Volp. No, no, no,
I'm very well, you need prescribe no more.
Lady P. I have a little studied physic; but now,
I'm all for music, save, in the forenoons,
An hour or two for painting. I would have
A lady, indeed, to have all, letters and arts,
Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,
But principal, as Plato holds, your music,
And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it,
Is your true rapture: when there is concent
In face, in voice, and clothes: and is, indeed,
Our sex's chiefest ornament.
Volp. The poet
As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,
Says, that your highest female grace is silence.
Lady P. Which of your poets? Petrarch, or Tasso, or Dante?
Guarini? Ariosto? Aretine?
Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.
Volp. Is every thing a cause to my destruction? [*Aside.*
Lady P. I think I have two or three of them about me.
Volp. The sun, the sea, will sooner both stand still
Than her eternal tongue! nothing can 'scape it. [*Aside.*
Lady P. Here's Pastor Fido——
Volp. Profess obstinate silence;
That's now my safest. [*Aside.*
Lady P. All our English writers,

I mean such as are happy in the Italian,
Will deign to steal out of this author, mainly:
Almost as much as from Montagnié:
He has so modern and facile a vein,
Fitting the time, and catching the court-ear!
Your Petrarch is more passionate, yet he,
In days of sonnetting, trusted them with much:
Dante is hard, and few can understand him.
But, for a desperate wit, there's Aretine;
Only, his pictures are a little obscene——
You mark me not,

Volp. Alas, my mind's perturb'd.

Lady P. Why, in such cases, we must cure ourselves,
Make use of our philosophy—— [Make use of our philosophy——

Volp. Oh me!

Lady P. And as we find our passions do rebel,
Encounter them with reason, or divert them,
By giving scope unto some other humour
Of lesser danger: as, in politic bodies,
There's nothing more doth overwhelm the judgment,
And cloud the understanding, than too much
Settling and fixing, and, as 'twere, subsiding
Upon one object. For the incorporating
Of these same outward things, into that part,
Which we call mental, leaves some certain fæces
That stop the organs, and as Plato says,
Assassinate our knowledge.

Volp. Now, the spirit
Of patience help me! [*Aside.*

Lady P. Come, in faith, I must
Visit you more a days; and make you well:
Laugh and be lusty.

Volp. My good angel save me! [*Aside.*

Lady P. There was but one sole man in all the world,
With whom I e'er could sympathise; and he
Would lie you, often, three, four hours together
To hear me speak; and be sometime so rapt,
As he would answer me quite from the purpose,
Like you, and you are like him, just. I'll discourse,
An't be but only, sir, to bring you asleep,
How we did spend our time and loves together,
For some six years.

Volp. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!

Lady P. For we were coætanei, and brought up——

Volp. Some power, some fate, some fortune rescue me!

Enter MOSCA.

Mos. God save you, madam!

Lady P. Good sir.

Volp. Mosca! welcome,
Welcome to my redemption.

Mos. Why, sir?

Volp. Oh,
Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there;
My madam, with the everlasting voice:
The bells, in time of pestilence, ne'er made
Like noise, or were in that perpetual motion!
The Cock-pit comes not near it. All my house,
But now, steam'd like a bath with her thick breath,
A lawyer could not have been heard; nor scarce
Another woman, such a hail of words
She has let fall. For hell's sake, rid her hence.

Mos. Has she presented?

Volp. O, I do not care;
I'll take her absence, upon any price,
With any loss.

Mos. Madam——

Lady P. I have brought your patron
A toy, a cap here, of mine own work.

Mos. 'Tis well.
I had forgot to tell you, I saw your knight,
Where you would little think it.——

Lady P. Where?

Mos. Marry,
Where yet, if you make haste, you may apprehend
Rowing upon the water in a gondole
With the most cunning courtezan of Venice.

Lady P. Is't true?

Mos. Pursue them, and believe your eyes:
Leave me, to make your gift. [*Exit* Lady P. *hastily.*]—I knew 'twould take:
For, lightly, they that use themselves most license,
Are still most jealous.

Volp. Mosca, hearty thanks,
For thy quick fiction, and delivery of me.
Now to my hopes, what say'st thou?

Re-enter Lady P. WOULD-BE,

Lady P. But do you hear, sir?——

Volp. Again! I fear a paroxysm.

Lady P. Which way
Row'd they together?

Mos. Toward the Rialto.

Lady P. I pray you lend me your dwarf.

Mos. I pray you take him.— [*Exit* Lady P.
Your hopes, sir, are like happy blossoms, fair,
And promise timely fruit, if you will stay
But the maturing; keep you at your couch,
Corbaccio will arrive straight, with the Will;
When he is gone, I'll tell you more. [*Exit*

Volp. My blood,
My spirits are return'd; I am alive:
And, like your wanton gamester at primero,
Whose thought had whisper'd to him, not go less,
Methinks I lie, and draw——for an encounter.

[*The scene closes upon* VOLPONE.

SCENE II.—*The Passage leading to* VOLPONE'S *Chamber.*

Enter MOSCA *and* BONARIO.

Mos. Sir, here conceal'd, [*shews him a closet.*] you may hear all. But, pray you,
Have patience, sir; [*knocking within.*]—the same's your father knocks:
I am compell'd to leave you. [*Exit.*

Bon. Do so.—Yet
Cannot my thought imagine this a truth.

[*Goes into the closet.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the same.*

Enter MOSCA *and* CORVINO, CELIA *following.*

Mos. Death on me! you are come too soon,
Did not I say, I would send? [what meant you?

Corv. Yes, but I fear'd
You might forget it, and then they prevent us.

Mos. Prevent! did e'er man haste so, for his horns?
A courtier would not ply it so, for a place. [*Aside.*
Well, now there is no helping it, stay here;
I'll presently return. [*Exit.*

Corv. Where are you, Celia?
You know not wherefore I have brought you

Cel. Not well, except you told me. [hither?

Corv. Now, I will:
Hark hither. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Closet opening into a Gallery.*

Enter MOSCA *and* BONARIO.

Mos. Sir, your father hath sent word,
It will be half an hour ere he come;
And therefore, if you please to walk the while
Into that gallery—at the upper end,
There are some books to entertain the time:
And I'll take care no man shall come unto you, sir.
Bon. Yes, I will stay there.—I do doubt this fellow. [*Aside, and exit.*
Mos. [*Looking after him.*] There; he is far enough; he can hear nothing:
And, for his father, I can keep him off. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—VOLPONE'S *Chamber.*—VOLPONE *on his couch.* MOSCA *sitting by him.*

Enter CORVINO, *forcing in* CELIA.

Corv. Nay, now, there is no starting back, and
Resolve upon it: I have so decreed. [therefore,
It must be done. Nor would I move't afore,
Because I would avoid all shifts and tricks,
That might deny me.
Cel. Sir, let me beseech you,
Affect not these strange trials; if you doubt
My chastity, why, lock me up for ever;
Make me the heir of darkness. Let me live,
Where I may please your fears, if not your trust.
Corv. Believe it, I have no such humour, I.
All that I speak I mean; yet I'm not mad;
Nor horn-mad, see you? Go to, shew yourself
Obedient, and a wife.
Cel. O heaven!
Corv. I say it,
Do so.
Cel. Was this the train?
Corv. I've told you reasons;
What the physicians have set down: how much
It may concern me; what my engagements are;
My means; and the necessity of those means,
For my recovery: wherefore, if you be
Loyal, and mine, be won, respect my venture.
Cel. Before your honour?
Corv. Honour! tut, a breath:
There's no such thing in nature: a mere term
Invented to awe fools. What is my gold
The worse for touching, clothes for being look'd on?
Why, this 's no more. An old decrepit wretch,
That has no sense, no sinew; takes his meat
With others fingers; only knows to gape,
When you do scald his gums; a voice, a shadow;
And, what can this man hurt you?
Cel. Lord! what spirit
Is this hath enter'd him? [*Aside.*
Corv. And for your fame,
That's such a jig; as if I would go tell it,
Cry it on the Piazza! who shall know it,
But he that cannot speak it, and this fellow,
Whose lips are in my pocket? save yourself,
(If you'll proclaim't, you may,) I know no other
Shall come to know it.
Cel. Are heaven and saints then nothing?
Will they be blind or stupid?
Corv. How!
Cel. Good sir,
Be jealous still, emulate them; and think
What hate they burn with toward every sin.
Corv. I grant you: if I thought it were a sin,
I would not urge you. Should I offer this
To some young Frenchman, or hot Tuscan blood
That had read Aretine, conn'd all his prints,
Knew every quirk within lust's labyrinth,
And were professed critic in lechery;
And I would look upon him, and applaud him,
This were a sin: but here, 'tis contrary,
A pious work, mere charity for physic,
And honest polity, to assure mine own.
Cel. O heaven! canst thou suffer such a change?
Volp. Thou art mine honour, Mosca, and my pride,
My joy, my tickling, my delight! Go bring them.
Mos. [*advancing.*] Please you draw near, sir.
Corv. Come on, what——
You will not be rebellious? by that light——
Mos. Sir,
Signior Corvino, here, is come to see you.
Volp. Oh!
Mos. And hearing of the consultation had,
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, sir, to prostitute——
Corv. Thanks, sweet Mosca.
Mos. Freely, unask'd, or unintreated——
Corv. Well.
Mos. As the true fervent instance of his love,
His own most fair and proper wife; the beauty,
Only of price in Venice——
Corv. 'Tis well urged.
Mos. To be your comfortress, and to preserve you.
Volp. Alas, I am past, already! Pray you, thank him
For his good care and promptness; but for that,
'Tis a vain labour e'en to fight 'gainst heaven;
Applying fire to stone—uh, uh, uh, uh! [*coughing.*]
Making a dead leaf grow again. I take
His wishes gently, though; and you may tell him,
What I have done for him: marry, my state is hopeless.
Will him to pray for me; and to use his fortune
With reverence, when he comes to't.
Mos. Do you hear, sir?
Go to him with your wife.
Corv. Heart of my father!
Wilt thou persist thus? come, I pray thee, come.
Thou seest 'tis nothing, Celia. By this hand,
I shall grow violent. Come, do't, I say.
Cel. Sir, kill me, rather: I will take down poison,
Eat burning coals, do any thing.——
Corv. Be damn'd!
Heart, I will drag thee hence, home, by the hair;
Cry thee a strumpet through the streets; rip up
Thy mouth unto thine ears; and slit thy nose,
Like a raw rochet!—Do not tempt me; come,
Yield, I am loth—Death! I will buy some slave
Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him, alive;
And at my window hang you forth, devising
Some monstrous crime, which I, in capital letters,
Will eat into thy flesh with aquafortis,
And burning corsives, on this stubborn breast.
Now, by the blood thou hast incensed, I'll do it!
Cel. Sir, what you please, you may, I am your martyr.
Corv. Be not thus obstinate, I have not deserved it:
Think who it is intreats you. 'Prithee, sweet;—
Good faith, thou shalt have jewels, gowns, attires,

What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go kiss him.
Or touch him, but. For my sake.—At my suit.—
This once.—No! not! I shall remember this.
Will you disgrace me thus? Do you thirst my undoing?
Mos. Nay, gentle lady, be advised.
Corv. No, no.
She has watch'd her time. Ods precious, this is scurvy,
'Tis very scurvy; and you are—
Mos. Nay, good sir.
Corv. An arrant locust, by heaven, a locust!
Whore, crocodile, that hast thy tears prepared,
Expecting how thou'lt bid them flow——
Mos. Nay, 'pray you, sir!
She will consider.
Cel. Would my life would serve
To satisfy—
Corv. S'death! if she would but speak to him,
And save my reputation, it were somewhat;
But spightfully to affect my utter ruin!
Mos. Ay, now you have put your fortune in her hands.
Why i'faith, it is her modesty, I must quit her.
If you were absent, she would be more coming;
I know it: and dare undertake for her.
What woman can before her husband? 'pray you,
Let us depart, and leave her here.
Corv. Sweet Celia,
Thou may'st redeem all, yet; I'll say no more:
If not, esteem yourself as lost. Nay, stay there.
[*Shuts the door, and exit with* MOSCA.
Cel. O God, and his good angels! whither, whither,
Is shame fled human breasts? that with such ease,
Men dare put off your honours, and their own?
Is that, which ever was a cause of life,
Now placed beneath the basest circumstance,
And modesty an exile made, for money?
Volp. Ay, in Corvino, and such earth-fed minds,
[*Leaping from his couch.*
That never tasted the true heaven of love.
Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
He would have sold his part of Paradise
For ready money, had he met a cope-man.
Why art thou mazed to see me thus revived?
Rather applaud thy beauty's miracle;
'Tis thy great work: that hath, not now alone,
But sundry times raised me, in several shapes,
And, but this morning, like a mountebank,
To see thee at thy window: ay, before
I would have left my practice, for thy love,
In varying figures, I would have contended
With the blue Proteus, or the horned flood.
Now art thou welcome.
Cel. Sir!
Volp. Nay, fly me not.
Nor let thy false imagination
That I was bed-rid, make thee think I am so.
Thou shalt not find it. I am, now, as fresh,
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight,
As when, in that so celebrated scene,
At recitation of our comedy,
For entertainment of the great Valois,
I acted young Antinous; and attracted
The eyes and ears of all the ladies present,
To admire each graceful gesture, note, and footing.
[*Sings.*

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we can, the sports of love,
Time will not be ours for ever,
He, at length, our good will sever;
Spend not then his gifts in vain;
Suns, that set, may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?
Or his easier ears beguile,
Thus removed by our wile?—
'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
But the sweet thefts to reveal;
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

Cel. Some serene blast me, or dire lightning
This my offending face! [strike
Volp. Why droops my Celia?
Thou hast, in place of a base husband, found
A worthy lover: use thy fortune well,
With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold,
What thou art queen of; not in expectation,
As I feed others: but possess'd and crown'd.
See, here, a rope of pearl; and each, more orient
Than that the brave Ægyptian queen caroused:
Dissolve and drink them. See, a carbuncle,
May put out both the eyes of our St. Mark;
A diamond, would have bought Lollia Paulina,
When she came in like star-light, hid with jewels,
That were the spoils of provinces; take these,
And wear, and lose them: yet remains an ear-ring
To purchase them again, and this whole state.
A gem but worth a private patrimony,
Is nothing: we will eat such at a meal.
The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,
The brains of peacocks, and of estriches,
Shall be our food: and, could we get the phœnix,
Though nature lost her kind, she were our dish.
Cel. Good sir, these things might move a mind affected
With such delights; but I, whose innocence
Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th' enjoying,
And which, once lost, I have nought to lose beyond
Cannot be taken with these sensual baits: [it,
If you have conscience——
Volp. 'Tis the beggar's virtue;
If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Celia.
Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers,
Spirit of roses, and of violets,
The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath
Gather'd in bags, and mixt with Cretan wines.
Our drink shall be prepared gold and amber;
Which we will take, until my roof whirl round
With the vertigo: and my dwarf shall dance,
My eunuch sing, my fool make up the antic,
Whilst we, in changed shapes, act Ovid's tales,
Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,
Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine:
So, of the rest, till we have quite run through,
And wearied all the fables of the gods.
Then will I have thee in more modern forms,
Attired like some sprightly dame of France,
Brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish beauty;
Sometimes, unto the Persian sophy's wife;
Or the grand signior's mistress; and, for change,
To one of our most artful courtezans,
Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian;
And I will meet thee in as many shapes:

Where we may so transfuse our wandering souls
Out at our lips, and score up sums of pleasures,
[*Sings.*

That the curious shall not know
How to tell them as they flow;
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pined.

Cel. If you have ears that will be pierced—or eyes
That can be open'd—a heart that may be touch'd—
Or any part that yet sounds man about you—
If you have touch of holy saints—or heaven—
Do me the grace to let me 'scape—if not,
Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,
I am a creature, hither ill betray'd,
By one, whose shame I would forget it were:
If you will deign me neither of these graces,
Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather than your lust,
(It is a vice comes nearer manliness,)
And punish that unhappy crime of nature,
Which you miscall my beauty: flay my face,
Or poison it with ointments, for seducing
Your blood to this rebellion. Rub these hands,
With what may cause an eating leprosy,
E'en to my bones and marrow: any thing,
That may disfavour me, save in my honour—
And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay down
A thousand hourly vows, sir, for your health;
Report, and think you virtuous——
Volp. Think me cold,
Frozen and impotent, and so report me?
That I had Nestor's hernia, thou wouldst think.
I do degenerate, and abuse my nation,
To play with opportunity thus long;
I should have done the act, and then have parley'd.
Yield, or I'll force thee. [*Seizes her.*
Cel. O! just God!
Volp. In vain——
Bon. [*rushing in.*] Forbear, foul ravisher, libidinous swine!
Free the forced lady, or thou diest, impostor.
But that I'm loth to snatch thy punishment
Out of the hand of justice, thou shouldst, yet,
Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance,
Before this altar, and this dross, thy idol.——
Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den
Of villainy; fear nought, you have a guard:
And he, ere long, shall meet his just reward.
[*Exeunt* Bon. *and* Cel.
Volp. Fall on me, roof, and bury me in ruin!
Become my grave, that wert my shelter! O!
I am unmask'd, unspirited, undone,
Betray'd to beggary, to infamy——

Enter Mosca, *wounded and bleeding.*

Mos. Where shall I run, most wretched shame
To beat out my unlucky brains? [of men,
Volp. Here, here.
What! dost thou bleed?
Mos. O that his well-driv'n sword
Had been so courteous to have cleft me down
Unto the navel, ere I lived to see
My life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron, all
Thus desperately engaged, by my error!
Volp. Woe on thy fortune!
Mos. And my follies, sir.
Volp. Thou hast made me miserable.
Mos. And myself, sir.
Who would have thought he would have hearken'd
Volp. What shall we do? [so?
Mos. I know not; if my heart
Could expiate the mischance, I'd pluck it out.
Will you be pleased to hang me, or cut my throat?
And I'll requite you, sir. Let's die like Romans,
Since we have lived like Grecians.
[*Knocking within.*
Volp. Hark! who's there?
I hear some footing; officers, the saffi,
Come to apprehend us! I do feel the brand
Hissing already at my forehead; now,
Mine ears are boring.
Mos. To your couch, sir, you,
Make that place good, however. [Volpone *lies down, as before.*]—Guilty men
Suspect what they deserve still.

Enter Corbaccio.

Signior Corbaccio!
Corb. Why, how now, Mosca?
Mos. O, undone, amazed, sir.
Your son, I know not by what accident,
Acquainted with your purpose to my patron,
Touching your Will, and making him your heir,
Enter'd our house with violence, his sword drawn
Sought for you, call'd you wretch, unnatural,
Vow'd he would kill you.
Corb. Me!
Mos. Yes, and my patron.
Corb. This act shall disinherit him indeed;
Here is the Will.
Mos. 'Tis well, sir.
Corb. Right and well:
Be you as careful now for me.

Enter Voltore, *behind.*

Mos. My life, sir,
Is not more tender'd; I am only yours.
Corb. How does he? will he die shortly, think'st
Mos. I fear [thou?
He'll outlast May.
Corb. To-day?
Mos. No, last out May, sir.
Corb. Could'st thou not give him a dram?
Mos. O, by no means, sir.
Corb. Nay, I'll not bid you.
Volt. [*coming forward.*] This is a knave, I see.
Mos. [*seeing* Voltore.] How! signior Voltore! did he hear me? [*Aside.*
Volt. Parasite!
Mos. Who's that?—O, sir, most timely welcome—
Volt. Scarce,
To the discovery of your tricks, I fear.
You are his, *only?* and mine also, are you not?
Mos. Who? I, sir?
Volt. You, sir. What device is this
About a Will?
Mos. A plot for you, sir.
Volt. Come,
Put not your foists upon me; I shall scent them.
Mos. Did you not hear it?
Volt. Yes, I hear Corbaccio
Hath made your patron there his heir.
Mos. 'Tis true,
By my device, drawn to it by my plot,
With hope——
Volt. Your patron should reciprocate?
And you have promised?
Mos. For your good, I did, sir.
Nay, more, I told his son, brought, hid him here,
Where he might hear his father pass the deed:
Being persuaded to it by this thought, sir,

That the unnaturalness, first, of the act,
And then his father's oft disclaiming in him,
(Which I did mean t'help on,) would sure enrage
To do some violence upon his parent, [him
On which the law should take sufficient hold,
And you be stated in a double hope:
Truth be my comfort, and my conscience,
My only aim was to dig you a fortune
Out of these two old rotten sepulchres—
Volt. I cry thee mercy, Mosca.
Mos. Worth your patience,
And your great merit, sir. And see the change!
Volt. Why, what success?
Mos. Most hapless! you must help, sir.
Whilst we expected the old raven, in comes
Corvino's wife, sent hither by her husband—
Volt. What, with a present?
Mos. No, sir, on visitation;
(I'll tell you how anon;) and staying long,
The youth he grows impatient, rushes forth,
Seizeth the lady, wounds me, makes her swear
(Or he would murder her, that was his vow)
To affirm my patron to have done her rape:
Which how unlike it is, you see! and hence,
With that pretext he's gone, to accuse his father,
Defame my patron, defeat you——
Volt. Where is her husband?
Let him be sent for straight.
Mos. Sir, I'll go fetch him.
Volt. Bring him to the Scrutineo.
Mos. Sir, I will.
Volt. This must be stopt.
Mos. O you do nobly, sir.
Alas, 'twas labour'd all, sir, for your good;
Nor was there want of counsel in the plot:
But fortune can, at any time, o'erthrow
The projects of a hundred learned clerks, sir.
Corb. [*listening.*] What's that?
Volt. Will't please you, sir, to go along?
[*Exit* CORBACCIO, *followed by* VOLTORE.
Mos. Patron, go in, and pray for our success.
Volp. [*rising from his couch.*] Need makes devotion: heaven your labour bless!
[*Exunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter Sir POLITICK WOULD-BE *and* PEREGRINE.

Sir P. I told you, sir, it was a plot; you see
What observation is! You mention'd me
For some instructions: I will tell you, sir,
(Since we are met here in this height of Venice,)
Some few particulars I have set down,
Only for this meridian, fit to be known
Of your crude traveller; and they are these.
I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or clothes,
For they are old.
Per. Sir, I have better.
Sir P. Pardon,
I meant, as they are themes.
Per. O, sir, proceed:
I'll slander you no more of wit, good sir.
Sir P. First, for your garb, it must be grave and serious,
Very reserv'd and lock'd; not tell a secret
On any terms, not to your father; scarce
A fable, but with caution: make sure choice
Both of your company, and discourse; beware
You never speak a truth——
Per. How!
Sir P. Not to strangers,
For those be they you must converse with most;
Others I would not know, sir, but at distance,
So as I still might be a saver in them:
You shall have tricks else past upon you hourly.
And then, for your religion, profess none,
But wonder at the diversity, of all:
And, for your part, protest, were there no other
But simply the laws o' th' land, you could content
Nic. Machiavel, and Monsieur Bodin, both [you,
Were of this mind. Then must you learn the use
And handling of your silver fork at meals,
The metal of your glass; (these are main matters
With your Italian;) and to know the hour
When you must eat your melons, and your figs.
Per. Is that a point of state too?
Sir P. Here it is:
For your Venetian, if he see a man
Preposterous in the least, he has him straight;
He has; he strips him. I'll acquaint you, sir,
I now have lived here, 'tis some fourteen months
Within the first week of my landing here,
All took me for a citizen of Venice,
I knew the forms so well——
Per. And nothing else. [*Aside.*
Sir P. I had read Contarene, took me a house,
Dealt with my Jews to furnish it with moveables—
Well, if I could but find one man, one man
To mine own heart, whom I durst trust, I would—
Per. What, what, sir?
Sir P. Make him rich; make him a fortune:
He should not think again. I would command it.
Per. As how?
Sir P. With certain projects that I have;
Which I may not discover.
Per. If I had
But one to wager with, I would lay odds now.
He tells me instantly. *Aside.*
Sir P. One is, and that
I care not greatly who knows, to serve the state
Of Venice with red herrings for three years,
And at a certain rate, from Rotterdam,
Where I have correspondence. There's a letter,
Sent me from one o' the states, and to that purpose:
He cannot write his name, but that's his mark.
Per. He is a chandler?
Sir P. No, a cheesemonger.
There are some others too with whom I treat
About the same negociation;
And I will undertake it: for, 'tis thus.
I'll do't with ease, I have cast it all: Your hoy
Carries but three men in her, and a boy;
And she shall make me three returns a year:
So, if there come but one of three, I save;
If two, I can defalk:—but this is now,
If my main project fail.
Per. Then you have others?
Sir P. I should be loth to draw the subtle air
Of such a place, without my thousand aims.
I'll not dissemble, sir: where'er I come, o

I love to be considerative; and 'tis true,
I have at my free hours thought upon
Some certain goods unto the state of Venice,
Which I do call *my Cautions;* and, sir, which
I mean, in hope of pension, to propound
To the Great Council, then unto the Forty,
So to the Ten. My means are made already—
Per. By whom?
Sir P. Sir, one that, though his place be obscure,
Yet he can sway, and they will hear him. He's
A commandador.
Per. What! a common serjeant?
Sir P. Sir, such as they are, put it in their mouths,
What they should say, sometimes; as well as greater:
I think I have my notes to shew you—
[*Searching his pockets.*
Per. Good sir.
Sir P. But you shall swear unto me, on your
Not to anticipate— [gentry,
Per. I, sir!
Sir P. Nor reveal
A circumstance——My paper is not with me.
Per. O, but you can remember, sir.
Sir P. My first is
Concerning tinder-boxes. You must know,
No family is here without its box.
Now, sir, it being so portable a thing,
Put case, that you or I were ill affected
Unto the state, sir; with it in our pockets,
Might not I go into the Arsenal,
Or you, come out again, and none the wiser?
Per. Except yourself, sir.
Sir P. Go to, then. I therefore
Advertise to the state, how fit it were,
That none but such as were known patriots,
Sound lovers of their country, should be suffer'd
To enjoy them in their houses; and even those
Seal'd at some office, and at such a bigness
As might not lurk in pockets.
Per. Admirable! [resolv'd,
Sir P. My next is, how to enquire, and be
By present demonstration, whether a ship,
Newly arrived from Soria, or from
Any suspected part of all the Levant,
Be guilty of the plague: and where they use
To lie out forty, fifty days, sometimes,
About the Lazaretto, for their trial;
I'll save that charge and loss unto the merchant,
And in an hour clear the doubt.
Per. Indeed, sir!
Sir P. Or——I will lose my labour.
Per. 'My faith, that's much.
Sir P. Nay, sir, conceive me. It will cost me in
Some thirty livres—— [onions,
Per. Which is one pound sterling.
Sir P. Beside my water-works: for this I do, sir.
First, I bring in your ship 'twixt two brick walls;
But those the state shall venture: On the one
I strain me a fair tarpauling, and in that
I stick my onions, cut in halves: the other
Is full of loop-holes, out at which I thrust
The noses of my bellows; and those bellows
I keep, with water-works, in perpetual motion,
Which is the easiest matter of a hundred.
Now, sir, your onion, which doth naturally
Attract the infection, and your bellows blowing
The air upon him, will show, instantly,
By his changed colour, if there be contagion;
Or else remain as fair as at the first.
—Now it is known, 'tis nothing.
Per. You are right, sir
Sir P. I would I had my note.
Per. 'Faith, so would I:
But you have done well for once, sir.
Sir P. Were I false,
Or would be made so, I could show you reasons
How I could sell this state now to the Turk,
Spite of their gallies, or their——
[*Examining his papers.*
Per. Pray you, sir Pol.
Sir P. I have them not about me.
Per. That I fear'd:
They are there, sir.
Sir P. No, this is my diary,
Wherein I note my actions of the day.
Per. Pray you, let's see, sir. What is here?
Notandum, [Reads.
A rat had gnawn my spur-leathers; notwithstand-
I put on new, and did go forth: but first [*ing,*
I threw three beans over the threshold. Item,
I went and bought two tooth-picks, whereof one
I burst immediately, in a discourse
With a Dutch merchant, 'bout ragion del stato.
From him I went and paid a moccinigo
For piecing my silk stockings; by the way
I cheapen'd sprats; and at St. Mark's I urined.
'Faith these are politic notes!
Sir P. Sir, I do slip
No action of my life, but thus I quote it.
Per. Believe me, it is wise!
Sir P. Nay, sir, read forth.

Enter, at a distance, Lady POLITICK WOULD-BE, NANO, *and two* Waiting-women.

Lady P. Where should this loose knight be, trow? sure he's housed.
Nan. Why, then he's fast.
Lady P. Ay, he plays both with me.
I pray you stay. This heat will do more harm
To my complexion, than his heart is worth.
(I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)
How it comes off! [*Rubbing her cheeks.*
1 *Wom.* My master's yonder.
Lady P. Where?
2 *Wom.* With a young gentleman.
Lady P. That same's the party;
In man's apparel! 'Pray you, sir, jog my knight:
I will be tender to his reputation,
However he demerit.
Sir P. [*Seeing her.*] My lady!
Per. Where?
Sir P. 'Tis she indeed, sir; you shall know her. She is,
Were she not mine, a lady of that merit,
For fashion and behaviour; and for beauty
I durst compare——
Per. It seems you are not jealous,
That dare commend her.
Sir P. Nay, and for discourse——
Per. Being your wife, she cannot miss that.
Sir P. [*introducing* PER.] Madam,
Here is a gentleman, pray you, use him fairly;
He seems a youth, but he is——
Lady P. None.
Sir P. Yes, one
Has put his face as soon into the world——
Lady P. You mean, as early? but to-day?
Sir P. How's this?

Lady P. Why, in this habit, sir; you apprehend me:—
Well, master Would-be, this doth not become you;
I had thought the odour, sir, of your good name
Had been more precious to you; that you would not
Have done this dire massacre on your honour;
One of your gravity and rank besides!
But knights, I see, care little for the oath
They make to ladies; chiefly, their own ladies.
Sir P. Now, by my spurs, the symbol of my knighthood,—
Per. Lord, how his brain is humbled for an oath! [*Aside.*
Sir P. I reach you not.
Lady P. Right, sir, your policy
May bear it through thus.—Sir, a word with you. [*To* PER.
I would be loth to contest publicly
With any gentlewoman, or to seem
Froward, or violent, as the courtier says;
It comes too near rusticity in a lady,
Which I would shun by all means: and however
I may deserve from master Would-be, yet
T'have one fair gentlewoman thus be made
The unkind instrument to wrong another,
And one she knows not, ay, and to persever;
In my poor judgment, is not warranted
From being a solecism in our sex,
If not in manners.
Per. How is this!
Sir P. Sweet madam,
Come nearer to your aim.
Lady P. Marry, and will, sir.
Since you provoke me with your impudence,
And laughter of your light land-syren here,
Your Sporus, your hermaphrodite——
Per. What's here?
Poetic fury, and historic storms!
Sir P. The gentleman, believe it, is of worth,
And of our nation.
Lady P. Ay, your White-friars nation.
Come, I blush for you, master Would-be, I;
And am asham'd you should have no more forehead,
Than thus to be the patron, or St. George,
To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice,
A female devil, in a male outside.
Sir P. Nay,
An you be such a one, I must bid adieu
To your delights. The case appears too liquid. [*Exit.*
Lady P. Ay, you may carry't clear, with your state-face!—
But for your carnival concupiscence,
Who here is fled for liberty of conscience,
From furious persecution of the marshal,
Her will I dis'ple.
Per. This is fine, i'faith!
And do you use this often? Is this part
Of your wit's exercise, 'gainst you have occasion?
Madam——
Lady P. Go to, sir.
Per. Do you hear me, lady?
Why, if your knight have set you to beg shirts,
Or to invite me home, you might have done it
A nearer way, by far.
Lady P. This cannot work you
Out of my snare.
Per. Why, am I in it, then?
Indeed your husband told me you were fair,
And so you are; only your nose inclines,
That side that's next the sun, to the queen-apple.
Lady P. This cannot be endur'd by any patience.

Enter MOSCA.

Mos. What is the matter, madam?
Lady P. If the senate
Right not my quest in this, I will protest them
To all the world, no aristocracy.
Mos. What is the injury, lady?
Lady P. Why, the callet
You told me of, here I have ta'en disguised.
Mos. Who? this! what means your ladyship? the creature
I mention'd to you is apprehended now,
Before the senate; you shall see her——
Lady P. Where?
Mos. I'll bring you to her. This young gentleman,
I saw him land this morning at the port.
Lady P. Is't possible! how has my judgment wander'd?
Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I have err'd;
And plead your pardon.
Per. What, more changes yet!
Lady P. I hope you have not the malice to remember
A gentlewoman's passion. If you stay
In Venice here, please you to use me, sir——
Mos. Will you go, madam?
Lady P. 'Pray you, sir, use me; in faith,
The more you see me, the more I shall conceive
You have forgot our quarrel.

[*Exeunt* Lady WOULD-BE, MOSCA, NANO, *and* Waiting-women.

Per. This is rare!
Sir Politick Would-be? no; sir Politick Bawd,
To bring me thus acquainted with his wife!
Well, wise sir Pol, since you have practised thus
Upon my freshman-ship, I'll try your salt-head,
What proof it is against a counter-plot. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Scrutineo, or Senate-House.*

Enter VOLTORE, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, *and* MOSCA.

Volt. Well, now you know the carriage of the business,
Your constancy is all that is required
Unto the safety of it.
Mos. Is the lie
Safely convey'd amongst us? is that sure?
Knows every man his burden?
Corv. Yes.
Mos. Then shrink not.
Corv. But knows the advocate the truth?
Mos. O, sir,
By no means; I devised a formal tale,
That salv'd your reputation. But be valiant, sir.
Corv. I fear no one but him, that this his pleading
Should make him stand for a co-heir—— [Should
Mos. Co-halter!
Hang him; we will but use his tongue, his noise,
As we do croakers here.
Corv. Ay, what shall he do?
Mos. When we have done, you mean?
Corv. Yes.
Mos. Why, we'll think:
Sell him for mummia; he's half dust already.
Do you not smile, [*to* VOLTORE.] to see this buffalo,
How he doth sport it with his head?—I should,
If all were well and past. [*Aside.*]—Sir, [*to* CORBACCIO.] only you

Are he that shall enjoy the crop of all,
And these not know for whom they toil.
Corb. Ay, peace.
Mos. [*turning to* CORVINO.] But you shall eat it.
Much! [*Aside.*]—Worshipful sir, [*to* VOLTORE.]
Mercury sit upon your thundering tongue,
Or the French Hercules, and make your language
As conquering as his club, to beat along,
As with a tempest, flat, our adversaries;
But much more yours, sir.
Volt. Here they come, have done.
Mos. I have another witness, if you need, sir,
I can produce.
Volt. Who is it?
Mos. Sir, I have her.

Enter Avocatori *and take their seats,* BONARIO, CELIA, Notario, Commandadori, Saffi, *and other* Officers *of justice.*

1 *Avoc.* The like of this the senate never heard of.
2 *Avoc.* 'Twill come most strange to them when we report it.
4 *Avoc.* The gentlewoman has been ever held
Of unreproved name.
3 *Avoc.* So has the youth.
4 *Avoc.* The more unnatural part that of his
2 *Avoc.* More of the husband. [father.
1 *Avoc.* I not know to give
His act a name, it is so monstrous!
4 *Avoc.* But the impostor, he's a thing created
To exceed example!
1 *Avoc.* And all after-times!
2 *Avoc.* I never heard a true voluptuary
Described, but him.
3 *Avoc.* Appear yet those were cited?
Not. All but the old magnifico, Volpone.
1 *Avoc.* Why is not he here?
Mos. Please your fatherhoods,
Here is his advocate: himself's so weak,
So feeble——
4 *Avoc.* What are you?
Bon. His parasite,
His knave, his pandar: I beseech the court,
He may be forced to come, that your grave eyes
May bear strong witness of his strange impostures.
Volt. Upon my faith and credit with your virtues, [tues,
He is not able to endure the air.
2 *Avoc.* Bring him, however.
3 *Avoc.* We will see him.
4 *Avoc.* Fetch him.
Volt. Your fatherhoods' fit pleasures be obey'd;
[*Exeunt* Officers.
But sure, the sight will rather move your pities,
Than indignation. May it please the court,
In the mean time, he may be heard in me:
I know this place most void of prejudice,
And therefore crave it, since we have no reason
To fear our truth should hurt our cause.
3 *Avoc.* Speak free.
Volt. Then know, most honour'd fathers, I must
Discover to your strangely abused ears, [now
The most prodigious and most frontless piece
Of solid impudence, and treachery,
That ever vicious nature yet brought forth
To shame the state of Venice. This lewd woman,
That wants no artificial looks or tears
To help the vizor she has now put on,
Hath long been known a close adulteress
To that lascivious youth there; not suspected,
I say, but known, and taken in the act
With him; and by this man, the easy husband,
Pardon'd; whose timeless bounty makes him now
Stand here, the most unhappy, innocent person,
That ever man's own goodness made accused.
For these not knowing how to owe a gift
Of that dear grace, but with their shame; being
So above all powers of their gratitude, [placed
Began to hate the benefit; and, in place
Of thanks, devise to extirpe the memory
Of such an act: wherein I pray your fatherhoods
To observe the malice, yea, the rage of creatures
Discover'd in their evils; and what heart
Such take, even from their crimes:—but that anon
Will more appear.—This gentleman, the father,
Hearing of this foul fact, with many others,
Which daily struck at his too tender ears,
And grieved in nothing more than that he could
Preserve himself a parent, (his son's ills [not
Growing to that strange flood,) at last decreed
To disinherit him.
1 *Avoc.* These be strange turns!
2 *Avoc.* The young man's fame was ever fair and honest.
Volt. So much more full of danger is his vice,
That can beguile so under shade of virtue.
But, as I said, my honour'd sires, his father
Having this settled purpose, by what means
To him betray'd, we know not, and this day
Appointed for the deed; that parricide,
I cannot style him better, by confederacy
Preparing this his paramour to be there,
Enter'd Volpone's house, (who was the man,
Your fatherhoods must understand, design'd
For the inheritance,) there sought his father:—
But with what purpose sought he him, my lords?
I tremble to pronounce it, that a son
Unto a father, and to such a father,
Should have so foul, felonious intent!
It was to murder him: when being prevented
By his more happy absence, what then did he?
Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now new deeds
(Mischief doth never end where it begins)
An act of horror, fathers! he dragg'd forth
The aged gentleman that had there lain bed-rid
Three years and more, out of his innocent couch,
Naked upon the floor, there left him; wounded
His servant in the face: and, with this strumpet
The stale to his forged practice, who was glad
To be so active,—(I shall here desire
Your fatherhoods to note but my collections,
As most remarkable,—) thought at once to stop
His father's ends, discredit his free choice
In the old gentleman, redeem themselves,
By laying infamy upon this man,
To whom, with blushing, they should owe their lives.
1 *Avoc.* What proofs have you of this?
Bon. Most honoured fathers,
I humbly crave there be no credit given
To this man's mercenary tongue.
2 *Avoc.* Forbear.
Bon. His soul moves in his fee.
3 *Avoc.* O, sir.
Bon. This fellow,
For six sols more, would plead against his Maker.
1 *Avoc.* You do forget yourself.
Volt. Nay, nay, grave fathers,
Let him have scope: can any man imagine
That he will spare his accuser, that would not
Have spared his parent?

1 *Avoc.* Well, produce your proofs.
Cel. I would I could forget I were a creature.
Volt. Signior Corbaccio!
[CORBACCIO *comes forward.*
4 *Avoc.* What is he?
Volt. The father.
2 *Avoc.* Has he had an oath?
Not. Yes.
Corb. What must I do now?
Not. Your testimony's craved.
Corb. Speak to the knave?
I'll have my mouth first stopt with earth; my heart
Abhors his knowledge: I disclaim in him.
1 *Avoc.* But for what cause?
Corb. The mere portent of nature!
He is an utter stranger to my loins.
Bon. Have they made you to this?
Corb. I will not hear thee,
Monster of men, swine, goat, wolf, parricide!
Speak not, thou viper.
Bon. Sir, I will sit down,
And rather wish my innocence should suffer,
Than I resist the authority of a father.
Volt. Signior Corvino! [CORVINO *comes forward.*
2 *Avoc.* This is strange.
1 *Avoc.* Who's this?
Not. The husband.
4 *Avoc.* Is he sworn?
Not. He is.
3 *Avoc.* Speak, then.
Corv. This woman, please your fatherhoods, is a whore,
Of most hot exercise, more than a partrich,
Upon record——
1 *Avoc.* No more.
Corv. Neighs like a jennet.
Not. Preserve the honour of the court.
Corv. I shall,
And modesty of your most reverend ears.
And yet I hope that I may say, these eyes
Have seen her glued unto that piece of cedar,
That fine well-timber'd gallant; and that here
The letters may be read, thorough the horn,
That make the story perfect.
Mos. Excellent! sir.
Corv. There is no shame in this now, is there?
[*Aside to* MOSCA
Mos. None.
Corv. Or if I said, I hoped that she were onward
To her damnation, if there be a hell
Greater than whore and woman; a good catholic
May make the doubt.
3 *Avoc.* His grief hath made him frantic.
1 *Avoc.* Remove him hence.
2 *Avoc.* Look to the woman. [CELIA *swoons.*
Corv. Rare!
Prettily feign'd, again!
4 *Avoc.* Stand from about her.
1 *Avoc.* Give her the air.
3 *Avoc.* What can you say? [*To* MOSCA.
Mos. My wound,
May it please your wisdoms, speaks for me, received
In aid of my good patron, when he mist
His sought-for father, when that well-taught dame
Had her cue given her, to cry out, A rape!
Bon. O most laid impudence! Fathers——
3 *Avoc.* Sir, be silent;
You had your hearing free, so must they theirs.
2 *Avoc.* I do begin to doubt the imposture here.
4 *Avoc.* This woman has too many moods.
Volt. Grave fathers,
She is a creature of a most profest
And prostituted lewdness.
Corv. Most impetuous,
Unsatisfied, grave fathers!
Volt. May her feignings
Not take your wisdoms: but this day she baited
A stranger, a grave knight, with her loose eyes,
And more lascivious kisses. This man saw them
Together on the water, in a gondola.
Mos. Here is the lady herself, that saw them
Without; who then had in the open streets [too;
Pursued them, but for saving her knight's honour.
1 *Avoc.* Produce that lady.
2 *Avoc.* Let her come. [*Exit* MOSCA.
4 *Avoc.* These things,
They strike with wonder.
3 *Avoc.* I am turn'd a stone.

Re-enter MOSCA *with Lady* WOULD-BE.

Mos. Be resolute, madam.
Lady P. Ay, this same is she.
[*Pointing to* CELIA.
Out, thou camelion harlot! now thine eyes
Vie tears with the hyæna. Dar'st thou look
Upon my wronged face?—I cry your pardons,
I fear I have forgettingly transgrest
Against the dignity of the court——
2 *Avoc.* No, madam.
Lady P. And been exorbitant——
2 *Avoc.* You have not, lady.
4 *Avoc.* These proofs are strong.
Lady P. Surely, I had no purpose
To scandalize your honours, or my sex's.
3 *Avoc.* We do believe it.
Lady P. Surely, you may believe it.
2 *Avoc.* Madam, we do.
Lady P. Indeed you may; my breeding
Is not so coarse——
4 *Avoc.* We know it.
Lady P. To offend
With pertinacy——
3 *Avoc.* Lady—
Lady P. Such a presence!
No surely.
1 *Avoc.* We well think it.
Lady P. You may think it.
1 *Avoc.* Let her o'ercome. What witnesses
To make good your report? [have you
Bon. Our consciences.
Cel. And heaven, that never fails the innocent.
4 *Avoc.* These are no testimonies.
Bon. Not in your courts,
Where multitude, and clamour overcomes.
1 *Avoc.* Nay, then you do wax insolent.

Re-enter Officers, *bearing* VOLPONE *on a couch.*

Volt. Here, here,
The testimony comes, that will convince,
And put to utter dumbness their bold tongues.
See here, grave fathers, here's the ravisher,
The rider on men's wives, the great impostor,
The grand voluptuary! Do you not think
These limbs should affect venery? or these eyes
Covet a concubine? pray you mark these hands;
Are they not fit to stroke a lady's breasts?—
Perhaps he doth dissemble!
Bon. So he does.
Volt. Would you have him tortured?
Bon. I would have him proved. [irons;
Volt. Best try him then with goads, or burning

Put him to the strappado : I have heard
The rack hath cured the gout; 'faith, give it him,
And help him of a malady; be courteous.
I'll undertake, before these honour'd fathers,
He shall have yet as many left diseases,
As she has known adulterers, or thou strumpets.—
O, my most equal hearers, if these deeds,
Acts of this bold and most exorbitant strain,
May pass with sufferance, what one citizen
But owes the forfeit of his life, yea, fame,
To him that dares traduce him ? which of you
Are safe, my honour'd fathers ? I would ask,
With leave of your grave fatherhoods, if their plot
Have any face or colour like to truth ?
Or if, unto the dullest nostril here,
It smell not rank, and most abhorred slander ?
I crave your care of this good gentleman,
Whose life is much endanger'd by their fable ;
And as for them, I will conclude with this,
That vicious persons, when they're hot and flesh'd
In impious acts, their constancy abounds :
Damn'd deeds are done with greatest confidence.

1 *Avoc.* Take them to custody, and sever them.

2 *Avoc.* 'Tis pity two such prodigies should live.

1 *Avoc.* Let the old gentleman be return'd with care. [*Exeunt* Officers *with* VOLPONE.

I'm sorry our credulity hath wrong'd him,

4 *Avoc.* These are two creatures !

3 *Avoc.* I've an earthquake in me.

2 *Avoc.* Their shame, even in their cradles, fled their faces.

4 *Avoc.* You have done a worthy service to the state, sir,
In their discovery. [*To* VOLT.

1 *Avoc.* You shall hear, ere night,
What punishment the court decrees upon them.

[*Exeunt* AVOCAT. NOT. *and* Officers *with* BONARIO *and* CELIA.

Volt. We thank your fatherhoods.—How like
Mos. Rare. [you it ?
I'd have your tongue, sir, tipt with gold for this ;
I'd have you be the heir to the whole city ;
The earth I'd have want men, ere you want living :
They're bound to erect your statue in St. Mark's.
Signior Corvino, I would have you go
And shew yourself, that you have conquer'd.

Corv. Yes.

Mos. It was much better that you should profess
Yourself a cuckold thus, than that the other
Should have been proved.

Corv. Nay, I consider'd that :
Now it is her fault.

Mos. Then it had been yours.

Corv. True ; I do doubt this advocate still.

Mos. I'faith
You need not, I dare ease you of that care.

Corv. I trust thee, Mosca. [*Exit*

Mos. As your own soul, sir.

Corb. Mosca !

Mos. Now for your business, sir.

Corb. How ! have you business ?

Mos. Yes, your's sir.

Corb. O, none else ?

Mos. None else, not I.

Corb. Be careful, then.

Mos. Rest you with both your eyes, sir.

Corb. Dispatch it.

Mos. Instantly.

Corb. And look that all,
Whatever, be put in, jewels, plate, moneys.
Household stuff, bedding, curtains.

Mos. Curtain-rings, sir :
Only the advocate's fee must be deducted.

Corb. I'll pay him now ; you'll be too prodigal.

Mos. Sir, I must tender it.

Corb. Two chequines is well.

Mos. No, six, sir.

Corb. 'Tis too much.

Mos. He talk'd a great while ;
You must consider that, sir.

Corb. Well, there's three——

Mos. I'll give it him.

Corb. Do so, and there's for thee. [*Exit.*

Mos. Bountiful bones ! What horrid strange offence
Did he commit 'gainst nature, in his youth,
Worthy this age ? [*Aside.*]—You see, sir, [*to* VOLT.] how I work
Unto your ends : take you no notice.

Volt. No,
I'll leave you. [*Exit*

Mos. All is yours, the devil and all :
Good advocate !—Madam, I'll bring you home.

Lady P. No, I'll go see your patron.

Mos. That you shall not :
I'll tell you why. My purpose is to urge
My patron to reform his Will ; and for
The zeal you have shewn to-day, whereas before
You were but third or fourth, you shall be now
Put in the first ; which would appear as begg'd,
If you were present. Therefore——

Lady P. You shall sway me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* VOLPONE'S *House.*

Enter VOLPONE.

Volp. Well, I am here, and all this brunt is past.
I ne'er was in dislike with my disguise
Till this fled moment : here 'twas good, in private ;
But in your public,—*cave* whilst I breathe.
Fore God, my left leg 'gan to have the cramp,
And I apprehended straight some power had struck me
With a dead palsy : Well ! I must be merry,
And shake it off. A many of these fears
Would put me into some villainous disease,
Should they come thick upon me : I'll prevent 'em.
Give me a bowl of lusty wine, to fright
This humour from my heart. [*Drinks.*]—hum, hum, hum !
'Tis almost gone already ; I shall conquer.
Any device, now, of rare ingenious knavery,
That would possess me with a violent laughter,
Would make me up again. [*Drinks again.*]—So, so, so, so !
This heat is life ; 'tis blood by this time :—Mosca !

Enter MOSCA.

Mos. How now, sir ? does the day look clear again ?

Are we recover'd, and wrought out of error,
Into our way, to see our path before us?
Is our trade free once more?
Volp. Exquisite Mosca!
Mos. Was it not carried learnedly?
Volp. And stoutly:
Good wits are greatest in extremities.
Mos. It were a folly beyond thought, to trust
Any grand act unto a cowardly spirit:
You are not taken with it enough, methinks.
Volp. O, more than if I had enjoy'd the wench:
The pleasure of all woman-kind's not like it.
Mos. Why now you speak, sir. We must here be fix'd;
Here we must rest; this is our master-piece;
We cannot think to go beyond this.
Volp. True,
Thou hast play'd thy prize, my precious Mosca.
Mos. Nay, sir,
To gull the court——
Volp. And quite divert the torrent
Upon the innocent.
Mos. Yes, and to make
So rare a music out of discords——
Volp. Right.
That yet to me's the strangest, how thou hast borne it!
That these, being so divided 'mongst themselves,
Should not scent somewhat, or in me or thee,
Or doubt their own side.
Mos. True, they will not see't.
Too much light blinds them, I think. Each of them
Is so possest and stuft with his own hopes,
That any thing unto the contrary,
Never so true, or never so apparent,
Never so palpable, they will resist it——
Volp. Like a temptation of the devil.
Mos. Right, sir.
Merchants may talk of trade, and your great signiors
Of land that yields well; but if Italy
Have any glebe more fruitful than these fellows,
I am deceiv'd. Did not your advocate rare?
Volp. O—*My most honour'd fathers, my grave Under correction of your fatherhoods,* [*fathers, What face of truth is here? If these strange deeds May pass, most honour'd fathers*—I had much ado
To forbear laughing.
Mos. It seem'd to me, you sweat, sir.
Volp. In troth, I did a little.
Mos. But confess, sir,
Were you not daunted?
Volp. In good faith, I was
A little in a mist, but not dejected;
Never, but still my self.
Mos. I think it, sir.
Now, so truth help me, I must needs say this, sir,
And out of conscience for your advocate,
He has taken pains, in faith, sir, and deserv'd,
In my poor judgment, I speak it under favour,
Not to contrary you, sir, very richly—
Well—to be cozen'd.
Volp. Troth, and I think so too,
By that I heard him, in the latter end.
Mos. O, but before, sir: had you heard him first
Draw it to certain heads, then aggravate,
Then use his vehement figures—I look'd still
When he would shift a shirt: and, doing this
Out of pure love, no hope of gain——
Volp. 'Tis right.
I cannot answer him Mosca, as I would,
Not yet; but for thy sake, at thy entreaty,
I will begin, even now—to vex them all,
This very instant.
Mos. Good sir.
Volp. Call the dwarf
And eunuch forth.
Mos. Castrone, Nano!

Enter CASTRONE *and* NANO.

Nano. Here.
Volp. Shall we have a jig now?
Mos. What you please, sir.
Volp. Go,
Straight give out about the streets, you two,
That I am dead; do it with constancy,
Sadly, do you hear? impute it to the grief
Of this late slander. [*Exeunt* CAST. *and* NANO.
Mos. What do you mean, sir?
Volp. O,
I shall have instantly my Vulture, Crow,
Raven, come flying hither, on the news,
To peck for carrion, my she-wolf, and all,
Greedy, and full of expectation—
Mos. And then to have it ravish'd from their mouths!
Volp. 'Tis true. I will have thee put on a gown,
And take upon thee, as thou wert mine heir:
Shew them a will: Open that chest, and reach
Forth one of those that has the blanks; I'll straight
Put in thy name.
Mos. It will be rare, sir. [*Gives him a paper.*
Volp. Ay,
When they ev'n gape, and find themselves deluded—
Mos. Yes.
Volp. And thou use them scurvily!
Dispatch, get on thy gown.
Mos. [*putting on a gown.*] But what, sir, if they
After the body? [ask
Volp. Say, it was corrupted.
Mos. I'll say, it stunk, sir; and was fain to have
Coffin'd up instantly, and sent away. [it
Volp. Any thing; what thou wilt. Hold, here's my will.
Get thee a cap, a count-book, pen and ink,
Papers afore thee; sit as thou wert taking
An inventory of parcels: I'll get up
Behind the curtain, on a stool, and hearken;
Sometime peep over, see how they do look,
With what degrees their blood doth leave their faces,
O, 'twill afford me a rare meal of laughter!
Mos. [*putting on a cap, and setting out the table, &c.*] Your advocate will turn stark dull upon it.
Volp. It will take off his oratory's edge.
Mos. But your clarissimo, old round-back, he
Will crump you like a hog-louse, with the touch.
Volp. And what Corvino?
Mos. O, sir, look for him,
To-morrow morning, with a rope and dagger,
To visit all the streets; he must run mad.
My lady too, that came into the court,
To bear false witness for your worship—
Volp. Yes,
And kiss'd me 'fore the fathers, when my face
Flow'd all with oils.
Mos. And sweat, sir. Why, your gold
Is such another med'cine, it dries up
All those offensive savours: it transforms
The most deformed, and restores them lovely,
As 'twere the strange poetical girdle. Jove

Could not invent t' himself a shroud more subtle
To pass Acrisius' guards. It is the thing
Makes all the world her grace, her youth, her beauty.
Volp. I think she loves me.
Mos. Who? the lady, sir?
She's jealous of you.
Volp. Dost thou say so? [*Knocking within.*
Mos. Hark,
There's some already.
Volp. Look.
Mos. It is the Vulture;
He has the quickest scent.
Volp. I'll to my place,
Thou to thy posture. [*Goes behind the curtain.*
Mos. I am set.
Volp. But, Mosca,
Play the artificer now, torture them rarely.

Enter VOLTORE.

Volt. How now, my Mosca?
Mos. [writing.] *Turkey carpets, nine*——
Volt. Taking an inventory! that is well.
Mos. *Two suits of bedding, tissue*——
Volt. Where's the Will?
Let me read that the while.

Enter Servants, *with* CORBACCIO *in a chair.*

Corb. So, set me down,
And get you home. [*Exeunt* Servants.
Volt. Is he come now, to trouble us!
Mos. *Of cloth of gold, two more*——
Corb. Is it done, Mosca?
Mos. *Of several velvets eight*——
Volt. I like his care.
Corb. Dost thou not hear?

Enter CORVINO.

Corb. Ha! is the hour come, Mosca?
Volp. [*peeping over the curtain.*] Ay, now they muster.
Corv. What does the advocate here,
Or this Corbaccio?
Corb. What do these here?

Enter Lady POL. WOULD-BE.

Lady P. Mosca!
Is his thread spun?
Mos. *Eight chests of linen*—
Volp. O,
My fine dame Would-be, too!
Corv. Mosca, the Will,
That I may shew it these, and rid them hence.
Mos. *Six chests of diaper four of damask.*—There.
[*Gives them the Will carelessly, over his shoulder.*
Corb. Is that the Will?
Mos. *Down-beds and bolsters*—
Volp. Rare!
Be busy still. Now they begin to flutter:
They never think of me. Look, see, see, see!
How their swift eyes run over the long deed,
Unto the name, and to the legacies,
What is bequeathed them there—
Mos. *Ten suits of hangings*—
Volp. Ay, in their garters, Mosca. Now their hopes
Are at the gasp.
Volt. Mosca the heir!
Corb. What's that?
Volp. My advocate is dumb; look to my merchant,
He has heard of some strange storm, a ship is lost,
He faints; my lady will swoon. Old glazen eyes,
He hath not reach'd his despair yet.
Corb. All these
Are out of hope; I am, sure, the man.
[*Takes the Will.*
Corv. But, Mosca——
Mos. *Two cabinets.*
Corv. Is this in earnest?
Mos. *One*
Of ebony——
Corv. Or do you but delude me?
Mos. *The other, mother of pearl*—I am very busy.
Good faith, it is a fortune thrown upon me—
Item, one salt of agate—not my seeking.
Lady P. Do you hear, sir?
Mos. *A perfumed box*—'Pray you forbear,
You see I'm troubled—*made of an onyx*—
Lady P. How!
Mos. To-morrow or next day, I shall be at leisure
To talk with you all.
Corv. Is this my large hope's issue?
Lady P. Sir, I must have a fairer answer.
Mos. Madam!
Marry, and shall: 'pray you, fairly quit my house.
Nay, raise no tempest with your looks; but hark you,
Remember what your ladyship offer'd me
To put you in an heir; go to, think on it:
And what you said e'en your best madams did
For maintenance; and why not you? Enough.
Go home, and use the poor sir Pol, your knight, well,
For fear I tell some riddles; go, be melancholy.
[*Exit* Lady WOULD-BE.
Volp. O, my fine devil!
Corv. Mosca, 'pray you a word.
Mos. Lord! will you not take your dispatch hence yet?
Methinks, of all, you should have been the example.
Why should you stay here? with what thought, what promise?
Hear you; do you not know, I know you an ass,
And that you would most fain have been a wittol,
If fortune would have let you? that you are
A declared cuckold, on good terms? This pearl,
You'll say, was yours? right: this diamond?
I'll not deny't, but thank you. Much here else?
It may be so. Why, think that these good works
May help to hide your bad. I'll not betray you;
Although you be but extraordinary,
And have it only in title, it sufficeth:
Go home, be melancholy too, or mad.
[*Exit* CORVINO.
Volp. Rare Mosca! how his villainy becomes him!
Volt. Certain he doth delude all these for me.
Corb. Mosca the heir!
Volp. O, his four eyes have found it.
Corb. I am cozen'd, cheated, by a parasite slave;
Harlot, thou hast gull'd me.
Mos. Yes, sir. Stop your mouth,
Or I shall draw the only tooth is left.
Are not you he, that filthy covetous wretch,
With the three legs, that here, in hope of prey,
Have, any time this three years, snuff'd about,
With your most grovelling nose, and would have hired
Me to the poisoning of my patron, sir? [me
Are not you he that have to-day in court
Profess'd the disinheriting of your son?
Perjured yourself? Go home, and die, and stink,
If you but croak a syllable, all comes out:
Away, and call your porters! [*Exit* CORBACCIO.]
Go, go, stink.

Volp. Excellent varlet!
Volt. Now, my faithful Mosca,
I find thy constancy.
Mos. Sir!
Volt. Sincere.
Mos. [Writing.] *A table*
Of porphyry—I marle you'll be thus troublesome.
Volt. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.
Mos. Why, who are you?
What! who did send for you? O, cry you mercy,
Reverend sir! Good faith, I am grieved for you,
That any chance of mine should thus defeat
Your (I must needs say) most deserving travails:
But I protest, sir, it was cast upon me,
And I could almost wish to be without it,
But that the will o' the dead must be observ'd.
Marry, my joy is that you need it not;
You have a gift, sir, (thank your education,)
Will never let you want, while there are men,
And malice, to breed causes. Would I had
But half the like, for all my fortune, sir!
If I have any suits, as I do hope,
Things being so easy and direct, I shall not,
I will make bold with your obstreperous aid,
Conceive me,—for your fee, sir. In mean time,
You that have so much law, I know have the conscience
Not to be covetous of what is mine.
Good sir, I thank you for my plate; 'twill help
To set up a young man. Good faith, you look
As you were costive; best go home and purge, sir.
[*Exit* Voltore.
Volp. [*comes from behind the curtain.*] Bid him eat lettuce well. My witty mischief,
Let me embrace thee. O that I could now
Transform thee to a Venus!—Mosca, go,
Straight take my habit of clarissimo,
And walk the streets; be seen, torment them more:
We must pursue, as well as plot. Who would
Have lost this feast?
Mos. I doubt it will lose them.
Volp. O, my recovery shall recover all.
That I could now but think on some disguise
To meet them in, and ask them questions:
How I would vex them still at every turn!
Mos. Sir, I can fit you.
Volp. Canst thou?
Mos. Yes, I know
One o' the commandadori, sir, so like you;
Him will I straight make drunk, and bring you his habit.
Volp. A rare disguise, and answering thy brain!
O, I will be a sharp disease unto them.
Mos. Sir, you must look for curses——
Volp. Till they burst;
The Fox fares ever best when he is curst. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in* Sir Politick's *House.*

Enter Peregrine *disguised, and three* Merchants.

Per. Am I enough disguised?
1 *Mer.* I warrant you.
Per. All my ambition is to fright him only.
2 *Mer.* If you could ship him away, 'twere excel-
3 *Mer.* To Zant, or to Aleppo? [lent.
Per. Yes, and have his
Adventures put i' the Book of Voyages,
And his gull'd story register'd for truth,
Well, gentlemen, when I am in a while,
And that you think us warm in our discourse,
Know your approaches.
1 *Mer.* Trust it to our care. [*Exeunt* Merchants.

Enter Waiting-woman.

Per. Save you, fair lady! Is Sir Pol within?
Wom. I do not know, sir.
Per. Pray you say unto him,
Here is a merchant, upon earnest business,
Desires to speak with him.
Wom. I will see, sir. [*Exit.*
Per. Pray you.—
I see the family is all female here.

Re-enter Waiting-woman.

Wom. He says, sir, he has weighty affairs of state,
That now require him whole; some other time
You may possess him.
Per. Pray you say again,
If those require him whole, these will exact him,
Whereof I bring him tidings. [*Exit* Woman.]—
What might be
His grave affair of state now! how to make
Bolognian sausages here in Venice, sparing
One o' the ingredients?

Re-enter Waiting-woman.

Wom. Sir, he says, he knows
By your word *tidings*, that you are no statesman,
And therefore wills you stay.
Per. Sweet, pray you return him;
I have not read so many proclamations,
And studied them for words, as he has done—
But—here he deigns to come. [*Exit* Woman.

Enter Sir Politick.

Sir P. Sir, I must crave
Your courteous pardon. There hath chanced to-day,
Unkind disaster 'twixt my lady and me;
And I was penning my apology,
To give her satisfaction, as you came now.
Per. Sir, I am grieved I bring you worse disaster:
The gentleman you met at the port to-day,
That told you, he was newly arrived——
Sir P. Ay, was
A fugitive punk?
Per. No, sir, a spy set on you;
And he has made relation to the senate,
That you profest to him to have a plot
To sell the State of Venice to the Turk.
Sir P. O me!
Per. For which, warrants are sign'd by this time,
To apprehend you, and to search your study
For papers——
Sir P. Alas, sir, I have none, but notes
Drawn out of play-books——
Per. All the better, sir.
Sir P. And some essays. What shall I do?
Per. Sir, best
Convey yourself into a sugar-chest;
Or, if you could lie round, a frail were rare,
And I could send you aboard.
Sir P. Sir, I but talk'd so,
For discourse sake merely. [*Knocking within.*
Per. Hark! they are there.
Sir P. I am a wretch, a wretch!
Per. What will you do, sir?
Have you ne'er a currant-butt to leap into?
They'll put you to the rack; you must be sudden,

Sir P. Sir, I have an ingine——
3 *Mer.* [*within.*] Sir Politick Would-be!
2 *Mer.* [*within.*] Where is he?
Sir P. That I have thought upon before time.
Per. What is it?
Sir P. I shall ne'er endure the torture.
Marry, it is, sir, of a tortoise-shell,
Fitted for these extremities: pray you, sir, help
Here I've a place, sir, to put back my legs, [me.
Please you to lay it on, sir, [*Lies down while* PEREGRINE *places the shell upon him.*]—with this cap,
And my black gloves. I'll lie, sir, like a tortoise,
'Till they are gone.
Per. And call you this an ingine?
Sir P. Mine own device——Good sir, bid my wife's women
To burn my papers. [*Exit* PEREGRINE.

The three Merchants *rush in.*

1 *Mer.* Where is he hid?
3 *Mer.* We must,
And will sure find him.
2 *Mer.* Which is his study?

Re-enter PEREGRINE.

1 *Mer.* What
Are you, sir?
Per. I am a merchant, that came here
To look upon this tortoise.
3 *Mer.* How!
1 *Mer.* St. Mark!
What beast is this!
Per. It is a fish.
2 *Mer.* Come out here!
Per. Nay, you may strike him, sir, and tread upon him;
He'll bear a cart.
1 *Mer.* What, to run over him?
Per. Yes, sir.
3 *Mer.* Let's jump upon him.
2 *Mer.* Can he not go?
Per. He creeps, sir.
1 *Mer.* Let's see him creep.
Per. No, good sir, you will hurt him.
2 *Mer.* Heart, I will see him creep, or prick his guts.
3 *Mer.* Come out here!
Per. Pray you, sir!—Creep a little. [*Aside to* Sir POLITICK.
1 *Mer.* Forth.
2 *Mer.* Yet farther.
Per. Good sir!—Creep.
2 *Mer.* We'll see his legs.
[*They pull off the shell and discover him.*
3 *Mer.* Ods so, he has garters!
1 *Mer.* Ay, and gloves!
2 *Mer.* Is this
Your fearful tortoise?
Per. [*discovering himself.*] Now, Sir Pol, we are even;
For your next project I shall be prepared:
I am sorry for the funeral of your notes, sir.
1 *Mer.* 'Twere a rare motion to be seen in Fleet-street.
2 *Mer.* Ay, in the Term.
1 *Mer.* Or Smithfield, in the fair.
3 *Mer.* Methinks 'tis but a melancholy sight.
Per. Farewell, most politic tortoise!
[*Exeunt* PER. *and* Merchants.

Re-enter Waiting-woman.

Sir P. Where's my lady?
Knows she of this?
Wom. I know not, sir.
Sir P. Enquire.—
O, I shall be the fable of all feasts,
The freight of the gazetti, ship-boy's tale;
And, which is worst, even talk for ordinaries.
Wom. My lady's come most melancholy home,
And says, sir, she will straight to sea, for physic.
Sir P. And I to shun this place and clime for ever,
Creeping with house on back, and think it well
To shrink my poor head in my politic shell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* VOLPONE'S *House.*

Enter MOSCA *in the habit of a Clarissimo, and* VOLPONE *in that of a Commandadore.*

Volp. Am I then like him?
Mos. O, sir, you are he:
No man can sever you.
Volp. Good.
Mos. But what am I?
Volp. 'Fore heaven, a brave clarissimo; thou becom'st it!
Pity thou wert not born one.
Mos. If I hold
My made one, 'twill be well. [*Aside.*
Volp. I'll go and see
What news first at the court. [*Exit.*
Mos. Do so. My Fox
Is out of his hole, and ere he shall re-enter,
I'll make him languish in his borrow'd case,
Except he come to composition with me.—
Androgyno, Castrone, Nano!

Enter ANDROGYNO, CASTRONE, *and* NANO.

All. Here.
Mos. Go, recreate yourselves abroad; go sport.—
[*Exeunt.*
So, now I have the keys, and am possest.
Since he will needs be dead afore his time,
I'll bury him, or gain by him: I am his heir,
And so will keep me, till he share at least.
To cozen him of all, were but a cheat
Well placed; no man would construe it a sin:
Let his sport pay for't. This is call'd the Fox-trap.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter CORBACCIO *and* CORVINO.

Corb. They say, the court is set.
Corv. We must maintain
Our first tale good, for both our reputations.
Corb. Why, mine's no tale: my son would there have kill'd me.
Corv. That's true, I had forgot:—mine is, I'm sure. [*Aside.*
But for your Will, sir.
Corb. Ay, I'll come upon him
For that hereafter, now his patron's dead.

Enter VOLPONE.

Volp. Signior Corvino! and Corbaccio! sir,
Much joy unto you.
Corv. Of what?
Volp. The sudden good
Dropt down upon you——
Corb. Where?
Volp. And none knows how,
From old Volpone, sir.
Corb. Out, arrant knave!

Volp. Let not your too much wealth, sir, make
Corb. Away, thou varlet! [you furious.
Volp. Why, sir?
Corb. Dost thou mock me?
Volp. You mock the world, sir; did you not
Corb. Out, harlot! [change Wills?
Volp. O! belike you are the man,
Signior Corvino? 'faith, you carry it well;
You grow not mad withal; I love your spirit:
You are not over-leaven'd with your fortune.
You should have some would swell now, like a wine-fat,
With such an autumn—Did he give you all, sir?
Corv. Avoid, you rascal!
Volp. Troth, your wife has shewn
Herself a very woman; but you are well,
You need not care, you have a good estate,
To bear it out, sir, better by this chance:
Except Corbaccio have a share.
Corb. Hence, varlet.
Volp. You will not be acknown, sir; why, 'tis wise.
Thus do all gamesters, at all games, dissemble:
No man will seem to win. [*Exeunt* CORVINO *and* CORBACCIO.]—Here comes my vulture,
Heaving his beak up in the air, and snuffing.

Enter VOLTORE.

Volt. Outstript thus, by a parasite! a slave,
Would run on errands, and make legs for crumbs!
Well, what I'll do——
Volp. The court stays for your worship.
I e'en rejoice, sir, at your worship's happiness,
And that it fell into so learned hands,
That understand the fingering——
Volt. What do you mean?
Volp. I mean to be a suitor to your worship,
For the small tenement, out of reparations,
That, at the end of your long row of houses,
By the Piscaria: it was, in Volpone's time,
Your predecessor, ere he grew diseased,
A handsome, pretty, custom'd bawdy-house
As any was in Venice, none dispraised;
But fell with him: his body and that house
Decay'd together.
Volt. Come, sir, leave your prating.
Volp. Why, if your worship give me but your
That I may have the refusal, I have done. [hand,
'Tis a mere toy to you, sir; candle-rents;
As your learn'd worship knows——
Volt. What do I know?
Volp. Marry, no end of your wealth, sir; God decrease it!
Volt. Mistaking knave! what, mock'st thou my misfortune? [*Exit.*
Volp. His blessing on your heart, sir; would 'twere more!——
Now to my first again, at the next corner. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Street.*

Enter CORBACCIO *and* CORVINO;—MOSCA *passes over the Stage, before them.*

Corb. See, in our habit! see the impudent varlet!
Corv. That I could shoot mine eyes at him like gun-stones!

Enter VOLPONE.

Volp. But is this true, sir, of the parasite?
Corb. Again, to afflict us! monster!
Volp. In good faith, sir,
I'm heartily grieved, a beard of your grave length
Should be so over-reach'd. I never brook'd
That parasite's hair; methought his nose should cozen:
There still was somewhat in his look, did promise
The bane of a clarissimo.
Corb. Knave——
Volp. Methinks
Yet you, that are so traded in the world,
A witty merchant, the fine bird, Corvino,
That have such moral emblems on your name,
Should not have sung your shame, and dropt your
To let the Fox laugh at your emptiness. [cheese,
Corv. Sirrah, you think the privilege of the place,
And your red saucy cap, that seems to me
Nail'd to your jolt-head with those two chequines,
Can warrant your abuses; come you hither:
You shall perceive, sir, I dare beat you; approach.
Volp. No haste, sir, I do know your valour well,
Since you durst publish what you are, sir.
Corv. Tarry,
I'd speak with you.
Volp. Sir, sir, another time——
Corv. Nay, now.
Volp. O lord, sir! I were a wise man,
Would stand the fury of a distracted cuckold.
[*As he is running off, re-enter* MOSCA.
Corb. What, come again!
Volp. Upon 'em, Mosca; save me.
Corb. The air's infected where he breathes.
Corv. Let's fly him. [*Exeunt* CORV. *and* CORB.
Volp. Excellent basilisk! turn upon the vulture.

Enter VOLTORE.

Volt. Well, flesh-fly, it is summer with you now; Your winter will come on.
Mos. Good advocate,
Prithee not rail, nor threaten out of place thus;
Thou'lt make a solecism, as madam says.
Get you a biggin more, your brain breaks loose. [*Exit.*
Volt. Well, sir.
Volp. Would you have me beat the insolent
Throw dirt upon his first good clothes? [slave,
Volt. This same
Is doubtless some familiar.
Volp. Sir, the court,
In troth, stays for you. I am mad, a mule
That never read Justinian, should get up,
And ride an advocate. Had you no quirk
To avoid gullage, sir, by such a creature?
I hope you do but jest; he has not done it
'Tis but confederacy, to blind the rest.
You are the heir.
Volt. A strange, officious,
Troublesome knave! thou dost torment me.
Volp. I know——
It cannot be, sir, that you should be cozen'd;
'Tis not within the wit of man to do it;
You are so wise, so prudent; and 'tis fit
That wealth and wisdom still should go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Scrutinco or Senate-House.*

Enter Avocatori, Notario, BONARIO, CELIA, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, *Commandadori, Saffi, &c.*

1 *Avoc.* Are all the parties here?
Not. All but the advocate.
2 *Avoc.* And here he comes.

Enter VOLTORE *and* VOLPONE.

1 *Avoc.* Then bring them forth to sentence.
Volt. O, my most honour'd fathers, let your mercy
Once win upon your justice, to forgive—
I am distracted——
Volp. What will he do now? [*Aside.*
Volt. O,
I know not which to address myself to first;
Whether your fatherhoods, or these innocents—
Corv. Will he betray himself? [*Aside.*
Volt. Whom equally
I have abused, out of most covetous ends——
Corv. The man is mad!
Corb. What's that?
Corv. He is possest.
Volt. For which, now struck in conscience, here I prostrate
Myself at your offended feet, for pardon.
1, 2 *Avoc.* Arise.
Cel. O heaven, how just thou art!
Volp. I am caught
In mine own noose—— [*Aside.*
Corv. [*to* CORBACCIO.] Be constant, sir: nought [now
Can help, but impudence.
1 *Avoc.* Speak forward.
Com. Silence!
Volt. It is not passion in me, reverend fathers,
But only conscience, conscience, my good sires,
That makes me now tell truth. That parasite,
That knave, hath been the instrument of all.
1 *Avoc.* Where is that knave? fetch him.
Volp. I go. [*Exit.*
Corv. Grave fathers,
This man's distracted; he confest it now:
For, hoping to be old Volpone's heir,
Who now is dead——
3 *Avoc.* How!
2 *Avoc.* Is Volpone dead?
Corv. Dead since, grave fathers.
Bon. O sure vengeance!
1 *Avoc.* Stay,
Then he was no deceiver.
Volt. O no, none:
The parasite, grave fathers.
Corv. He does speak
Out of mere envy, 'cause the servant's made
The thing he gaped for: please your fatherhoods,
This is the truth, though I'll not justify
The other, but he may be some-deal faulty.
Volt. Ay, to your hopes, as well as mine, Corvino:
But I'll use modesty. Pleaseth your wisdoms,
To view these certain notes, and but confer them;
As I hope favour, they shall speak clear truth.
Corv. The devil has enter'd him!
Bon. Or bides in you.
4 *Avoc.* We have done ill, by a public officer
To send for him, if he be heir.
2 *Avoc.* For whom?
4 *Avoc.* Him that they call the parasite.
3 *Avoc.* 'Tis true,
He is a man of great estate, now left.
4 *Avoc.* Go you, and learn his name, and say, the court
Entreats his presence here, but to the clearing
Of some few doubts. [*Exit* Notary.
2 *Avoc.* This same's a labyrinth!
1 *Avoc.* Stand you unto your first report?
Corv. My state,
My life, my fame——
Bon. Where is it?
Corv. Are at the stake.
1 *Avoc.* Is yours so too?
Corb. The advocate's a knave,
And has a forked tongue——
2 *Avoc.* Speak to the point.
Corb. So is the parasite too.
1 *Avoc.* This is confusion.
Volt. I do beseech your fatherhoods, read but those— [*Giving them papers.*
Corv. And credit nothing the false spirit hath
It cannot be, but he's possest, grave fathers. [writ:
[*The scene closes.*

SCENE VII.—*A Street.*

Enter VOLPONE.

Volp. To make a snare for mine own neck! and
My head into it, wilfully! with laughter! [run
When I had newly 'scaped, was free, and clear,
Out of mere wantonness! O, the dull devil
Was in this brain of mine, when I devised it,
And Mosca gave it second; he must now
Help to sear up this vein, or we bleed dead.—

Enter NANO, ANDROGYNO, *and* CASTRONE.

How now! who let you loose? whither go you now?
What, to buy gingerbread, or to drown kitlings?
Nan. Sir, master Mosca call'd us out of doors,
And bid us all go play, and took the keys.
And. Yes.
Volp. Did master Mosca take the keys? why so!
I'm farther in. These are my fine conceits!
I must be merry, with a mischief to me!
What a vile wretch was I, that could not bear
My fortune soberly? I must have my crotchets,
And my conundrums! Well, go you, and seek him:
His meaning may be truer than my fear.
Bid him, he straight come to me to the court;
Thither will I, and, if't be possible,
Unscrew my advocate, upon new hopes:
When I provoked him, then I lost myself. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*The Scrutineo, or Senate-House.*

Avocatori, BONARIO, CELIA, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, Commandadori, Saffi, &c. *as before.*

1 *Avoc.* These things can ne'er be reconciled.
He, here, [*Shewing the Papers.*
Professeth, that the gentleman was wrong'd,
And that the gentlewoman was brought thither,
Forced by her husband, and there left.
Volt. Most true.
Cel. How ready is heaven to those that pray!
1 *Avoc.* But that
Volpone would have ravish'd her, he holds
Utterly false, knowing his impotence.
Corv. Grave fathers, he's possest; again, I say,
Possest: nay, if there be possession, and
Obsession, he has both.
3 *Avoc.* Here comes our officer.

Enter VOLPONE.

Volp. The parasite will straight be here, grave fathers.
4 *Avoc.* You might invent some other name, sir
3 *Avoc.* Did not the notary meet him? [varlet.
Volp. Not that I know.
4 *Avoc.* His coming will clear all.

2 *Avoc.* Yet, it is misty.
Volt. May't please your fatherhoods——
Volp. [*whispers* VOLT.] Sir, the parasite
Will'd me to tell you, that his master lives;
That you are still the man; your hopes the same;
And this was only a jest——
Volt. How?
Volp. Sir, to try
If you were firm, and how you stood affected.
Volt. Art sure he lives?
Volp. Do I live, sir?
Volt. O me!
I was too violent.
Volp. Sir, you may redeem it.
They said, you were possest; fall down, and seem so:
I'll help to make it good. [VOLTORE *falls.*]—God bless the man!——
Stop your wind hard, and swell--See, see, see, see!
He vomits crooked pins! his eyes are set,
Like a dead hare's hung in a poulter's shop!
His mouth's running away! Do you see, signior?
Now it is in his belly.
Corv. Ay, the devil!
Volp. Now in his throat.
Corv. Ay, I perceive it plain.
Volp. 'Twill out, 'twill out! stand clear. See where it flies,
In shape of a blue toad, with a bat's wings!
Do you not see it, sir?
Corb. What? I think I do.
Corv. 'Tis too manifest.
Volp. Look! he comes to himself!
Volt. Where am I?
Volp. Take good heart, the worst is past, sir.
You are dispossest.
1 *Avoc.* What accident is this!
2 *Avoc.* Sudden, and full of wonder!
3 *Avoc.* If he were
Possest, as it appears, all this is nothing.
Corv. He has been often subject to these fits.
1 *Avoc.* Shew him that writing:—do you know it, sir?
Volp. [*whispers* VOLT.] Deny it, sir, forswear it; know it not.
Volt. Yes, I do know it well, it is my hand;
But all that it contains is false.
Bon. O practice!
2 *Avoc.* What maze is this!
1 *Avoc.* Is he not guilty then,
Whom you there name the parasite?
Volt. Grave fathers,
No more than his good patron, old Volpone.
4 *Avoc.* Why, he is dead.
Volt. O no, my honour'd fathers.
He lives——
1 *Avoc.* How! lives?
Volt. Lives.
2 *Avoc.* This is subtler yet!
3 *Avoc.* You said he was dead.
Volt. Never.
3 *Avoc.* You said so.
Corv. I heard so.
4 *Avoc.* Here comes the gentleman; make him way.

Enter MOSCA.

3 *Avoc.* A stool.
4 *Avoc.* A proper man; and, were Volpone dead,
A fit match for my daughter. [*Aside.*
3 *Avoc.* Give him way.
Volp. Mosca, I was almost lost; the advocate
Had betrayed all; but now it is recovered;
All's on the hinge again——Say, I am living.
[*Aside to* MOS.
Mos. What busy knave is this!—Most reverend fathers,
I sooner had attended your grave pleasures,
But that my order for the funeral
Of my dear patron, did require me——
Volp. Mosca! [*Aside.*
Mos. Whom I intend to bury like a gentleman.
Volp. Ay, quick, and cozen me of all. [*Aside.*
2 *Avoc.* Still stranger!
More intricate!
1 *Avoc.* And come about again!
4 *Avoc.* It is a match, my daughter is bestow'd. [*Aside.*
Mos. Will you give me half? [*Aside to* VOLP.
Volp. First, I'll be hang'd.
Mos. I know
Your voice is good, cry not so loud.
1 *Avoc.* Demand
The advocate.—Sir, did you not affirm
Volpone was alive?
Volp. Yes, and he is;
This gentleman told me so.—Thou shalt have half.—
[*Aside to* MOS.
Mos. Whose drunkard is this same? speak, some that know him:
I never saw his face.—I cannot now
Afford it you so cheap. [*Aside to* VOLP.
Volp. No!
1 *Avoc.* What say you?
Volt. The officer told me.
Volp. I did, grave fathers,
And will maintain he lives, with mine own life,
And that this creature [*points to* MOSCA.] told me.—I was born
With all good stars my enemies. [*Aside.*
Mos. Most grave fathers,
If such an insolence as this must pass
Upon me, I am silent: 'twas not this
For which you sent, I hope.
2 *Avoc.* Take him away.
Volp. Mosca!
3 *Avoc.* Let him be whipt.
Volp. Wilt thou betray me?
Cozen me?
3 *Avoc.* And taught to bear himself
Toward a person of his rank.
4 *Avoc.* Away. [*The* Officers *seize* VOLPONE.
Mos. I humbly thank your fatherhoods.
Volp. Soft, soft: Whipt!
And lose all that I have! If I confess,
It cannot be much more. [*Aside.*
4 *Avoc.* Sir, are you married?
Volp. They'll be allied anon; I must be resolute:
The Fox shall here uncase. [*Throws off his disguise.*
Mos. Patron!
Volp. Nay, now
My ruins shall not come alone: your match
I'll hinder sure: my substance shall not glue you,
Nor screw you into a family.
Mos. Why, patron!
Volp. I am Volpone, and this is my knave; [*Pointing to* MOSCA.
This, [*to* VOLT.] his own knave; this, [*to* CORB.] avarice's fool;
This, [*to* CORV.] a chimera of wittol, fool, and knave:

And, reverend fathers, since we all can hope
Nought but a sentence, let's not now despair it.
You hear me brief.
Corv. May it please your fatherhoods——
Com. Silence.
1 *Avoc.* The knot is now undone by miracle.
2 *Avoc.* Nothing can be more clear.
3 *Avoc.* Or can more prove
These innocent.
1 *Avoc.* Give them their liberty.
Bon. Heaven could not long let such gross crimes be hid.
2 *Avoc.* If this be held the high-way to get riches,
May I be poor!
3 *Avo.* This is not the gain, but torment.
1 *Avoc.* These possess wealth, as sick men possess fevers,
Which trulier may be said to possess them.
2 *Avoc.* Disrobe that parasite.
Corv. Mos. Most honour'd fathers!——
1 *Avoc.* Can you plead aught to stay the course
If you can, speak. [of justice?
Corv. Volt. We beg favour.
Cel. And mercy.
1 *Avoc.* You hurt your innocence, suing for the guilty.
Stand forth; and first the parasite: You appear
T'have been the chiefest minister, if not plotter,
In all these lewd impostures; and now, lastly,
Have with your impudence abused the court,
And habit of a gentleman of Venice,
Being a fellow of no birth or blood:
For which our sentence is, first, thou be whipt;
Then live perpetual prisoner in our gallies.
Volp. I thank you for him.
Mos. Bane to thy wolvish nature!
1 *Avoc.* Deliver him to the saffi. [MOSCA *is carried out.*]—Thou, Volpone,
By blood and rank a gentleman, canst not fall
Under like censure; but our judgment on thee
Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate
To the hospital of the Incurabili:
And, since the most was gotten by imposture,
By feigning lame, gout, palsy, and such diseases,
Thou art to lie in prison, cramp'd with irons,
Till thou be'st sick and lame indeed.—Remove him. [*He is taken from the Bar.*
Volp. This is call'd mortifying of a Fox.
1 *Avoc.* Thou, Voltore, to take away the scandal
Thou hast given all worthy men of thy profession,
Art banish'd from their fellowship, and our state.
Corbaccio!—bring him near—We here possess
Thy son of all thy state, and confine thee
To the monastery of San Spirito;
Where, since thou knewest not how to live well
Thou shalt be learn'd to die well. [here,
Corb. Ah! what said he?
Com. You shall know anon, sir.
1 *Avoc.* Thou, Corvino, shalt
Be straight embark'd from thine own house, and row'd
Round about Venice, through the grand canale,
Wearing a cap, with fair long ass's ears,
Instead of horns; and so to mount, a paper
Pinn'd on thy breast, to the Berlina——
Corv. Yes,
And have mine eyes beat out with stinking fish,
Bruised fruit, and rotten eggs——'Tis well. I am
I shall not see my shame yet. [glad
1 *Avoc.* And to expiate
Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send her
Home to her father, with her dowry trebled:
And these are all your judgments.
All. Honour'd fathers.—
1 *Avoc.* Which may not be revoked. Now you begin,
When crimes are done, and past, and to be punish'd,
To think what your crimes are: away with them.
Let all that see these vices thus rewarded,
Take heart and love to study 'em! Mischiefs feed
Like beasts, till they be fat, and then they bleed.
[*Exeunt.*

VOLPONE *comes forward.*

The seasoning of a play, is the applause.
Now, though the Fox be punish'd by the laws,
He yet doth hope, there is no suffering due,
For any fact which he hath done 'gainst you;
If there be, censure him; here he doubtful stands:
If not, fare jovially, and clap your hands. [Exit

EPICŒNE; OR, THE SILENT WOMAN.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE BY ALL TITLES,

SIR FRANCIS STUART.

SIR,—My hope is not so nourished by example, as it will conclude, this dumb piece should please you, because it hath pleased others before; but by trust, that when you have read it, you will find it worthy to have displeased none. This makes that I now number you, not only in the names of favour, but the names of justice to what I write; and do presently call you to the exercise of that noblest, and manliest virtue; as coveting rather to be freed in my fame, by the authority of a judge, than the credit of an undertaker. Read, therefore, I pray you, and censure. There is not a line, or syllable in it, changed from the simplicity of the first copy. And, when you shall consider, through the certain hatred of some, how much a man's innocency may be endangered by an uncertain accusation; you will, I doubt not, so begin to hate the iniquity of such natures, as I shall love the contumely done me, whose end was so honourable as to be wiped off by your sentence. Your unprofitable, but true Lover, BEN. JONSON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MOROSE, *a gentleman that loves no noise.*
SIR DAUPHINE EUGENIE, *a Knight, his Nephew.*
NED CLERIMONT, *a Gentleman, his Friend.*
TRUEWIT, *another Friend.*
SIR JOHN DAW, *a Knight.*
SIR AMOROUS LA-FOOLE, *a Knight also.*
THOMAS OTTER, *a Land and Sea Captain.*
CUTBEARD, *a Barber.*
MUTE, *one of* MOROSE'S *Servants.*
Parson.

Page *to* CLERIMONT.

EPICŒNE, *supposed the* Silent Woman.
LADY HAUGHTY, } *Ladies Collegiates.*
LADY CENTAURE, }
MISTRESS DOL. MAVIS, }
MISTRESS OTTER, *the Captain's Wife,* } *Pretenders.*
MISTRESS TRUSTY, Lady HAUGHTY'S *Woman,* }

Pages, Servants, &c.

SCENE,—LONDON.

PROLOGUE.

Truth says, of old the art of making plays
Was to content the people; and their praise
Was to the poet money, wine, and bays.

But in this age, a sect of writers are,
That, only, for particular likings care,
And will taste nothing that is popular.

With such we mingle neither brains nor breasts;
Our wishes, like to those make public feasts,
Are not to please the cook's taste but the guests.

Yet, if those cunning palates hither come,
They shall find guests entreaty, and good room;
And though all relish not, sure there will be some,

That, when they leave their seats, shall make them say,
Who wrote that piece, could so have wrote a play,
But that he knew this was the better way.

For, to present all custard, or all tart,
And have no other meats to bear a part,
Or to want bread, and salt, were but coarse art.

The poet prays you then, with better thought
To sit; and, when his cates are all in brought,
Though there be none far-fet, there will dear-bought,

Be fit for ladies: some for lords, knights, 'squires;
Some for your waiting-wench, and city-wires;
Some for your men, and daughters of White-friars.

Nor is it, only, while you keep your seat
Here, that his feast will last; but you shall eat
A week at ord'naries, on his broken meat:
If his muse be true,
Who commends her to you.

ANOTHER.

The ends of all, who for the scene do write,
Are, or should be, to profit and delight.
And still't hath been the praise of all best times,
So persons were not touch'd, to tax the crimes.
Then, in this play, which we present to-night,
And make the object of your ear and sight,
On forfeit of yourselves, think nothing true:
Lest so you make the maker to judge you.

For he knows, poet never credit gain'd
By writing truths, but things, like truths, well feign'd.
If any yet will, with particular sleight
Of application, wrest what he doth write;
And that he meant, or him, or her, will say:
They make a libel, which he made a play.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* CLERIMONT'S *House.*

Enter CLERIMONT, *making himself ready, followed by his* Page.

Cler. Have you got the song yet perfect, I gave you, boy?

Page. Yes, sir.

Cler. Let me hear it.

Page. You shall, sir; but i'faith let nobody else.

Cler. Why, I pray?

Page. It will get you the dangerous name of a poet in town, sir; besides me a perfect deal of ill-will at the mansion you wot of, whose lady is the argument of it; where now I am the welcomest thing under a man that comes there.

Cler. I think; and above a man too, if the truth were rack'd out of you.

Page. No, faith, I'll confess before, sir. The gentlewomen play with me, and throw me on the bed, and carry me in to my lady: and she kisses me with her oil'd face, and puts a peruke on my head; and asks me an I will wear her gown? and I say no: and then she hits me a blow o' the ear, and calls me Innocent! and lets me go.

Cler. No marvel if the door be kept shut against your master, when the entrance is so easy to you ——well, sir, you shall go there no more, lest I be fain to seek your voice in my lady's rushes, a fortnight hence. Sing, sir. [Page *sings.*

Still to be neat, still to be drest—

Enter TRUEWIT.

True. Why, here's the man that can melt away his time and never feels it! What between his mistress abroad and his ingle at home, high fare, soft lodging, fine clothes, and his fiddle; he thinks the hours have no wings, or the day no post-horse. Well, sir gallant, were you struck with the plague this minute, or condemn'd to any capital punishment to-morrow, you would begin then to think, and value every article of your time, esteem it at the true rate, and give all for it.

Cler. Why what should a man do?

True. Why, nothing; or that which, when 'tis done, is as idle. Hearken after the next horse-race, or hunting-match, lay wagers, praise Puppy, or Peppercorn, White-foot, Franklin; swear upon Whitemane's party; speak aloud, that my lords may hear you; visit my ladies at night, and be able to give them the character of every bowler or better on the green. These be the things wherein your fashionable men exercise themselves, and I for company.

Cler. Nay, if I have thy authority, I'll not leave yet. Come, the other are considerations, when we come to have gray heads and weak hams, moist eyes and shrunk members. We'll think on 'em then; then we'll pray and fast.

True. Ay, and destine only that time of age to goodness, which our want of ability will not let us employ in evil!

Cler. Why, then 'tis time enough.

True. Yes; as if a man should sleep all the term, and think to effect his business the last day. O, Clerimont, this time, because it is an incorporeal thing, and not subject to sense, we mock ourselves the fineliest out of it, with vanity and misery indeed! not seeking an end of wretchedness, but only changing the matter still.

Cler. Nay, thou'lt not leave now—

True. See but our common disease! with what justice can we complain, that great men will not look upon us, nor be at leisure to give our affairs such dispatch as we expect, when we will never do it to ourselves? nor hear, nor regard ourselves?

Cler. Foh! thou hast read Plutarch's morals, now, or some such tedious fellow; and it shews so vilely with thee! 'fore God, 'twill spoil thy wit utterly. Talk to me of pins, and feathers, and ladies, and rushes, and such things: and leave this Stoicity alone, till thou mak'st sermons.

True. Well, sir; if it will not take, I have learn'd to lose as little of my kindness as I can; I'll do good to no man against his will, certainly. When were you at the college?

Cler. What college?

True. As if you knew not!

Cler. No, faith, I came but from court yesterday.

True. Why, is it not arrived there yet, the news? A new foundation, sir, here in the town, of ladies, that call themselves the collegiates, an order between courtiers and country-madams, that live from their husbands; and give entertainment to all the wits, and braveries of the time, as they call them: cry down, or up, what they like or dislike in a brain or a fashion, with most masculine, or rather hermaphroditical authority; and every day gain to their college some new probationer.

Cler. Who is the president?

True. The grave and youthful matron, the lady Haughty.

Cler. A pox of her autumnal face, her pieced beauty! there's no man can be admitted till she be ready, now-a-days, till she has painted, and perfumed, and wash'd, and scour'd, but the boy, here; and him she wipes her oil'd lips upon, like a sponge. I have made a song (I pray thee hear it) on the subject. [Page *sing.*

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

True. And I am clearly on the other side: I love a good dressing before any beauty o' the world. O, a woman is then like a delicate garden; nor is there one kind of it; she may vary every hour; take often counsel of her glass, and choose the best. If she have good ears, shew them; good hair, lay it out; good legs, wear short clothes; a good hand, discover it often: practice any art to mend breath, cleanse teeth, repair eye-brows; paint, and profess it.

Cler. How! publicly?

True. The doing of it, not the manner: that must be private. Many things that seem foul

in the doing, do please done. A lady should, indeed, study her face, when we think she sleeps; nor, when the doors are shut, should men be enquiring; all is sacred within, then. Is it for us to see their perukes put on, their false teeth, their complexion, their eye-brows, their nails? You see gilders will not work, but inclosed. They must not discover how little serves, with the help of art, to adorn a great deal. How long did the canvas hang afore Aldgate? Were the people suffered to see the city's Love and Charity, while they were rude stone, before they were painted and burnish'd? No; no more should servants approach their mistresses, but when they are complete and finish'd.

Cler. Well said, my Truewit.

True. And a wise lady will keep a guard always upon the place, that she may do things securely. I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber, where the poor madam, for haste, and troubled, snatch'd at her peruke to cover her baldness; and put it on the wrong way.

Cler. O prodigy!

True. And the unconscionable knave held her in compliment an hour with that reverst face, when I still look'd when she should talk from the t'other side.

Cler. Why, thou shouldst have relieved her.

True. No, faith, I let her alone, as we'll let this argument, if you please, and pass to another. When saw you Dauphine Eugenie?

Cler. Not these three days. Shall we go to him this morning? he is very melancholy, I hear.

True. Sick of the uncle, is he? I met that stiff piece of formality, his uncle, yesterday, with a huge turban of night-caps on his head, buckled over his ears.

Cler. O, that's his custom when he walks abroad. He can endure no noise, man.

True. So I have heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him as it is made? They say he has been upon divers treaties with the fish-wives and orange-women; and articles propounded between them: marry, the chimney-sweepers will not be drawn in.

Cler. No, nor the broom-men: they stand out stiffly. He cannot endure a costard-monger, he swoons if he hear one.

True. Methinks a smith should be ominous.

Cler. Or any hammer-man. A brasier is not suffer'd to dwell in the parish, nor an armourer. He would have hang'd a pewterer's prentice once upon a Shrove-tuesday's riot, for being of that trade, when the rest were quit.

True. A trumpet should fright him terribly, or the hautboys.

Cler. Out of his senses. The waights of the city have a pension of him not to come near that ward. This youth practised on him one night like the bell-man; and never left till he had brought him down to the door with a long sword; and there left him flourishing with the air.

Page. Why, sir, he hath chosen a street to lie in so narrow at both ends, that it will receive no coaches, nor carts, nor any of these common noises: and therefore we that love him, devise to bring him in such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to breathe him. He would grow resty else in his ease: his virtue would rust without action. I entreated a bearward, one day, to come down with the dogs of some four parishes that way, and I thank him he did; and cried his games under master Morose's window: till he was sent crying away, with his head made a most bleeding spectacle to the multitude. And, another time, a fencer marching to his prize, had his drum most tragically run through, for taking that street in his way at my request.

True. A good wag! How does he for the bells?

Cler. O, in the Queen's time, he was wont to go out of town every Saturday at ten o'clock, or on holy day eves. But now, by reason of the sickness, the perpetuity of ringing has made him devise a room, with double walls and treble ceilings; the windows close shut and caulk'd: and there he lives by candle-light. He turn'd away a man, last week, for having a pair of new shoes that creak'd. And this fellow waits on him now in tennis-court socks, or slippers soled with wool: and they talk each to other in a trunk. See, who comes here!

Enter Sir DAUPHINE EUGENIE.

Daup. How now! what ail you, sirs? dumb?

True. Struck into stone, almost, I am here, with tales o' thine uncle. There was never such a prodigy heard of.

Daup. I would you would once lose this subject, my masters, for my sake. They are such as you are, that have brought me into that predicament I am with him.

True. How is that?

Daup. Marry, that he will disinherit me; no more. He thinks, I and my company are authors of all the ridiculous Acts and Monuments are told of him.

True. 'Slid, I would be the author of more to vex him; that purpose deserves it: it gives thee law of plaguing him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a false almanack, get it printed; and then have him drawn out on a coronation day to the Tower-wharf, and kill him with the noise of the ordnance. Disinherit thee! he cannot, man. Art not thou next of blood, and his sister's son?

Daup. Ay, but he will thrust me out of it, he vows, and marry.

True. How! that's a more portent. Can he endure no noise, and will venture on a wife?

Cler. Yes: why thou art a stranger, it seems, to his best trick, yet. He has employed a fellow this half year all over England to hearken him out a dumb woman; be she of any form, or any quality, so she be able to bear children: her silence is dowry enough, he says.

True. But I trust to God he has found none.

Cler. No; but he has heard of one that's lodged in the next street to him, who is exceedingly soft-spoken; thrifty of her speech; that spends but six words a day. And her he's about now, and shall have her.

True. Is't possible! who is his agent in the business?

Cler. Marry, a barber, one Cutbeard; an honest fellow, one that tells Dauphine all here.

True. Why you oppress me with wonder: a woman, and a barber, and love no noise!

Cler. Yes, faith. The fellow trims him silently, and has not the knack with his sheers or his fingers: and that continence in a barber he thinks so eminent a virtue, as it has made him chief of his counsel.

True. Is the barber to be seen, or the wench?

Cler. Yes, that they are.

True. I prithee, Dauphine, let's go thither.

Daup. I have some business now: I cannot, i' faith.

True. You shall have no business shall make you neglect this, sir: we'll make her talk, believe it; or, if she will not, we can give out at least so much as shall interrupt the treaty; we will break it. Thou art bound in conscience, when he suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

Daup. Not I, by any means. I'll give no suffrage to't. He shall never have that plea against me, that I opposed the least phant'sy of his. Let it lie upon my stars to be guilty, I'll be innocent.

True. Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, innocent: when some groom of his has got him an heir, or this barber, if he himself cannot. *Innocent!*—I prithee, Ned, where lies she? let him be innocent still.

Cler. Why, right over against the barber's; in the house where sir John Daw lies.

True. You do not mean to confound me!

Cler. Why?

True. Does he that would marry her know so much?

Cler. I cannot tell.

True. 'Twere enough of imputation to her with

Cler. Why? [him.

True. The only talking sir in the town! Jack Daw! and he teach her not to speak!—God be wi' you. I have some business too.

Cler. Will you not go thither, then?

True. Not with the danger to meet Daw, for mine ears.

Cler. Why, I thought you two had been upon very good terms.

True. Yes, of keeping distance.

Cler. They say, he is a very good scholar.

True. Ay, and he says it first. A pox on him, a fellow that pretends only to learning, buys titles, and nothing else of books in him!

Cler. The world reports him to be very learned.

True. I am sorry the world should so conspire to belie him.

Cler. Good faith, I have heard very good things come from him.

True. You may; there's none so desperately ignorant to deny that: would they were his own! God be wi' you, gentlemen. [*Exit hastily.*

Cler. This is very abrupt!

Daup. Come, you are a strange open man, to tell every thing thus.

Cler. Why, believe it, Dauphine, Truewit's a very honest fellow.

Daup. I think no other: but this frank nature of his is not for secrets.

Cler. Nay, then, you are mistaken, Dauphine: I know where he has been well trusted, and discharged the trust very truly, and heartily.

Daup. I contend not, Ned; but with the fewer a business is carried, it is ever the safer. Now we are alone, if you'll go thither, I am for you.

Cler. When were you there?

Daup. Last night: and such a Decameron of sport fallen out! Boccace never thought of the like. Daw does nothing but court her; and the wrong way. He would lie with her, and praises her modesty; desires that she would talk and be free, and commends her silence in verses; which he reads, and swears are the best that ever man made. Then rails at his fortunes, stamps, and mutines, why he is not made a counsellor, and call'd to affairs of state.

Cler. I prithee let's go. I would fain partake this.—Some water, boy. [*Exit* Page.

Daup. We are invited to dinner together, he and I, by one that came thither to him, sir La-Foole.

Cler. O, that's a precious mannikin!

Daup. Do you know him?

Cler. Ay, and he will know you too, if e'er he saw you but once, though you should meet him at church in the midst of prayers. He is one of the braveries, though he be none of the wits. He will salute a judge upon the bench, and a bishop in the pulpit, a lawyer when he is pleading at the bar, and a lady when she is dancing in a masque, and put her out. He does give plays, and suppers, and invites his guests to them, aloud, out of his window, as they ride by in coaches. He has a lodging in the Strand for the purpose: or to watch when ladies are gone to the china-houses, or the Exchange, that he may meet them by chance, and give them presents, some two or three hundred pounds worth of toys, to be laugh'd at. He is never without a spare banquet, or sweet-meats in his chamber, for their women to alight at, and come up to for a bait.

Daup. Excellent! he was a fine youth last night; but now he is much finer! what is his Christian name? I have forgot.

Re-enter Page.

Cler. Sir Amorous La-Foole.

Page. The gentleman is here below that owns that name.

Cler. 'Heart, he's come to invite me to dinner, I hold my life.

Daup. Like enough: prithee, let's have him up.

Cler. Boy, marshal him.

Page. With a truncheon, sir?

Cler. Away, I beseech you. [*Exit* Page.]—I'll make him tell us his pedigree now; and what meat he has to dinner; and who are his guests; and the whole course of his fortunes; with a breath.

Enter Sir Amorous La-Foole.

La-F. 'Save, dear sir Dauphine! honoured master Clerimont!

Cler. Sir Amorous! you have very much honested my lodging with your presence.

La-F. Good faith, it is a fine lodging: almost as delicate a lodging as mine.

Cler. Not so, sir.

La-F. Excuse me, sir, if it were in the Strand, I assure you. I am come, master Clerimont, to entreat you to wait upon two or three ladies, to dinner, to-day.

Cler. How, sir! wait upon them? did you ever see me carry dishes?

La-F. No, sir, dispense with me; I meant, to bear them company.

Cler. O, that I will, sir: the doubtfulness of your phrase, believe it, sir, would breed you a quarrel once an hour, with the terrible boys, if you should but keep them fellowship a day.

La-F. It should be extremely against my will, sir, if I contested with any man.

Cler. I believe it, sir: Where hold you your feast?

La-F. At Tom Otter's, sir.

Daup. Tom Otter! what's he?

La-F. Captain Otter, sir; he is a kind of gamester, but he has had command both by sea and by land.

Daup. O, then he is *animal amphibium*?

La-F. Ay, sir: his wife was the rich china-woman, that the courtiers visited so often; that gave the rare entertainment. She commands all at home.

Cler. Then she is captain Otter.

La-F. You say very well, sir; she is my kinswoman, a La-Foole by the mother-side, and will invite any great ladies for my sake.

Daup. Not of the La-Fooles of Essex?

La-F. No, sir, the La-Fooles of London.

Cler. Now, he's in. [*Aside.*

La-F. They all come out of our house, the La-Fooles of the north, the La-Fooles of the west, the La-Fooles of the east and south—we are as ancient a family as any is in Europe—but I myself am descended lineally of the French La-Fooles—and, we do bear for our coat yellow, or *or*, checker'd *azure*, and *gules*, and some three or four colours more, which is a very noted coat, and has, sometimes, been solemnly worn by divers nobility of our house—but let that go, antiquity is not respected now.—I had a brace of fat does sent me, gentlemen, and half a dozen of pheasants, a dozen or two of godwits, and some other fowl, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good company:—there will be a great lady or two, my lady Haughty, my lady Centaure, mistress Dol Mavis—and they come o' purpose to see the silent gentlewoman, mistress Epicœne, that honest sir John Daw has promised to bring thither—and then, mistress Trusty, my lady's woman, will be there too, and this honourable knight, sir Dauphine, with yourself, master Clerimont—and we'll be very merry, and have fidlers, and dance.—I have been a mad wag in my time, and have spent some crowns since I was a page in court, to my lord Lofty, and after, my lady's gentleman-usher, who got me knighted in Ireland, since it pleased my elder brother to die.—I had as fair a gold jerkin on that day, as any worn in the island voyage, or at Cadiz, none dispraised; and I came over in it hither, shew'd myself to my friends in court, and after went down to my tenants in the country, and surveyed my lands, let new leases, took their money, spent it in the eye o' the land here, upon ladies:—and now I can take up at my pleasure.

Daup. Can you take up ladies, sir?

Cler. O, let him breathe, he has not recover'd.

Daup. Would I were your half in that commodity!

La-F. No, sir, excuse me: I meant money, which can take up any thing. I have another guest or two, to invite, and say as much to, gentlemen. I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail——Your servant. [*Exit.*

Daup. We will not fail you, sir precious La-Foole; but she shall, that your ladies come to see, if I have credit afore sir Daw.

Cler. Did you ever hear such a wind-sucker, as this?

Daup. Or such a rook as the other, that will betray his mistress to be seen! Come, 'tis time we prevented it.

Cler. Go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* MOROSE'S *House.*

Enter MOROSE, *with a tube in his hand, followed by* MUTE.

Mor. Cannot I, yet, find out a more compendious method, than by this trunk, to save my servants the labour of speech, and mine ears the discords of sounds? Let me see: all discourses but my own afflict me; they seem harsh, impertinent, and irksome. Is it not possible, that thou shouldst answer me by signs, and I apprehend thee, fellow? Speak not, though I question you. You have taken the ring off from the street door, as I bade you? answer me not by speech, but by silence; unless it be otherwise [MUTE *makes a leg.*]—very good. And you have fastened on a thick quilt, or flock-bed, on the outside of the door; that if they knock with their daggers, or with brick-bats, they can make no noise?—But with your leg, your answer, unless it be otherwise. [*makes a leg*]—Very good. This is not only fit modesty in a servant, but good state and discretion in a master. And you have been with Cutbeard the barber, to have him come to me? [*makes a leg.*]—Good. And, he will come presently? Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise: if it be otherwise, shake your head, or shrug. [*makes a leg.*]—So! Your Italian and Spaniard are wise in these: and it is a frugal and comely gravity. How long will it be ere Cutbeard come? Stay; if an hour, hold up your whole hand; if half an hour, two fingers; if a quarter, one; [*holds up a finger bent.*]—Good: half a quarter? 'tis well. And have you given him a key, to come in without knocking? [*makes a leg.*]—good. And, is the lock oil'd, and the hinges, to-day? [*makes a leg.*]—good. And the quilting of the stairs no where worn out and bare? [*makes a leg.*]—Very good. I see, by much doctrine, and impulsion, it may be effected; stand by. The Turk, in this divine discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the potentates of the earth; still waited on by mutes; and all his commands so executed; yea, even in the war, as I have heard, and in his marches, most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence: an exquisite art! and I am heartily ashamed, and angry oftentimes, that the princes of Christendom should suffer a barbarian to transcend them in so high a point of felicity. I will practise it hereafter. [*A horn winded within.*]—How now? oh! oh! what villain, what prodigy of mankind is that? look. [*Exit* MUTE.]—[*Horn again.*]—Oh! cut his throat, cut his throat! what murderer, hell-hound, devil can this be?

Re-enter MUTE.

Mute. It is a post from the court——

Mor. Out, rogue! and must thou blow thy horn too?

Mute. Alas, it is a post from the court, sir, that says, he must speak with you, pain of death—

Mor. Pain of thy life, be silent!

Enter TRUEWIT *with a post-horn, and a halter in his hand.*

True. By your leave, sir;—I am a stranger here:—Is your name master Morose? is your name master Morose? Fishes! Pythagoreans all! This is strange. What say you, sir? nothing! Has Harpocrates been here with his club, among you? Well, sir, I will believe you to be the man at this time: I will venture upon you, sir. Your friends at court commend them to you, sir———

Mor. O men! O manners! was there ever such an impudence?

True. And are extremely solicitous for you, sir.

Mor. Whose knave are you?

True. Mine own knave, and your compeer, sir.

Mor. Fetch me my sword——

True. You shall taste the one half of my dagger, if you do, groom; and you the other, if you stir, sir: Be patient, I charge you, in the king's name, and hear me without insurrection. They say, you are to marry; to marry! do you mark, sir?

Mor. How then, rude companion!

True. Marry, your friends do wonder, sir, the Thames being so near, wherein you may drown, so handsomely; or London-bridge, at a low fall, with a fine leap, to hurry you down the stream; or, such a delicate steeple in the town, as Bow, to vault from; or, a braver height, as Paul's: Or, if you affected to do it nearer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret-window into the street; or, a beam in the said garret, with this halter [*shews him the halter.*]—which they have sent, and desire, that you would sooner commit your grave head to this knot, than to the wedlock noose; or, take a little sublimate, and go out of the world like a rat; or a fly, as one said, with a straw in your arse: any way, rather than follow this goblin Matrimony. Alas, sir, do you ever think to find a chaste wife in these times? now? when there are so many masques, plays, Puritan preachings, mad folks, and other strange sights to be seen daily, private and public? If you had lived in king Etheldred's time, sir, or Edward the Confessor, you might, perhaps, have found one in some cold country hamlet, then, a dull frosty wench, would have been contented with one man: now, they will as soon be pleased with one leg, or one eye. I'll tell you, sir, the monstrous hazards you shall run with a wife.

Mor. Good sir, have I ever cozen'd any friends of yours of their land? bought their possessions? taken forfeit of their mortgage? begg'd a reversion from them? bastarded their issue? What have I done, that may deserve this?

True. Nothing, sir, that I know, but your itch of marriage.

Mor. Why, if I had made an assassinate upon your father, vitiated your mother, ravished your sisters——

True. I would kill you, sir, I would kill you, if you had.

Mor. Why, you do more in this, sir: it were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous acts that could be named, to do that you do.

True. Alas, sir, I am but a messenger: I but tell you, what you must hear. It seems your friends are careful after your soul's health, sir, and would have you know the danger: (but you may do your pleasure for all them, I persuade not, sir.) If, after you are married, your wife do run away with a vaulter, or the Frenchman that walks upon ropes, or him that dances the jig, or a fencer for his skill at his weapon; why it is not their fault, they have discharged their consciences; when you know what may happen. Nay, suffer valiantly, sir, for I must tell you all the perils that you are obnoxious to. If she be fair, young and vegetous, no sweetmeats ever drew more flies; all the yellow doublets and great roses in the town will be there. If foul and crooked, she'll be with them, and buy those doublets and roses, sir. If rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her, she'll reign in your house as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrants. If fruitful, as proud as May, and humorous as April; she must have her doctors, her midwives, her nurses, her longings every hour; though it be for the dearest morsel of man. If learned, there was never such a parrot; all your patrimony will be too little for the guests that must be invited to hear her speak Latin and Greek; and you must lie with her in those languages too, if you will please her. If precise, you must feast all the silenced brethren, once in three days; salute the sisters; entertain the whole family, or wood of them; and hear long-winded exercises, singings and catechisings, which you are not given to, and yet must give for; to please the zealous matron your wife, who for the holy cause, will cozen you over and above. You begin to sweat, sir! but this is not half, i'faith: you may do your pleasure, notwithstanding, as I said before: I come not to persuade you. [MUTE *is stealing away.*]—Upon my faith, master serving-man, if you do stir, I will beat you.

Mor. O, what is my sin! what is my sin!

True. Then, if you love your wife, or rather dote on her, sir; O, how she'll torture you, and take pleasure in your torments! you shall lie with her but when she lists; she will not hurt her beauty, her complexion; or it must be for that jewel, or that pearl, when she does: every half hour's pleasure must be bought anew, and with the same pain and charge you woo'd her at first. Then you must keep what servants she please; what company she will; that friend must not visit you without her license; and him she loves most, she will seem to hate eagerliest, to decline your jealousy; or, feign to be jealous of you first; and for that cause go live with her she-friend, or cousin at the college, that can instruct her in all the mysteries of writing letters, corrupting servants, taming spies; where she must have that rich gown for such a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be served in silver; have the chamber fill'd with a succession of grooms, footmen, ushers, and other messengers; besides embroiderers, jewellers, tire-women, sempsters, feathermen, perfumers; whilst she feels not how the land drops away, nor the acres melt; nor foresees the change, when the mercer has your woods for her velvets; never weighs what her pride costs, sir; so she may kiss a page, or a smooth chin, that has the despair of a beard: be a stateswoman, know all the news, what was done at Salisbury, what at the Bath, what at court, what in progress; or, so she may censure poets, and authors, and styles, and compare them; Daniel with Spenser, Jonson with the t'other youth, and so forth: or be thought cunning in controversies, or the very knots of divinity; and have often in her mouth the state of

the question; and then skip to the mathematics, and demonstration: and answer in religion to one, in state to another, in bawdry to a third.

Mor. O, O!

True. All this is very true, sir. And then her going in disguise to that conjurer, and this cunning woman: where the first question is, how soon you shall die? next, if her present servant love her? next, if she shall have a new servant? and how many? which of her family would make the best bawd, male or female? what precedence she shall have by her next match? and sets down the answers, and believes them above the scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll study the art.

Mor. Gentle sir, have you done? have you had your pleasure of me? I'll think of these things.

True. Yes, sir: and then comes reeking home of vapour and sweat, with going a foot, and lies in a month of a new face, all oil and birdlime; and rises in asses' milk, and is cleansed with a new fucus: God be wi' you, sir. One thing more, which I had almost forgot. This too, with whom you are to marry, may have made a conveyance of her virginity afore hand, as your wise widows do of their states, before they marry, in trust to some friend, sir: Who can tell? Or if she have not done it yet, she may do, upon the wedding-day, or the night before, and antedate you cuckold. The like has been heard of in nature. 'Tis no devised, impossible thing, sir. God be wi' you: I'll be bold to leave this rope with you, sir, for a remembrance.—Farewell, Mute! [*Exit.*

Mor. Come, have me to my chamber: but first shut the door. [TRUEWIT *winds the horn without.*] O, shut the door, shut the door! is he come again?

Enter CUTBEARD.

Cut. 'Tis I, sir, your barber.

Mor. O, Cutbeard, Cutbeard, Cutbeard! here has been a cut-throat with me: help me in to my bed, and give me physic with thy counsel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Sir JOHN DAW'S *House.*

Enter DAW, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE, *and* EPICŒNE.

Daw. Nay, an she will, let her refuse at her own charges; 'tis nothing to me, gentlemen: but she will not be invited to the like feasts or guests every day.

Cler. O, by no means, she may not refuse—— to stay at home, if you love your reputation: 'Slight, you are invited thither o' purpose to be seen, and laughed at by the lady of the college, and her shadows. This trumpeter hath proclaim'd you.

[*Aside to* EPI.

Daup. You shall not go; let him be laugh'd at in your stead, for not bringing you: and put him to his extemporal faculty of fooling and talking loud, to satisfy the company. [*Aside to* EPI.

Cler. He will suspect us; talk aloud.—'Pray, mistress Epicœne, let's see your verses; we have sir John Daw's leave; do not conceal your servant's merit, and your own glories.

Epi. They'll prove my servant's glories, if you have his leave so soon.

Daup. His vain-glories, lady!

Daw. Shew them, shew them, mistress; I dare own them.

Epi. Judge you, what glories.

Daw. Nay, I'll read them myself too: an author must recite his own works. It is a madrigal of Modesty.

Modest and fair, for fair and good are near
Neighbours, howe'er.—

Daup. Very good.

Cler. Ay, is't not?

Daw. *No noble virtue ever was alone,*
But two in one.

Daup. Excellent!

Cler. That again, I pray, sir John.

Daup. It has something in't like rare wit and sense.

Cler. Peace.

Daw. *No noble virtue ever was alone,*
But two in one
Then, when I praise sweet modesty, I praise
Bright beauty's rays:
And having praised both beauty and modesty,
I have praised thee.

Daup. Admirable!

Cler. How it chimes, and cries tink in the close, divinely!

Daup. Ay, 'tis Seneca.

Cler. No, I think 'tis Plutarch.

Daw. The dor on Plutarch and Seneca! I hate it: they are mine own imaginations, by that light. I wonder those fellows have such credit with gentlemen.

Cler. They are very grave authors.

Daw. Grave asses! mere essayists: a few loose sentences, and that's all. A man would talk so, his whole age: I do utter as good things every hour, if they were collected and observed, as either of them.

Daup. Indeed, sir John!

Cler. He must needs; living among the wits and braveries too.

Daup. Ay, and being president of them, as he is.

Daw. There's Aristotle, a mere common-place fellow; Plato, a discourser; Thucydides and Livy, tedious and dry; Tacitus, an entire knot: sometimes worth the untying, very seldom.

Cler. What do you think of the poets, sir John?

Daw. Not worthy to be named for authors. Homer, an old tedious, prolix ass, talks of curriers, and chines of beef; Virgil of dunging of land, and bees; Horace, of I know not what.

Cler. I think so.

Daw. And so, Pindarus, Lycophron, Anacreon, Catullus, Seneca the tragedian, Lucan, Propertius, Tibullus, Martial, Juvenal, Ausonius, Statius, Politian, Valerius Flaccus, and the rest——

Cler. What a sack full of their names he has got!

Daup. And how he pours them out! Politian with Valerius Flaccus!

Cler. Was not the character right of him?

Daup. As could be made, i'faith.

Daw. And Persius, a crabbed coxcomb, not to be endured.

Daup. Why, whom do you account for authors, sir John Daw?

Daw. Syntagma juris civilis; Corpus juris civilis; Corpus juris canonici; the king of Spain's bible——

Daup. Is the king of Spain's bible an author?

Cler. Yes, and Syntagma.

Daup. What was that Syntagma, sir?

Daw. A civil lawyer, a Spaniard.

Daup. Sure, Corpus was a Dutchman

Cler. Ay, both the Corpuses, I knew 'em: they were very corpulent authors.

Daw. And then there's Vatablus, Pomponatius, Symancha: the other are not to be received, within the thought of a scholar.

Daup. 'Fore God, you have a simple learned servant, lady,—in titles. [*Aside.*

Cler. I wonder that he is not called to the helm, and made a counsellor.

Daup. He is one extraordinary.

Cler. Nay, but in ordinary: to say truth, the state wants such.

Daup. Why that will follow.

Cler. I muse a mistress can be so silent to the dotes of such a servant.

Daw. 'Tis her virtue, sir. I have written somewhat of her silence too.

Daup. In verse, sir John?

Cler. What else?

Daup. Why, how can you justify your own being of a poet, that so slight all the old poets?

Daw. Why, every man that writes in verse, is not a poet; you have of the wits that write verses, and yet are no poets: they are poets that live by it, the poor fellows that live by it.

Daup. Why, would not you live by your verses, sir John?

Cler. No, 'twere pity he should. A knight live by his verses! he did not make them to that end, I hope.

Daup. And yet the noble Sidney lives by his, and the noble family not ashamed.

Cler. Ay, he profest himself; but sir John Daw has more caution: he'll not hinder his own rising in the state so much. Do you think he will? Your verses, good sir John, and no poems.

Daw. *Silence in woman, is like speech in man;*
Deny't who can.

Daup. Not I, believe it: your reason, sir.

Daw. *Nor is 't a tale,*
That female vice should be a virtue male,
Or masculine vice a female virtue be:
You shall it see
Prov'd with increase;
I know to speak, and she to hold her peace.

Do you conceive me, gentlemen?

Daup. No, faith; how mean you *with increase*, sir John?

Daw. Why, with increase is, when I court her for the common cause of mankind, and she says nothing, but *consentire videtur;* and in time is *gravida.*

Daup. Then this is a ballad of procreation?

Cler. A madrigal of procreation; you mistake.

Epi. 'Pray give me my verses again, servant.

Daw. If you'll ask them aloud, you shall.

[*Walks aside with the papers.*

Enter TRUEWIT *with his horn.*

Cler. See, here's Truewit again!—Where hast thou been, in the name of madness, thus accoutred with thy horn?

True. Where the sound of it might have pierced your senses with gladness, had you been in earreach of it. Dauphine, fall down and worship me; I have forbid the bans, lad: I have been with thy virtuous uncle, and have broke the match.

Daup. You have not, I hope.

True. Yes, faith; an thou shouldst hope otherwise, I should repent me: this horn got me entrance; kiss it. I had no other way to get in, but by feigning to be a post; but when I got in once, I proved none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a post, or a stone, or what is stiffer, with thundering into him the incommodities of a wife, and the miseries of marriage. If ever Gorgon were seen in the shape of a woman, he hath seen her in my description: I have put him off o' that scent for ever.—Why do you not applaud and adore me, sirs? why stand you mute? are you stupid? You are not worthy of the benefit.

Daup. Did not I tell you? Mischief!—

Cler. I would you had placed this benefit somewhere else.

True. Why so?

Cler. 'Slight, you have done the most inconsiderate, rash, weak thing, that ever man did to his friend.

Daup. Friend! if the most malicious enemy I have, had studied to inflict an injury upon me, it could not be a greater.

True. Wherein, for God's sake? Gentlemen, come to yourselves again.

Daup. But I presaged thus much afore to you.

Cler. Would my lips had been solder'd when I spake on't! Slight, what moved you to be thus impertinent?

True. My masters, do not put on this strange face to pay my courtesy; off with this vizor. Have good turns done you, and thank 'em this way!

Daup. 'Fore heaven, you have undone me. That which I have plotted for, and been maturing now these four months, you have blasted in a minute: Now I am lost, I may speak. This gentlewoman was lodged here by me o' purpose, and, to be put upon my uncle, hath profest this obstinate silence for my sake; being my entire friend, and one that for the requital of such a fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample conditions; where now, all my hopes are utterly miscarried by this unlucky accident.

Cler. Thus 'tis when a man will be ignorantly officious, do services, and not know his why: I wonder what courteous itch possest you. You never did absurder part in your life, nor a greater trespass to friendship or humanity.

Daup. Faith, you may forgive it best; 'twas your cause principally.

Cler. I know it; would it had not.

Enter CUTBEARD.

Daup. How now, Cutbeard! what news?

Cut. The best, the happiest that ever was, sir. There has been a mad gentleman with your uncle this morning, [*seeing* TRUEWIT.]—I think this be the gentleman—that has almost talk'd him out of his wits, with threatening him from marriage——

Daup. On, I prithee.

Cut. And your uncle, sir, he thinks 'twas done by your procurement; therefore he will see the party you wot of presently; and if he like her, he says, and that she be so inclining to dumb as I have told him, he swears he will marry her to-day, instantly, and not defer it a minute longer.

Daup. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

True. Beyond our expectation! By this light, I knew it would be thus.

Daup. Nay, sweet Truewit, forgive me.

True. No, I was *ignorantly officious, impertinent;* this was the *absurd, weak part.*

Cler. Wilt thou ascribe that to merit now, was mere fortune!

True. Fortune! mere providence. Fortune had not a finger in't. I saw it must necessarily in nature fall out so. my genius is never false to me in these things. Shew me how it could be otherwise.

Daup. Nay, gentlemen, contend not; 'tis well now.

True. Alas, I let him go on with *inconsiderate*, and *rash*, and what he pleased.

Cler. Away, thou strange justifier of thyself, to be wiser than thou wert, by the event!

True. Event! by this light, thou shalt never persuade me, but I foresaw it as well as the stars themselves.

Daup. Nay, gentlemen, 'tis well now. Do you two entertain sir John Daw with discourse, while I send her away with instructions.

True. I'll be acquainted with her first, by your favour.

Cler. Master Truewit, lady, a friend of ours.

True. I am sorry I have not known you sooner, lady, to celebrate this rare virtue of your silence.

[*Exeunt* DAUP. EPI. *and* CUTBEARD.

Cler. Faith, an you had come sooner, you should have seen and heard her well celebrated in sir John Daw's madrigals.

True. [*advances to* DAW.] Jack Daw, God save you! when saw you La-Foole?

Daw. Not since last night, master Truewit.

True. That's a miracle! I thought you two had been inseparable.

Daw. He's gone to invite his guests.

True. 'Odso! 'tis true! What a false memory have I towards that man! I am one: I met him even now, upon that he calls his delicate fine black horse, rid into foam, with posting from place to place, and person to person, to give them the cue——

Cler. Lest they should forget?

True. Yes: There was never poor captain took more pains at a muster to show men, than he, at this meal, to show friends.

Daw. It is his quarter-feast, sir.

Cler. What! do you say so, sir John?

True. Nay, Jack Daw will not be out, at the best friends he has, to the talent of his wit: Where's his mistress, to hear and applaud him? is she gone?

Daw. Is mistress Epicœne gone?

Cler. Gone afore, with sir Dauphine, I warrant, to the place.

True. Gone afore! that were a manifest injury, a disgrace and a half; to refuse him at such a festival-time as this, being a bravery, and a wit too!

Cler. Tut, he'll swallow it like cream: he's better read in Jure civili, than to esteem anything a disgrace, is offer'd him from a mistress.

Daw. Nay, let her e'en go; she shall sit alone, and be dumb in her chamber a week together, for John Daw, I warrant her. Does she refuse me?

Cler. No, sir, do not take it so to heart; she does not refuse you, but a little neglects you. Good faith, Truewit, you were to blame, to put it into his head, that she does refuse him.

True. Sir, she does refuse him palpably, however you mince it. An I were as he, I would swear to speak ne'er a word to her to-day for't.

Daw. By this light, no more I will not.

True. Nor to any body else, sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not say so, gentlemen.

Cler. It had been an excellent happy condition for the company, if you could have drawn him to it. [*Aside.*

Daw. I'll be very melancholy, i'faith.

Cler. As a dog, if I were as you, sir John.

True. Or a snail, or a hog-louse: I would roll myself up for this day; in troth, they should not unwind me.

Daw. By this pick-tooth, so I will.

Cler. 'Tis well done: He begins already to be angry with his teeth.

Daw. Will you go, gentlemen?

Cler. Nay, you must walk alone, if you be right melancholy, sir John.

True. Yes, sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off. [*Exit* DAW.

Cler. Was there ever such a two yards of knighthood measured out by time, to be sold to laughter?

True. A mere talking mole, hang him! no mushroom was ever so fresh. A fellow so utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be.

Cler. Let's follow him: but first let's go to Dauphine, he's hovering about the house to hear what news.

True. Content. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* MOROSE'S *House.*

Enter MOROSE *and* MUTE, *followed by* CUTBEARD *with* EPICŒNE.

Mor. Welcome, Cutbeard! draw near with your fair charge: and in her ear softly entreat her to unmask. [EPI. *takes off her mask.*]—So! Is the door shut? [MUTE *makes a leg.*]—Enough. Now, Cutbeard, with the same discipline I use to my family, I will question you. As I conceive, Cutbeard, this gentlewoman is she you have provided, and brought, in hope she will fit me in the place and person of a wife? Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise: [CUT. *makes a leg.*]—Very well done, Cutbeard. I conceive besides, Cutbeard, you have been pre-acquainted with her birth, education, and qualities, or else you would not prefer her to my acceptance, in the weighty consequence of marriage. [*makes a leg.*] —This I conceive, Cutbeard. Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise. [*bows again.*] —Very well done, Cutbeard. Give aside now a little, and leave me to examine her condition, and aptitude to my affection. [*goes about her and views her.*]—She is exceeding fair, and of a special good favour; a sweet composition or harmony of limbs; her temper of beauty has the true height of my blood. The knave hath exceedingly well fitted me without: I will now try her within.—Come near, fair gentlewoman; let not my behaviour seem rude, though unto you, being rare, it may haply appear strange. [EPICŒNE *curtsies.*] Nay, lady, you may speak, though Cutbeard and my man might not; for of all sounds, only the sweet voice of a fair lady has the just length of mine ears. I beseech you, say, lady; out of the first fire of meeting eyes, they say, love is stricken: do you feel any such motion suddenly shot into you, from any part you see in me? ha, lady? [EPI. *curtsies.*] —Alas, lady, these answers by silent curtsies from you are too courtless and simple. I have ever had my breeding in court; and she that shall be my wife, must be accomplished with courtly and audacious ornaments. Can you speak, lady?

Epi. [*softly.*] Judge you, forsooth.

Mor. What say you, lady? Speak out, I beseech you.

Epi. Judge you, forsooth.

Mor. On my judgment, a divine softness! But can you naturally, lady, as I enjoin these by doctrine and industry, refer yourself to the search of my judgment, and, not taking pleasure in your tongue, which is a woman's chiefest pleasure, think it plausible to answer me by silent gestures, so long as my speeches jump right with what you conceive? [Epi. *curtsies.*]—Excellent! divine! if it were possible she should hold out thus!—Peace, Cutbeard, thou art made for ever, as thou hast made me, if this felicity have lasting: but I will try her further. Dear lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I must have mine ears banquetted with pleasant and witty conferences, pretty girds, scoffs, and dalliance in her that I mean to choose for my bed-phere. The ladies in court think it a most desperate impair to their quickness of wit, and good carriage, if they cannot give occasion for a man to court 'em; and when an amorous discourse is set on foot, minister as good matter to continue it, as himself: And do you alone so much differ from all them, that what they, with so much circumstance, affect and toil for, to seem learn'd, to seem judicious, to seem sharp and conceited, you can bury in yourself with silence, and rather trust your graces to the fair conscience of virtue, than to the world's or your own proclamation?

Epi. [*softly.*] I should be sorry else.

Mor. What say you, lady? good lady, speak out.

Epi. I should be sorry else.

Mor. That sorrow doth fill me with gladness. O Morose, thou art happy above mankind! pray that thou mayest contain thyself. I will only put her to it once more, and it shall be with the utmost touch and test of their sex. But hear me, fair lady; I do also love to see her whom I shall choose for my heifer, to be the first and principal in all fashions, precede all the dames at court by a fortnight, have council of tailors, lineners, lace-women, embroiderers; and sit with them sometimes twice a day upon French intelligences, and then come forth varied like nature, or oftener than she, and better by the help of art, her emulous servant. This do I affect: and how will you be able, lady, with this frugality of speech, to give the manifold but necessary instructions, for that bodice, these sleeves, those skirts, this cut, that stitch, this embroidery, that lace, this wire, those knots, that ruff, those roses, this girdle, that fan, the t'other scarf, these gloves? Ha! what say you, lady?

Epi. [*softly.*] I'll leave it to you, sir.

Mor. How, lady? pray you rise a note.

Epi. I leave it to wisdom and you, sir.

Mor. Admirable creature! I will trouble you no more: I will not sin against so sweet a simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on those divine lips the seal of being mine.—Cutbeard, I give thee the lease of thy house free; thank me not but with thy leg. [Cutbeard *shakes his head.*]—I know what thou wouldst say, she's poor, and her friends deceased. She has brought a wealthy dowry in her silence, Cutbeard; and in respect of her poverty, Cutbeard, I shall have her more loving and obedient, Cutbeard. Go thy ways, and get me a minister presently, with a soft low voice, to marry us; and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can; away: softly, Cutbeard. [*Exit* Cut.]—Sirrah, conduct your mistress into the dining-room, your now mistress. [*Exit* Mute, *followed by* Epi.]—O my felicity! how shall I be revenged on mine insolent kinsman, and his plots to fright me from marrying! This night I will get an heir, and thrust him out of my blood, like a stranger. He would be knighted, forsooth, and thought by that means to reign over me; his title must do it: No, kinsman, I will now make you bring me the tenth lord's and the sixteenth lady's letter, kinsman; and it shall do you no good, kinsman. Your knighthood itself shall come on its knees, and it shall be rejected; it shall be sued for its fees to execution, and not be redeem'd; it shall cheat at the twelve-penny ordinary, it knighthood, for its diet, all the term-time, and tell tales for it in the vacation to the hostess; or it knighthood shall do worse, take sanctuary in Cole-harbour, and fast. It shall fright all it friends with borrowing letters; and when one of the fourscore hath brought it knighthood ten shillings, it knighthood shall go to the Cranes, or the Bear at the Bridge-foot, and be drunk in fear; it shall not have money to discharge one tavern-reckoning, to invite the old creditors to forbear it knighthood, or the new, that should be, to trust it knighthood. It shall be the tenth name in the bond to take up the commodity of pipkins and stone-jugs: and the part thereof shall not furnish it knighthood forth for the attempting of a baker's widow, a brown baker's widow. It shall give it knighthood's name for a stallion, to all gamesome citizens wives, and be refused, when the master of a dancing-school, or how do you call him, the worst reveller in the town is taken: it shall want clothes, and by reason of that, wit, to fool to lawyers. It shall not have hope to repair itself by Constantinople, Ireland, or Virginia; but the best and last fortune to it knighthood shall be to make Dol Tear-sheet, or Kate Common a lady, and so it knighthood may eat.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Lane, near* Morose's *House.*

Enter Truewit, Dauphine, *and* Clerimont.

True. Are you sure he is not gone by?

Daup. No, I staid in the shop ever since.

Cler. But he may take the other end of the lane.

Daup. No, I told him I would be here at this end: I appointed him hither.

True. What a barbarian it is to stay then!

Daup. Yonder he comes.

Cler. And his charge left behind him, which is a very good sign, Dauphine.

Enter Cutbeard.

Daup. How now, Cutbeard! succeeds it, or no?

Cut. Past imagination, sir, *omnia secunda*; you could not have pray'd to have had it so well *Saltat senex*, as it is in the proverb; he does triumph in his felicity, admires the party! he has given me the lease of my house too! and I am now going for a silent minister to marry them, and away.

True. 'Slight! get one of the silenced ministers; a zealous brother would torment him purely.

Cut. *Cum privilegio*, sir.

Daup. O, by no means; let's do nothing to hinder it now: when 'tis done and finished, I am for you, for any device of vexation.

Cut. And that shall be within this half hour, upon my dexterity, gentlemen. Contrive what you can in the mean time, *bonis avibus*. [*Exit.*

Cler. How the slave doth Latin it!

True. It would be made a jest to posterity, sirs, this day's mirth, if ye will.

Cler. Beshrew his heart that will not, I pronounce.

Daup. And for my part. What is it?

True. To translate all La-Foole's company, and his feast thither, to-day, to celebrate this bride-ale.

Daup. Ay, marry; but how will't be done?

True. I'll undertake the directing of all the lady-guests thither, and then the meat must follow.

Cler. For God's sake, let's effect it; it will be an excellent comedy of affliction, so many several noises.

Daup. But are they not at the other place, already, think you?

True. I'll warrant you for the college-honours: one of their faces has not the priming colour laid on yet, nor the other her smock sleek'd.

Cler. O, but they'll rise earlier than ordinary to a feast.

True. Best go see, and assure ourselves.

Cler. Who knows the house?

True. I'll lead you: Were you never there yet?

Daup. Not I.

Cler. Nor I.

True. Where have you lived then? not know Tom Otter!

Cler. No: for God's sake, what is he?

True. An excellent animal, equal with your Daw or La-Foole, if not transcendant; and does Latin it as much as your barber: He is his wife's subject; he calls her princess, and at such times as these follows her up and down the house like a page, with his hat off, partly for heat, partly for reverence. At this instant he is marshalling of his bull, bear, and horse.

Daup. What be those, in the name of Sphynx?

True. Why, sir, he has been a great man at the Bear-garden in his time; and from that subtle sport has ta'en the witty denomination of his chief carousing cups. One he calls his bull, another his bear, another his horse. And then he has his lesser glasses, that he calls his deer and his ape; and several degrees of them too; and never is well, nor thinks any entertainment perfect, till these be brought out, and set on the cupboard.

Cler. For God's love!—we should miss this, if we should not go.

True. Nay, he has a thousand things as good, that will speak him all day. He will rail on his wife, with certain common places, behind her back; and to her face——

Daup. No more of him. Let's go see him, I petition you. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* OTTER'S *House.*

Enter Captain OTTER *with his cups, and* Mistress OTTER.

Ott. Nay, good princess, hear me *pauca verba.*

Mrs. Ott. By that light, I'll have you chain'd up, with your bull-dogs and bear-dogs, if you be not civil the sooner. I'll send you to kennel, i'faith. You were best bait me with your bull, bear, and horse. Never a time that the courtiers or collegiates come to the house, but you make it a Shrove-tuesday! I would have you get your Whitsuntide velvet cap, and your staff in your hand, to entertain them: yes, in troth, do.

Ott. Not so, princess, neither; but under correction, sweet princess, give me leave.——These things I am known to the courtiers by: It is reported to them for my humour, and they receive it so, and do expect it. Tom Otter's bull, bear, and horse is known all over England, *in rerum natura.*

Mrs. Ott. 'Fore me, I will *na-ture* them over to Paris-garden, and *na-ture* you thither too, if you pronounce them again. Is a bear a fit beast, or a bull, to mix in society with great ladies? think in your discretion, in any good policy.

Ott. The horse then, good princess.

Mrs. Ott. Well, I am contented for the horse; they love to be well horsed, I know: I love it myself.

Ott. And it is a delicate fine horse this: *Poetarum Pegasus.* Under correction, princess, Jupiter did turn himself into a—*taurus*, or bull, under correction, good princess.

Enter TRUEWIT, CLERIMONT, *and* DAUPHINE, *behind.*

Mrs. Ott. By my integrity, I'll send you over to the Bank-side; I'll commit you to the master of the Garden, if I hear but a syllable more. Must my house or my roof be polluted with the scent of bears and bulls, when it is perfumed for great ladies? Is this according to the instrument, when I married you? that I would be princess, and reign in mine own house; and you would be my subject, and obey me? What did you bring me, should make you thus peremptory? do I allow you your half-crown a day, to spend where you will, among your gamesters, to vex and torment me at such times as these? Who gives you your maintenance, I pray you? who allows you your horse-meat and man's meat? your three suits of apparel a year? your four pair of stockings, one silk, three worsted? your clean linen, your bands and cuffs, when I can get you to wear them?—'tis marle you have them on now.—Who graces you with courtiers or great personages, to speak to you out of their coaches, and come home to your house? Were you ever so much as look'd upon by a lord or a lady, before I married you, but on the Easter or Whitsun-holidays? and then out at the banqueting-house window, when Ned Whiting or George Stone were at the stake?

True. For God's sake, let's go stave her off him.

Mrs. Ott. Answer me to that. And did not I take you up from thence, in an old greasy buff-doublet, with points, and green velvet sleeves, out at the elbows? you forget this.

True. She'll worry him, if we help not in time. [*They come forward.*

Mrs. Ott. O, here are some of the gallants! Go to, behave yourself distinctly, and with good morality; or, I protest, I'll take away your exhibition.

True. By your leave, fair mistress Otter, I'll be bold to enter these gentlemen in your acquaintance.

Mrs. Ott. It shall not be obnoxious, or difficil, sir.

True. How does my noble captain? is the bull, bear, and horse in *rerum natura* still?

Ott. Sir, *sic visum superis.*

Mrs. Ott. I would you would but intimate them, do. Go your ways in, and get toasts and butter made for the woodcocks: that's a fit province for you. [*Drives him off.*

Cler. Alas, what a tyranny is this poor fellow married to!

True. O, but the sport will be anon, when we get him loose.

Daup. Dares he ever speak?

True. No Anabaptist ever rail'd with the like license: but mark her language in the mean time, I beseech you.

Mrs. Ott. Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My cousin, sir Amorous, will be here briefly.

True. In good time, lady. Was not sir John Daw here, to ask for him, and the company?

Mrs. Ott. I cannot assure you, master Truewit. Here was a very melancholy knight in a ruff, that demanded my subject for somebody, a gentleman, I think.

Cler. Ay, that was he, lady.

Mrs. Ott. But he departed straight, I can resolve you.

Daup. What an excellent choice phrase this lady expresses in.

True. O, sir, she is the only authentical courtier, that is not naturally bred one, in the city.

Mrs. Ott. You have taken that report upon trust, gentlemen.

True. No, I assure you, the court governs it so, lady, in your behalf.

Mrs. Ott. I am the servant of the court and courtiers, sir.

True. They are rather your idolaters.

Mrs. Ott. Not so, sir.

Enter CUTBEARD.

Daup. How now, Cutbeard! any cross?

Cut. O no, sir, *omnia bene.* 'Twas never better on the hinges; all's sure. I have so pleased him with a curate, that he's gone to't almost with the delight he hopes for soon.

Daup. What is he for a vicar?

Cut. One that has catch'd a cold, sir, and can scarce be heard six inches off; as if he spoke out of a bulrush that were not pick'd, or his throat were full of pith: a fine quick fellow, and an excellent barber of prayers. I came to tell you, sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem*, as they say, be ready with your vexation.

Daup. Gramercy, honest Cutbeard! be thereabouts with thy key, to let us in.

Cut. I will not fail you, sir; *ad manum.* [*Exit.*

True. Well, I'll go watch my coaches.

Cler. Do; and we'll send Daw to you, if you meet him not. [*Exit* TRUEWIT.

Mrs. Ott. Is master Truewit gone!

Daup. Yes, lady, there is some unfortunate business fallen out.

Mrs. Ott. So I adjudged by the physiognomy of the fellow that came in; and I had a dream last night too of the new pageant, and my lady mayoress, which is always very ominous to me. I told it my lady Haughty t'other day, when her honour came hither to see some China stuffs; and she expounded it out of Artemidorus, and I have found it since very true. It has done me many affronts.

Cler. Your dream, lady?

Mrs. Ott. Yes, sir, any thing I do but dream of the city. It stain'd me a damask table-cloth, cost me eighteen pound, at one time; and burnt me a black satin gown, as I stood by the fire, at my lady Centaure's chamber in the college, another time. A third time, at the lords' masque, it dropt all my wire and my ruff with wax candle, that I could not go up to the banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking coach to go to Ware, to meet a friend, it dash'd me a new suit all over (a crimson satin doublet, and black velvet skirts) with a brewer's horse, that I was fain to go in and shift me, and kept my chamber a leash of days for the anguish of it.

Daup. These were dire mischances, lady.

Cler. I would not dwell in the city, an 'twere so fatal to me.

Mrs. Ott. Yes, sir; but I do take advice of my doctor to dream of it as little as I can.

Daup. You do well, mistress Otter.

Enter Sir JOHN DAW, *and is taken aside by* CLERIMONT.

Mrs. Ott. Will it please you to enter the house farther, gentlemen?

Daup. And your favour, lady: but we stay to speak with a knight, sir John Daw, who is here come. We shall follow you, lady.

Mrs. Ott. At your own time, sir. It is my cousin sir Amorous his feast——

Daup. I know it, lady.

Mrs. Ott. And mine together. But it is for his honour, and therefore I take no name of it, more than of the place.

Daup. You are a bounteous kinswoman.

Mrs. Ott. Your servant, sir. [*Exit.*

Cler. [*coming forward with* DAW.] Why, do not you know it, sir John Daw?

Daw. No, I am a rook if I do.

Cler. I'll tell you, then; she's married by this time. And, whereas you were put in the head, that she was gone with sir Dauphine, I assure you, sir Dauphine has been the noblest, honestest friend to you, that ever gentleman of your quality could boast of. He has discover'd the whole plot, and made your mistress so acknowledging, and indeed so ashamed of her injury to you, that she desires you to forgive her, and but grace her wedding with your presence to-day—She is to be married to a very good fortune, she says, his uncle, old Morose; and she will'd me in private to tell you, that she shall be able to do you more favours, and with more security now than before.

Daw. Did she say so, i'faith?

Cler. Why, what do you think of me, sir John? ask sir Dauphine.

Daw. Nay, I believe you.—Good sir Dauphine did she desire me to forgive her?

Daup. I assure you, sir John, she did.

Daw. Nay, then, I do with all my heart, and I'll be jovial.

Cler. Yes, for look you, sir, this was the injury to you. La-Foole intended this feast to honour her bridal day, and made you the property to invite the college ladies, and promise to bring her; and then at the time she would have appear'd, as his friend, to have given you the dor. Whereas

now, sir Dauphine has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of satisfaction, that you shall bring all the ladies to the place where she is, and be very jovial; and there, she will have a dinner, which shall be in your name: and so disappoint La-Foole, to make you good again, and, as it were, a saver in the main.

Daw. As I am a knight, I honour her; and forgive her heartily.

Cler. About it then presently. Truewit is gone before to confront the coaches, and to acquaint you with so much, if he meet you. Join with him, and 'tis well.—

Enter Sir Amorous La-Foole.

See; here comes your antagonist; but take you no notice, but be very jovial.

La-F. Are the ladies come, sir John Daw, and your mistress? [*Exit* Daw.]—Sir Dauphine! you are exceeding welcome, and honest master Clerimont. Where's my cousin? did you see no collegiates, gentlemen?

Daup. Collegiates! do you not hear, sir Amorous, how you are abused?

La-F. How, sir!

Cler. Will you speak so kindly to sir John Daw, that has done you such an affront?

La-F. Wherein, gentlemen? let me be a suitor to you to know, I beseech you.

Cler. Why, sir, his mistress is married to-day to sir Dauphine's uncle, your cousin's neighbour, and he has diverted all the ladies, and all your company thither, to frustrate your provision, and stick a disgrace upon you. He was here now to have enticed us away from you too: but we told him his own, I think.

La-F. Has sir John Daw wrong'd me so inhumanly?

Daup. He has done it, sir Amorous, most maliciously and treacherously: but, if you'll be ruled by us, you shall quit him, i'faith.

La-F. Good gentlemen, I'll make one, believe it. How, I pray?

Daup. Marry, sir, get me your pheasants, and your godwits, and your best meat, and dish it in silver dishes of your cousin's presently; and say nothing, but clap me a clean towel about you, like a sewer; and, bare-headed, march afore it with a good confidence, ('tis but over the way, hard by,) and we'll second you, where you shall set it on the board, and bid them welcome to't, which shall shew 'tis yours, and disgrace his preparation utterly: and for your cousin, whereas she should be troubled here at home with care of making and giving welcome, she shall transfer all that labour thither, and be a principal guest herself; sit rank'd with the college-honours, and be honour'd, and have her health drunk as often, as bare and as loud as the best of them.

La-F. I'll go tell her presently. It shall be done, that's resolved. [*Exit.*

Cler. I thought he would not hear it out, but 'twould take him.

Daup. Well, there be guests and meat now; how shall we do for music?

Cler. The smell of the venison, going through the street, will invite one noise of fiddlers or other.

Daup. I would it would call the trumpeters hither!

Cler. Faith, there is hope; they have intelligence of all feasts. There's good correspondence betwixt them and the London cooks: 'tis twenty to one but we have them.

Daup. 'Twill be a most solemn day for my uncle, and an excellent fit of mirth for us.

Cler. Ay, if we can hold up the emulation betwixt Foole and Daw, and never bring them to expostulate.

Daup. Tut, flatter them both, as Truewit says, and you may take their understandings in a purse-net. They'll believe themselves to be just such men as we make them, neither more nor less. They have nothing, not the use of their senses, but by tradition.

Re-enter La-Foole, *like a Sewer.*

Cler. See! sir Amorous has his towel on already. Have you persuaded your cousin?

La-F. Yes, 'tis very feasible: she'll do any thing, she says, rather than the La-Fooles shall be disgraced.

Daup. She is a noble kinswoman. It will be such a pestling device, sir Amorous; it will pound all your enemy's practices to powder, and blow him up with his own mine, his own train.

La-F. Nay, we'll give fire, I warrant you.

Cler. But you must carry it privately, without any noise, and take no notice by any means——

Re-enter Captain Otter.

Ott. Gentlemen, my princess says you shall have all her silver dishes, *festinate:* and she's gone to alter her tire a little, and go with you——

Cler. And yourself too, captain Otter?

Daup. By any means, sir.

Ott. Yes, sir, I do mean it: but I would entreat my cousin sir Amorous, and you, gentlemen, to be suitors to my princess, that I may carry my bull and my bear, as well as my horse.

Cler. That you shall do, captain Otter.

La-F. My cousin will never consent, gentlemen.

Daup. She must consent, sir Amorous, to reason.

La-F. Why, she says they are no decorum among ladies.

Ott. But they are *decora*, and that's better, sir.

Cler. Ay, she must hear argument. Did not Pasiphaë, who was a queen, love a bull? and was not Calisto, the mother of Arcas, turn'd into a bear, and made a star, mistress Ursula, in the heavens?

Ott. O lord! that I could have said as much! I will have these stories painted in the Bear-garden, *ex Ovidii metamorphosi.*

Daup. Where is your princess, captain? pray, be our leader.

Ott. That I shall, sir.

Cler. Make haste, good sir Amorous. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Morose's *House.*

Enter Morose, Epicœne, Parson, *and* Cutbeard.

Mor. Sir, there's an angel for yourself, and a brace of angels for your cold. Muse not at this manage of my bounty. It is fit we should thank fortune, double to nature, for any benefit she confers upon us; besides, it is your imperfection, but my solace.

Par. [*speaks as having a cold.*] I thank your worship; so it is mine, now.

Mor. What says he, Cutbeard?

Cut. He says, *præsto*, sir, whensoever your worship needs him, he can be ready with the like. He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers.

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your worship, and give you much joy with your fair spouse!—uh! uh! uh!

Mor. O, O! stay, Cutbeard! let him give me five shillings of my money back. As it is bounty to reward benefits, so it is equity to mulct injuries. I will have it. What says he?

Cler. He cannot change it, sir.

Mor. It must be changed.

Cut. Cough again. [*Aside to* Parson.

Mor. What says he?

Cut. He will cough out the rest, sir.

Par. Uh, uh, uh!

Mor. Away, away with him! stop his mouth! away! I forgive it.——

[*Exit* Cut. *thrusting out the* Par.

Epi. Fie, master Morose, that you will use this violence to a man of the church.

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your gravity, or breeding, as you pretend, in court, to have offer'd this outrage on a waterman, or any more boisterous creature, much less on a man of his civil coat.

Mor. You can speak then!

Epi. Yes, sir.

Mor. Speak out, I mean.

Epi. Ay, sir. Why, did you think you had married a statue, or a motion only? one of the French puppets, with the eyes turn'd with a wire? or some innocent out of the hospital, that would stand with her hands thus, and a plaise mouth, and look upon you?

Mor. O immodesty! a manifest woman! What, Cutbeard!

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with Cutbeard, sir; it is too late now. I confess it doth bate somewhat of the modesty I had, when I writ simply maid: but I hope I shall make it a stock still competent to the estate and dignity of your wife.

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes, indeed, sir.

Enter Mute.

Mor. What sirrah! None of my knaves there? where is this impostor Cutbeard?

[Mute *makes signs.*

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, speak to him! I'll have none of this coacted, unnatural dumbness in my house, in a family where I govern. [*Exit* Mute.

Mor. She is my regent already! I have married a Penthesilea, a Semiramis; sold my liberty to a distaff.

Enter Truewit.

True. Where's master Morose?

Mor. Is he come again! Lord have mercy upon me!

True. I wish you all joy, mistress Epicœne, with your grave and honourable match.

Epi. I return you the thanks, master Truewit, so friendly a wish deserves.

Mor. She has acquaintance, too!

True. God save you, sir, and give you all contentment in your fair choice, here! Before, I was the bird of night to you, the owl; but now I am the messenger of peace, a dove, and bring you the glad wishes of many friends to the celebration of this good hour.

Mor. What hour, sir?

True. Your marriage hour, sir. I commend your resolution, that, notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a night-crow, would yet go on, and be yourself. It shews you are a man constant to your own ends, and upright to your purposes, that would not be put off with left-handed cries.

Mor. How should you arrive at the knowledge of so much?

True. Why, did you ever hope, sir, committing the secrecy of it to a barber, that less than the whole town should know it? you might as well have told it the conduit, or the bake-house, or the infantry that follow the court, and with more security. Could your gravity forget so old and noted a remnant, as, *lippis et tonsoribus notum?* Well, sir, forgive it yourself now, the fault, and be communicable with your friends. Here will be three or four fashionable ladies from the college to visit you presently, and their train of minions and followers.

Mor. Bar my doors! bar my doors! Where are all my eaters? my mouths, now?—

Enter Servants.

Bar up my doors, you varlets!

Epi. He is a varlet that stirs to such an office. Let them stand open. I would see him that dares move his eyes toward it. Shall I have a barricado made against my friends, to be barr'd of any pleasure they can bring in to me with their honourable visitation? [*Exeunt* Ser.

Mor. O Amazonian impudence!

True. Nay, faith, in this, sir, she speaks but reason; and, methinks, is more continent than you. Would you go to bed so presently, sir, afore noon? a man of your head and hair should owe more to that reverend ceremony, and not mount the marriage-bed like a town-bull, or a mountain-goat; but stay the due season; and ascend it then with religion and fear. Those delights are to be steeped in the humour and silence of the night; and give the day to other open pleasures, and jollities of feasting, of music, of revels, of discourse: we'll have all, sir, that may make your Hymen high and happy.

Mor. O my torment, my torment!

True. Nay, if you endure the first half hour, sir, so tediously, and with this irksomeness; what comfort or hope can this fair gentlewoman make to herself hereafter, in the consideration of so many years as are to come——

Mor. Of my affliction. Good sir, depart, and let her do it alone.

True. I have done, sir.

Mor. That cursed barber.

True. Yes, faith, a cursed wretch indeed, sir.

Mor. I have married his cittern, that's common to all men. Some plague above the plague——

True. All Egypt's ten plagues.

Mor. Revenge me on him!

True. 'Tis very well, sir. If you laid on a curse or two more, I'll assure you he'll bear them. As, that he may get the pox with seeking to cure

it, sir; or, that while he is curling another man's hair, his own may drop off; or, for burning some male-bawd's lock, he may have his brain beat out with the curling iron.

Mor. No, let the wretch live wretched. May he get the itch, and his shop so lousy, as no man dare come at him, nor he come at no man!

True. Ay, and if he would swallow all his balls for pills, let not them purge him.

Mor. Let his warming-pan be ever cold.

True. A perceptual frost underneath it, sir.

Mor. Let him never hope to see fire again.

True. But in hell, sir.

Mor. His chairs be always empty, his scissars rust, and his combs mould in their cases.

True. Very dreadful that! And may he lose the invention, sir, of carving lanterns in paper.

Mor. Let there be no bawd carted that year, to employ a bason of his: but let him be glad to eat his sponge for bread.

True. And drink lotium to it, and much good do him.

Mor. Or, for want of bread——

True. Eat ear-wax, sir. I'll help you. Or, draw his own teeth, and add them to the lute-string.

Mor. No, beat the old ones to powder, and make bread of them.

True. Yes, make meal of the mill-stones.

Mor. May all the botches and burns that he has cured on others break out upon him.

True. And he now forget the cure of them in himself, sir; or, if he do remember it, let him have scraped all his linen into lint for't, and have not a rag left him for to set up with.

Mor. Let him never set up again, but have the gout in his hands for ever!—Now, no more, sir.

True. O, that last was too high set; you might go less with him, i'faith, and be revenged enough: as, that he be never able to new-paint his pole——

Mor. Good sir, no more, I forgot myself.

True. Or, want credit to take up with a comb-maker——

Mor. No more, sir.

True. Or, having broken his glass in a former despair, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another——

Mor. I beseech you, no more.

True. Or, that he never be trusted with trimming of any but chimney-sweepers——

Mor. Sir——

True. Or, may he cut a collier's throat with his razor, by chance-medley, and yet be hanged for't.

Mor. I will forgive him, rather than hear any more. I beseech you, sir.

Enter DAW, *introducing* Lady HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, *and* TRUSTY.

Daw. This way, madam.

Mor. O, the sea breaks in upon me! another flood! an inundation! I shall be overwhelmed with noise. It beats already at my shores. I feel an earthquake in my self for't.

Daw. 'Give you joy, mistress.

Mor. Has she servants too!

Daw. I have brought some ladies here to see and know you. My lady Haughty—[*as he presents them severally,* EPI. *kisses them.*] this my lady Centaure—mistress Dol Mavis—mistress Trusty, my lady Haughty's woman. Where's your husband? let's see him: can he endure no noise? let me come to him.

Mor. What nomenclator is this!

True. Sir John Daw, sir, your wife's servant, this.

Mor. A Daw, and her servant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, an she have such servants.

[*Going.*

True. Nay, sir, you must kiss the ladies; you must not go away, now: they come toward you to seek you out.

Hau. I' faith, master Morose, would you steal a marriage thus, in the midst of so many friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'll kiss you, notwithstanding the justice of my quarrel: you shall give me leave, mistress, to use a becoming familiarity with your husband.

Epi. Your ladyship does me an honour in it, to let me know he is so worthy your favour: as you have done both him and me grace to visit so unprepared a pair to entertain you.

Mor. Compliment! compliment!

Epi. But I must lay the burden of that upon my servant here.

Hau. It shall not need, mistress Morose; we will all bear, rather than one shall be opprest.

Mor. I know it: and you will teach her the faculty, if she be to learn it.

[*Walks aside while the rest talk apart.*

Hau. Is this the silent woman?

Cen. Nay, she has found her tongue since she was married, Master Truewit says.

Hau. O, master Truewit! 'save you. What kind of creature is your bride here? she speaks, methinks!

True. Yes, madam, believe it, she is a gentlewoman of very absolute behaviour, and of a good race.

Hau. And Jack Daw told us she could not speak!

True. So it was carried in plot, madam, to put her upon this old fellow, by sir Dauphine, his nephew, and one or two more of us: but she is a woman of an excellent assurance, and an extraordinary happy wit and tongue. You shall see her make rare sport with Daw ere night.

Hau. And he brought us to laugh at her!

True. That falls out often, madam, that he that thinks himself the master-wit, is the master-fool. I assure your ladyship, ye cannot laugh at her.

Hau. No, we'll have her to the college: An she have wit, she shall be one of us, shall she not, Centaure? we'll make her a collegiate.

Cen. Yes, faith, madam, and Mavis and she will set up a side.

True. Believe it, madam, and mistress Mavis she will sustain her part.

Mav. I'll tell you that, when I have talk'd with her, and tried her.

Hau. Use her very civilly, Mavis.

Mav. So I will, madam. [*Whispers her.*

Mor. Blessed minute! that they would whisper thus ever! [*Aside.*

True. In the mean time, madam, would but your ladyship help to vex him a little: you know his disease, talk to him about the wedding ceremonies, or call for your gloves, or——

Hau. Let me alone. Centaure, help me.—Master bridegroom, where are you?

Mor. O, it was too miraculously good to last! [*Aside.*

Hau. We see no ensigns of a wedding here; no

character of a bride-ale: where be our scarves and our gloves? I pray you, give them us. Let us know your bride's colours, and yours at least.

Cen. Alas, madam, he has provided none.

Mor. Had I known your ladyship's painter, I would.

Hau. He has given it you, Centaure, i'faith. But do you hear, master Morose? a jest will not absolve you in this manner. You that have suck'd the milk of the court, and from thence have been brought up to the very strong meats and wine of it; been a courtier from the biggen to the night-cap, as we may say, and you to offend in such a high point of ceremony as this, and let your nuptials want all marks of solemnity! How much plate have you lost to-day, (if you had but regarded your profit,) what gifts, what friends, through your mere rusticity!

Mor. Madam——

Hau. Pardon me, sir, I must insinuate your errors to you; no gloves? no garters? no scarves? no epithalamium? no masque?

Daw. Yes, madam, I'll make an epithalamium, I promise my mistress; I have begun it already: will your ladyship hear it?

Hau. Ay, good Jack Daw.

Mor. Will it please your ladyship command a chamber, and be private with your friend? you shall have your choice of rooms to retire to after: my whole house is yours. I know it hath been your ladyship's errand into the city at other times, however now you have been unhappily diverted upon me; but I shall be loth to break any honourable custom of your ladyship's. And therefore, good madam——

Epi. Come, you are a rude bridegroom, to entertain ladies of honour in this fashion.

Cen. He is a rude groom indeed.

True. By that light you deserve to be grafted, and have your horns reach from one side of the island to the other.—Do not mistake me, sir; I but speak this to give the ladies some heart again, not for any malice to you.

Mor. Is this your bravo, ladies?

True. As God [shall] help me, if you utter such another word, I'll take mistress bride in, and begin to you in a very sad cup; do you see? Go to, know your friends, and such as love you.

Enter CLERIMONT, *followed by a number of* Musicians.

Cler. By your leave, ladies. Do you want any music? I have brought you variety of noises. Play, sirs, all of you.

[*Aside to the* Musicians, *who strike up all together.*

Mor. O, a plot, a plot, a plot, a plot, upon me! this day I shall be their anvil to work on, they will grate me asunder. 'Tis worse than the noise of a saw.

Cler. No, they are hair, rosin, and guts: I can give you the receipt.

True. Peace, boys!

Cler. Play! I say.

True. Peace, rascals! You see who's your friend now, sir: take courage, put on a martyr's resolution. Mock down all their attemptings with patience: 'tis but a day, and I would suffer heroically. Should an ass exceed me in fortitude? no. You betray your infirmity with your hanging dull ears, and make them insult: bear up bravely, and constantly. [LA-FOOLE *passes over the stage as a Sewer, followed by Servants carrying dishes, and* Mistress OTTER.] — Look you here, sir, what honour is done you unexpected, by your nephew; a wedding-dinner come, and a knight-sewer before it, for the more reputation: and fine mistress Otter, your neighbour, in the rump or tail of it.

Mor. Is that Gorgon, that Medusa come! hide me, hide me.

True. I warrant you, sir, she will not transform you. Look upon her with a good courage. Pray you entertain her, and conduct your guests in. No!—Mistress bride, will you entreat in the ladies? your bridegroom is so shame-faced, here.

Epi. Will it please your ladyship, madam?

Hau. With the benefit of your company, mistress.

Epi. Servant, pray you perform your duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, mistress.

Cen. How like you her wit, Mavis?

Mav. Very prettily, absolutely well.

Mrs. Ott. 'Tis my place.

Mav. You shall pardon me, mistress Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Why, I am a collegiate.

Mav. But not in ordinary.

Mrs. Ott. But I am.

Mav. We'll dispute that within. [*Exeunt* Ladies.

Cler. Would this had lasted a little longer.

True. And that they had sent for the heralds.

Enter CAPTAIN OTTER.

—Captain Otter! what news?

Ott. I have brought my bull, bear, and horse, in private, and yonder are the trumpeters without, and the drum, gentlemen.

[*The drum and trumpets sound within.*

Mor. O, O, O!

Ott. And we will have a rouse in each of them, anon, for bold Britons, i'faith. [*They sound again.*

Mor. O, O, O! [*Exit hastily.*

Omnes. Follow, follow, follow! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* MOROSE'S *House.*

Enter TRUEWIT *and* CLERIMONT.

True. Was there ever poor bridegroom so tormented? or man, indeed?

Cler. I have not read of the like in the chronicles of the land.

True. Sure, he cannot but go to a place of rest, after all this purgatory.

Cler. He may presume it, I think.

True. The spitting, the coughing, the laughter' the neezing, the farting, dancing, noise of the music, and her masculine and loud commanding, and urging the whole family, makes him think he has married a fury.

Cler. And she carries it up bravely.

True. Ay, she takes any occasion to speak: that's the height on't.

Cler. And how soberly Dauphine labours to satisfy him, that it was none of his plot!

True. And has almost brought him to the faith, in the article. Here he comes.—

Enter Sir DAUPHINE.

Where is he now? what's become of him, Dauphine?

Daup. O, hold me up a little, I shall go away in the jest else. He has got on his whole nest of night-caps, and lock'd himself up in the top of the house, as high as ever he can climb from the noise. I peep'd in at a cranny, and saw him sitting over a cross-beam of the roof, like him on the saddler's horse in Fleet-street, upright: and he will sleep there.

Cler. But where are your collegiates?

Daup. Withdrawn with the bride in private.

True. O, they are instructing her in the college-grammar. If she have grace with them, she knows all their secrets instantly.

Cler. Methinks the lady Haughty looks well today, for all my dispraise of her in the morning. I think, I shall come about to thee again, Truewit.

True. Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses time and years have made in their features, with dressings. And an intelligent woman, if she know by herself the least defect, will be most curious to hide it: and it becomes her. If she be short, let her sit much, lest, when she stands, she be thought to sit. If she have an ill foot, let her wear her gown the longer, and her shoe the thinner. If a fat hand, and scald nails, let her carve the less, and act in gloves. If a sour breath, let her never discourse fasting, and always talk at her distance. If she have black and rugged teeth, let her offer the less at laughter, especially if she laugh wide and open.

Cler. O, you shall have some women, when they laugh, you would think they brayed, it is so rude and——

True. Ay, and others, that will stalk in their gait like an estrich, and take huge strides. I cannot endure such a sight. I love measure in the feet, and number in the voice: they are gentlenesses, that oftentimes draw no less than the face.

Daup. How camest thou to study these creatures so exactly? I would thou wouldst make me a proficient.

True. Yes, but you must leave to live in your chamber, then, a month together upon Amadis de Gaul, or Don Quixote, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to court, to tiltings, public shows and feasts, to plays, and church sometimes: thither they come to shew their new tires too, to see, and to be seen. In these places a man shall find whom to love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever. The variety arrests his judgment. A wench to please a man comes not down dropping from the ceiling, as he lies on his back droning a tobacco-pipe. He must go where she is.

Daup. Yes, and be never the nearer.

True. Out, heretic! That diffidence makes thee worthy it should be so.

Cler. He says true to you, Dauphine.

Daup. Why?

True. A man should not doubt to overcome any woman. Think he can vanquish them, and he shall: for though they deny, their desire is to be tempted. Penelope herself cannot hold out long. Ostend, you saw, was taken at last. You must persever, and hold to your purpose. They would solicit us, but that they are afraid. Howsoever, they wish in their hearts we should solicit them. Praise them, flatter them, you shall never want eloquence or trust: even the chastest delight to feel themselves that way rubb'd. With praises you must mix kisses too: if they take them, they'll take more—though they strive, they would be overcome.

Cler. O, but a man must beware of force.

True. It is to them an acceptable violence, and has oft-times the place of the greatest courtesy. She that might have been forced, and you let her go free without touching, though then she seem to thank you, will ever hate you after; and glad in the face, is assuredly sad at the heart.

Cler. But all women are not to be taken all ways.

True. 'Tis true; no more than all birds, or all fishes. If you appear learned to an ignorant wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty to a foolish, why she presently begins to mistrust herself. You must approach them in their own height, their own line; for the contrary makes many, that fear to commit themselves to noble and worthy fellows, run into the embraces of a rascal. If she love wit, give verses, though you borrow them of a friend, or buy them, to have good. If valour, talk of your sword, and be frequent in the mention of quarrels, though you be staunch in fighting. If activity, be seen on your barbary often, or leaping over stools, for the credit of your back. If she love good clothes or dressing, have your learned council about you every morning, your French tailor, barber, linener, &c. Let your powder, your glass, and your comb be your dearest acquaintance. Take more care for the ornament of your head, than the safety; and wish the commonwealth rather troubled, than a hair about you. That will take her. Then, if she be covetous and craving, do you promise any thing, and perform sparingly; so shall you keep her in appetite still. Seem as you would give, but be like a barren field, that yields little; or unlucky dice to foolish and hoping gamesters. Let your gifts be slight and dainty, rather than precious. Let cunning be above cost. Give cherries at time of year, or apricots; and say, they were sent you out of the country, though you bought them in Cheapside. Admire her tires: like her in all fashions; compare her in every habit to some deity; invent excellent dreams to flatter her, and riddles; or, if she be a great one, perform always the second parts to her: like what she likes, praise whom she praises, and fail not to make the household and servants yours, yea the whole family, and salute them by their names, ('tis but light cost, if you can purchase them so,) and make her physician your pensioner, and her chief woman. Nor will it be out of your gain to make love to her too, so she follow, not usher her lady's pleasure. All blabbing is taken away, when she comes to be a part of the crime.

Daup. On what courtly lap hast thou late slept, to come forth so sudden and absolute a courtling?

True. Good faith, I should rather question you, that are so hearkening after these mysteries. I begin to suspect your diligence, Dauphine. Speak, art thou in love in earnest?

Daup. Yes, by my troth, am I; 'twere ill dissembling before thee.

True. With which of them, I prithee?

Daup. With all the collegiates.

Cler. Out on thee! We'll keep you at home, believe it, in the stable, an you be such a stallion.

True. No; I like him well. Men should love wisely, and all women; some one for the face, and let her please the eye; another for the skin, and let her please the touch; a third for the voice, and let her please the ear; and where the objects mix, let the senses so too. Thou would'st think it strange, if I should make them all in love with thee afore night!

Daup. I would say, thou hadst the best philtre in the world, and couldst do more than madam Medea, or doctor Foreman.

True. If I do not, let me play the mountebank for my meat, while I live, and the bawd for my drink.

Daup. So be it, I say.

Enter OTTER, *with his three Cups,* DAW, *and* LA-FOOLE.

Ott. O lord, gentlemen, how my knights and I have mist you here!

Cler. Why, captain, what service, what service?

Ott. To see me bring up my bull, bear, and horse to fight.

Daw. Yes, faith, the captain says we shall be his dogs to bait them.

Daup. A good employment.

True. Come on, let's see your course, then.

La-F. I am afraid my cousin will be offended, if she come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing.—Gentlemen, I have placed the drum and the trumpets, and one to give them the sign when you are ready. Here's my bull for myself, and my bear for sir John Daw, and my horse for sir Amorous. Now set your foot to mine, and yours to his, and——

La-F. Pray God my cousin come not.

Ott. St. George. and St Andrew, fear no cousins. Come, sound, sound! [*Drum and trumpets sound.*] *Et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu.* [*They drink.*

True. Well said, captain, i'faith; well fought at the bull.

Cler. Well held at the bear.

True. Low, low! captain.

Daup. O, the horse has kick'd off his dog already.

La-F. I cannot drink it, as I am a knight.

True. Ods so! off with his spurs, somebody.

La-F. It goes against my conscience. My cousin will be angry with it.

Daw. I have done mine.

True. You fought high and fair, sir John.

Cler. At the head.

Daup. Like an excellent bear-dog.

Cler. You take no notice of the business, I hope?

Daw. Not a word, sir; you see we are jovial.

Ott. Sir Amorous, you must not equivocate. It must be pull'd down, for all my cousin.

Cler. 'Sfoot, if you take not your drink, they'll think you are discontented with something; you'll betray all, if you take the least notice.

La-F. Not I; I'll both drink and talk then.

Ott. You must pull the horse on his knees, sir Amorous; fear no cousins. *Jacta est alea.*

True. O, now he's in his vein, and bold. The least hint given him of his wife now, will make him rail desperately.

Cler. Speak to him of her.

True. Do you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it. [*Exit.*

Daup. Captain He-Otter, your She-Otter is coming, your wife.

Ott. Wife! buz? *titivilitium!* There's no such thing in nature. I confess, gentlemen, I have a cook, a laundress, a house-drudge, that serves my necessary turns, and goes under that title; but he's an ass that will be so uxorious to tie his affections to one circle. Come, the name dulls appetite. Here, replenish again; another bout. [*Fills the cups again.*] Wives are nasty, sluttish animals.

Daup. O, captain.

Ott. As ever the earth bare, *tribus verbis.*—Where's master Truewit?

Daw. He's slipt aside, sir.

Cler. But you must drink and be jovial.

Daw. Yes, give it me.

La-F. And me too.

Daw. Let's be jovial.

La-F. As jovial as you will.

Ott. Agreed. Now you shall have the bear, cousin, and sir John Daw the horse, and I'll have the bull still. Sound, Tritons of the Thames! [*Drum, and trumpets sound again.*] *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero*——

Mor. [*above.*] Villains, murderers, sons of the earth, and traitors, what do you there?

Cler. O, now the trumpets have waked him, we shall have his company.

Ott. A wife is a scurvy clogdogdo, an unlucky thing, a very foresaid bear-whelp, without any good fashion or breeding, *mala bestia.*

Re-enter TRUEWIT *behind, with* Mistress OTTER.

Daup. Why did you marry one then, captain?

Ott. A pox!——I married with six thousand pound, I. I was in love with that. I have not kissed my Fury these forty weeks.

Cler. The more to blame you, captain.

True. Nay, mistress Otter, hear him a little first.

Ott. She has a breath worse than my grandmother's, *profecto.*

Mrs. Ott. O treacherous liar! kiss me, sweet master Truewit, and prove him a slandering knave.

True. I'll rather believe you, lady.

Ott. And she has a peruke that's like a pound of hemp, made up in shoe-threads.

Mrs. Ott. O viper, mandrake!

Ott. A most vile face! and yet she spends me forty pound a year in mercury and hogs-bones. All her teeth were made in the Black-friars, both her eye-brows in the Strand, and her hair in Silver-street. Every part of the town owns a piece of her.

Mrs. Ott. [*comes forward.*] I cannot hold.

Ott. She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great German clock: and so comes forth, and rings a tedious larum to the whole house, and then is quiet again for an hour, but for her quarters—Have you done me right, gentlemen?

Mrs. Ott. [*falls upon him, and beats him.*] No, sir, I'll do you right with my quarters, with my quarters.

Ott. O, hold, good princess.

True. Sound, sound! [*Drum and trumpets sound.*

Cler. A battle, a battle!

Mrs. Ott. You notorious stinkardly bearward, does my breath smell?

Ott. Under correction, dear princess.—Look to my bear and my horse, gentlemen.

Mrs. Ott. Do I want teeth, and eyebrows, thou buil-dog?

True. Sound, sound still. [*They sound again.*

Ott. No, I protest, under correction—

Mrs. Ott. Ay, now you are under correction, you protest: but you did not protest before correction, sir. Thou Judas, to offer to betray thy princess! I'll make thee an example— [*Beats him.*

Enter MOROSE *with his long sword.*

Mor. I will have no such examples in my house, lady Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Ah!——

[MRS. OTTER, DAW, *and* LA-FOOLE, *run off.*

Mor. Mistress Mary Ambree, your examples are dangerous.—Rogues, hell-hounds, Stentors! out of my doors, you sons of noise and tumult, begot on an ill May-day, or when the galley-foist is afloat to Westminster! [*Drives out the musicians.*] A trumpeter could not be conceived but then.

Daup. What ails you, sir?

Mor. They have rent my roof, walls, and all my windows asunder, with their brazen throats. [*Exit.*

True. Best follow him, Dauphine.

Daup. So I will. [*Exit.*

Cler. Where's Daw and La-Foole?

Ott. They are both run away, sir. Good gentlemen, help to pacify my princess, and speak to the great ladies for me. Now must I go lie with the bears this fortnight, and keep out of the way, till my peace be made, for this scandal she has taken. Did you not see my bull-head, gentlemen?

Cler. Is't not on, captain?

True. No; but he may make a new one, by that is on.

Ott. O, here it is. An you come over, gentlemen, and ask for Tom Otter, we'll go down to Ratcliff, and have a course i'faith, for all these disasters. There is *bona spes* left.

True. Away, captain, get off while you are well. [*Exit* OTTER.

Cler. I am glad we are rid of him.

True. You had never been, unless we had put his wife upon him. His humour is as tedious at last, as it was ridiculous at first. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A long open Gallery in the same.*

Enter Lady HAUGHTY, *Mistress* OTTER, MAVIS, DAW, LA-FOOLE, CENTAURE, *and* EPICŒNE.

Hau. We wonder'd why you shriek'd so, mistress Otter.

Mrs. Ott. O lord, madam, he came down with a huge long naked weapon in both his hands, and look'd so dreadfully! sure he's beside himself.

Mav. Why, what made you there, mistress Otter?

Mrs. Ott. Alas, mistress Mavis, I was chastising my subject, and thought nothing of him.

Daw. Faith, mistress, you must do so too: learn to chastise. Mistress Otter corrects her husband so, he dares not speak but under correction.

La-F. And with his hat off to her: 'twould do you good to see.

Hau. In sadness, 'tis good and mature counsel; practise it, Morose. I'll call you Morose still now, as I call Centaure and Mavis; we four will be all one.

Cen. And you'll come to the college, and live with us?

Hau. Make him give milk and honey.

Mav. Look how you manage him at first, you shall have him ever after.

Cen. Let him allow you your coach, and four horses, your woman, your chamber-maid, your page, your gentleman-usher, your French cook, and four grooms.

Hau. And go with us to Bedlam, to the china-houses, and to the Exchange.

Cen. It will open the gate to your fame.

Hau. Here's Centaure has immortalized herself, with taming of her wild male.

Mav. Ay, she has done the miracle of the kingdom.

Enter CLERIMONT *and* TRUEWIT.

Epi. But, ladies, do you count it lawful to have such plurality of servants, and do them all graces?

Hau. Why not? why should women deny their favours to men? are they the poorer or the worse?

Daw. Is the Thames the less for the dyers' water, mistress?

La-F. Or a torch for lighting many torches?

True. Well said, La-Foole; what a new one he has got!

Cen. They are empty losses women fear in this kind.

Hau. Besides, ladies should be mindful of the approach of age, and let no time want his due use. The best of our days pass first.

Mav. We are rivers, that cannot be call'd back, madam: she that now excludes her lovers, may live to lie a forsaken beldame, in a frozen bed.

Cen. 'Tis true, Mavis: and who will wait on us to coach then? or write, or tell us the news then, make anagrams of our names, and invite us to the Cockpit, and kiss our hands all the play-time, and draw their weapons for our honours?

Hau. Not one.

Daw. Nay, my mistress is not altogether unintelligent of these things; here be in presence have tasted of her favours.

Cler. What a neighing hobby-horse is this!

Epi. But not with intent to boast them again, servant.—And have you those excellent receipts, madam, to keep yourselves from bearing of children?

Hau. O yes, Morose: how should we maintain our youth and beauty else? Many births of a woman make her old, as many crops make the earth barren.

Enter MOROSE *and* DAUPHINE.

Mor. O my cursed angel, that instructed me to this fate!

Daup. Why, sir?

Mor. That I should be seduced by so foolish a devil as a barber will make!

Daup. I would I had been worthy, sir, to have partaken your counsel; you should never have trusted it to such a minister.

Mor. Would I could redeem it with the loss of an eye, nephew, a hand, or any other member.

Daup. Marry, God forbid, sir, that you should geld yourself, to anger your wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her!—and, that I did supererogatory penance in a belfry, at Westminster-hall, in the Cockpit, at the fall of a stag, the Tower-wharf—what place is there else?—London-bridge, Paris-garden, Billinsgate, when

the noises are at their height, and loudest. Nay, I would sit out a play, that were nothing but fights at sea, drum, trumpet, and target.

Daup. I hope there shall be no such need, sir. Take patience, good uncle. This is but a day, and 'tis well worn too now.

Mor. O, 'twill be so for ever, nephew, I foresee it, for ever. Strife and tumult are the dowry that comes with a wife.

True. I told you so, sir, and you would not believe me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub those wounds, master Truewit, to blood again: 'twas my negligence. Add not affliction to affliction. I have perceived the effect of it, too late, in madam Otter.

Epi. How do you, sir?

Mor. Did you ever hear a more unnecessary question? as if she did not see! Why, I do as you see, empress, empress.

Epi. You are not well, sir; you look very ill: something has distemper'd you.

Mor. O horrible, monstrous impertinencies! would not one of these have served, do you think, sir? would not one of these have served?

True. Yes, sir; but these are but notes of female kindness, sir; certain tokens that she has a voice, sir.

Mor. O, is it so! Come, an't be no otherwise ——What say you?

Epi. How do you feel yourself, sir?

Mor. Again that!

True. Nay, look you, sir, you would be friends with your wife upon unconscionable terms; her silence.

Epi. They say you are run mad, sir.

Mor. Not for love, I assure you, of you; do you see?

Epi. O lord, gentlemen! lay hold on him, for God's sake. What shall I do? who's his physician, can you tell, that knows the state of his body best, that I might send for him? Good sir, speak; I'll send for one of my doctors else.

Mor. What, to poison me, that I might die intestate, and leave you possest of all!

Epi. Lord, how idly he talks, and how his eyes sparkle! he looks green about the temples! do you see what blue spots he has!

Cler. Ay, 'tis melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake, counsel me. Ladies;—servant, you have read Pliny and Paracelsus; ne'er a word now to comfort a poor gentlewoman? Ay me, what fortune had I, to marry a distracted man!

Daw. I'll tell you, mistress——

True. Howrarely she holds it up! [*Aside to* CLER.

Mor. What mean you, gentlemen?

Epi. What will you tell me, servant?

Daw. The disease in Greek is called *μανια*, in Latin *insania, furor, vel ecstasis melancholica*, that is, *egressio*, when a man *ex melancholico evadit fanaticus*.

Mor. Shall I have a lecture read upon me alive?

Daw. But he may be but *phreneticus* yet, mistress; and *phrenetis* is only *delirium*, or so.

Epi. Ay, that is for the disease, servant; but what is this to the cure? We are sure enough of the disease.

Mor. Let me go.

True. Why, we'll entreat her to hold her peace, sir

Mor. O no, labour not to stop her. She is like a conduit-pipe, that will gush out with more force when she opens again.

Hau. I'll tell you, Morose, you must talk divinity to him altogether, or moral philosophy.

La-F. Ay, and there's an excellent book of moral philosophy, madam, of Reynard the Fox, and all the beasts, called Doni's Philosophy.

Cen. There is indeed, sir Amorous La-Foole.

Mor. O misery!

La-F. I have read it, my lady Centaure, all over, to my cousin here.

Mrs. Ott. Ay, and 'tis a very good book as any is, of the moderns.

Daw. Tut, he must have Seneca read to him, and Plutarch, and the ancients; the moderns are not for this disease.

Cler. Why, you discommended them too, to-day, Sir John.

Daw. Ay, in some cases: but in these they are best, and Aristotle's ethics.

Mav. Say you so, Sir John? I think you are deceived; you took it upon trust.

Hau. Where's Trusty, my woman? I'll end this difference. I prithee, Otter, call her. Her father and mother were both mad, when they put her to me.

Mor. I think so.—Nay, gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an exercise, I know, a marriage ceremony, which I must endure.

Hau. And one of them, I know not which, was cured with the Sick Man's Salve, and the other with Green's Groat's-worth of Wit.

True. A very cheap cure, madam.

Enter TRUSTY.

Hau. Ay, 'tis very feasible.

Mrs. Ott. My lady call'd for you, mistress Trusty: you must decide a controversy.

Hau. O, Trusty, which was it you said, your father, or your mother, that was cured with the Sick Man's Salve?

Trus. My mother, madam, with the Salve.

True. Then it was the sick woman's salve?

Trus. And my father with the Groat's-worth of Wit. But there was other means used: we had a preacher that would preach folk asleep still; and so they were prescribed to go to church, by an old woman that was their physician, thrice a week——

Epi. To sleep?

Trus. Yes, forsooth: and every night they read themselves asleep on those books.

Epi. Good faith, it stands with great reason. I would I knew where to procure those books.

Mor. Oh!

La-F. I can help you with one of them, mistress Morose, the Groat's-worth of Wit.

Epi. But I shall disfurnish you, sir Amorous: can you spare it?

La-F. O yes, for a week, or so; I'll read it myself to him.

Epi. No, I must do that, sir; that must be my office.

Mor. Oh, oh!

Epi. Sure he would do well enough, if he could sleep.

Mor. No, I should do well enough, if you could sleep. Have I no friend that will make her drunk, or give her a little laudanum, or opium?

True. Why, sir, she talks ten times worse in her sleep.

Mor. How!

Cler. Do you not know that, sir? never ceases all night.

True. And snores like a porpoise.

Mor. O redeem me, fate; redeem me, fate! For how many causes may a man be divorced, nephew?

Daup. I know not, truly, sir.

True. Some divine must resolve you in that, sir, or canon-lawyer.

Mor. I will not rest, I will not think of any other hope or comfort, till I know.

[*Exit with* DAUPHINE.

Cler. Alas, poor man!

True. You'll make him mad indeed, ladies, if you pursue this.

Hau. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an hour or so.

Cler. By my faith, a large truce!

Hau. Is that his keeper, that is gone with him?

Daw. It is his nephew, madam.

La-F. Sir Dauphine Eugenie.

Cen. He looks like a very pitiful knight——

Daw. As can be. This marriage has put him out of all.

La-F. He has not a penny in his purse, madam.

Daw. He is ready to cry all this day.

La-F. A very shark; he set me in the nick t'other night at Primero.

True. How these swabbers talk!

Cler. Ay, Otter's wine has swell'd their humours above a spring-tide.

Hau. Good Morose, let's go in again. I like your couches exceeding well; we'll go lie and talk there.

[*Exeunt* HAU. CEN. MAV. TRUS. LA-FOOLE, *and* DAW.

Epi. [*following them.*] I wait on you, madam.

True. [*stopping her.*] 'Slight, I will have them as silent as signs, and their post too, ere I have done. Do you hear, lady-bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble wench, continue this discourse of Dauphine within; but praise him exceedingly: magnify him with all the height of affection thou canst;—I have some purpose in't: and but beat off these two rooks, Jack Daw and his fellow, with any discontentment, hither, and I'll honour thee for ever.

Epi. I was about it here. It angered me to the soul, to hear them begin to talk so malépert.

True. Pray thee perform it, and thou winn'st me an idolater to thee everlasting.

Epi. Will you go in and hear me do't?

True. No, I'll stay here. Drive them out of your company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any way better done, than by extolling Dauphine, whom they have so slighted.

Epi. I warrant you; you shall expect one of them presently. [*Exit.*

Cler. What a cast of kestrils are these, to hawk after ladies, thus!

True. Ay, and strike at such an eagle as Dauphine.

Cler. He will be mad when we tell him. Here he comes.

Re-enter DAUPHINE.

Cler. O sir, you are welcome.

True. Where's thine uncle?

Daup. Run out of doors in his night-caps, to talk with a casuist about his divorce. It works admirably.

True. Thou wouldst have said so, an thou hadst been here! The ladies have laugh'd at thee most comically, since thou went'st, Dauphine.

Cler. And ask'd, if thou wert thine uncle's keeper.

True. And the brace of baboons answer'd, Yes; and said thou wert a pitiful poor fellow, and didst live upon posts, and hadst nothing but three suits of apparel, and some few benevolences that the lords gave thee to fool to them, and swagger.

Daup. Let me not live, I'll beat them: I'll bind them both to grand-madam's bed-posts, and have them baited with monkies.

True. Thou shalt not need, they shall be beaten to thy hand, Dauphine. I have an execution to serve upon them, I warrant thee, shall serve; trust my plot.

Daup. Ay, you have many plots! so you had one to make all the wenches in love with me.

True. Why, if I do it not yet afore night, as near as 'tis, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to scratch for thee, take the mortgage of my wit.

Cler. 'Fore God, I'll be his witness thou shalt have it, Dauphine: thou shalt be his fool for ever, if thou dost not.

True. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be the better estate. Do you observe this gallery, or rather lobby, indeed? Here are a couple of studies, at each end one: here will I act such a tragi-comedy between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, Daw and La-Foole——which of them comes out first, will I seize on;—you two shall be the chorus behind the arras, and whip out between the acts and speak—If I do not make them keep the peace for this remnant of the day, if not of the year, I have failed once——I hear Daw coming: hide, [*they withdraw*] and do not laugh, for God's sake.

Re-enter DAW.

Daw. Which is the way into the garden, trow?

True. O, Jack Daw! I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I must have this matter go no further between you: I must have it taken up.

Daw. What matter, sir? between whom?

True. Come, you disguise it: sir Amorous and you. If you love me, Jack, you shall make use of your philosophy now, for this once, and deliver me your sword. This is not the wedding the Centaurs were at, though there be a she one here. [*Takes his sword.*] The bride has entreated me I will see no blood shed at her bridal: you saw her whisper me erewhile.

Daw. As I hope to finish Tacitus, I intend no murder.

True. Do you not wait for sir Amorous?

Daup. Not I, by my knighthood.

True. And your scholarship too?

Daw. And my scholarship too.

True. Go to, then I return you your sword, and ask you mercy; but put it not up, for you will be assaulted. I understood that you had apprehended it, and walked here to brave him; and that you had held your life contemptible, in regard of your honour.

Daw. No, no; no such thing, I assure you. He and I parted now, as good friends as could be.

True. Trust not you to that visor. I saw him since dinner with another face: I have known many men in my time vex'd with losses, with deaths, and with abuses; but so offended a wight

as sir Amorous, did I never see or read of. For taking away his guests, sir, to-day, that's the cause; and he declares it behind your back with such threatenings and contempts——He said to Dauphine, you were the arrant'st ass——

Daw. Ay, he may say his pleasure.

True. And swears you are so protested a coward, that he knows you will never do him any manly or single right; and therefore he will take his course.

Daw. I'll give him any satisfaction, sir—but fighting.

True. Ay, sir: but who knows what satisfaction he'll take: blood he thirsts for, and blood he will have; and whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows but himself?

Daw. I pray you, master Truewit, be you a mediator.

True. Well, sir, conceal yourself then in this study till I return. [*Puts him into the study.*] Nay, you must be content to be lock'd in; for, for mine own reputation, I would not have you seen to receive a public disgrace, while I have the matter in managing. Ods so, here he comes; keep your breath close, that he do not hear you sigh.—In good faith, sir Amorous, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, do not murder him; he is a Christian, as good as you: you are arm'd as if you sought revenge on all his race. Good Dauphine, get him away from this place. I never knew a man's choler so high, but he would speak to his friends, he would hear reason.—Jack Daw, Jack! asleep!

Daw. [*within.*] Is he gone, master Truewit?

True. Ay; did you hear him?

Daw. O lord! yes.

True. What a quick ear fear has!

Daw. [*comes out of the closet.*] But is he so arm'd, as you say?

True. Arm'd! did you ever see a fellow set out to take possession?

Daw. Ay, sir.

True. That may give you some l ight to conceive of him; but 'tis nothing to the principal. Some false brother in the house has furnish'd him strangely; or, if it were out of the house, it was Tom Otter.

Daw. Indeed he's a captain, and his wife is his kinswoman.

True. He has got some body's old two-hand sword, to mow you off at the knees; and that sword hath spawn'd such a dagger!—But then he is so hung with pikes, halberds, petronels, calivers and muskets, that he looks like a justice of peace's hall; a man of two thousand a-year is not cess'd at so many weapons as he has on. There was never fencer challenged at so many several foils. You would think he meant to murder all St. Pulchre's parish. If he could but victual himself for half a-year in his breeches, he is sufficiently arm'd to over-run a country.

Daw. Good lord! what means he, sir? I p ay you, master Truewit, be you a mediator.

True. Well, I'll try if he will be appeased with a leg or an arm; if not you must die once.

Daw. I would be loth to lose my right arm, for wr.ting madrigals.

True. Why, if he will be satisfied with a thumb or a little finger, all's one to me. You must think, I'll do my best. [*Shuts him up again.*

Daw. Good sir, do.

[CLERIMONT *and* DAUPHINE *come forward.*

Cler. What hast thou done?

True. He will let me do nothing, he does all afore; he offers his left arm.

Cler. His left wing for a Jack Daw.

Daup. Take it by all means.

True. How! maim a man for ever, for a jest? What a conscience hast thou!

Daup. 'Tis no loss to him; he has no employment for his arms, but to eat spoon-meat. Beside, as good maim his body as his reputation.

True. He is a scholar and a wit, and yet he does not think so. But he loses no reputation with us; for we all resolved him an ass before. To your places again.

Cler. I pray thee, let be me in at the other a little.

True. Look, you'll spoil all; these be ever your tricks.

Cler. No, but I could hit of some things that thou wilt miss, and thou wilt say are good ones.

True. I warrant you. I pray forbear, I'll leave it off, else.

Daup. Come away, Clerimont.

[DAUP. *and* CLER. *withdraw as before.*

Enter LA-FOOLE.

True. Sir Amorous!

La-F. Master Truewit.

True. Whither were you going?

La-F. Down into the court to make water.

True. By no means, sir; you shall rather tempt your breeches.

La-F. Why, sir?

True. Enter here, if you love your life.

[*Opening the door of the other study.*

La-F. Why? why?

True. Question till your throat be cut, do: dally till the enraged soul find you.

La-F. Who is that?

True. Daw it is: will you in?

La-F. Ay, ay, I'll in: what's the matter?

True. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, there had been some hope to atone you; but he seems so implacably enraged!

La-F. 'Slight, let him rage! I'll hide myself.

True. Do, good sir. But what have you done to him within, that should provoke him thus? You have broke some jest upon him afore the ladies.

La-F. Not I, never in my life, broke jest upon any man. The bride was praising sir Dauphine, and he went away in snuff, and I followed him; unless he took offence at me in his drink erewhile, that I would not pledge all the horse full.

True. By my faith, and that may be; you remember well: but he walks the round up and down, through every room o' the house, with a towel in his hand, crying, *Where's La-Foole? Who saw La-Foole?* And when Dauphine and I demanded the cause, we can force no answer from him, but—*O revenge, how sweet art thou! I will strangle him in this towel*—which leads us to conjecture that the main cause of his fury is, for bringing your meat to-day, with a towel about you, to his discredit.

La-F. Like enough. Why, an he be angry for that, I'll stay here till his anger be blown over.

True. A good becoming resolution, sir; if you can put it on o' the sudden.

La-F. Yes, I can put it on: or, I'll away into the country presently.

True. How will you go out of the house, sir?

he knows you are in the house, and he'll watch this se'ennight, but he'll have you: he'll outwait a serjeant for you.

La-F. Why, then I'll stay here.

True. You must think how to victual yourself in time then.

La-F. Why, sweet master Truewit, will you entreat my cousin Otter to send me a cold venison pasty, a bottle or two of wine, and a chamber-pot?

True. A stool were better, sir, of sir Ajax his invention.

La-F. Ay, that will be better, indeed; and a pallat to lie on.

True. O, I would not advise you to sleep by any means.

La-F. Would you not, sir? Why, then I will not.

True. Yet, there's another fear——

La-F. Is there! what is't?

True. No, he cannot break open this door with his foot, sure.

La-F. I'll set my back against it, sir. I have a good back.

True. But then if he should batter.

La-F. Batter! if he dare, I'll have an action of battery against him.

True. Cast you the worst. He has sent for powder already, and what he will do with it, no man knows: perhaps blow up the corner of the house where he suspects you are. Here he comes; in quickly. [*Thrusts in* La-Foole *and shuts the door.*]—I protest, sir John Daw, he is not this way: what will you do? Before God, you shall hang no petard here: I'll die rather. Will you not take my word? I never knew one but would be satisfied. —Sir Amorous, [*speaks through the key-hole,*] there's no standing out: he has made a petard of an old brass pot, to force your door. Think upon some satisfaction, or terms to offer him.

La-F. [*within.*] Sir, I'll give him any satisfaction: I dare give any terms.

True. You'll leave it to me then?

La-F. Ay, sir: I'll stand to any conditions.

True. [*beckoning forward* Cler. *and* Dauph.] How now, what think you, sirs? were't not a difficult thing to determine which of these two fear'd most?

Cler. Yes, but this fears the bravest: the other a whiniling dastard, Jack Daw! But La-Foole, a brave heroic coward! and is afraid in a great look and a stout accent; I like him rarely.

True. Had it not been pity these two should have been concealed?

Cler. Shall I make a motion?

True. Briefly: for I must strike while 'tis hot.

Cler. Shall I go fetch the ladies to the catastrophe?

True. Umph! ay, by my troth.

Daup. By no mortal means. Let them continue in the state of ignorance, and err still; think them wits and fine fellows, as they have done. 'Twere sin to reform them.

True. Well, I will have them fetch'd, now I think on't, for a private purpose of mine: do, Clerimont, fetch them, and discourse to them all that's past, and bring them into the gallery here.

Daup. This is thy extreme vanity, now: thou think'st thou wert undone, if every jest thou mak'st were not published.

True. Thou shalt see how unjust thou art presently. Clerimont, say it was Dauphine's plot. [*Exit* Clerimont.] Trust me not, if the whole drift be not for thy good. There is a carpet in the next room, put it on, with this scarf over thy face, and a cushion on thy head, and be ready when I call Amorous. Away! [*Exit* Daup.] John Daw!

[*Goes to* Daw's *closet and brings him out*

Daw. What good news, sir?

True. Faith, I have followed and argued with him hard for you. I told him you were a knight, and a scholar, and that you knew fortitude did consist *magis patiendo quam faciendo, magis ferendo quam feriendo.*

Daw. It doth so indeed, sir.

True. And that you would suffer, I told him: so at first he demanded by my troth, in my conceit, too much.

Daw. What was it, sir?

True. Your upper lip, and six of your fore-teeth.

Daw. 'Twas unreasonable.

True. Nay, I told him plainly, you could not spare them all. So after long argument *pro et con.* as you know, I brought him down to your two butter-teeth, and them he would have.

Daw. O, did you so? Why, he shall have them.

True. But he shall not, sir, by your leave. The conclusion is this, sir: because you shall be very good friends hereafter, and this never to be remembered or upbraided; besides, that he may not boast he has done any such thing to you in his own person; he is to come here in disguise, give you five kicks in private, sir, take your sword from you, and lock you up in that study during pleasure: which will be but a little while, we'll get it released presently.

Daw. Five kicks! he shall have six, sir, to be friends.

True. Believe me, you shall not over-shoot yourself, to send him that word by me.

Daw. Deliver it, sir; he shall have it with all my heart, to be friends.

True. Friends! Nay, an he should not be so, and heartily too, upon these terms, he shall have me to enemy while I live. Come, sir, bear it bravely.

Daw. O lord, sir, 'tis nothing.

True. True: what's six kicks to a man that reads Seneca?

Daw. I have had a hundred, sir.

True. Sir Amorous!

Re-enter Dauphine, *disguised.*

No speaking one to another, or rehearsing old matters.

Daw. [*as* Daup. *kicks him.*] One, two, three, four, five. I protest, Sir Amorous, you shall have six.

Tru. Nay, I told you, you should not talk. Come give him six, an he will needs. [Dauphine *kicks him again.*]—Your sword. [*takes his sword.*] Now return to your safe custody; you shall presently meet afore the ladies, and be the dearest friends one to another. [*Puts* Daw *into the study.*] —Give me the scarf now, thou shalt beat the other bare-faced. Stand by: [Dauphine *retires, and* Truewit *goes to the other closet, and releases* La-Foole.]—Sir Amorous!

La-F. What's here! A sword?

True. I cannot help it, without I should take the quarrel upon myself. Here he has sent you his sword——

La-F. I'll receive none on't.

True. And he wills you to fasten it against a wall, and break your head in some few several places against the hilts.

La-F. I will not: tell him roundly. I cannot endure to shed my own blood.

True. Will you not?

La-F. No. I'll beat it against a fair flat wall, if that will satisfy him: if not, he shall beat it himself, for Amorous.

True. Why, this is strange starting off, when a man undertakes for you! I offer'd him another condition; will you stand to that?

La-F. Ay, what is't?

True. That you will be beaten in private.

La F. Yes, I am content, at the blunt.

Enter, above, HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, *Mistress* OTTER, EPICŒNE, *and* TRUSTY.

True. Then you must submit yourself to be hoodwinked in this scarf, and be led to him, where he will take your sword from you, and make you bear a blow over the mouth, gules, and tweaks by the nose *sans nombre.*

La-F. I am content. But why must I be blinded?

True. That's for your good, sir; because, if he should grow insolent upon this, and publish it hereafter to your disgrace, (which I hope he will not do,) you might swear safely, and protest, he never beat you, to your knowledge.

La-F. O, I conceive.

True. I do not doubt but you'll be perfect good friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill thought one of another in future.

La-F. Not I, as God help me, of him.

True. Nor he of you, sir. If he should, [*binds his eyes.*]—Come, sir. [*leads him forward.*]—*All hid,* Sir John!

Enter DAUPHINE, *and tweaks him by the nose.*

La-F. Oh, Sir John, Sir John! Oh, o-o-o-o-o-Oh——

True. Good Sir John, leave tweaking, you'll blow his nose off.—'Tis Sir John's pleasure, you should retire into the study. [*Puts him up again.*]—Why, now you are friends. All bitterness between you, I hope, is buried; you shall come forth by and by, Damon and Pythias upon't, and embrace with all the rankness of friendship that can be.—I trust, we shall have them tamer in their language hereafter. Dauphine, I worship thee.—God's will, the ladies have surprised us!

Enter HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, *Mistress* OTTER, EPICŒNE, *and* TRUSTY, *behind.*

Hau. Centaure, how our judgments were imposed on by these adulterate knights!

Cen. Nay, madam, Mavis was more deceived than we; 'twas her commendation utter'd them in the college.

Mav. I commended but their wits, madam, and their braveries. I never look'd toward their valours.

Hau. Sir Dauphine is valiant, and a wit too, it seems.

Mav. And a bravery too.

Hau. Was this his project?

Mrs. Ott. So master Clerimont intimates, madam.

Hau. Good Morose, when you come to the college, will you bring him with you? he seems a very perfect gentleman.

Epi. He is so madam, believe it.

Cen. But when will you come, Morose?

Epi. Three or four days hence, madam, when I have got me a coach and horses.

Hau. No, to-morrow, good Morose; Centaure shall send you her coach.

Mav. Yes faith, do, and bring sir Dauphine with you.

Hau. She has promised that, Mavis.

Mav. He is a very worthy gentleman in his exteriors, madam.

Hau. Ay, he shews he is judicial in his clothes

Cen. And yet not so superlatively neat as some, madam, that have their faces set in a brake.

Hau. Ay, and have every hair in form.

Mav. That wear purer linen than ourselves, and profess more neatness than the French hermaphrodite!

Epi. Ay, ladies, they, what they tell one of us have told a thousand; and are the only thieves of our fame, that think to take us with that perfume or with that lace, and laugh at us unconscionably when they have done.

Hau. But Sir Dauphine's carelessness becomes him.

Cen. I could love a man for such a nose.

Mav. Or such a leg.

Cen. He has an exceeding good eye, madam.

Mav. And a very good lock.

Cen. Good Morose, bring him to my chamber first.

Mrs. Ott. Please your honours to meet at my house, madam.

True. See how they eye thee, man! they are taken, I warrant thee. [HAUGHTY *comes forward*

Hau. You have unbraced our brace of knights here, master Truewit.

True. Not I, madam; it was Sir Dauphine's ingine: who, if he have disfurnish'd your ladyship of any guard or service by it, is able to make the place good again in himself.

Hau. There is no suspicion of that, sir.

Cen. God so, Mavis, Haughty is kissing.

Mav. Let us go too, and take part.

[*They come forward.*

Hau. But I am glad of the fortune (beside the discovery of two such empty caskets) to gain the knowledge of so rich a mine of virtue as Sir Dauphine.

Cen. We would be all glad to style him of our friendship, and see him at the college.

Mav. He cannot mix with a sweeter society, I'll prophesy; and I hope he himself will think so.

Daup. I should be rude to imagine otherwise, lady.

True. Did not I tell thee, Dauphine! Why, all their actions are governed by crude opinion, without reason or cause; they know not why they do any thing; but, as they are inform'd, believe, judge, praise, condemn, love, hate, and in emulation one of another, do all these things alike. Only they have a natural inclination sways them generally to the worst, when they are left to themselves. But pursue it, now thou hast them.

Hau. Shall we go in again, Morose?

Epi. Yes, madam.

Cen. We'll entreat sir Dauphine's company.

True. Stay, good madam, the interview of the two friends, Pylades and Orestes: I'll fetch them out to you straight.

Hau. Will you, master Truewit?

Daup. Ay, but noble ladies, do not confess in your countenance, or outward bearing to them, any discovery of their follies, that we may see how they will bear up again, with what assurance and erection.

Hau. We will not, sir Dauphine.

Cen. Mav. Upon our honours, sir Dauphine.

True. [*goes to the first closet.*] Sir Amorous, sir Amorous! The ladies are here.

La-F. [*within.*] Are they?

True. Yes; but slip out by and by, as their backs are turn'd, and meet sir John here, as by chance, when I call you. [*Goes to the other.*]—Jack Daw.

Daw. [*within.*] What say you, sir?

True. Whip out behind me suddenly, and no anger in your looks to your adversary. Now, now!

[La-Foole *and* Daw *slip out of their respective closets, and salute each other.*

La-F. Noble sir John Daw, where have you been?

Daw. To seek you, sir Amorous.

La-F. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I prevent you, sir.

Cler. They have forgot their rapiers.

True. O, they meet in peace, man.

Daup. Where's your sword, sir John?

Cler. And yours, sir Amorous?

Daw. Mine! my boy had it forth to mend the handle, e'en now.

La-F. And my gold handle was broke too, and my boy had it forth.

Daup. Indeed, sir!—How their excuses meet!

Cler. What a consent there is in the handles!

True. Nay, there is so in the points too, I warrant you.

Enter Morose, *with the two swords, drawn in his hands.*

Mrs. Ott. O me! madam, he comes again, the madman! Away!

[Ladies, Daw, *and* La-Foole, *run off.*

Mor. What make these naked weapons here, gentlemen?

True. O sir! here hath like to have been murder since you went; a couple of knights fallen out about the bride's favours! We were fain to take away their weapons; your house had been begg'd by this time else.

Mor. For what?

Cler. For manslaughter, sir, as being accessary.

Mor. And for her favours?

True. Ay, sir, heretofore, not present—Clerimont, carry them their swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do.

[*Exit* Cler. *with the two swords.*

Daup. Have you spoke with the lawyer, sir?

Mor. O no! there is such a noise in the court, that they have frighted me home with more violence than I went! such speaking and counter-speaking, with their several voices of citations, appellations, allegations, certificates, attachments, intergatories, references, convictions, and afflictions indeed, among the doctors and proctors, that the noise here is silence to't, a kind of calm midnight!

Tru. Why, sir, if you would be resolved indeed, I can bring you hither a very sufficient lawyer, and a learned divine, that shall enquire into every least scruple for you.

Mor. Can you, master Truewit?

True. Yes, and are very sober, grave persons, that will dispatch it in a chamber, with a whisper or two.

Mor. Good sir, shall I hope this benefit from you, and trust myself into your hands?

True. Alas, sir! your nephew and I have been ashamed and oft-times mad, since you went, to think how you are abused. Go in, good sir, and lock yourself up till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, sir.

Mor. Do your pleasure with me, gentlemen; I believe in you, and that deserves no delusion.

[*Exit.*

True. You shall find none, sir;—but heap'd, heap'd plenty of vexation.

Daup. What wilt thou do now, Wit?

True. Recover me hither Otter and the barber, if you can, by any means, presently.

Daup. Why? to what purpose?

True. O, I'll make the deepest divine, and gravest lawyer, out of them two for him——

Daup. Thou canst not, man; these are waking dreams.

True. Do not fear me. Clap but a civil gown with a welt on the one, and a canonical cloke with sleeves on the other, and give them a few terms in their mouths, if there come not forth as able a doctor and complete a parson, for this turn, as may be wish'd, trust not my election: and I hope, without wronging the dignity of either profession, since they are but persons put on, and for mirth's sake, to torment him. The barber smatters Latin, I remember.

Daup. Yes, and Otter too.

True. Well then, if I make them not wrangle out this case to his no comfort, let me be thought a Jack Daw or La-Foole or anything worse. Go you to your ladies, but first send for them.

Daup. I will. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Morose's *House.*

Enter La-Foole, Clerimont, *and* Daw.

La-F. Where had you our swords, master Clerimont?

Cler. Why, Dauphine took them from the madman.

La-F. And he took them from our boys, I warrant you.

Cler. Very like, sir.

La-F. Thank you, good master Clerimont. Sir John Daw and I are both beholden to you.

Cler. Would I knew how to make you so, gentlemen!

Daw. Sir Amorous and I are your servants, sir.

Enter Mavis.

Mav. Gentlemen, have any of you a pen and ink? I would fain write out a riddle in Italian, for sir Dauphine to translate.

Cler. Not I, in troth, lady; I am no scrivener.

Daw. I can furnish you, I think, lady.

[*Exeunt* Daw *and* Mavis.

Cler. He has it in the haft of a knife, I believe.

La-F. No, he has his box of instruments.

Cler. Like a surgeon!

La-F. For the mathematics: his square, his compasses, his brass pens, and black-lead, to draw maps of every place and person where he comes.

Cler. How, maps of persons!

La-F. Yes, sir, of Nomentack when he was here, and of the prince of Moldavia, and of his mistress, mistress Epicœne.

Re-enter DAW.

Cler. Away! he hath not found out her latitude, I hope.

La-F. You are a pleasant gentleman, sir.

Cler. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little, and talk waggishly.—Sir John, I am telling sir Amorous here, that you two govern the ladies wherever you come; you carry the feminine gender afore you.

Daw. They shall rather carry us afore them, if they will, sir.

Cler. Nay, I believe that they do, withal—but that you are the prime men in their affections, and direct all their actions———

Daw. Not I; sir Amorous is.

La-F. I protest, sir John is.

Daw. As I hope to rise in the state, sir Amorous, you have the person.

La-F. Sir John, you have the person, and the discourse too.

Daw. Not I, sir. I have no discourse—and then you have activity beside.

La-F. I protest, sir John, you come as high from Tripoly as I do, every whit: and lift as many join'd stools, and leap over them, if you would use it.

Cler. Well, agree on't together, knights; for between you, you divide the kingdom or commonwealth of ladies' affections: I see it, and can perceive a little how they observe you, and fear you, indeed. You could tell strange stories, my masters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have seen somewhat, sir.

La-F. That we have——velvet petticoats, and wrought smocks, or so.

Daw. Ay, and——

Cler. Nay, out with it, sir John; do not envy your friend the pleasure of hearing, when you have had the delight of tasting.

Daw. Why—a—Do you speak, sir Amorous.

La-F. No, do you, sir John Daw.

Daw. I' faith, you shall.

La-F. I' faith, you shall.

Daw. Why, we have been——

La-F. In the great bed at Ware together in our time. On, sir John.

Daw. Nay, do you, sir Amorous.

Cler. And these ladies with you, knights?

La-F. No, excuse us, sir.

Daw. We must not wound reputation.

La-F. No matter—they were these, or others. Our bath cost us fifteen pound when we came home.

Cler. Do you hear, sir John? You shall tell me but one thing truly, as you love me.

Daw. If I can, I will, sir.

Cler. You lay in the same house with the bride here?

Daw. Yes, and conversed with her hourly, sir.

Cler. And what humour is she of? Is she coming and open, free?

Daw. O, exceeding open, sir. I was her servant, and sir Amorous was to be.

Cler. Come, you have both had favours from her: I know, and have heard so much.

Daw. O, no, sir.

La-F. You shall excuse us, sir; we must not wound reputation.

Cler. Tut, she is married now, and you cannot hurt her with any report; and therefore speak plainly: how many times, i' faith? which of you led first? ha!

La-F. Sir John had her maidenhead, indeed.

Daw. O, it pleases him to say so, sir; but sir Amorous knows what's what, as well.

Cler. Dost thou, i' faith, Amorous?

La-F. In a manner, sir.

Cler. Why, I commend you, lads. Little knows don Bridegroom of this; nor shall he, for me.

Daw. Hang him, mad ox!

Cler. Speak softly; here comes his nephew, with the lady Haughty: he'll get the ladies from you, sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-F. Why, if he do, we'll fetch them home again, I warrant you.

[*Exit with* DAW. CLER. *walks aside.*

Enter DAUPHINE *and* HAUGHTY.

Hau. I assure you, sir Dauphine, it is the price and estimation of your virtue only, that hath embark'd me to this adventure; and I could not but make out to tell you so: nor can I repent me of the act, since it is always an argument of some virtue in our selves, that we love and affect it so in others.

Daup. Your ladyship sets too high a price on my weakness.

Hau. Sir I can distinguish gems from pebbles—

Daup. Are you so skilful in stones? [*Aside.*

Hau. And howsoever I may suffer in such a judgment as yours, by admitting equality of rank or society with Centaure or Mavis——

Daup. You do not, madam; I perceive they are your mere foils.

Hau. Then, are you a friend to truth, sir; it makes me love you the more. It is not the outward, but the inward man that I affect. They are not apprehensive of an eminent perfection, but love flat and dully.

Cen. [*within.*] Where are you, my lady Haughty?

Hau. I come presently, Centaure.—My chamber, sir, my page shall shew you; and Trusty, my woman, shall be ever awake for you: you need not fear to communicate any thing with her, for she is a Fidelia. I pray you wear this jewel for my sake, sir Dauphine—

Enter CENTAURE.

Where's Mavis, Centaure?

Cen. Within, madam, a writing. I'll follow you presently: [*Exit* HAU.] I'll but speak a word with sir Dauphine.

Daup. With me, madam?

Cen. Good sir Dauphine, do not trust Haughty, nor make any credit to her whatever you do besides. Sir Dauphine, I give you this caution, she is a perfect courtier, and loves nobody but for her uses; and for her uses she loves all. Besides, her physicians give her out to be none o' the clearest, whether she pay them or no, heaven knows; and she's above fifty too, and pargets! See her in a forenoon. Here comes Mavis, a worse face than she! you would not like this by candle-light.

Re-enter MAVIS.

If you'll come to my chamber one o' these mornings early, or late in an evening, I'll tell you more. Where's Haughty, Mavis?

Mav. Within, Centaure.

Cen. What have you there?

Mav. An Italian riddle for sir Dauphine,—you shall not see it, i'faith, Centaure.—[*Exit* CEN.] Good sir Dauphine, solve it for me: I'll call for it anon. [*Exit.*

Cler. [*coming forward.*] How now, Dauphine! how dost thou quit thyself of these females?

Daup. 'Slight, they haunt me like fairies, and give me jewels here; I cannot be rid of them.

Cler. O, you must not tell though.

Daup. Mass, I forgot that: I was never so assaulted. One loves for virtue, and bribes me with this; [*shews the jewel.*]—another loves me with caution, and so would possess me; a third brings me a riddle here: and all are jealous, and rail each at other.

Cler. A riddle! pray let me see it. [*Reads.*

Sir Dauphine, I chose this way of intimation for privacy. The ladies here, I know, have both hope and purpose to make a collegiate and servant of you. If I might be so honoured, as to appear at any end of so noble a work, I would enter into a fame of taking physic to-morrow, and continue it four or five days, or longer, for your visitation.

MAVIS.

By my faith, a subtle one! Call you this a riddle? what's their plain-dealing, trow?

Daup. We lack Truewit to tell us that.

Cler. We lack him for somewhat else too: his knights reformadoes are wound up as high and insolent as ever they were.

Daup. You jest.

Cler. No drunkards, either with wine or vanity, ever confess'd such stories of themselves. I would not give a fly's leg in balance against all the women's reputations here, if they could be but thought to speak truth: and for the bride, they have made their affidavit against her directly——

Daup. What, that they have lain with her?

Cler. Yes; and tell times and circumstances, with the cause why, and the place where. I had almost brought them to affirm that they had done it to-day.

Daup. Not both of them?

Cler. Yes, faith; with a sooth or two more I had effected it. They would have set it down under their hands.

Daup. Why, they will be our sport, I see, still, whether we will or no.

Enter TRUEWIT.

True. O, are you here? Come, Dauphine; go call your uncle presently: I have fitted my divine and my canonist, dyed their beards and all. The knaves do not know themselves, they are so exalted and altered. Preferment changes any man. Thou shalt keep one door and I another, and then Clerimont in the midst, that he may have no means of escape from their cavilling, when they grow hot once again. And then the women, as I have given the bride her instructions, to break in upon him in the l'envoy. O, 'twill be full and twanging! Away! fetch him. [*Exit* DAUPHINE.

Enter OTTER *disguised as a divine, and* CUTBEARD *as a canon lawyer.*

Come, master doctor, and master parson, look to your parts now, and discharge them bravely; you are well set forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confess it with standing still, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud and eagerly; use vehement action, and only remember your terms, and you are safe. Let the matter go where it will: you have many will do so. But at first be very solemn and grave, like your garments, though you loose your selves after, and skip out like a brace of jugglers on a table. Here he comes: set your faces, and look superciliously, while I present you.

Re-enter DAUPHINE *with* MOROSE.

Mor. Are these the two learned men?

True. Yes, sir; please you salute them.

Mor. Salute them! I had rather do any thing, than wear out time so unfruitfully, sir. I wonder how these common forms, as *God save you*, and *You are welcome*, are come to be a habit in our lives: or, *I am glad to see you!* when I cannot see what the profit can be of these words, so long as it is no whit better with him whose affairs are sad and grievous, that he hears this salutation.

True. 'Tis true, sir; we'll go to the matter then.—Gentlemen, master doctor, and master parson, I have acquainted you sufficiently with the business for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform yourselves in the state of the question, I know. This is the gentleman who expects your resolution, and therefore, when you please, begin.

Ott. Please you, master doctor.

Cut. Please you, good master parson.

Ott. I would hear the canon-law speak first.

Cut. It must give place to positive divinity, sir.

Mor. Nay, good gentlemen, do not throw me into circumstances. Let your comforts arrive quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affording me my peace, if so I shall hope any. I love not your disputations, or your court-tumults. And that it be not strange to you, I will tell you: My father, in my education, was wont to advise me, that I should always collect and contain my mind, not suffering it to flow loosely; that I should look to what things were necessary to the carriage of my life, and what not; embracing the one and eschewing the other: in short, that I should endear myself to rest, and avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another nature to me. So that I come not to your public pleadings, or your places of noise; not that I neglect those things that make for the dignity of the commonwealth; but for the mere avoiding of clamours and impertinences of orators, that know not how to be silent. And for the cause of noise, am I now a suitor to you. You do not know in what a misery I have been exercised this day, what a torrent of evil! my very house turns round with the tumult! I dwell in a windmill: the perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham.

True. Well, good master doctor, will you break the ice? master parson will wade after.

Cut. Sir, though unworthy, and the weaker, I will presume.

Ott. 'Tis no presumption, *domine* doctor.

Mor. Yet again!

Cut. Your question is, For how many causes a man may have *divortium legitimum*, a lawful divorce? First, you must understand the nature of the word, divorce. *à divertendo*——

Mor. No excursions upon words, good doctor; to the question briefly.

Cut I answer then, the canon law affords divorce but in few cases; and the principal is in the common case, the adulterous case: But there are *duodecim impedimenta*, twelve impediments, as we call them, all which do not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as we say in the canon law, *not take away the bond, but cause a nuility therein.*

Mor. I understood you before: good sir, avoid your impertinency of translation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, sir, by your favour.

Mor. Yet more!

True. O, you must give the learned men leave, sir.—To your impediments, master doctor.

Cut. The first is *impedimentum erroris.*

Ott. Of which there are several species.

Cut. Ay, as *error personæ.*

Ott. If you contract yourself to one person, thinking her another.

Cut. Then, *error fortunæ.*

Ott. If she be a beggar, and you thought her rich.

Cut. Then, *error qualitatis.*

Ott. If she prove stubborn or head-strong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How! is that, sir, a lawful impediment? One at once, I pray you, gentlemen.

Ott. Ay, *ante copulam*, but not *post copulam*, sir.

Cut. Master parson says right. *Nec post nuptiarum benedictionem.* It doth indeed but *irrita reddere sponsalia*, annul the contract; after marriage it is of no obstancy.

True. Alas, sir, what a hope are we fallen from by this time!

Cut. The next is *conditio:* if you thought her free born, and she prove a bond-woman, there is impediment of estate and condition.

Ott. Ay, but, master doctor, those servitudes are *sublatæ* now, among us Christians.

Cut. By your favour, master parson——

Ott. You shall give me leave, master doctor.

Mor. Nay, gentlemen, quarrel not in that question; it concerns not my case: pass to the third.

Cut. Well then, the third is *votum:* if either party have made a vow of chastity. But that practice, as master parson said of the other, is taken away among us, thanks be to discipline. The fourth is *cognatio;* if the persons be of kin within the degrees.

Ott. Ay: do you know what the degrees are, sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, sir; they offer me no comfort in the question, I am sure.

Cut. But there is a branch of this impediment may, which is *cognatio spiritualis:* if you were her godfather, sir, then the marriage is incestuous.

Ott. That comment is absurd and superstitious, master doctor: I cannot endure it. Are we not all brothers and sisters, and as much akin in that, as godfathers and god-daughters?

Mor. O me! to end the controversy, I never was a godfather, I never was a godfather in my life, sir. Pass to the next.

Cut. The fifth is *crimen adulterii;* the known case. The sixth, *cultus disparitas*, difference of religion: Have you ever examined her, what religion she is of?

Mor. No, I would rather she were of none, than be put to the trouble of it.

Ott. You may have it done for you, sir.

Mor. By no means, good sir; on to the rest: shall you ever come to an end, think you?

True. Yes, he has done half, sir. On to the rest.—Be patient, and expect, sir.

Cut. The seventh is, *vis:* if it were upon compulsion or force.

Mor. O no, it was too voluntary, mine; too voluntary.

Cut, The eighth is, *ordo;* if ever she have taken holy orders.

Ott. That's superstitious too.

Mor. No matter, master parson; Would she would go into a nunnery yet.

Cut. The ninth is, *ligamen;* if you were bound, sir, to any other before.

Mor. I thrust myself too soon into these fetters.

Cut. The tenth is, *publica honestas;* which is *inchoata quædam affinitas.*

Ott. Ay, or *affinitas orta ex sponsalibus;* and is but *leve impedimentum.*

Mor. I feel no air of comfort blowing to me, in all this.

Cut. The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione.*

Ott. Which is no less *vera affinitas*, than the other, master doctor.

Cut, True, *quæ oritur ex legitimo matrimonio.*

Ott. You say right, venerable doctor: and, *nascitur ex eo, quod per conjugium duæ personæ efficiuntur una caro*———

True. Hey-day, now they begin!

Cut. I conceive you, master parson: *ita per fornicationem æque est verus pater, qui sic generat*———

Ott. *Et vere filius qui sic generatur*——

Mor. What's all this to me?

Cler. Now it grows warm.

Cut. The twelfth and last is, *si forte coire nequibis.*

Ott. Ay, that is *impedimentum gravissimum:* it doth utterly annul, and annihilate, that. If you have *manifestam frigiditatem*, you are well, sir.

True. Why, there is comfort come at length, sir. Confess yourself but a man unable, and she will sue to be divorced first.

Ott. Ay, or if there be *morbus perpetuus, et insanabilis;* as *paralysis, elephantiasis*, or so——

Daup. O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, gentlemen.

Ott. You say troth, sir, and as it is in the canon, master doctor—

Cut. I conceive you, sir.

Cler. Before he speaks!

Ott. That a boy, or child, under years, is not fit for marriage, because he cannot *reddere debitum.* So your *omnipotentes*——

True. Your *impotentes*, you whoreson lobster! [*Aside to* Ott.

Ott. Your *impotentes*, I should say, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium.*

True. Matrimonium! we shall have most unmatrimonial Latin with you: *matrimonia*, and be hang'd.

Daup. You put them out, man.

Cut. But then there will arise a doubt, master parson, in our case, *post matrimonium:* that *frigiditate præditus*—do you conceive me, sir?

Ott. Very well, sir.

Cut. Who cannot *uti uxore pro uxore*, may *habere eam pro sorore*.

Ott. Absurd, absurd, absurd, and merely apostatical!

Cut. You shall pardon me, master parson, I can prove it.

Ott. You can prove a will, master doctor; you can prove nothing else. Does not the verse of your own canon say,

Hæc socianda vetant connubia, facta retractant?

Cut. I grant you; but how do they *retractare*, master parson?

Mor. O, this was it I feared.

Ott. In æternum, sir.

Cut. That's false in divinity, by your favour.

Ott. 'Tis false in humanity to say so. Is he not *prorsus inutilis ad thorum?* Can he *præstare fidem datam?* I would fain know.

Cut. Yes; how if he do *convalere?*

Ott. He cannot *convalere*, it is impossible.

True. Nay, good sir, attend the learned men; they'll think you neglect them else.

Cut. Or, if he do *simulare* himself *frigidum, odio uxoris*, or so?

Ott. I say, he is *adulter manifestus* then.

Daup. They dispute it very learnedly, i'faith.

Ott. And *prostitutor uxoris;* and this is positive.

Mor. Good sir, let me escape.

True. You will not do me that wrong, sir?

Ott. And, therefore, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, sir—

Cut. Ay, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, I grant you—

Ott. Why, that was my conclusion.

Cut. And mine too.

True. Nay, hear the conclusion, sir.

Ott. Then, *frigiditatis causa*——

Cut. Yes, *causa frigiditatis*——

Mor. O, mine ears!

Ott. She may have *libellum divortii* against you.

Cut. Ay, *divortii libellum* she will sure have.

Mor. Good echoes, forbear.

Ott. If you confess it.——

Cut. Which I would do, sir——

Mor. I will do any thing.

Ott. And clear myself *in foro conscientiæ*——

Cut. Because you want indeed——

Mor. Yet more!

Ott. Exercendi potestate.

EPICŒNE *rushes in, followed by* HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, *Mistress* OTTER, DAW, *and* LA-FOOLE.

Epi. I will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beseech you, help me. This is such a wrong as never was offered to poor bride before: upon her marriage-day to have her husband conspire against her, and a couple of mercenary companions to be brought in for form's sake, to persuade a separation! If you had blood or virtue in you, gentlemen, you would not suffer such earwigs about a husband, or scorpions to creep between man and wife.

Mor. O the variety and changes of my torment!

Hau. Let them be cudgell'd out of doors by our grooms.

Cen. I'll lend you my footman.

Mav. We'll have our men blanket them in the hall.

Mrs. Ott. As there was one at our house, madam, for peeping in at the door.

Daw. Content, i' faith.

True. Stay, ladies and gentlemen; you'll hear before you proceed?

Mav. I'd have the bridegroom blanketted too.

Cen. Begin with him first.

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. O mankind generation!

Daup. Ladies, for my sake forbear.

Hau. Yes, for sir Dauphine's sake.

Cen. He shall command us.

La-F. He is as fine a gentleman of his inches, madam, as any is about the town, and wears as good colours when he lists.

True. Be brief, sir, and confess your infirmity: she'll be a-fire to be quit of you, if she but hear that named once, you shall not entreat her to stay: she'll fly you like one that had the marks upon him.

Mor. Ladies, I must crave all your pardons—

True. Silence, ladies.

Mor. For a wrong I have done to your whole sex, in marrying this fair and virtuous gentlewoman——

Cler. Hear him, good ladies.

Mor. Being guilty of an infirmity, which, before I conferred with these learned men, I thought I might have concealed—

True. But now being better informed in his conscience by them, he is to declare it, and give satisfaction, by asking your public forgiveness.

Mor. I am no man, ladies.

All. How!

Mor. Utterly unabled in nature, by reason of frigidity, to perform the duties, or any the least office of a husband.

Mav. Now out upon him, prodigious creature!

Cen. Bridegroom uncarnate!

Hau. And would you offer it to a young gentlewoman?

Mrs. Ott. A lady of her longings?

Epi. Tut, a device, a device, this! it smells rankly, ladies. A mere comment of his own.

True. Why, if you suspect that, ladies, you may have him search'd—

Daw. As the custom is, by a jury of physicians.

La-F. Yes, faith, 'twill be brave.

Mor. O me, must I undergo that?

Mrs. Ott. No, let women search him, madam; we can do it ourselves.

Mor. Out on me! worse.

Epi. No, ladies, you shall not need, I'll take him with all his faults.

Mor. Worst of all!

Cler. Why then, 'tis no divorce, doctor, if she consent not?

Cut. No, if the man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divortii*, in the law.

Ott. Ay, it is the same in theology.

Mor. Worse, worse than worst!

True. Nay, sir, be not utterly disheartened; we have yet a small relic of hope left, as near as our comfort is blown out. Clerimont, produce your brace of knights. What was that, master parson, you told me *in errore qualitatis*, e'en now?—Dauphine, whisper the bride, that she carry it as if she were guilty, and ashamed. [*Aside*

Ott. Marry, sir, *in errore qualitatis*, (which master doctor did forbear to urge,) if she be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up, that was *pro virgine desponsa*, espoused for a maid——

Mor. What then, sir?

Ott. It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

True. If this be true, we are happy again, sir, once more. Here are an honourable brace of knights, that shall affirm so much.

Daw. Pardon us, good master Clerimont.

La-F. You shall excuse us, master Clerimont.

Cler. Nay, you must make it good now, knights, there is no remedy; I'll eat no words for you, nor no men: you know you spoke it to me.

Daw. Is this gentleman-like, sir?

True. Jack Daw, he's worse than sir Amorous; fiercer a great deal. [*Aside to* DAW.]—Sir Amorous, beware, there be ten Daws in this Clerimont.

[*Aside to* LA-FOOLE.

La-F. I'll confess it, sir.

Daw. Will you, sir Amorous, will you wound reputation?

La-F. I am resolved.

True. So should you be too, Jack Daw: what should keep you off? she's but a woman, and in disgrace: he'll be glad on't.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would have been angry.

Cler. You will dispatch, knights; it must be done, i'faith.

True. Why, an it must, it shall, sir, they say: they'll ne'er go back.—Do not tempt his patience.

[*Aside to them.*

Daw. Is it true indeed, sir?

La-F. Yes, I assure you, sir.

Mor. What is true, gentlemen? what do you assure me?

Daw. That we have known your bride, sir——

La-F. In good fashion. She was our mistress, or so——

Cler. Nay, you must be plain, knights, as you were to me.

Ott. Ay, the question is, if you have *carnaliter*, or no?

La-F. Carnaliter! what else, sir?

Ott. It is enough; a plain nullity.

Epi. I am undone, I am undone!

Mor. O let me worship and adore you, gentlemen!

Epi. I am undone. [*Weeps.*

Mor. Yes, to my hand, I thank these knights. Master parson, let me thank you otherwise.

[*Gives him money.*

Cen. And have they confess'd?

Mav. Now out upon them, informers!

True. You see what creatures you may bestow your favours on, madams.

Hau. I would except against them as beaten knights, wench, and not good witnesses in law.

Mrs. Ott. Poor gentlewoman, how she takes it!

Hau. Be comforted, Morose, I love you the better for't.

Cen. So do I, I protest.

Cut. But, gentlemen, you have not known her since *matrimonium*?

Daw. Not to-day, master doctor.

La-F. No, sir, not to-day.

Cut. Why, then I say, for any act before, the *matrimonium* is good and perfect; unless the worshipful bridegroom did precisely, before witness, demand, if she were *virgo ante nuptias.*

Epi. No, that he did not, I assure you, master doctor.

Cut. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium*, notwithstanding the premisses; and they do no way *impedire.* And this is my sentence, this I pronounce.

Ott. I am of master doctor's resolution too, sir; if you made not that demand *ante nuptias.*

Mor. O my heart! wilt thou break? wilt thou break? this is worst of all worst worsts that hell could have devised! Marry a whore, and so much noise!

Daup. Come, I see now plain confederacy in this doctor and this parson, to abuse a gentleman. You study his affliction. I pray be gone, companions.—And, gentlemen, I begin to suspect you for having parts with them.—Sir, will it please you hear me?

Mor. O do not talk to me; take not from me the pleasure of dying in silence, nephew.

Daup. Sir, I must speak to you. I have been long your poor despised kinsman, and many a hard thought has strengthened you against me: but now it shall appear if either I love you or your peace, and prefer them to all the world beside. I will not be long or grievous to you, sir. If I free you of this unhappy match absolutely, and instantly, after all this trouble, and almost in your despair, now—

Mor. It cannot be.

Daup. Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more, what shall I hope for, or deserve of you?

Mor. O, what thou wilt, nephew! thou shalt deserve me, and have me.

Daup. Shall I have your favour perfect to me, and love hereafter?

Mor. That, and any thing beside. Make thine own conditions. My whole estate is thine; manage it, I will become thy ward.

Daup. Nay, sir, I will not be so unreasonable.

Epi. Will sir Dauphine be mine enemy too?

Daup. You know I have been long a suitor to you, uncle, that out of your estate, which is fifteen hundred a-year, you would allow me but five hundred during life, and assure the rest upon me after; to which I have often, by myself and friends, tendered you a writing to sign, which you would never consent or incline to. If you please but to effect it now——

Mor. Thou shalt have it, nephew: I will do it, and more.

Daup. If I quit you not presently, and for ever, of this cumber, you shall have power instantly, afore all these, to revoke your act, and I will become whose slave you will give me to, for ever.

Mor. Where is the writing? I will seal to it, that, or to a blank, and write thine own conditions.

Epi. O me, most unfortunate, wretched gentlewoman!

Hau. Will sir Dauphine do this?

Epi. Good sir, have some compassion on me.

Mor. O, my nephew knows you, belike; away, crocodile!

Cen. He does it not sure without good ground.

Daup. Here, sir. [*Gives him the parchments.*

Mor. Come, nephew, give me the pen; I will subscribe to any thing, and seal to what thou wilt, for my deliverance. Thou art my restorer. Here, I deliver it thee as my deed. If there be a word in it lacking, or writ with false orthography, I protest before [heaven] I will not take the advantage.

[*Returns the writings.*

Daup. Then here is your release, sir. [*takes off*

EPICŒNE'S *peruke and other disguises.*] You have married a boy, a gentleman's son, that I have brought up this half year at my great charges, and for this composition, which I have now made with you.—What say you, master doctor? This is *justum impedimentum*, I hope, *error personæ?*

Ott. Yes, sir, *in primo gradu.*

Cut. *In primo gradu.*

Daup. I thank you, good doctor Cutbeard, and parson Otter. [*pulls their false beards and gowns off.*] You are beholden to them, sir, that have taken this pains for you; and my friend, master Truewit, who enabled them for the business. Now you may go in and rest; be as private as you will, sir. [*Exit* MOROSE.] I'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your funeral, which I care not how soon it come. — Cutbeard, I'll make your lease good. *Thank me not, but with your leg, Cutbeard.* And Tom Otter, your princess shall be reconciled to you.—How now, gentlemen, do you look at me?

Cler. A boy!

Daup. Yes, mistress Epicœne.

True. Well, Dauphine, you have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot: but much good do it thee, thou deserv'st it, lad. And, Clerimont, for thy unexpected bringing these two to confession, wear my part of it freely. Nay, sir Daw and sir La-Foole, you see the gentlewoman that has done you the favours! we are all thankful to you, and so should the woman-kind here, specially for lying on her, though not with her! you meant so, I am sure. But that we have stuck it upon you to-day, in your own imagined persons, and so lately, this Amazon, the champion of the sex, should beat you now thriftily, for the common slanders which ladies receive from such cuckoos as you are. You are they that, when no merit or fortune can make you hope to enjoy their bodies, will yet lie with their reputations, and make their fame suffer. Away, you common moths of these, and all ladies' honours. Go, travel to make legs and faces, and come home with some new matter to be laugh'd at; you deserve to live in an air as corrupted as that wherewith you feed rumour. [*Exeunt* DAW *and* LA-FOOLE.]—Madams, you are mute, upon this new metamorphosis! But here stands she that has vindicated your fames. Take heed of such insectæ hereafter. And let it not trouble you, that you have discovered any mysteries to this young gentleman: he is almost of years, and will make a good visitant within this twelvemonth. In the mean time, we'll all undertake for his secrecy, that can speak so well of his silence. [*Coming forward.*]—*Spectators, if you like this comedy, rise cheerfully, and now Morose is gone in, clap your hands. It may be, that noise will cure him, at least please him.*

[Exeunt.

THE ALCHEMIST.

TO THE LADY MOST DESERVING HER NAME AND BLOOD,

LADY MARY WROTH.

MADAM,—In the age of sacrifices, the truth of religion was not in the greatness and fat of the offerings, but in the devotion and zeal of the sacrificers: else what could a handful of gums have done in the sight of a hecatomb? or how might I appear at this altar, except with those affections that no less love the light and witness, than they have the conscience of your virtue? If what I offer bear an acceptable odour, and hold the first strength, it is your value of it, which remembers where, when, and to whom it was kindled. Otherwise, as the times are, there comes rarely forth that thing so full of authority or example, but by assiduity and custom grows less, and loses. This, yet, safe in your judgment (which is a SIDNEY'S) is forbidden to speak more, lest it talk or look like one of the ambitious faces of the time, who, the more they paint, are the less themselves.

Your ladyship's true honourer, BEN JONSON.

TO THE READER.

If thou beest more, thou art an understander, and then I trust thee. If thou art one that takest up, and but a pretender, beware of what hands thou receivest thy commodity; for thou wert never more fair in the way to be cozened, than in this age, in poetry, especially in plays: wherein, now the concupiscence of dances and of antics so reigneth, as to run away from nature, and be afraid of her, is the only point of art that tickles the spectators. But how out of purpose, and place, do I name art? When the professors are grown so obstinate contemners of it, and presumers on their own naturals, as they are deriders of all diligence that way, and, by simple mocking at the terms, when they understand not the things, think to get off wittily with their ignorance. Nay, they are esteemed the more learned, and sufficient for this, by the many, through their excellent vice of judgment. For they commend writers, as they do fencers or wrestlers; who if they come in robustuously, and put for it with a great deal of violence, are received for the braver fellows: when many times their own rudeness is the cause of their disgrace, and a little touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foil. I deny not, but that these men, who always seek to do more than enough, may some time happen on some thing that is good, and great; but very seldom: and when it comes it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. It sticks out, perhaps, and is more eminent, because all is sordid and vile about it: as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness, than a faint shadow. I speak not this, out of a hope to do good to any man against his will; for I know, if it were put to the question of theirs and mine, the worse would find more suffrages: because the most favour common errors. But I give thee this warning, that there is a great difference between those, that, to gain the opinion of copy, utter all they can, however unfitly; and those that use election and a mean. For it is only the disease of the unskilful, to think rude things greater than polished; or scattered more numerous than composed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SUBTLE, *the Alchemist.*
FACE, *the Housekeeper.*
DOL COMMON, *their Colleague.*
DAPPER, *a Lawyer's Clerk.*
DRUGGER, *a Tobacco Man.*
LOVEWIT, *Master of the House.*
SIR EPICURE MAMMON, *a Knight.*
PERTINAX SURLY, *a Gamester.*
TRIBULATION WHOLESOME, *a Pastor of Amsterdam.*
ANANIAS, *a Deacon there.*
KASTRILL, *the angry Boy.*
DAME PLIANT, *his Sister, a Widow.*
Neighbours.

Officers, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—LONDON.

ARGUMENT.

T *he sickness hot, a master quit, for fear,*
H *is house in town, and left one servant there;*
E *ase him corrupted, and gave means to know*

A *Cheater, and his punk; who now brought low,*
L *eaving their narrow practice, were become*
C *ozeners at large; and only wanting some*
H *ouse to set up, with him they here contract,*
E *ach for a share, and all begin to act.*
M *uch company they draw, and much abuse,*
I *n casting figures, telling fortunes, news,*
S *elling of flies, flat bawdry with the stone,*
T *ill it, and they, and all in fume are gone.*

PROLOGUE.

Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours,
We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,
Judging spectators; and desire, in place,
To the author justice, to ourselves but grace.
Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known,
No country's mirth is better than our own:
No clime breeds better matter for your whore,
Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,
Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage;
And which have still been subject for the rage
Or spleen of comic writers. Though this pen
Did never aim to grieve, but better men;
Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure
The vices that she breeds, above their cure.
But when the wholesome remedies are sweet,
And in their working gain and profit meet,
He hopes to find no spirit so much diseased,
But will with such fair correctives be pleased:
For here he doth not fear who can apply.
If there be any that will sit so nigh
Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,
They shall find things, they'd think or wish were done;
They are so natural follies, but so shown,
As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* LOVEWIT'S *House.*

Enter FACE, *in a captain's uniform, with his sword drawn, and* SUBTLE *with a vial, quarrelling, and followed by* DOL COMMON.

Face. Believe 't, I will.
Sub. Thy worst. I fart at thee.
Dol. Have you your wits? why, gentlemen! for love—
Face. Sirrah, I'll strip you——
Sub. What to do? lick figs
Out at my——
Face. Rogue, rogue!—out of all your sleights.
Dol. Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you madmen?
Sub. O, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your
With good strong water, an you come. [silks
Dol. Will you have
The neighbours hear you? will you betray all?
Hark! I hear somebody.
Face. Sirrah——
Sub. I shall mar
All that the tailor has made, if you approach.
Face. You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave,
Dare you do this? [
Sub. Yes, faith; yes, faith.
Face. Why, who
Am I, my mungrel? who am I?
Sub. I'll tell you,
Since you know not yourself.
Face. Speak lower, rogue.
Sub. Yes, you were once (time's not long past) the good,
Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum, that kept
Your master's worship's house here in the Friars,
For the vacations——
Face. Will you be so loud?
Sub. Since, by my means, translated suburb-
Face. By your means, doctor dog! [captain.
Sub. Within man's memory,
All this I speak of.
Face. Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanced by you, or you by me?
Do but collect, sir, where I met you first.
Sub. I do not hear well.
Face. Not of this, I think it.
But I shall put you in mind, sir;—at Pie-corner,
Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls,
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk
Piteously costive, with your pinch'd-horn-nose,
And your complexion of the Roman wash,
Stuck full of black and melancholic worms,
Like powder corns shot at the artillery-yard.
Sub. I wish you could advance your voice a little.
Face. When you went pinn'd up in the several rags
You had raked and pick'd from dunghills, before day;
Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes;
A felt of rug, and a thin threaden cloke,
That scarce would cover your no buttocks——
Sub. So, sir!
Face. When all your alchemy, and your algebra,
Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,
Your conjuring, cozening, and your dozen of trades,
Could not relieve your corps with so much linen
Would make you tinder, but to see a fire;
I gave you countenance, credit for your coals,
Your stills, your glasses, your materials;
Built you a furnace, drew you customers,
Advanced all your black arts; lent you, beside,
A house to practise in——
Sub. Your master's house!
Face. Where you have studied the more thriving skill
Of bawdry since. [
Sub. Yes, in your master's house.
You and the rats here kept possession.
Make it not strange. I know you were one could keep
The buttery-hatch still lock'd, and save the chippings,
Sell the dole beer to aqua-vitæ men, [
The which, together with your Christmas vails
At post-and-pair, your letting out of counters,
Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,
And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs,
Here, since your mistress' death hath broke up house.
Face. You might talk softlier, rascal. [
Sub. No, you scarab,
I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a Fury again,
That carries tempest in his hand and voice.
Face. The place has made you valiant.
Sub. No, your clothes.—
Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung,
So poor, so wretched, when no living thing
Would keep thee company, but a spider, or worse?
Rais'd thee from brooms, and dust, and watering-pots,
Sublimed thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee
In the third region, call'd our state of grace?
Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with pains

Would twice have won me the philosopher's work?
Put thee in words and fashion, made thee fit
For more than ordinary fellowships?
Giv'n thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimensions,
Thy rules to cheat at horse-race, cock-pit, cards,
Dice, or whatever gallant tincture else?
Made thee a second in mine own great art?
And have I this for thanks! Do you rebel,
Do you fly out in the projection?
Would you be gone now?

Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you?
Will you mar all?

Sub. Slave, thou hadst had no name——

Dol. Will you undo yourselves with civil war?

Sub. Never been known, past *equi clibanum*,
The heat of horse-dung, under ground, in cellars,
Or an ale-house darker than deaf John's; been lost
To all mankind, but laundresses and tapsters,
Had not I been.

Dol. Do you know who hears you, sovereign?

Face. Sirrah——

Dol. Nay, general, I thought you were civil.

Face. I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus

Sub. And hang thyself, I care not. [loud.

Face. Hang thee, collier,
And all thy pots, and pans, in picture, I will,
Since thou hast moved me——

Dol. O, this will o'erthrow all.

Face. Write thee up bawd in Paul's, have all thy tricks
Of cozening with a hollow cole, dust, scrapings,
Searching for things lost, with a sieve and sheers,
Erecting figures in your rows of houses,
And taking in of shadows with a glass,
Told in red letters; and a face cut for thee,
Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's.

Dol. Are you sound?
Have you your senses, masters?

Face. I will have
A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures,
Shall prove a true philosopher's stone to printers.

Sub. Away, you trencher-rascal!

Face. Out, you dog-leach!
The vomit of all prisons——

Dol. Will you be
Your own destructions, gentlemen?

Face. Still spew'd out
For lying too heavy on the basket.

Sub. Cheater!

Face. Bawd!

Sub. Cow-herd!

Face. Conjurer!

Sub. Cut-purse!

Face. Witch!

Dol. O me!
We are ruin'd, lost! have you no more regard
To your reputations? where's your judgment? 'slight,
Have yet some care of me, of your republic——

Face. Away, this brach! I'll bring thee, rogue,
The statute of sorcery, tricesimo tertio [within
Of Harry the Eighth: ay, and perhaps, thy neck
Within a noose, for laundring gold and barbing it.

Dol. [*Snatches* FACE's *sword.*] You'll bring your head within a cockscomb, will you?
And you, sir, with your menstrue—
[*Dashes* SUBTLE's *vial out of his hand.*
Gather it up.—
'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards,
Leave off your barking, and grow one again,
Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.
I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal,
For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt of you both.
Have you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the world, and shall it now be said,
You've made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves?
You will accuse him! you will *bring him in*
[*To* FACE.
Within the statute! Who shall take your word?
A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain,
Whom not a Puritan in Blackfriars will trust
So much as for a feather: and you, too, [*To* SUBTLE.
Will give the cause, forsooth! you will insult,
And claim a primacy in the divisions!
You must be chief! as if you only had
The powder to project with, and the work
Were not begun out of equality?
The venture tripartite? all things in common?
Without priority? 'Sdeath! you perpetual curs,
Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,
And lose not the beginning of a term,
Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too,
And take my part, and quit you.

Face. 'Tis his fault;
He ever murmurs, and objects his pains,
And says, the weight of all lies upon him.

Sub. Why, so it does.

Dol. How does it? do not we
Sustain our parts?

Sub. Yes, but they are not equal.

Dol. Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope
Ours may, to-morrow, match it.

Sub. Ay, they *may*.

Dol. May, murmuring mastiff! ay, and do.
Death on me!
Help me to throttle him. [*Seizes* SUB. *by the throat.*

Sub. Dorothy! mistress Dorothy!
'Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean?

Dol. Because o' your fermentation and cibation?

Sub. Not I, by heaven——

Dol. Your Sol and Luna——help me. [*To* FACE.

Sub. Would I were hang'd then! I'll conform myself.

Dal. Will you, sir? do so then, and quickly:

Sub. What should I swear? [swear.

Dol. To leave your faction, sir,
And labour kindly in the common work.

Sub. Let me not breathe if I meant aught beside.
I only used those speeches as a spur
To him.

Dol. I hope we need no spurs, sir. Do we?

Face. 'Slid, prove to-day, who shall shark best.

Sub. Agreed.

Dol. Yes, and work close and friendly.

Sub. 'Slight, the knot
Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me.
[*They shake hands.*

Dol. Why, so, my good baboons! Shall we go
A sort of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours, [make
That scarce have smiled twice since the king came
A feast of laughter at our follies? Rascals, [in,
Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,
Or you t' have but a hole to thrust your heads in,
For which you should pay ear-rent? No, agree.
And may don Provost ride a feasting long,
In his old velvet jerkin and stain'd scarfs,
My noble sovereign, and worthy general,

Ere we contribute a new crewel garter
To his most worsted worship.
Sub. Royal Dol!
Spoken like Claridiana, and thyself.
Face. For which at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,
And not be styled Dol Common, but Dol Proper,
Dol Singular: the longest cut at night,
Shall draw thee for his Doll Particular.
[*Bell rings without.*
Sub. Who's that? one rings. To the window, Dol: [*Exit* DOL.]—pray heaven,
The master do not trouble us this quarter.
Face. O, fear not him. While there dies one a week
O' the plague, he's safe, from thinking toward London:
Beside, he's busy at his hop-yards now; [don:
I had a letter from him. If he do,
He'll send such word, for airing of the house,
As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:
Though we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.

Re-enter DOL.

Sub. Who is it, Dol?
Dol. A fine young quodling.
Face. O,
My lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night,
In Holborn, at the Dagger. He would have
(I told you of him) a familiar,
To rifle with at horses, and win cups.
Dol. O, let him in.
Sub. Stay. Who shall do't?
Face. Get you
Your robes on: I will meet him as going out.
Dol. And what shall I do?
Face. Not be seen; away! [*Exit* DOL.
Seem you very reserv'd.
Sub. Enough. [*Exit.*
Face. [*aloud and retiring.*] God be wi' you, sir,
I pray you let him know that I was here:
His name is Dapper. I would gladly have staid,
Dap. [*within.*] Captain, I am here. [but—
Face. Who's that?—He's come, I think, doctor.

Enter DAPPER.

Good faith, sir, I was going away.
Dap. In truth,
I am very sorry, captain.
Face. But I thought
Sure I should meet you.
Dap. Ay, I am very glad.
I had a scurvy writ or two to make,
And I had lent my watch last night to one
That dines to-day at the sheriff's, and so was robb'd
Of my past-time.

Re-enter SUBTLE, *in his velvet Cap and Gown.*

Is this the cunning-man?
Face. This is his worship.
Dap. Is he a doctor?
Face. Yes.
Dap. And you have broke with him, captain?
Face. Ay.
Dap. And how?
Face. Faith, he does make the matter, sir, so
I know not what to say. [dainty
Dap. Not so, good captain.
Face. Would I were fairly rid of it, believe me.
Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why should you wish so?
I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.
Face. I cannot think you will, sir. But the law
Is such a thing——and then he says, Read's matter
Falling so lately.
Dap. Read! he was an ass,
And dealt, sir, with a fool.
Face. It was a clerk, sir.
Dap. A clerk!
Face. Nay, hear me, sir, you know the law
Better, I think——
Dap. I should, sir, and the danger:
You know, I shew'd the statute to you.
Face. You did so.
Dap. And will I tell then! By this hand of flesh,
Would it might never write good court-hand more,
If I discover. What do you think of me,
That I am a chiaus?
Face. What's that?
Dap. The Turk was here.
As one would say, do you think I am a Turk?
Face. I'll tell the doctor so.
Dap. Do, good sweet captain.
Face. Come, noble doctor, pray thee let's prevail;
This is the gentleman, and he is no chiaus.
Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my answer.
I would do much, sir, for your love——But this
I neither may, nor can.
Face. Tut, do not say so.
You deal now with a noble fellow, doctor,
One that will thank you richly; and he is no chiaus:
Let that, sir, move you.
Sub. Pray you, forbear——
Face. He has
Four angels here.
Sub. You do me wrong, good sir.
Face. Doctor, wherein? to tempt you with these spirits?
Sub. To tempt my art and love, sir, to my peril.
Fore heaven, I scarce can think you are my friend,
That so would draw me to apparent danger.
Face. I draw you! a horse draw you, and a
You, and your flies together—— [halter,
Dap. Nay, good captain.
Face. That know no difference of men.
Sub. Good words, sir.
Face. Good deeds, sir, doctor dogs-meat. 'Slight, I bring you
No cheating Clim o' the Cloughs, or Claribels,
That look as big as five-and-fifty, and flush;
And spit out secrets like hot custard—
Dap. Captain!
Face. Nor any melancholic under-scribe,
Shall tell the vicar; but a special gentle,
That is the heir to forty marks a year,
Consorts with the small poets of the time,
Is the sole hope of his old grandmother;
That knows the law, and writes you six fair hands,
Is a fine clerk, and has his cyphering perfect,
Will take his oath o' the Greek Testament,
If need be, in his pocket; and can court
His mistress out of Ovid.
Dap. Nay, dear captain——
Face. Did you not tell me so?
Dap. Yes; but I'd have you
Use master doctor with some more respect.
Face. Hang him, proud stag, with his broad velvet head!—
But for your sake, I'd choak, ere I would change
An article of breath with such a puckfist:
Come, let's be gone. [*Going*
Sub. Pray you let me speak with you.

Dap. His worship calls you, captain.
Face. I am sorry
I e'er embark'd myself in such a business.
Dap. Nay, good sir; he did call you.
Face. Will he take then?
Sub. First, hear me——
Face. Not a syllable, 'less you take.
Sub. Pray you, sir——
Face. Upon no terms, but an *assumpsit.*
Sub. Your humour must be law.
[*He takes the four angels.*
Face. Why now, sir, talk.
Now I dare hear you with mine honour. Speak.
So may this gentleman too.
Sub. Why, sir—— [*Offering to whisper* FACE.
Face. No whispering.
Sub. Fore heaven, you do not apprehend the
You do yourself in this. [loss
Face. Wherein? for what?
Sub. Marry, to be so importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all:
He'll win up all the money in the town.
Face. How!
Sub. Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester,
As they do crackers in a puppet play.
If I do give him a familiar,
Give you him all you play for; never set him:
For he will have it.
Face. You are mistaken, doctor.
Why he does ask one but for cups and horses,
A rifling fly; none of your great familiars.
Dap. Yes, captain, I would have it for all games.
Sub. I told you so.
Face. [*Taking* DAP. *aside.*] 'Slight, that is a new business!
I understood you, a tame bird, to fly
Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights,
When you had left the office, for a nag
Of forty or fifty shillings.
Dap. Ay, 'tis true, sir;
But I do think now I shall leave the law,
And therefore——
Face. Why, this changes quite the case.
Do you think that I dare move him?
Dap. If you please, sir;
All's one to him, I see.
Face. What! for that money?
I cannot with my conscience; nor should you
Make the request, methinks.
Dap. No, sir, I mean
To add consideration.
Face. Why then, sir,
I'll try.—[*Goes to* SUBTLE.] Say that it were for all games, doctor?
Sub. I say then, not a mouth shall eat for him
At any ordinary, but on the score,
That is a gaming mouth, conceive me.
Face. Indeed!
Sub. He'll draw you all the treasure of the realm,
If it be set him.
Face. Speak you this from art?
Sub. Ay, sir, and reason too, the ground of art.
He is of the only best complexion,
The queen of Fairy loves.
Face. What! is he?
Sub. Peace.
He'll overhear you. Sir, should she but see him—
Face. What?
Sub. Do not you tell him.
Face. Will he win at cards too?
Sub. The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,
You'd swear were in him; such a vigorous luck
As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put
Six of your gallants to a cloke, indeed.
Face. A strange success, that some man shall be
Sub. He hears you, man—— [born to!
Dap. Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.
Face. Faith, I have confidence in his good na-
You hear, he says he will not be ingrateful. [ture:
Sub. Why, as you please; my venture follows yours.
Face. Troth, do it, doctor; think him trusty, and make him.
He may make us both happy in an hour;
Win some five thousand pound, and send us two
Dap. Believe it, and I will, sir. [on't.
Face. And you shall, sir. [*Takes him aside.*
You have heard all?
Dap. No, what was't? Nothing, I, sir.
Face. Nothing!
Dap. A little, sir.
Face. Well, a rare star
Reign'd at your birth.
Dap. At mine, sir! No.
Face. The doctor
Swears that you are——
Sub. Nay, captain, you'll tell all now.
Face. Allied to the queen of Fairy.
Dap. Who? that I am?
Believe it, no such matter——
Face. Yes, and that
You were born with a caul on your head.
Dap. Who says so?
Face. Come,
You know it well enough, though you dissemble it.
Dap. I'fac, I do not: you are mistaken.
Face. How!
Swear by your fac, and in a thing so known
Unto the doctor? How shall we, sir, trust you
In the other matter? can we ever think,
When you have won five or six thousand pound,
You'll send us shares in't, by this rate?
Dap. By Jove, sir,
I'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half.
I' fac's no oath.
Sub. No, no, he did but jest.
Face. Go to. Go thank the doctor: he's your
To take it so. [friend,
Dap. I thank his worship.
Face. So!
Another angel.
Dap. Must I?
Face. Must you! 'slight,
What else is thanks? will you be trivial?—Doctor,
[DAPPER *gives him the money.*
When must he come for his familiar?
Dap. Shall I not have it with me?
Sub. O, good sir!
There must a world of ceremonies pass;
You must be bath'd and fumigated first:
Besides the queen of Fairy does not rise
Till it be noon.
Face. Not, if she danced, to-night.
Sub. And she must bless it.
Face. Did you never see
Her royal grace yet?
Dap. Whom?
Face. Your aunt of Fairy?
Sub. Not since she kist him in the cradle,
I can resolve you that. [captain;

Face. Well, see her grace,
Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.
It will be somewhat hard to compass; but
However, see her. You are made, believe it,
If you can see her. Her grace is a lone woman,
And very rich; and if she take a fancy,
She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.
'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has:
It is the doctor's fear.
Dap. How will't be done, then?
Face. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do [you
But say to me, captain, I'll see her grace.
Dap. *Captain, I'll see her grace.*
Face. Enough. [*Knocking within.*
Sub. Who's there?
Anon.—Conduct him forth by the back way.—
[*Aside to* FACE.
Sir, against one o'clock prepare yourself;
Till when you must be fasting; only take
Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,
Two at your mouth, and one at either ear;
Then bathe your fingers ends and wash your eyes,
To sharpen your five senses, and cry *hum*
Thrice, and then *bux* as often; and then come.
[*Exit.*
Face. Can you remember this?
Dap. I warrant you.
Face. Well then, away. It is but your bestowing
Some twenty nobles 'mong her grace's servants,
And put on a clean shirt: you do not know
What grace her grace may do you in clean linen.
[*Exeunt* FACE *and* DAPPER.
Sub. [*within.*] Come in! Good wives, I pray
you forbear me now;
Troth I can do you no good till afternoon—

Re-enters, followed by DRUGGER.

What is your name, say you, Abel Drugger?
Drug. Yes, sir.
Sub. A seller of tobacco?
Drug. Yes, sir.
Sub. Umph!
Free of the grocers?
Drug. Ay, an't please you.
Sub. Well——
Your business, Abel?
Drug. This, an't please your worship;
I am a young beginner, and am building
Of a new shop, an't like your worship, just
At corner of a street:—Here is the plot on't—
And I would know by art, sir, of your worship,
Which way I should make my door, by necromancy,
And where my shelves; and which should be for boxes,
And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir:
And I was wish'd to your worship by a gentleman,
One captain Face, that says you know men's [planets,
And their good angels, and their bad.
Sub. I do,
If I do see them———

Re-enter FACE.

Face. What! my honest Abel?
Thou art well met here.
Drug. Troth, sir, I was speaking,
Just as your worship came here, of your worship:
I pray you speak for me to master doctor.
Face. He shall do anything.—Doctor, do you
This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow; [hear!
He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not
Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil,
Nor washes it in muscadel and grains,
Nor buries it in gravel, under ground,
Wrapp'd up in greasy leather, or piss'd clouts;
But keeps it in fine lily pots, that, open'd,
Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.
He has his maple block, his silver tongs,
Winchester pipes, and fire of Juniper:
A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.
Sub. He is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on.
Face. Already, sir, have you found it? Lo thee,
Sub. And in right way toward riches— [Abel!
Face. Sir!
Sub. This summer
He will be of the clothing of his company,
And next spring call'd to the scarlet; spend what
Face. What, and so little beard? [he can.
Sub. Sir, you must think,
He may have a receipt to make hair come:
But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't;
His fortune looks for him another way.
Face. 'Slid, doctor, how canst thou know this
I am amused at that! [so soon?
Sub. By a rule, captain,
In metoposcopy, which I do work by;
A certain star in the forehead, which you see not.
Your chesnut or your olive-colour'd face
Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise.
I knew't by certain spots, too, in his teeth,
And on the nail of his mercurial finger.
Face. Which finger's that?
Sub. His little finger. Look.
You were born upon a Wednesday?
Drug. Yes, indeed, sir.
Sub. The thumb, in chiromancy, we give Venus;
The fore-finger, to Jove; the midst, to Saturn;
The ring, to Sol; the least, to Mercury,
Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope,
His house of life being Libra; which fore-show'd,
He should be a merchant, and should trade with balance.
Face. Why, this is strange! Is it not, honest Nab?
Sub. There is a ship now, coming from Ormus,
That shall yield him such a commodity
Of drugs——This is the west, and this the south?
[*Pointing to the plan.*
Drug. Yes, sir.
Sub. And those are your two sides?
Drug. Ay, sir.
Sub. Make me your door, then, south; your broad side, west:
And on the east side of your shop, aloft,
Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat;
Upon the north part, Rael, Velel, Thiel.
They are the names of those mercurial spirits,
That do fright flies from boxes.
Drug. Yes, sir.
Sub. And
Beneath your threshold, bury me a load-stone
To draw in gallants that wear spurs: the rest,
They'll seem to follow.
Face. That's a secret, Nab!
Sub. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice
And a court-fucus to call city-dames:
You shall deal much with minerals.
Drug. Sir, I have
At home, already———
Sub. Ay, I know you have arsenic,
Vitriol, sal-t .rtar, argaile, alkali,

Cinoper: I know all.—This fellow, captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,
And give a say—I will not say directly,
But very fair—at the philosopher's stone.
Face. Why, how now, Abel! is this true?
Drug. Good captain,
What must I give? [*Aside to* FACE.
Face. Nay, I'll not counsel thee.
Thou hear'st what wealth (he says, spend what
Thou'rt like to come to. [thou canst,)
Drug. I would gi' him a crown.
Face. A crown! and toward such a fortune? heart,
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?
Drug. Yes, I have a portague, I have kept this half year.
Face. Out on thee, Nab! 'Slight, there was such an offer—
Shalt keep't no longer, I'll give't him for thee. Doctor,
Nab prays your worship to drink this, and swears
He will appear more grateful, as your skill
Does raise him in the world.
Drug. I would entreat
Another favour of his worship.
Face. What is't, Nab?
Drug. But to look over, sir, my almanack,
And cross out my ill days, that I may neither
Bargain, nor trust upon them.
Face. That he shall, Nab;
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.
Sub. And a direction for his shelves.
Face. Now, Nab,
Art thou well pleased, Nab?
Drug. 'Thank, sir, both your worships.
Face. Away.— [*Exit* DRUGGER.
Why, now, you smoaky persecutor of nature!
Now do you see, that something's to be done,
Beside your beech-coal, and your corsive waters,
Your crosslets, crucibels, and cucurbites?
You must have stuff brought home to you, to work
And yet you think, I am at no expense [on:
In searching out these veins, then following them,
Then trying them out. 'Fore God, my intelligence
Costs me more money, than my share oft comes to,
In these rare works.
Sub. You are pleasant, sir.—

Re-enter DOL.

How now!
What says my dainty Dolkin?
Dol. Yonder fish-wife
Will not away. And there's your giantess,
The bawd of Lambeth.
Sub. Heart, I cannot speak with them.
Dol. Not afore night, I have told them in a voice,
Thorough the trunk, like one of your familiars.
But I have spied sir Epicure Mammon——
Sub. Where?
Dol. Coming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue
To one that's with him.
Sub. Face, go you, and shift. [*Exit* FACE,
Dol, you must presently make ready, too.
Dol. Why, what's the matter?
Sub. O, I did look for him
With the sun's rising: 'marvel he could sleep,
This is the day I am to perfect for him
The magisterium, our great work, the stone;
And yield it, made, into his hands: of which
He has, this month, talk'd as he were possess'd.
And now he's dealing pieces on't away.—
Methinks I see him entering ordinaries,
Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses,
Reaching his dose, walking Moorfields for lepers,
And offering citizens' wives pomander-bracelets,
As his preservative, made of the elixir;
Searching the spittal, to make old bawds young;
And the highways, for beggars, to make rich:
I see no end of his labours. He will make
Nature asham'd of her long sleep: when art,
Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,
In her best love to mankind, ever could:
If his dream lasts, he'll turn the age to gold.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Outer Room in* LOVEWIT'S *House.*

Enter SIR EPICURE MAMMON *and* SURLY.

Mam. Come on, sir. Now, you set your foot
In *Novo Orbe;* here's the rich Peru: [on shore
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! he was sailing to't,
Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months.
This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, BE RICH;
THIS DAY YOU SHALL BE SPECTATISSIMI.
You shall no more deal with the hollow dye,
Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping
The livery-punk for the young heir, that must
Seal, at all hours, in his shirt: no more,
If he deny, have him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the commodity. No more
Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger
Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloke,
To be display'd at madam Augusta's make
The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
The golden calf, and on their knees, whole nights,
Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets:
Or go a feasting after drum and ensign.
No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys,
And have your punks, and punketees, my Surly.
And unto thee I speak it first, BE RICH.
Where is my Subtle, there? Within, ho!
Face. [*Within.*] Sir, he'll come to you by and by.
Mam. That is his fire-drake,
His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,
Till he firk nature up, in her own centre.
You are not faithful, sir. This night, I'll change
All that is metal, in my house, to gold:
And, early in the morning, will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury
For all the copper.
Sur. What, and turn that too?

Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,
And make them perfect Indies! you admire now?
Sur. No, faith.
Mam. But when you see th' effects of the Great Medicine,
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the sun;
Nay, to a thousand, so ad infinitum:
You will believe me.
Sur. Yes, when I see't, I will.
But if my eyes do cozen me so, and I
Giving them no occasion, sure I'll have
A whore, shall piss them out next day.
Mam. Ha! why?
Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the sun,
The perfect ruby, which we call elixir,
Not only can do that, but, by its virtue,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life;
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,
I'll make an old man of fourscore, a child.
Sur. No doubt; he's that already.
Mam. Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,
Young giants; as our philosophers have done,
The ancient patriarchs, afore the flood,
But taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it;
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.
Sur. The decay'd vestals of Pict-hatch would
That keep the fire alive, there. [thank you,
Mam. 'Tis the secret
Of nature naturiz'd 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day, a year's in twelve;
And, of what age soever, in a month:
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
I'll undertake, withall, to fright the plague
Out of the kingdom in three months.
Sur. And I'll
Be bound, the players shall sing your praises, then,
Without their poets.
Mam. Sir, I'll do't. Mean time,
I'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve the whole city, with preservative,
Weekly; each house his dose, and at the rate—
Sur. As he that built the Water-work, does with water?
Mam. You are incredulous.
Sur. Faith I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your stone
Cannot transmute me.
Mam. Pertinax, [my] Surly,
Will you believe antiquity? records?
I'll shew you a book where Moses and his sister,
And Solomon have written of the art;
Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam—
Sur. How!
Mam. Of the philosopher's stone, and in High Dutch.
Sur. Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?
Mam. He did;
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.
Sur. What paper?
Mam. On cedar board.
Sur. O that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms.
Mam. 'Tis like your Irish wood,
'Gainst cob-webs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece,
Which was no other than a book of alchemy, [too
Writ in large sheep-skin, a good fat ram-vellum.
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub,
And, all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work; the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire; our argent-vive, the dragon:
The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting;
And they are gather'd into Jason's helm,
The alembic, and then sow'd in Mars his field,
And thence sublimed so often, till they're fix'd.
Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,
Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,
Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our stone.—

Enter FACE, *as a Servant.*

How now!
Do we succeed? Is our day come? and holds it?
Face. The evening will set red upon you, sir;
You have colour for it, crimson: the red ferment
Has done his office; three hours hence prepare you
To see projection.
Mam. Pertinax, my Surly,
Again I say to thee, aloud, Be rich.
This day, thou shalt have ingots; and, to-morrow,
Give lords th' affront.—Is it, my Zephyrus, right?
Blushes the bolt's-head?
Face. Like a wench with child, sir,
That were but now discover'd to her master.
Mam. Excellent witty Lungs!—my only care is,
Where to get stuff enough now, to project on;
This town will not half serve me.
Face. No, sir! buy
The covering off o' churches.
Mam. That's true.
Face. Yes.
Let them stand bare, as do their auditory;
Or cap them, new, with shingles.
Mam. No, good thatch:
Thatch will lie light upon the rafters, Lungs.—
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace;
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe,
Lost in the embers; and repair this brain,
Hurt with the fume o' the metals.
Face. I have blown, sir,
Hard for your worship; thrown by many a coal,
When 'twas not beech; weigh'd those I put in, just,
To keep your heat still even; these blear'd eyes
Have wak'd to read your several colours, sir,
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,
The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.
Mam. And, lastly,
Thou hast descry'd the flower, the sanguis agni?
Face. Yes, sir.
Mam. Where's master?
Face. At his prayers, sir, he;
Good man, he's doing his devotions
For success.
Mam. Lungs, I will set a period
To all thy labours; thou shalt be the master
Of my seraglio.
Face. Good, sir.
Mam. But do you hear?
I'll geld you, Lungs.
Face. Yes, sir.
Mam. For I do mean
To have a list of wives and concubines,

Equal with Solomon, who had the stone
Alike with me; and I will make me a back
With the elixir, that shall be as tough
As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.—
Thou art sure thou saw'st it blood?
Face. Both blood and spirit, sir.
Mam. I will have all my beds blown up, not stuft:
Down is too hard: and then, mine oval room
Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses
Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse
And multiply the figures, as I walk
Naked between my succubæ. My mists
I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,
To lose ourselves in; and my baths, like pits
To fall into; from whence we will come forth,
And roll us dry in gossamer and roses.—
Is it arrived at ruby?——Where I spy
A wealthy citizen, or [a] rich lawyer,
Have a sublimed pure wife, unto that fellow
I'll send a thousand pound to be my cuckold.
Face. And I shall carry it?
Mam. No. I'll have no bawds,
But fathers and mothers: they will do it best,
Best of all others. And my flatterers
Shall be the pure and gravest of divines,
That I can get for money. My mere fools,
Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets
The same that writ so subtly of the fart,
Whom I will entertain still for that subject.
The few that would give out themselves to be
Court and town-stallions, and, each-where, bely
Ladies who are known most innocent for them;
Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of:
And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails
A-piece, made in a plume to gather wind.
We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the med'cine.
My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,
Dishes of agat set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.
The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,
Boil'd in the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,
Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy:
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
The beards of barbels served, instead of sallads;
Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Drest with an exquisite, and poignant sauce;
For which, I'll say unto my cook, *There's gold,*
Go forth, and be a knight.
Face. Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens. [*Exit.*
Mam. Do.—My shirts
I'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft and light
As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment,
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot anew.
My gloves of fishes and birds' skins, perfumed
With gums of paradise, and eastern air——
Sur. And do you think to have the stone with this?
Mam. No, I do think t' have all this with the stone.
Sur. Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.
Mam. That makes it, sir; he is so: but I buy it;
My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good soul,
Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
With prayer and fasting for it: and sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes.
Not a profane word afore him: 'tis poison.—

Enter SUBTLE.

Good morrow, father.
Sub. Gentle son, good morrow.
And to your friend there. What is he, is with you?
Mam. An heretic, that I did bring along,
In hope, sir, to convert him.
Sub. Son, I doubt
You are covetous, that thus you meet your time
In the just point: prevent your day at morning.
This argues something, worthy of a fear
Of importune and carnal appetite.
Take heed you do not cause the blessing leave you,
With your ungovern'd haste. I should be sorry
To see my labours, now even at perfection,
Got by long watching and large patience,
Not prosper where my love and zeal hath placed them.
Which (heaven I call to witness, with your self,
To whom I have pour'd my thoughts) in all my ends,
Have look'd no way, but unto public good,
To pious uses, and dear charity
Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein
If you, my son, should now prevaricate,
And, to your own particular lusts employ
So great and catholic a bliss, be sure
A curse will follow, yea, and overtake
Your subtle and most secret ways.
Mam. I know, sir;
You shall not need to fear me: I but come,
To have you confute this gentleman.
Sur. Who is,
Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief
Toward your stone; would not be gull'd.
Sub. Well, son,
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The WORK IS DONE, bright sol is in his robe.
We have a medicine of the triple soul,
The glorified spirit. Thanks be to heaven,
And make us worthy of it!—Ulen Spiegel!
Face. [*within.*] Anon, sir.
Sub. Look well to the register.
And let your heat still lessen by degrees,
To the aludels.
Face. [*within.*] Yes, sir.
Sub. Did you look
O the bolt's-head yet?
Face. [*within.*] Which? on D, sir?
Sub. Ay;
What's the complexion?
Face. [*within.*] Whitish.
Sub. Infuse vinegar,
To draw his volatile substance and his tincture:
And let the water in glass E be filter'd,
And put into the gripe's egg. Lute him well;
And leave him closed in balneo.
Face. [*within.*] I will, sir.
Sur. What a brave language here is! next to canting.
Sub. I have another work, you never saw, son
That three days since past the philosopher's wheel
In the lent heat of Athanor; and's become
Sulphur of Nature.

Mam. But 'tis for me?
Sub. What need you?
You have enough in that is perfect.
Mam. O but——
Sub. Why, this is covetise!
Mam. No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all in pious uses,
Founding of colleges and grammar schools,
Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,
And now and then a church.

Re-enter FACE.

Sub. How now!
Face. Sir, please you,
Shall I not change the filter?
Sub. Marry, yes;
And bring me the complexion of glass B.
[*Exit* FACE.
Mam. Have you another?
Sub. Yes, son; were I assured—
Your piety were firm, we would not want
The means to glorify it: but I hope the best.—
I mean to tinct C in sand-heat to-morrow,
And give him imbibition.
Mam. Of white oil?
Sub. No, sir, of red. F is come over the helm
I thank my Maker, in S. Mary's bath, [too,
And shews *lac virginis*. Blessed be heaven!
I sent you of his fæces there calcined:
Out of that calx, I have won the salt of mercury.
Mam. By pouring on your rectified water?
Sub. Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.

Re-enter FACE.

How now! what colour says it?
Face. The ground black, sir.
Mam. That's your crow's head?
Sur. Your cock's-comb's, is it not?
Sub. No, 'tis not perfect. Would it were the
That work wants something. [crow!
Sur. O, I look'd for this.
The hay's a pitching. [*Aside.*
Sub. Are you sure you loosed them
In their own menstrue?
Face. Yes, sir, and then married them,
And put them in a bolt's-head nipp'd to digestion,
According as you bade me, when I set
The liquor of Mars to circulation
In the same heat.
Sub. The process then was right.
Face. Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake,
And what was saved was put into the pelican,
And sign'd with Hermes' seal.
Sub. I think 'twas so.
We should have a new amalgama.
Sur. O, this ferret
Is rank as any pole-cat. [*Aside.*
Sub. But I care not:
Let him e'en die; we have enough beside,
In embrion. H has his white shirt on?
Face. Yes, sir,
He's ripe for ineration, he stands warm,
In his ash-fire. I would not you should let
Any die now, if I might counsel, sir,
For luck's sake to the rest: it is not good.
Mam. He says right.
Sur. Ay, are you bolted? [*Aside.*
Face. Nay, I know't, sir,
I have seen the ill fortune. What is some three
Of fresh materials? [ounces
Mam. Is't no more?
Face. No more, sir,
Of gold, t'amalgame with some six of mercury.
Mam. Away, here's money. What will serve?
Face. Ask him, sir.
Mam. How much?
Sub. Give him nine pound:—you may give him
Sur. Yes, twenty, and be cozen'd, do. [ten.
Mam. There 'tis. [*Gives* FACE *the money.*
Sub. This needs not; but that you will have it
To see conclusions of all: for two [so,
Of our inferior works are at fixation,
A third is in ascension. Go your ways.
Have you set the oil of luna in kemia?
Face. Yes, sir.
Sub. And the philosopher's vinegar?
Face. Ay. [*Exit*
Sur. We shall have a sallad!
Mam. When do you make projection?
Sub. Son, be not hasty, I exalt our med'cine,
By hanging him *in balneo vaporoso*,
And giving him solution; then congeal him;
And then dissolve him; then again congeal him:
For look, how oft I iterate the work,
So many times I add unto his virtue.
As, if at first one ounce convert a hundred,
After his second loose, he'll turn a thousand;
His third solution, ten; his fourth, a hundred:
After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces
Of any imperfect metal, into pure
Silver or gold, in all examinations,
As good as any of the natural mine.
Get you your stuff here against afternoon,
Your brass, your pewter, and your andirons.
Mam. Not those of iron?
Sub. Yes, you may bring them too:
We'll change all metals.
Sur. I believe you in that.
Mam. Then I may send my spits?
Sub. Yes, and your racks.
Sur. And dripping pans, and pot-hangers, and
Shall he not? hooks,
Sub. If he please.
Sur. —To be an ass.
Sub. How, sir!
Mam. This gentleman you must bear withal:
I told you he had no faith.
Sur. And little hope, sir;
But much less charity, should I gull myself.
Sub. Why, what have you observ'd, sir, in our
Seems so impossible? [art,
Sur. But your whole work, no more.
That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,
As they do eggs in Egypt!
Sub. Sir, do you
Believe that eggs are hatch'd so?
Sur. If I should?
Sub. Why, I think that the greater miracle.
No egg but differs from a chicken more
Than metals in themselves.
Sur. That cannot be.
The egg's ordain'd by nature to that end,
And is a chicken *in potentia*.
Sub. The same we say of lead and other metals,
Which would be gold, if they had time.
Mam. And that
Our art doth further.
Sub. Ay, for 'twere absurd
To think that nature in the earth bred gold
Perfect in the instant: something went before.
There must be remote matter.

Sur. Ay, what is that?
Sub. Marry, we say—
Mam. Ay, now it heats: stand, father,
Pound him to dust.
Sub. It is, of the one part,
A humid exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the unctuous water;
On the other part, a certain crass and vicious
Portion of earth; both which, concorporate,
Do make the elementary matter of gold;
Which is not yet *propria materia*,
But common to all metals and all stones;
For, where it is forsaken of that moisture,
And hath more driness, it becomes a stone:
Where it retains more of the humid fatness,
It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver,
Who are the parents of all other metals.
Nor can this remote matter suddenly
Progress so from extreme unto extreme,
As to grow gold, and leap o'er all the means.
Nature doth first beget the imperfect, then
Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy
And oily water, mercury is engender'd;
Sulphur of the fat and earthy part; the one,
Which is the last, supplying the place of male,
The other of the female, in all metals.
Some do believe hermaphrodeity,
That both do act and suffer. But these two
Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.
And even in gold they are; for we do find
Seeds of them, by our fire, and gold in them;
And can produce the species of each metal
More perfect thence, than nature doth in earth.
Beside, who doth not see in daily practice
Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, wasps,
Out of the carcasses and dung of creatures;
Yea, scorpions of an herb, being rightly placed?
And these are living creatures, far more perfect
And excellent than metals.
Mam. Well said, father!
Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,
He'll bray you in a mortar.
Sur. Pray you, sir, stay.
Rather than I'll be bray'd, sir, I'll believe
That Alchemy is a pretty kind of game,
Somewhat like tricks o'the cards, to cheat a man
With charming.
Sub. Sir?
Sur. What else are all your terms,
Whereon no one of your writers 'grees with other?
Of your elixir, your *lac virginis*,
Your stone, your med'cine, and your chrysosperme,
Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercury,
Your oil of height, your tree of life, your blood,
Your marchesite, your tutie, your magnesia,
Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your panther;
Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop,
Your lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, heautarit,
And then your red man, and your white woman,
With all your broths, your menstrues, and materials,
Of piss and egg-shells, women's terms, man's blood,
Hair o' the head, burnt clouts, chalk, merds, and clay,
Powder of bones, scalings of iron, glass,
And worlds of other strange ingredients,
Would burst a man to name?
Sub. And all these named,
Intending but one thing: which art our writers
Used to obscure their art.
Mam. Sir, so I told him—
Because the simple idiot should not learn it,
And make it vulgar.
Sub. Was not all the knowledge
Of the Ægyptians writ in mystic symbols?
Speak not the scriptures oft in parables?
Are not the choicest fables of the poets,
That were the fountains and first springs of wisdom,
Wrapp'd in perplexed allegories?
Mam. I urg'd that,
And clear'd to him, that Sysiphus was damn'd
To roll the ceaseless stone, only because
He would have made Ours common. [DOL *appears at the door.*]—Who is this?
Sub. 'Sprecious!—What do you mean? go in, good lady,
Let me entreat you. [DOL *retires.*]—Where's this varlet?

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Sir.
Sub. You very knave! do you use me thus?
Face. Wherein, sir?
Sub. Go in and see, you traitor. Go! [*Exit* FACE.
Mam. Who is it, sir?
Sub. Nothing, sir; nothing.
Mam. What's the matter, good sir?
I have not seen you thus distemper'd: who is't?
Sub. All arts have still had, sir, their adversaries,
But ours the most ignorant.—

Re-enter FACE.

What now?
Face. 'Twas not my fault, sir; she would speak with you.
Sub. Would she, sir! Follow me. [*Exit.*
Mam. [*stopping him.*] Stay, Lungs.
Face. I dare not, sir.
Man. Stay, man; what is she?
Face. A lord's sister, sir.
Mam. How! pray thee, stay.
Face. She's mad, sir, and sent hither—
He'll be mad too—
Mam. I warrant thee.—
Why sent hither?
Face. Sir, to be cured.
Sub. [*within.*] Why, rascal!
Face. Lo you!—Here, sir! [*Exit.*
Mam. 'Fore God, a Bradamante, a brave piece.
Sur. Heart, this is a bawdy-house! I will be burnt else.
Mam. O, by this light, no: do not wrong him.
Too scrupulous that way: it is his vice. He's
No, he's a rare physician, do him right,
An excellent Paracelsian, and has done
Strange cures with mineral physic. He deals all
With spirits, he; he will not hear a word
Of Galen, or his tedious recipes.—

Re-enter FACE.

How now, Lungs!
Face. Softly, sir; speak softly. I meant
To have told your worship all. This must not hear.
Mam. No, he will not be "gull'd:" let him alone.
Face. You are very right, sir, she is a most rare scholar,
And is gone mad with studying Broughton's works.
If you but name a word touching the Hebrew,

She falls into her fit, and will discourse
So learnedly of genealogies,
As you would run mad too, to hear her, sir.
Mam. How might one do t' have conference with her, Lungs?
Face. O divers have run mad upon the confer-
I do not know, sir. I am sent in haste, [ence:
To fetch a vial.
Sur. Be not gull'd, sir Mammon.
Mam. Wherein? pray ye, be patient.
Sur. Yes, as you are,
And trust confederate knaves and bawds and whores.
Mam. You are too foul, believe it.—Come here,
One word. [Ulen,
Face. I dare not, in good faith. [*Going.*
Mam. Stay, knave.
Face. He is extreme angry that you saw her, sir.
Mam. Drink that. [*Gives him money.*] What is she when she's out of her fit?
Face. O, the most affablest creature, sir! so merry!
So pleasant! she'll mount you up, like quick-silver,
Over the helm; and circulate like oil,
A very vegetal: discourse of state,
Of mathematics, bawdry, any thing——
Mam. Is she no way accessible? no means,
No trick to give a man a taste of her——wit——
Or so?
Sub. [*within.*] Ulen!
Face. I'll come to you again, sir. [*Exit.*
Mam. Surly, I did not think one of your breed-
Would traduce personages of worth. [ing
Sur. Sir Epicure,
Your friend to use; yet still loth to be gull'd:
I do not like your philosophical bawds.
Their stone is letchery enough to pay for,
Without this bait.
Mam. 'Heart, you abuse yourself.
I know the lady, and her friends, and means,
The original of this disaster. Her brother
Has told me all.
Sur. And yet you never saw her
Till now!
Mam. O yes, but I forgot. I have, believe it,
One of the treacherousest memories, I do think,
Of all mankind.
Sur. What call you her brother?
Mam. My lord——
He will not have his name known, now I think on't.
Sur. A very treacherous memory!
Mam. On my faith——
Sur. Tut, if you have it not about you, pass it,
Till we meet next.
Mam. Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.
He's one I honour, and my noble friend;
And I respect his house.
Sur. Heart! can it be,
That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wise sir, too, at other times, should thus,
With his own oaths, and arguments, make hard
To gull himself? An this be your elixir, [means
Your *lapis mineralis*, and your lunary,
Give me your honest trick yet at primero,
Or gleek; and take your *lutum sapientis*,
Your *menstruum simplex!* I'll have gold before you,
And with less danger of the quicksilver,
Or the hot sulphur.

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Here's one from captain Face, sir, [*to* SURLY.]
Desires you meet him in the Temple-church,
Some half hour hence, and upon earnest business.
Sir, [*whispers* MAMMON.] if you please to quit us, now; and come
Again within two hours, you shall have
My master busy examining o' the works;
And I will steal you in, unto the party,
That you may see her converse.—Sir, shall I say,
You'll meet the captain's worship?
Sur. Sir, I will.— [*Walks aside.*
But, by attorney, and to a second purpose.
Now, I am sure it is a bawdy-house;
I'll swear it, were the marshal here to thank me:
The naming this commander doth confirm it.
Don Face! why he's the most authentic dealer
In these commodities, the superintendant
To all the quainter traffickers in town!
He is the visitor, and does appoint,
Who lies with whom, and at what hour; what price;
Which gown, and in what smock; what fall; what
Him will I prove, by a third person, to find [tire.
The subtleties of this dark labyrinth:
Which if I do discover, dear sir Mammon,
You'll give your poor friend leave, though no philosopher,
To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep.
Face. Sir, he does pray, you'll not forget.
Sur. I will not, sir.
Sir Epicure, I shall leave you. [*Exit.*
Mam. I follow you, straight.
Face. But do so, good sir, to avoid suspicion.
This gentleman has a parlous head.
Mam. But wilt thou, Ulen,
Be constant to thy promise?
Face. As my life, sir.
Mam. And wilt thou insinuate what I am, and
And say, I am a noble fellow? [praise me,
Face. O, what else, sir?
And that you'll make her royal with the stone,
An empress; and yourself, king of Bantam.
Mam. Wilt thou do this?
Face. Will I, sir!
Mam. Lungs, my Lungs!
I love thee.
Face. Send your stuff, sir, that my master
May busy himself about projection.
Mam. Thou hast witch'd me, rogue: take, go. [*Gives him money.*
Face. Your jack, and all, sir.
Mam. Thou art a villain—I will send my jack,
And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine ear.
Away, thou dost not care for me.
Face. Not I, sir!
Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my good weasel,
Set thee on a bench, and have thee twirl a chain
With the best lord's vermin of 'em all.
Face. Away, sir.
Mam. A count, nay, a count palatine——
Face. Good, sir, go.
Mam. Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faster. [*Exit.*

Re-enter SUBTLE *and* DOL.

Sub. Has he bit? has he bit?
Face. And swallowed too, my Subtle.
I have given him line, and now he plays, i' faith.
Sub. And shall we twitch him?
Face. Thorough both the gills.
A wench is a rare bait, with which a man
No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad.

Sub. Dol, my lord What'ts'hums sister, you
Bear yourself *statelich*. [must now
Dol. O let me alone.
I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.
I'll keep my distance, laugh and talk aloud;
Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady,
And be as rude as her woman.
Face. Well said, sanguine!
Sub. But will he send his andirons?
Face. His jack too,
And's iron shoeing horn; I have spoke to him.
I must not lose my wary gamester yonder. [Well,
Sub. O monsieur Caution, that *will not be gull'd.*
Face. Ay,
If I can strike a fine hook into him, now!
The Temple-church, there I have cast mine angle.
Well, pray for me. I'll about it. [*Knocking without.*
Sub. What, more gudgeons!
Dol, scout, scout! [Dol *goes to the window.*] Stay,
Face, you must go to the door,
'Pray God it be my anabaptist.—Who is't, Dol?
Dol. I know him not: he looks like a gold-end-man.
Sub. Ods so! 'tis he, he said he would send
what call you him?
The sanctified elder, that should deal
For Mammon's jack and andirons. Let him in.
Stay, help me off, first, with my gown. [*Exit* Face
with the gown.] Away,
Madam, to your withdrawing chamber. [*Exit*
Dol.] Now,
In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.—
This fellow is sent from one negociates with me
About the stone too; for the holy brethren
Of Amsterdam, the exiled saints; that hope
To raise their discipline by it. I must use him
In some strange fashion, now, to make him admire
me.—

Enter Ananias.

Where is my drudge? [*Aloud.*

Re-enter Face.

Face. Sir!
Sub. Take away the recipient,
And rectify your menstrue from the phlegma.
Then pour it on the Sol, in the cucurbite,
And let them macerate together.
Face. Yes, sir.
And save the ground?
Sub. No: *terra damnata*
Must not have entrance in the work.—Who are you?
Ana. A faithful brother, if it please you.
Sub. What's that?
A Lullianist? a Ripley? *Filius artis?*
Can you sublime and dulcify? calcine?
Know you the sapor pontic? sapor stiptic?
Or what is homogene, or heterogene?
Ana. I understand no heathen language, truly.
Sub. Heathen! you Knipper-doling? is Ars [sacra,
Or chrysopœia, or spagyrica,
Or the pamphysic, or panarchic knowledge,
A heathen language?
Ana. Heathen Greek, I take it.
Sub. How! heathen Greek?
Ana. All's heathen but the Hebrew.
Sub. Sirrah, my varlet, stand you forth and
speak to him,
Like a philosopher: answer in the language.
Name the vexations, and the martyrizations
Of metals in the work.
Face. Sir, putrefaction,
Solution, ablution, sublimation,
Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and
Fixation.
Sub. This is heathen Greek, to you, now!—
And when comes vivification?
Face. After mortification.
Sub. What's cohobation?
Face. 'Tis the pouring on
Your aqua regis, and then drawing him off,
To the trine circle of the seven spheres.
Sub. What's the proper passion of metals?
Face. Malleation.
Sub. What's your *ultimum supplicium auri?*
Face. Antimonium.
Sub. This is heathen Greek to you!—And what's
your mercury?
Face. A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir.
Sub. How know you him?
Face. By his viscosity,
His oleosity, and his suscitability.
Sub. How do you sublime him?
Face. With the calce of egg-shells,
White marble, talc.
Sub. Your magisterium, now,
What's that?
Face. Shifting, sir, your elements,
Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot,
Hot into dry.
Sub. This is heathen Greek to you still!
Your *lapis philosophicus?*
Face. 'Tis a stone,
And not a stone; a spirit, a soul, and a body:
Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolved;
If you coagulate, it is coagulated;
If you make it to fly, it flieth.
Sub. Enough. [*Exit* Face.
This is heathen Greek to you! What are you, sir?
Ana. Please you, a servant of the exiled bre-
thren,
That deal with widows and with orphans' goods;
And make a just account unto the saints:
A deacon.
Sub. O, you are sent from master Wholsome,
Your teacher?
Ana. From Tribulation Wholsome,
Our very zealous pastor.
Sub. Good! I have
Some orphans' goods to come here.
Ana. Of what kind, sir.
Sub. Pewter and brass, andirons and kitchen-
Metals, that we must use our medicine on: [ware,
Wherein the brethren may have a pennyworth,
For ready money.
Ana. Were the orphans' parents
Sincere professors?
Sub. Why do you ask?
Ana. Because
We then are to deal justly, and give, in truth,
Their utmost value.
Sub. 'Slid, you'd cozen else,
And if their parents were not of the faithful!—
I will not trust you, now I think on it,
'Till I have talk'd with your pastor. Have you
To buy more coals? [brought money
Ana. No, surely.
Sub. No! how so?
Ana. The brethren bid me say unto you, sir,
Surely, they will not venture any more,
Till they may see projection.

Sub. How!
Ana. You have had,
For the instruments, as bricks, and lome, and glasses,
Already thirty pound; and for materials,
They say, some ninety more: and they have heard
That one at Heidelberg, made it of an egg, [since,
And a small paper of pin-dust.
Sub. What's your name?
Ana. My name is Ananias.
Sub. Out, the varlet
That cozen'd the apostles! Hence, away!
Flee, mischief! had your holy consistory
No name to send me, of another sound,
Than wicked Ananias? send your elders
Hither to make atonement for you quickly,
And give me satisfaction; or out goes
The fire; and down th' alembics, and the furnace,
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch!
Both sericon and bufo shall be lost,
Tell them. All hope of rooting out the bishops,
Or the antichristian hierarchy, shall perish,
If they stay threescore minutes: the aqueity,
Terreity, and sulphureity
Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
Thou wicked Ananias! [*Exit* ANANIAS.] This will fetch 'em,
And make them haste towards their gulling more.
A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright
Those that are froward, to an appetite.

Re-enter FACE *in his uniform, followed by* DRUGGER.

Face. He is busy with his spirits, but we'll upon him.
Sub. How now! what mates, what Baiards have we here?
Face. I told you, he would be furious.—Sir, here's Nab,
Has brought you another piece of gold to look on:
—We must appease him. Give it me,—and prays You would devise—what is it, Nab? [you,
Drug. A sign, sir.
Face. Ay, a good lucky one, a thriving sign,
Sub. I was devising now. [doctor.
Face. 'Slight, do not say so,
He will repent he gave you any more—
What say you to his constellation, doctor,
The Balance?
Sub. No, that way is stale, and common.
A townsman born in Taurus, gives the bull,
Or the bull's-head: in Aries, the ram,
A poor-device! No, I will have his name
Form'd in some mystic character; whose radii,
Striking the senses of the passers by,
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,
That may result upon the party owns it:
As thus——
Face. Nab!
Sub. He shall have *a bel*, that's *Abel*;
And by it standing one whose name is *Dee*,
In a *rug* gown, there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's *drug*:
And right anenst him a dog snarling *er*;
There's *Drugger*, Abel Drugger. That's his sign.
And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic!
Face. Abel, thou art made.
Drug. Sir, I do thank his worship.
Face. Six o' thy legs more will not do it, Nab.
He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, doctor.
Drug. Yes, sir:
I have another thing I would impart——
Face. Out with it, Nab.
Drug. Sir, there is lodged, hard by me,
A rich young widow——
Face. Good! a bona roba?
Drug. But nineteen, at the most.
Face. Very good, Abel.
Drug. Marry, she's not in fashion yet; she
A hood, but it stands a cop. [wears
Face. No matter, Abel.
Drug. And I do now and then give her a fucus—
Face. What! dost thou deal, Nab?
Sub. I did tell you, captain.
Drug. And physic too, sometime, sir; for which she trusts me
With all her mind. She's come up here of purpose
To learn the fashion.
Face. Good (his match too!)—On, Nab.
Drug. And she does strangely long to know her fortune.
Face. Ods lid, Nab, send her to the doctor, hither.
Drug. Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship
But she's afraid it will be blown abroad, [already;
And hurt her marriage.
Face. Hurt it! 'tis the way
To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Follow'd and sought: Nab, thou shalt tell her this.
She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous; [widows
Their honour is their multitude of suitors:
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What!
Thou dost not know.
Drug. No, sir, she'll never marry
Under a knight: her brother has made a vow.
Face. What! and dost thou despair, my little Nab,
Knowing what the doctor has set down for thee,
And seeing so many of the city dubb'd?
One glass o' thy water, with a madam I know,
Will have it done, Nab: what's her brother, a knight?
Drug. No, sir, a gentleman newly warm in his land, sir,
Scarce cold in his one and twenty, that does
His sister here; and is a man himself [govern
Of some three thousand a year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits,
And will go down again, and die in the country.
Face. How! to quarrel?
Drug. Yes, sir, to carry quarrels,
As gallants do; to manage them by line.
Face. 'Slid, Nab, the doctor is the only man
In Christendom for him. He has made a table,
With mathematical demonstrations,
Touching the art of quarrels: he will give him
An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring them both,
Him and his sister. And, for thee, with her
The doctor happ'ly may persuade. Go to:
'Shalt give his worship a new damask suit
Upon the premises.
Sub. O, good captain!
Face. He shall;
He is the honestest fellow, doctor.—Stay not,
No offers; bring the damask, and the parties.
Drug. I'll try my power, sir,
Face. And thy will too, Nab.
Sub. 'Tis good tobacco, this! what is't an ounce?
Face. He'll send you a pound, doctor.
Sub. O no.
Face. He will do't.

It is the goodest soul!—Abel, about it.
Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone.—
[*Exit* ABEL.
A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,
And has the worms. That was the cause, indeed,
Why he came now: he dealt with me in private,
To get a med'cine for them.
Sub. And shall, sir. This works.
Face. A wife, a wife for one of us, my dear Subtle!
We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails, shall have
The more in goods, the other has in tail.
Sub. Rather the less: for she may be so light
She may want grains.
Face. Ay, or be such a burden,
A man would scarce endure her for the whole.
Sub. Faith, best let's see her first, and then determine.
Face. Content: but Dol must have no breath on't.
Sub. Mum.
Away you, to your Surly yonder, catch him.
Face. 'Pray God I have not staid too long.
Sub. I fear it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Lane before* LOVEWIT'S *House.*

Enter TRIBULATION, WHOLESOME, *and* ANANIAS.

Tri. These chastisements are common to the saints,
And such rebukes, we of the separation
Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.
Ana. In pure zeal,
I do not like the man, he is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.
Tri. I think him a profane person indeed.
Ana. He bears
The visible mark of the beast in his forehead.
And for his stone, it is a work of darkness,
And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man.
Tri. Good brother, we must bend unto all means
That may give furtherance to the holy cause.
Ana. Which his cannot: the sanctified cause
Should have a sanctified course.
Tri. Not always necessary:
The children of perdition are oft-times
Made instruments even of the greatest works:
Beside, we should give somewhat to man's nature,
The place he lives in, still about the fire,
And fume of metals, that intoxicate
The brain of man, and make him prone to passion.
Where have you greater atheists than your cooks?
Or more profane, or choleric, than your glass-men?
More antichristian than your bell-founders?
What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,
Sathan, our common enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
Brimstone and arsenic? We must give, I say,
Unto the motives, and the stirrers up
Of humours in the blood. It may be so,
When as the work is done, the stone is made,
This heat of his may turn into a zeal,
And stand up for the beauteous discipline,
Against the menstruous cloth and rag of Rome.
We must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did fault, t'upbraid him
With the brethren's blessing of Heidelberg, weighing
What need we have to hasten on the work,
For the restoring of the silenced saints,
Which ne'er will be, but by the philosopher's stone.
And so a learned elder, one of Scotland,
Assured me; *aurum potabile* being
The only med'cine, for the civil magistrate,
T' incline him to a feeling of the cause;
And must be daily used in the disease.
Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by man;
Not since the beautiful light first shone on me:
And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.
Tri. Let us call on him then.
Ana. The motion's good,
And of the spirit; I will knock first. [*Knocks.*]
Peace be within!
[*The door is opened, and they enter*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* LOVEWIT'S *House.*

Enter SUBTLE, *followed by* TRIBULATION *and* ANANIAS.

Sub. O, are you come? 'twas time. Your threescore minutes
Were at last thread, you see; and down had gone
Furnus acediæ, turris circulatorius:
Lembec, bolt's-head, retort and pelican
Had all been cinders.—Wicked Ananias!
Art thou return'd? nay then, it goes down yet.
Tri. Sir, be appeased; he is come to humble
Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,
If too much zeal hath carried him aside
From the due path.
Sub. Why, this doth qualify!
Tri. The brethren had no purpose, verily,
To give you the least grievance: but are ready
To lend their willing hands to any project
The spirit and you direct.
Sub. This qualifies more!
Tri. And for the orphan's goods, let them be valued,
Or what is needful else to the holy work,
It shall be numbered; here, by me, the saints,
Throw down their purse before you.
Sub. This qualifies most!
Why, thus it should be, now you understand.
Have I discours'd so unto you of our stone,
And of the good that it shall bring your cause?
Shew'd you (beside the main of hiring forces
Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,
From the Indies, to serve you, with all their fleet)
That even the med'cinal use shall make you a faction,
And party in the realm? As, put the case,
That some great man in state, he have the gout,
Why, you but send three drops of your elixir,
You help him straight: there you have made a friend.
Another has the palsy or the dropsy,
He takes of your incombustible stuff,
He's young again: there you have made a friend.
A lady that is past the feat of body,
Though not of mind, and hath her face decay'd

Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore,
With the oil of talc: there you have made a friend;
And all her friends. A lord that is a leper,
A knight that has the bone-ache, or a squire
That hath both these, you make them smooth and sound,
With a bare fricace of your med'cine: still
You increase your friends.
Tri. Ay, it is very pregnant.
Sub. And then the turning of this lawyer's pewter
To plate at Christmas.——
Ana. Christ-tide, I pray you.
Sub. Yet, Ananias!
Ana. I have done.
Sub. Or changing
His parcel gilt to massy gold. You cannot
But raise you friends. Withal, to be of power
To pay an army in the field, to buy
The king of France out of his realms, or Spain
Out of his Indies. What can you not do
Against lords spiritual or temporal,
That shall oppone you?
Tri. Verily, 'tis true.
We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.
Sub. You may be any thing, and leave off to
Long-winded exercises; or suck up [make
Your *ha!* and *hum!* in a tune. I not deny,
But such as are not graced in a state,
May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,
And get a tune to call the flock together:
For, to say sooth, a tune does much with women,
And other phlegmatic people; it is your bell.
Ana. Bells are profane; a tune may be religious.
Sub. No warning with you! then farewell my patience.
'Slight, it shall down: I will not be thus tortured.
Tri. I pray you, sir.
Sub. All shall perish. I have spoke it.
Tri. Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes; the man
He stands corrected: neither did his zeal,
But as your self, allow a tune somewhere. [need.
Which now, being tow'rd the stone, we shall not
Sub. No, nor your holy vizard, to win widows
To give you legacies; or make zealous wives
To rob their husbands for the common cause:
Nor take the start of bonds broke but one day,
And say, they were forfeited by providence.
Nor shall you need o'er night to eat huge meals,
To celebrate your next day's fast the better;
The whilst the brethren and the sisters humbled,
Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast
Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones;
As whether a Christian may hawk or hunt,
Or whether matrons of the holy assembly
May lay their hair out, or wear doublets,
Or have that idol starch about their linen.
Ana. It is indeed an idol.
Tri. Mind him not, sir.
I do command thee, spirit of zeal, but trouble,
To peace within him! Pray, you, sir, go on.
Sub. Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the prelates,
And shorten so your ears against the hearing
Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of necessity
Rail against plays, to please the alderman
Whose daily custard you devour: nor lie
With zealous rage till you are hoarse. Not one
Of these so singular arts. Nor call your selves
By names of Tribulation, Persecution,
Restraint, Long-patience, and such like, affected
By the whole family or wood of you,
Only for glory, and to catch the ear
Of the disciple.
Tri. Truly, sir, they are
Ways that the godly brethren have invented,
For propagation of the glorious cause,
As very notable means, and whereby also
Themselves grow soon, and profitably, famous.
Sub. O, but the stone, all's idle to it! nothing!
The art of angels' nature's miracle,
The divine secret that doth fly in clouds
From east to west; and whose tradition
Is not from men, but spirits.
Ana. I hate traditions;
I do not trust them.——
Tri. Peace!
Ana. They are popish all.
I will not peace: I will not——
Tri. Ananias!
Ana. Please the profane, to grieve the godly; I may not.
Sub. Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.
Tri. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, sir;
But truly, else, a very faithful brother,
A botcher, and a man, by revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.
Sub. Has he a competent sum there in the bag
To buy the goods within? I am made guardian,
And must, for charity, and conscience sake,
Now see the most be made for my poor orphan;
Though I desire the brethren too good gainers:
There they are within. When you have view'd, and bought 'em,
And ta'en the inventory of what they are,
They are ready for projection; there's no more
To do: cast on the med'cine, so much silver
As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,
I'll give't you in by weight.
Tri. But how long time,
Sir, must the saints expect yet?
Sub. Let me see,
How's the moon now? Eight, nine, ten days hence,
He will be silver potate; then three days
Before he citronise: Some fifteen days,
The magisterium will be perfected.
Ana. About the second day of the third week,
In the ninth month?
Sub. Yes, my good Ananias.
Tri. What will the orphan's goods arise to, think you?
Sub. Some hundred marks, as much as fill'd three cars,
Unladed now: you'll make six millions of them.—
But I must have more coals laid in.
Tri. How!
Sub. Another load,
And then we have finish'd. We must now increase
Our fire to *ignis ardens*, we are past
Fimus equinus, balnei, cineris,
And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse
Should with this draught fall low, and that the saints
Do need a present sum, I have a trick [dollars
To melt the pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,
And with a tincture make you as good Dutch
As any are in Holland.
Tri. Can you so?
Sub. Ay, and shall 'bide the third examination.
Ana. It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.
Sub. But you must carry it secret.

Tri. Ay; but stay,
This act of coining, is it lawful?
Ana. Lawful!
We know no magistrate; or, if we did,
This is foreign coin.
Sub. It is no coining, sir.
It is but casting.
Tri. Ha! you distinguish well:
Casting of money may be lawful.
Ana. 'Tis, sir.
Tri. Truly, I take it so.
Sub. There is no scruple,
Sir, to be made of it; believe Ananias:
This case of conscience he is studied in.
Tri. I'll make a question of it to the brethren.
Ana. The brethren shall approve it lawful, doubt not.
Where shall it be done? [*Knocking without.*
Sub. For that we'll talk anon.
There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you,
And view the parcels. That's the inventory.
I'll come to you straight. [*Exeunt* TRIB. *and* ANA.]
Who is it?—Face! appear.

Enter FACE, *in his uniform.*

How now! good prize?
Face. Good pox! yond' costive cheater
Never came on.
Sub. How then?
Face. I have walk'd the round
Till now, and no such thing.
Sub. And have you quit him?
Face. Quit him! an hell would quit him too, he were happy.
Slight! would you have me stalk like a mill-jade,
All day, for one that will not yield us grains?
I know him of old.
Sub. O, but to have gull'd him,
Had been a mastery.
Face. Let him go, black boy!
And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess
A noble count, a don of Spain, my dear [thee.
Delicious compeer, and my party-bawd,
Who is come hither private for his conscience,
And brought munition with him, six great slops,
Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round trunks,
Furnished with pistolets, and pieces of eight,
Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath,
(That is the colour,) and to make his battery
Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinque-port,
Our Dover pier, our what thou wilt. Where is she?
She must prepare perfumes, delicate linen,
The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit,
For she must milk his epididimis.
Where is the doxy?
Sub. I'll send her to thee:
And but dispatch my brace of little John Leydens,
And come again my self.
Face. Are they within then?
Sub. Numbering the sum.
Face. How much?
Sub. A hundred marks, boy. [*Exit.*
Face. Why, this is a lucky day. Ten pounds of Mammon!
Three of my clerk! a portague of my grocer!
This of the brethren! beside reversions,
And states to come in the widow, and my count!
My share to-day will not be bought for forty——

Enter DOL.

Dol. What?
Face. Pounds, dainty Dorothy! art thou so near?
Dol. Yes; say, lord general, how fares our camp?
Face. As with the few that had entrench'd themselves
Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol,
And laugh'd within those trenches, and grew fat
With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in
Daily by their small parties. This dear hour,
A doughty don is taken with my Dol;
And thou mayst make his ransom what thou wilt,
My Dousabel; he shall be brought here fetter'd
With thy fair looks, before he sees thee; and thrown
In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon;
Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy drum;
Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum; till he be tame
As the poor black-birds were in the great frost,
Or bees are with a bason; and so hive him
In the swan-skin coverlid, and cambric sheets,
Till he work honey and wax, my little God's-gift.
Dol. What is he, general?
Face. An adalantado,
A grandee, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet?
Dol. No.
Face. Nor my Drugger?
Dol. Neither.
Face. A pox on 'em,
They are so long a furnishing! such stinkards
Would not be seen upon these festival days.—

Re-enter SUBTLE.

How now! have you done?
Sub. Done. They are gone: the sum
Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew
Another chapman now would buy 'em outright.
Face. 'Slid, Nab shall do't against he have the widow,
To furnish household. [
Sub. Excellent, well thought on:
Pray God he come!
Face. I pray he keep away
Till our new business be o'erpast.
Sub. But, Face,
How cam'st thou by this secret don?
Face. A spirit
Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my circle
For Surly; I have my flies abroad. Your bath
Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol,
You must go tune your virginal, no losing
O' the least time: and, do you hear? good action.
Firk, like a flounder; kiss, like a scallop, close;
And tickle him with thy mother-tongue. His great
Verdugoship has not a jot of language;
So much the easier to be cozen'd, my Dolly.
He will come here in a hired coach, obscure,
And our own coachman, whom I have sent as guide,
No creature else. [*Knocking without.*] Who's that? [*Exit* DOL.
Sub. It is not he?
Face. O no, not yet this hour.

Re-enter DOL.

Sub. Who is't?
Dol. Dapper,
Your clerk.
Face. God's will then, queen of Fairy,

On with your tire ; [*Exit* DOL.] and, doctor, with
Let's dispatch him for God's sake. [your robes.
Sub. 'Twill be long.
Face. I warrant you, take but the cues I give you,
It shall be brief enough. [*Goes to the window.*]
'Slight, here are more!
Abel, and I think the angry boy, the heir,
That fain would quarrel,
Sub. And the widow?
Face. No,
Not that I see. Away! [*Exit* SUB.

Enter DAPPER.

—O sir, you are welcome.
The doctor is within a moving for you ;
I have had the most ado to win him to it!—
He swears you'll be the darling of the dice :
He never heard her highness dote till now.
Your aunt has given you the most gracious words
That can be thought on.
Dap. Shall I see her grace?
Face. See her, and kiss her too.—

Enter ABEL, *followed by* KASTRIL.

What, honest Nab!
Hast brought the damask?
Drug. No, sir ; here's tobacco.
Face. 'Tis well done, Nab : thou'lt bring the damask too?
Drug. Yes : here's the gentleman, captain, [master Kastril,
I have brought to see the doctor.
Face. Where's the widow?
Drug. Sir, as he likes, his sister, he says, shall come.
Face. O, is it so? good time. Is your name Kastril, sir?
Kas. Ay, and the best of the Kastrils, I'd be sorry else,
By fifteen hundred a year. Where is the doctor?
My mad tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one
That can do things : has he any skill?
Face. Wherein, sir?
Kas. To carry a business, manage a quarrel
Upon fit terms. [fairly,
Face. It seems, sir, you are but young
About the town, that can make that a question.
Kas. Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech
Of the angry boys, and seen them take tobacco ;
And in his shop; and I can take it too.
And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
And practise in the country.
Face. Sir, for the duello,
The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,
To the least shadow of a hair ; and show you
An instrument he has of his own making,
Wherewith no sooner shall you make report
Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on't
Most instantly, and tell in what degree
Of safety it lies in, or mortality.
And how it may be borne, whether in a right line,
Or a half circle ; or may else be cast
Into on angle blunt, if not acute :
All this he will demonstrate. And then, rules
To give and take the lie by.
Kas. How! to take it?
Face. Yes, in oblique he'll show you, or in circle ;
But never in diameter. The whole town
Study his theorems, and dispute them ordinarily
At the eating academies.
Kas. But does he teach
Living by the wits too?
Face. Anything whatever.
You cannot think that subtlety, but he reads it.
He made me a captain. I was a stark pimp,
Just of your standing, 'fore I met with him ;
It is not two months since. I'll tell you his method :
First, he will enter you at some ordinary.
Kas. No, I'll not come there : you shall pardon me.
Face. For why, sir?
Kas. There's gaming there, and tricks.
Face. Why, would you be
A gallant, and not game?
Kas. Ay, 'twill spend a man.
Face. Spend you! it will repair you when you are spent :
How do they live by their wits there, that have
Six times your fortunes? [vented
Kas. What, three thousand a-year!
Face. Ay, forty thousand.
Kas. Are there such?
Face. Ay, sir,
And gallants yet. Here's a young gentleman
Is born to nothing,—[*Points to* DAPPER.] forty marks a-year,
Which I count nothing :—he is to be initiated,
And have a fly of the doctor. He will win you,
By unresistible luck, within this fortnight,
Enough to buy a barony. They will set him
Upmost, at the groom porters, all the Christmas :
And for the whole year through, at every place,
Where there is play, present him with the chair;
The best attendance, the best drink ; sometimes
Two glasses of Canary, and pay nothing ;
The purest linen, and the sharpest knife,
The partridge next his trencher : and somewhere
The dainty bed, in private, with the dainty.
You shall have your ordinaries bid for him,
As play-houses for a poet ; and the master
Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects,
Which must be butter'd shrimps : and those that drink
To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being
The goodly president mouth of all the board.
Kas. Do you not gull one?
Face. 'Ods my life! do you think it?
You shall have a cast commander, (can but get
In credit with a glover, or a spurrier,
For some two pair of either's ware aforehand,)
Will, by most swift posts, dealing [but] with him,
Arrive at competent means to keep himself,
His punk and naked boy, in excellent fashion,
And be admired for't.
Kas. Will the doctor teach this?
Face. He will do more, sir : when your land is gone,
As men of spirit hate to keep earth long,
In a vacation, when small money is stirring,
And ordinaries suspended till the term,
He'll show a perspective, where on one side
You shall behold the faces and the persons
Of all sufficient young heirs in town,
Whose bonds are current for commodity;
On th' other side, the merchants' forms, and others,
That without help of any second broker,
Who would expect a share, will trust such parcels :
In the third square, the very street and sign
Where the commodity dwells, and does but wait
To be deliver'd, be it pepper, soap,
Hops, or tobacco, oatmeal, woad, or cheeses.

All which you may so handle, to enjoy
To your own use, and never stand obliged.
Kas. I'faith! is he such a fellow?
Face. Why, Nab here knows him.
And then for making matches for rich widows,
Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st man!
He's sent to, far and near, all over England,
To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.
Kas. God's will, my suster shall see him.
Face. I'll tell you, sir,
What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing:—
By the way, you must eat no cheese, Nab, it breeds melancholy,
And that same melancholy breeds worms; but pass it:—
He told me, honest Nab here was ne'er at tavern
But once in's life!
Drug. Truth, and no more I was not.
Face. And then he was so sick—
Drug. Could he tell you that too?
Face. How should I know it?
Drug. In troth we had been a shooting,
And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper,
That lay so heavy o' my stomach—
Face. And he has no head
To bear any wine; for what with the noise of the fidlers,
And care of his shop, for he dares keep no servants—
Drug. My head did so ach—
Face. As he was fain to be brought home,
The doctor told me: and then a good old woman—
Drug. Yes, faith, she dwells in Sea-coal-lane, —did cure me,
With sodden ale, and pellitory of the wall;
Cost me but two-pence. I had another sickness
Was worse than that.
Face. Ay, that was with the grief
Thou took'st for being cess'd at eighteen-pence,
For the water-work.
Drug. In truth, and it was like
T' have cost me almost my life.
Face. Thy hair went off?
Drug. Yes, sir; 'twas done for spight.
Face. Nay, so says the doctor.
Kas. Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my suster;
I'll see this learned boy before I go;
And so shall she.
Face. Sir, he is busy now:
But if you have a sister to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner;
And he by that time will be free.
Kas. I go. [*Exit.*
Face. Drugger, she's thine: the damask!— [*Exit* ABEL.] Subtle and I
Must wrestle for her. [*Aside.*]—Come on, master
You see how I turn clients here away, [Dapper,
To give your cause dispatch; have you perform'd
The ceremonies were enjoin'd you?
Dap. Yes, of the vinegar,
And the clean shirt.
Face. 'Tis well: that shirt may do you
More worship than you think. Your aunt's a-fire,
But that she will not show it, t' have a sight of you.
Have you provided for her grace's servants?
Dap. Yes, here are six score Edward shillings.
Face. Good!
Dap. And an old Harry's sovereign.
Face. Very good!
Dap. And three James shillings, and an Eliza-
Just twenty nobles. [beth groat,
Face. O, you are too just.
I would you had had the other noble in Maries.
Dap. I have some Philip and Maries.
Face. Ay, those same
Are best of all: where are they? Hark, the doctor.

Enter SUBTLE, *disguised like a priest of Fairy, with a stripe of cloth.*

Sub. [*In a feigned voice.*] Is yet her grace's cousin come?
Face. He is come.
Sub. And is he fasting?
Face. Yes.
Sub. And hath cried hum?
Face. Thrice, you must answer.
Dap. Thrice.
Sub. And as oft buz?
Face. If you have, say.
Dap. I have.
Sub. Then, to her cuz,
Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses,
As he was bid, the Fairy queen dispenses,
By me, this robe, the petticoat of fortune;
Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.
And though to fortune near be her petticoat,
Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note:
And therefore, ev'n of that a piece she hath sent,
Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent;
And prays him for a scarf he now will wear it,
With as much love as then her grace did tear it,
About his eyes, [*They blind him with the rag,*] to shew he is fortunate.
And, trusting unto her to make his state,
He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him;
Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.
Face. She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has nothing,
But what he will part withal as willingly,
Upon her grace's word—throw away your purse—
As she would ask it;—handkerchiefs and all—
[*He throws away, as they bid him.*
She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.—
If you have a ring about you, cast it off,
Or a silver seal at your wrist; her grace will send
Her fairies here to search you, therefore deal
Directly with her highness: if they find
That you conceal a mite, you are undone.
Dap. Truly, there's all.
Face. All what?
Dap. My money; truly.
Face. Keep nothing that is transitory about you.
Bid Dol play music. [*Aside to* SUBTLE.]—Look, the elves are come
[DOL *plays on the cittern within.*
To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.
[*They pinch him.*
Dap. O! I have a paper with a spur-ryal in't.
Face. *Ti, ti.*
They knew't, they say.
Sub. *Ti, ti, ti, ti.* He has more yet.
Face. *Ti, ti-ti-ti.* In the other pocket.
[*Aside to* SUB.
Sub. *Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi.*
They must pinch him or he will never confess, they say. [*They pinch him again.*
Dap. O, O!
Face. Nay, pray you hold: he is her grace's nephew.
Ti, ti, ti? What care you? good faith, you shall care.—

Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies. Shew
You are innocent.
Dap. By this good light, I have nothing.
Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti, to, ta. He does equivocate, she says:
Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and swears by the *light* when he is blinded.
Dap. By this good *dark*, I have nothing but a half-crown
Of gold about my wrist, that my love gave me;
And a leaden heart I wore since she forsook me.
Face. I thought 'twas something. And would you incur
Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come,
I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns. [*Takes it off.*
You may wear your leaden heart still.—

Enter DOL, *hastily.*

How now!
Sub. What news, Dol?
Dol. Yonder's your knight, Sir Mammon.
Face. 'Ods lid, we never thought of him till now!
Where is he?
Dol. Here hard by: he is at the door.
Sub. And you are not ready, now! Dol, get his suit. [*Exit* DOL.
He must not be sent back.
Face. O by no means.
What shall we do with this same puffin here,
Now he's on the spit?
Sub. Why, lay him back awhile,
With some device.

Re-enter DOL, *with* FACE'S *clothes.*

—*Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti,* Would her grace speak with me?
I come.—Help, Dol! [*Knocking without.*
Face. [*Speaks through the key-hole.*] Who's there? sir Epicure,
My master's in the way. Please you to walk
Three or four turns, but till his back be turn'd,
And I am for you.—Quickly, Dol!
Sub. Her grace
Commends her kindly to you, master Dapper.
Dap. I long to see her grace.
Sub. She now is set
At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you
From her own private trencher, a dead mouse,
And a piece of ginger-bread, to be merry withal,
And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting:
Yet if you could hold out till she saw you, she says,
It would be better for you.
Face. Sir, he shall
Hold out, an 'twere this two hours, for her highness;
I can assure you that. We will not lose
All we have done.——
Sub. He must not see, nor speak
To any body, till then.
Face. For that we'll put, sir,
A stay in's mouth.
Sub. Of what?
Face. Of gingerbread.
Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her grace
Thus far, shall not now crincle for a little.—
Gape sir, and let him fit you.
[*They thrust a gag of gingerbread in his mouth*
Sub. Where shall we now
Bestow him?
Dol. In the privy.
Sub. Come along, sir,
I now must shew you Fortune's privy lodgings.
Face. Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready?
Sub. All:
Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.
Face. [*Speaking through the key-hole.*] Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir, by and by.
[*Exeunt with* DAPPER

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* LOVEWIT'S *House.*

Enter FACE *and* MAMMON.

Face. O sir, you are come in the only finest time.—
Mam. Where's master?
Face. Now preparing for projection, sir.
Your stuff will be all changed shortly.
Mam. Into gold?
Face. To gold and silver, sir.
Mam. Silver I care not for.
Face. Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.
Mam. Where's the lady?
Face. At hand here. I have told her such brave things of you,
Touching your bounty, and your noble spirit—
Mam. Hast thou?
Face. As she is almost in her fit to see you.
But, good sir, no divinity in your conference,
For fear of putting her in rage.—
Mam. I warrant thee.
Face. Six men [sir] will not hold her down: and then,
If the old man should hear or see you—— [then,
Mam. Fear not.
Face. The very house, sir, would run mad. You know it,
How scrupulous he is, and violent,
'Gainst the least act of sin. Physic, or mathematics,
Poetry, state, or bawdry, as I told you,
She will endure, and never startle; but
No word of controversy.
Mam. I am school'd, good Ulen.
Face. And you must praise her house, remember that,
And her nobility.
Mam. Let me alone:
No herald, no, nor antiquary, Lungs,
Shall do it better. Go.
Face. Why, this is yet
A kind of modern happiness, to have
Dol Common for a great lady. [*Aside and exit.*
Mam. Now, Epicure,
Heighten thyself, talk to her all in gold;
Rain her as many showers as Jove did drops
Unto his Danäe; shew the god a miser,
Compared with Mammon. What! the stone will do't.
She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold;
Nay, we will *concumbere* gold: I will be puissant,
And mighty in my talk to her.—

Re-enter FACE, *with* DOL *richly dressed.*

Here she comes.

Face. To him, Dol, suckle him.—This is the
I told your ladyship—— [noble knight,
Mam. Madam, with your pardon,
I kiss your vesture.
Dol. Sir, I were uncivil
If I would suffer that; my lip to you, sir.
Mam. I hope my lord your brother be in health, lady.
Dol. My lord, my brother is, though I no lady, sir.
Face. Well said, my Guinea bird. [*Aside.*
Mam. Right noble madam——
Face. O, we shall have most fierce idolatry. [*Aside.*
Mam. 'Tis your prerogative.
Dol. Rather your courtesy.
Mam. Were there nought else to enlarge your virtues to me,
These answers speak your breeding and your blood.
Dol. Blood we boast none, sir, a poor baron's daughter.
Mam. Poor! and gat you? profane not. Had
Slept all the happy remnant of his life [your father
After that act, lien but there still, and panted,
He had done enough to make himself, his issue,
And his posterity noble.
Dol. Sir, although
We may be said to want the gilt and trappings,
The dress of honour, yet we strive to keep
The seeds and the materials.
Mam. I do see
The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost,
Nor the drug money used to make your compound.
There is a strange nobility in your eye,
This lip, that chin! methinks you do resemble
One of the Austriac princes.
Face. Very like!
Her father was an Irish costarmonger. [*Aside.*
Mam. The house of Valois just had such a nose,
And such a forehead yet the Medici
Of Florence boast.
Dol. Troth, and I have been liken'd
To all these princes.
Face. I'll be sworn, I heard it.
Mam. I know not how! it is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their features.
Face. I'll in, and laugh. [*Aside and exit.*
Mam. A certain touch, or air,
That sparkles a divinity, beyond
An earthly beauty!
Dol. O, you play the courtier.
Mam. Good lady, give me leave——
Dol. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, sir.
Mam. To burn in this sweet flame;
The phœnix never knew a nobler death.
Dol. Nay, now you court the courtier, and destroy
What you would build: this art, sir, in your words,
Calls your whole faith in question.
Mam. By my soul——
Dol. Nay, oaths are made of the same air, sir.
Mam. Nature
Never bestow'd upon mortality
A more unblamed, a more harmonious feature;
She play'd the step-dame in all faces else:
Sweet Madam, let me be particular——
Dol. Particular, sir! I pray you know your distance.
Mam. In no ill sense, sweet lady; but to ask
How your fair graces pass the hours? I see
You are lodg'd here, in the house of a rare man,
An excellent artist; but what's that to you?
Dol. Yes, sir; I study here the mathematics,
And distillation.
Mam. O, I cry your pardon.
He's a divine instructor! can extract
The souls of all things by his art; call all
The virtues, and the miracles of the sun,
Into a temperate furnace; teach dull nature
What her own forces are. A man, the emperor
Has courted above Kelly; sent his medals
And chains, to invite him.
Dol. Ay, and for his physic, sir——
Mam. Above the art of Æsculapius,
That drew the envy of the thunderer!
I know all this, and more.
Dol. Troth, I am taken, sir,
Whole with these studies, that contemplate nature.
Mam. It is a noble humour; but this form
Was not intended to so dark a use.
Had you been crooked, foul, of some coarse mould
A cloister had done well; but such a feature
That might stand up the glory of a kingdom,
To live recluse! is a mere solœcism,
Though in a nunnery. It must not be.
I muse, my lord your brother will permit it:
You should spend half my land first, were I he.
Does not this diamond better on my finger,
Than in the quarry?
Dol. Yes.
Mam. Why, you are like it.
You were created, lady, for the light.
Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge
Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.
Dol. In chains of adamant?
Mam. Yes, the strongest bands.
And take a secret too—here, by your side,
Doth stand this hour, the happiest man in Europe.
Dol. You are contented, sir!
Mam. Nay, in true being,
The envy of princes and the fear of states.
Dol. Say, you so, sir Epicure?
Mam. Yes, and thou shalt prove it,
Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye
Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty
Above all styles.
Dol. You mean no treason, sir?
Mam. No, I will take away that jealousy.
I am the lord of the philosopher's stone,
And thou the lady.
Dol. How sir! have you that?
Mam. I am the master of the mastery.
This day the good old wretch here o'the house
Has made it for us; now he's at projection.
Think therefore thy first wish now, let me hear it;
And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower,
But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,
To get a nation on thee.
Dol. You are pleased, sir,
To work on the ambition of our sex.
Mam. I am pleased the glory of her sex should know,
This nook, here, of the Friers is no climate
For her to live obscurely in, to learn
Physic and surgery, for the constable's wife
Of some odd hundred in Essex; but come forth,
And taste the air of palaces; eat, drink
The toils of empirics, and their boasted practice;
Tincture of pearl, and coral, gold and amber;
Be seen at feasts and triumphs; have it ask'd,

What miracle she is? set all the eyes
Of court a-fire, like a burning glass,
And work them into cinders, when the jewels
Of twenty states adorn thee, and the light
Strikes out the stars! that when thy name is mention'd,
Queens may look pale; and we but shewing our love,
Nero's Poppæa may be lost in story! Thus will we have it.

Dol. I could well consent, sir.
But, in a monarchy, how will this be?
The prince will soon take notice, and both seize
You and your stone, it being a wealth unfit
For any private subject.

Mam. If he knew it.

Dol. Yourself do boast it, sir.

Mam. To thee, my life.

Dol. O, but beware, sir! you may come to end
The remnant of your days in a loth'd prison,
By speaking of it.

Mam. 'Tis no idle fear:
We'll therefore go withal, my girl, and live
In a free state, where we will eat our mullets,
Soused in high-country wines, sup pheasants' eggs,
And have our cockles boil'd in silver shells;
Our shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd,
In a rare butter made of dolphin's milk,
Whose cream does look like opals; and with these
Delicate meats set ourselves high for pleasure,
And take us down again, and then renew
Our youth and strength with drinking the elixir,
And so enjoy a perpetuity
Of life and lust! And thou shalt have thy wardrobe
Richer than nature's, still to change thy self,
And vary oftener, for thy pride, than she,
Or art, her wise and almost-equal servant.

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you every word
Into the laboratory. Some fitter place; The garden, or great chamber above. How like you her?

Mam. Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee. [*Gives him money.*

Face. But do you hear?
Good sir, beware, no mention of the rabbins.

Mam. We think not on 'em. [*Exeunt* MAM. *and* DOL.

Face. O, it is well, sir.—Subtle!

Enter SUBTLE.

Dost thou not laugh?

Sub. Yes; are they gone?

Face. All's clear.

Sub. The widow is come.

Face. And your quarrelling disciple?

Sub. Ay.

Face. I must to my captainship again then.

Sub. Stay, bring them in first.

Face. So I meant. What is she?
A bonnibel?

Sub. I know not.

Face. We'll draw lots:
You'll stand to that?

Sub. What else?

Face. O, for a suit,
To fall now like a curtain, flap!

Sub. To the door, man.

Face. You'll have the first kiss, 'cause I am not ready.

 [*Exit.*

Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the nostrils.

Face. [*within.*] Who would you speak with?

Kas. [*within.*] Where's the captain?

Face. [*within.*] Gone, sir,
About some business.

Kas. [*within.*] Gone!

Face. [*within.*] He'll return straight.
But master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

Enter KASTRIL, *followed by* Dame PLIANT.

Sub. Come near, my worshipful boy, my *terræ fili*,
That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches:
Welcome: I know thy lusts, and thy desires,
And I will serve and satisfy them. Begin,
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line;
Here is my centre: ground thy quarrel.

Kas. You lie.

Sub. How, child of wrath and anger! the loud lie?
For what, my sudden boy?

Kas. Nay, that look you to,
I am afore-hand.

Sub. O, this is no true grammar,
And as ill logic! You must render causes, child,
Your first and second intentions, know your canons
And your divisions, moods, degrees, and differences,
Your predicaments, substance, and accident,
Series, extern and intern, with their causes,
Efficient, material, formal, final,
And have your elements perfect?

Kas. What is this!
The angry tongue he talks in? [*Aside.*

Sub. That false precept,
Of being afore-hand, has deceived a number,
And made them enter quarrels, often-times,
Before they were aware; and afterward,
Against their wills.

Kas. How must I do then, sir?

Sub. I cry this lady mercy: she should first
Have been saluted. [*Kisses her.*] I do call you lady,
Because you are to be one, ere't be long,
My soft and buxom widow.

Kas. Is she, i'faith?

Sub. Yes, or my art is an egregious liar

Kas. How know you?

Sub. By inspection on her forehead,
And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted
Often, to make a judgment. [*Kisses her again.*] 'Slight, she melts
Like a myrobolane:—here is yet a line,
In *vivo frontis*, tells me he is no knight.

Dame P. What is he then, sir?

Sub. Let me see your hand.
O, your *linea fortunæ* makes it plain;
And stella here *in monte Veneris*.
But, most of all, *junctura annularis*.
He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady,
But shall have some great honour shortly.

Dame P. Brother,
He's a rare man, believe me!

Re-enter FACE, *in his uniform.*

Kas. Hold your peace.
Here comes the t' other rare man.—'Save you, captain.

Face. Good master Kastril! Is this your sister?

Kas. Ay, sir.
Please you to kuss her, and be proud to know her

Face. I shall be proud to know you, lady. [*Kisses her.*

Dame P. Brother,
He calls me lady too.

Kas. Ay, peace: I heard it. [*Takes her aside.*

Face. The count is come.

Sub. Where is he?

Face. At the door.

Sub. Why, you must entertain him.

Face. What will you do
With these the while?

Sub. Why, have them up, and shew them
Some fustian book, or the dark glass.

Face. Fore God,
She is a delicate dab-chick! I must have her. [*Exit.*

Sub. Must you! ay, if your fortune will, you must.—
Come, sir, the captain will come to us presently:
I'll have you to my chamber of demonstrations,
Where I will shew you both the grammar, and logic,
And rhetoric of quarrelling; my whole method
Drawn out in tables; and my instrument,
That hath the several scales upon't, shall make you
Able to quarrel at a straw's-breadth by moon-light.
And, lady, I'll have you look in a glass,
Some half an hour, but to clear your eye-sight,
Against you see your fortune; which is greater,
Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.
[*Exit, followed by* Kast. *and* Dame P.

Re-enter Face.

Face. Where are you, doctor?

Sub. [*within.*] I'll come to you presently.

Face. I will have this same widow, now I have
On any composition. [seen her,

Re-enter Subtle.

Sub. What do you say?

Face. Have you disposed of them.

Sub. I have sent them up.

Face. Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this

Sub. Is that the matter? [widow.

Face. Nay, but hear me.

Sub. Go to.
If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all:
Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.

Face. Nay, thou art so violent now—Do but conceive,
Thou art old, and canst not serve——

Sub. Who cannot? I?
'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a——

Face. Nay,
But understand: I'll give you composition.

Sub. I will not treat with thee; what! sell my fortune?
'Tis better than my birth-right. Do not murmur:
Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol
Knows it directly.

Face. Well, sir, I am silent.
Will you go help to fetch in Don in state? [*Exit.*

Sub. I follow you, sir: we must keep Face in
Or he will over-look us like a tyrant. [awe,

Re-enter Face, *introducing* Surly *disguised as a Spaniard.*

Brain of a tailor! who comes here? Don John!

Sur. *Señores, beso las manos a vuestras mercedes.*

Sub. Would you had stoop'd a little, and kist our anos!

Face. Peace, Subtle.

Sub. Stab me; I shall never hold, man.
He looks in that deep ruff like a head in a platter,
Serv'd in by a short cloke upon two trestles.

Face. Or, what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut down
Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife?

Sub. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a Spaniard.

Face. Perhaps some Fleming or some Hollander got him
In d'Alva's time; count Egmont's bastard.

Sub. Don,
Your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.

Sur. *Gratia.*

Sub. He speaks out of a fortification.
Pray God he have no squibs in those deep sets.

Sur. *Por dios, señores, muy linda casa!*

Sub. What says he?

Face. Praises the house, I think;
I know no more but's action.

Sub. Yes, the *casa*,
My precious Diego, will prove fair enough
To cozen you in. Do you mark? you shall
Be cozen'd, Diego.

Face. Cozen'd, do you see,
My worthy Donzel, cozen'd.

Sur. *Entiendo.*

Sub. Do you intend it? so do we, dear Don.
Have you brought pistolets, or portagues,
My solemn Don?—Dost thou feel any?

Face. [*Feels his pockets.*] Full.

Sub. You shall be emptied, Don, pumped and
Dry, as they say. [drawn

Face. Milked, in troth, sweet Don.

Sub. See all the monsters; the great lion of all, Don.

Sur. *Con licencia, se puede ver a esta señora?*

Sub. What talks he now?

Face. Of the sennora.

Sub. O, Don,
That is the lioness, which you shall see
Also, my Don.

Face. 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?

Sub. For what?

Face. Why Dol's employ'd, you know.

Sub. That's true.
'Fore heaven, I know not: he must stay, that's all.

Face. Stay! that he must not by no means.

Sub. No! why?

Face. Unless you'll mar all. 'Slight, he will suspect it:
And then he will not pay, not half so well.
This is a travelled punk-master, and does know
All the delays; a notable hot rascal,
And looks already rampant.

Sub. 'Sdeath, and Mammon
Must not be troubled.

Face. Mammon! in no case.

Sub. What shall we do then?

Face. Think: you must be sudden.

Sur. *Entiendo que la señora es tan hermosa, que codicio tan verla, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.*

Face. Mi vida! 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me ir mind o' the widow.
What dost thou say to draw her to it, ha!
And tell her 'tis her fortune? all our venture
Now lies upon't. It is but one man more,
Which of us chance to have her: and beside,
There is no maidenhead to be fear'd or lost.
What dost thou think on't, Subtle?

Sub. Who, I? why——
Face. The credit of our house too is engaged.
Sub. You made me an offer for my share ere-
What wilt thou give me, i'faith? [while.
Face. O, by that light
I'll not buy now: You know your doom to me.
E'en take your lot, obey your chance, sir; win her,
And wear her out, for me.
Sub. 'Slight, I'll not work her then.
Face. It is the common cause; therefore bethink
Dol else must know it, as you said. [you.
Sub. I care not.
Sur. *Señores, porque se tarda tanto?*
Sub. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.
Face. That's now no reason, sir.
Sur. *Puede ser de hazer burla de mi amor?*
Face. You hear the Don too? by this air, I call,
And loose the hinges: Dol!
Sub. A plague of hell——
Face. Will you then do?
Sub. You are are a terrible rogue!
I'll think of this: will you, sir, call the widow?
Face. Yes, and I'll take her too with all her
Now I do think on't better. [faults,
Sub. With all my heart, sir;
Am I discharged o' the lot?
Face. As you please.
Sub. Hands. [*They take hands.*
Face. Remember now, that upon any change,
You never claim her.
Sub. Much good joy, and health to you, sir.
Marry a whore! fate, let me wed a witch first.
Sur. *Por estas honradas barbas——*
Sub. He swears by his beard.
Dispatch, and call the brother too. [*Exit* Face.
Sur. *Tengo duda, señores, que no me hagan alguna traycion.*
Sub. How, issue on? yes, præsto, sennor. Please
Enthratha the *chambrata*, worthy don: [you
Where if you please the fates, in your *bathada*,
You shall be soked, and stroked, and tubb'd, and rubb'd,
And scrubb'd, and fubb'd, dear don, before you go.
You shall in faith, my scurvy baboon don.
Be curried, claw'd and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.
I will the heartlier go about it now,
And make the widow a punk so much the sooner,
To be revenged on this impetuous Face:
The quickly doing of it, is the grace.
[*Exeunt* Sub. *and* Surly.

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Face, Kastril, *and* Dame Pliant.

Face. Come, lady: I knew the Doctor would not leave,
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.
Kas. To be a countess, say you, a Spanish countess, sir?
Dame P. Why, is that better than an English countess?
Face Better! 'Slight, make you that a question, lady?
Kas. Nay, she is a fool, captain, you must pardon her.
Face. Ask from your courtier, to your inns-of-court-man,
To your mere milliner; they will tell you all,
Your Spanish gennet is the best horse; your Spanish Stoup is the best garb: your Spanish beard
Is the best cut; your Spanish ruffs are the best
Wear; your Spanish pavin the best dance;
Your Spanish titillation in a glove
The best perfume: and for your Spanish pike,
And Spanish blade, let your poor captain speak—
Here comes the doctor.

Enter Subtle, *with a paper.*

Sub. My most honour'd lady,
For so I am now to style you, having found
By this my scheme, you are to undergo
An honourable fortune, very shortly.
What will you say now, if some——
Face. I have told her all, sir;
And her right worshipful brother here, that she shall be
A countess; do not delay them, sir: a Spanish countess.
Sub. Still, my scarce-worshipful captain, you can keep
No secret! Well, since he has told you, madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.
Kas. She shall do that, sir;
I'll look to't, 'tis my charge.
Sub. Well then: nought rests
But that she fit her love now to her fortune.
Dame P. Truly I shall never brook a Spaniard.
Sub. No!
Dame P. Never since eighty-eight could I abide them,
And that was some three year afore I was born, in truth.
Sub. Come, you must love him, or be miserable
Choose which you will.
Face. By this good rush, persuade her,
She will cry strawberries else within this twelvemonth.
Sub. Nay, shads and mackarel, which is worse.
Face. Indeed sir!
Kas. Ods lid, you shall love him, or I'll kick
Dame P. Why, [you.
I'll do as you will have me, brother.
Kas. Do,
Or by this hand I'll maul you.
Face. Nay, good sir,
Be not so fierce.
Sub. No, my enraged child;
She will be ruled. What, when she comes to taste
The pleasures of a countess! to be courted——
Face. And kiss'd, and ruffled!
Sub. Ay, behind the hangings.
Face. And then come forth in pomp!
Sub. And know her state!
Face. Of keeping all the idolators of the chamber
Barer to her, than at their prayers!
Sub. Is serv'd
Upon the knee!
Face. And has her pages, ushers,
Footmen, and coaches——
Sub. Her six mares——
Face. Nay, eight!
Sub. To hurry her through London, to the Ex-
Bethlem, the china-houses—— [change,
Face. Yes, and have
The citizens gape at her, and praise her tires,
And my lord's goose-turd bands, that ride with her
Kas. Most brave! By this hand, you are not
If you refuse. [my sister
Dame P. I will not refuse, brother.

Enter SURLY.

Sur. *Que es esto, señores, que no venga? Esta tardanza me mata!*

Face. It is the count come:
The doctor knew he would be here, by his art.

Sub. *En gallanta madama, Don! gallantissima!*

Sur. *Por todos los dioses, la mas acabada hermosura, que he visto en mi vida!*

Face. Is't not a gallant language that they speak?

Kas. An admirable language! Is't not French?

Face. No, Spanish, sir.

Kas. It goes like law-French,
And that, they say, is the courtliest language.

Face. List, sir.

Sur. *El sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el esplandor que trae esta dama! Valgame dios!*

Face. He admires your sister.

Kas. Must not she make curt'sy?

Sub. Ods will, she must go to him, man, and
It is the Spanish fashion, for the women [kiss him!
To make first court.

Face. 'Tis true he tells you, sir:
His art knows all.

Sur. *Porque no se acude?*

Kas. He speaks to her, I think.

Face. That he does, sir.

Sur. *Por el amor de dios, que es esto que se tarda?*

Kas. Nay, see: she will not understand him!
Noddy. [gull,

Dame P. What say you, brother?

Kas. Ass, my suster.
Go kuss him, as the cunning man would have you;
I'll thrust a pin in your buttocks else.

Face. O no, sir.

Sur. *Señora mia, mi persona esta muy indigna de allegar a tanta hermosura.*

Face. Does he not use her bravely?

Kas. Bravely, i'faith!

Face. Nay, he will use her better.

Kas. Do you think so?

Sur. *Señora, si sera servida, entremonos.*
[*Exit with* Dame PLIANT.

Kas. Where does he carry her?

Face. Into the garden, sir;
Take you no thought: I must interpret for her.

Sub. Give Dol the word. [*Aside to* FACE, *who goes out.*]—Come, my fierce child, advance,
We'll to our quarrelling lesson again.

Kas. Agreed.
I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.

Sub. Nay, and by this means, sir, you shall be
To a great count. [brother

Kas. Ay, I knew that at first.
This match will advance the house of the Kastrils.

Sub. 'Pray God your sister prove but pliant!

Kas. Why,
Her name is so, by her other husband.

Sub. How!

Kas. The widow Pliant. Knew you not that?

Sub. No faith, sir;
Yet, by erection of her figure, I guest it.
Come, let's go practise.

Kas. Yes, but do you think, doctor,
I e'er shall quarrel well?

Sub. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter DOL *in her fit of raving, followed by* MAMMON.

Dol. *For after Alexander's death—*

Mam. Good lady——

Dol. *That Perdiccas and Antigonus, were slain,*
The two that stood, Seleuc', and Ptolomee——

Man. Madam.

Dol. *Made up the two legs, and the fourth beast,*
That was Gog-north, and Egypt-south: which after
Was call'd Gog-iron-leg, and South-iron-leg——

Mam. Lady——

Dol. *And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too:*
Then Egypt-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg——

Mam. Sweet madam.

Dol. *And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall*
In the last link of the fourth chain. And these
Be stars in story, which none see, or look at——

Mam. What shall I do?

Dol. *For*, as he says, *except*
We call the rabbins, and the heathen Greeks——

Mam. Dear lady.

Dol. *To come from Salem, and from Athens,*
And teach the people of Great Britain——

Enter FACE, *hastily, in his Servant's Dress.*

Face. What's the matter, sir?

Dol. *To speak the tongue of Eber, and Javan—*

Mam. O,
She's in her fit.

Dol. *We shall know nothing——*

Face. Death, sir,
We are undone!

Dol. *Where then a learned linguist*
Shall see the ancient used communion
Of vowels and consonants——

Face. My master will hear!

Dol. *A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most*

Mam. Sweet honorable lady! [*high—*

Dol. *To comprise*
All sounds of voices, in few marks of letters——

Face. Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.
[*They all speak together.*

Dol. *And so we may arrive by Talmud skill,*
And profane Greek, to raise the building up
Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite,
King of Thogarma, and his habergions
Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force
Of king Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim:
Which rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos,
And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.

Face. How did you put her into't?

Mam. Alas! I talk'd
Of a fifth monarchy I would erect.
With the philosopher's stone, by chance, and she
Falls on the other four straight.

Face. Out of Broughton!
I told you so. 'Slid, stop her mouth.

Mam. Is't best?

Face. She'll never leave else. If the old man
We are but fæces, ashes. [hear her,

Sub. [*Within.*] What's to do there?

Face. O, we are lost! Now she hears him, she is quiet.

Enter SUBTLE, *they run different ways.*

Mam. Where shall I hide me!

Sub. How! what sight is here?
Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light!

Bring him again. Who is he? What, my son!
O, I have lived too long.
Mam. Nay, good, dear father,
There was no unchaste purpose.
Sub. Not! and flee me,
When I come in?
Mam. That was my error.
Sub. Error!
Guilt, guilt, my son: give it the right name. No marvel,
If I found check in our great work within,
When such affairs as these were managing!
Mam. Why, have you so?
Sub. It has stood still this half hour:
And all the rest of our less works gone back.
Where is the instrument of wickedness,
My lewd false drudge?
Mam. Nay, good sir, blame not him;
Believe me, 'twas against his will or knowledge:
I saw her by chance.
Sub. Will you commit more sin,
To excuse a varlet?
Mam. By my hope, 'tis true, sir.
Sub. Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom
The blessing was prepared, would so tempt heaven,
And lose your fortunes.
Mam. Why, sir?
Sub. This will retard
The work, a month at least.
Mam. Why, if it do,
What remedy? But think it not, good father:
Our purposes were honest.
Sub. As they were,
So the reward will prove.— [*A loud explosion within.*
How now! ah me!
God, and all saints be good to us.—

Re-enter FACE.

What's that?
Face. O, sir, we are defeated! all the works
Are flown *in fumo*, every glass is burst:
Furnace, and all rent down! as if a bolt
Of thunder had been driven through the house.
Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt-heads,
All struck in shivers!
[SUBTLE *falls down as in a swoon.*
Help, good sir! alas,
Coldness, and death invades him. Nay, sir Mam-
Do the fair offices of a man! you stand, [mon,
As you were readier to depart than he.
[*Knocking within.*
Who's there? my lord her brother is come.
Mam. Ha, Lungs!
Face. His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight,
For he's as furious as his sister's mad.
Mam. Alas!
Face. My brain is quite undone with the fume,
I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again. [sir,
Mam. Is all lost, Lungs? will nothing be pre-
Of all our cost? [serv'd
Face. Faith, very little, sir;
A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort, sir.
Mam. O my voluptuous mind! I am justly
Face. And so am I, sir. [punish'd.
Mam. Cast from all my hopes——
Face. Nay, certainties, sir.
Mam. By mine own base affections.
Sub. [*Seeming to come to himself.*] O, the curst
Mam. Good father, [fruits of vice and lust!
It was my sin. Forgive it.
Sub. Hangs my roof
Over us still, and will not fall, O justice,
Upon us, for this wicked man!
Face. Nay, look, sir,
You grieve him now with staying in his sight:
Good sir, the nobleman will come too, and take
And that may breed a tragedy. [you,
Mam. I'll go.
Face. Ay, and repent at home, sir. It may be,
For some good penance you may have it yet;
A hundred pound to the box at Bethlem——
Mam. Yes.
Face. For the restoring such as—have their wits.
Mam. I'll do't.
Face. I'll send one to you to receive it.
Mam. Do.
Is no projection left?
Face. All flown, or stinks, sir.
Mam. Will nought be sav'd that's good for med'cine, think'st thou?
Face. I cannot tell, sir. There will be perhaps,
Something about the scraping of the shards,
Will cure the itch,—though not your itch of mind, sir. [*Aside*
It shall be saved for you, and sent home. Good
This way, for fear the lord should meet you. [sir,
[*Exit* MAMMON.
Sub. [*Raising his head.*] Face!
Face. Ay.
Sub. Is he gone?
Face. Yes, and as heavily
As all the gold he hoped for were in's blood.
Let us be light though.
Sub. [*Leaping up.*] Ay, as balls, and bound
And hit our heads against the roof for joy:
There's so much of our care now cast away.
Face. Now to our don.
Sub. Yes, your young widow by this time
Is made a countess, Face; she has been in travail
Of a young heir for you.
Face. Good sir.
Sub. Off with your case,
And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should,
After these common hazards.
Face. Very well, sir.
Will you go fetch don Diego off, the while?
Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleased, sir:
Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pockets now!
Face. Why, you can do't as well, if you would
I pray you prove your virtue. [set to't.
Sub. For your sake, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter SURLY *and* Dame PLIANT.

Sur. Lady, you see into what hands you are fall'n;
'Mongst what a nest of villains! and how near
Your honour was t'have catch'd a certain clap,
Through your credulity, had I but been
So punctually forward, as place, time,
And other circumstances would have made a man;
For you're a handsome woman: would you were
I am a gentleman come here disguised, [wise too!
Only to find the knaveries of this citadel;
And where I might have wrong'd your honour, and have not,
I claim some interest in your love. You are,
They say, a widow, rich; and I'm a batchelor,

Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a man,
As mine have preserv'd you a woman. Think upon
And whether I have deserv'd you or no. [it,
Dame P. I will, sir.
Sur. And for these household-rogues, let me
To treat with them. [alone

Enter SUBTLE.

Sub. How doth my noble Diego,
And my dear madam countess? hath the count
Been courteous, lady? liberal, and open?
Donzel, methinks you look melancholic,
After your coitum, and scurvy: truly,
I do not like the dulness of your eye;
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis upsee Dutch,
And says you are a lumpish whore-master.
Be lighter, I will make your pockets so.
[*Attempts to pick them.*
Sur. [*Throws open his cloak.*] Will you, don bawd and pick-purse? [*strikes him down.*] how now! reel you?
Stand up, sir, you shall find, since I am so heavy,
I'll give you equal weight.
Sub. Help! murder!
Sur. No, sir,
There's no such thing intended: a good cart,
And a clean whip shall ease you of that fear.
I am the Spanish don *that should be cozen'd,*
Do you see, cozen'd! Where's your captain Face,
That parcel broker, and whole-bawd, all rascal!

Enter FACE, *in his uniform.*

Face. How, Surly!
Sur. O, make your approach, good captain.
I have found from whence your copper rings and spoons
Come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns.
'Twas here you learn'd t' anoint your boot with brimstone,
Then rub men's gold on't for a kind of touch,
And say 'twas naught, when you had changed the colour,
That you might have't for nothing. And this doc-
Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he [tor,
Will close you so much gold, in a bolt's-head,
And, on a turn, convey in the stead another
With sublimed mercury, that shall burst in the heat,
And fly out all *in fumo!* Then weeps Mammon;
Then swoons his worship. [FACE *slips out.*] Or, he is the Faustus,
That casteth figures and can conjure, cures
Plagues, piles, and pox, by the ephemerides,
And holds intelligence with all the bawds
And midwives of three shires: while you send in—
Captain—what! is he gone?—damsels with child,
Wives that are barren, or the waiting-maid
With the green sickness.
[*Seizes* SUBTLE *as he is retiring.*
Nay, sir, you must tarry,
Though he be scaped; and answer by the ears, sir.

Re-enter FACE, *with* KASTRIL.

Face. Why, now's the time, if ever you will quar-
Well, as they say, and be a true-born child: [rel
The doctor and your sister both are abused.
Kas. Where is he? which is he? he is a slave,
Whate'er he is, and the son of a whore.—Are you
The man, sir, I would know?
Sur. I should be loth, sir,
To confess so much.
Kas. Then you lie in your throat.
Sur. How!
Face. [*to* KASTRIL.] A very errant rogue, sir,
Employ'd here by another conjurer [and a cheater,
That does not love the doctor, and would cross him,
If he knew how.
Sur. Sir, you are abused.
Kas. You lie:
And 'tis no matter.
Face. Well said, sir! He is
The impudent'st rascal——
Sur. You are indeed: Will you hear me, sir?
Face. By no means: bid him be gone.
Kas. Begone, sir, quickly.
Sur. This 's strange!—Lady, do you inform your brother.
Face. There is not such a foist in all the town,
The doctor had him presently; and finds yet,
The Spanish count will come here.—Bear up, Subtle. [*Aside.*
Sub. Yes, sir, he must appear within this hour.
Face. And yet this rogue would come in a dis-
By the temptation of another spirit, [guise,
To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it!
Kas. Ay,
I know—Away, [*to his Sister,*] you talk like a foolish mauther.
Sur. Sir, all is truth she says.
Face. Do not believe him, sir.
He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways, sir.
Sur. You are valiant out of company!
Kas. Yes, how then, sir?

Enter DRUGGER, *with a piece of damask.*

Face. Nay, here's an honest fellow, too, that knows him,
And all his tricks. Make good what I say, Abel,
This cheater would have cozen'd thee o' the widow.—
[*Aside to* DRUG.
He owes this honest Drugger here, seven pound,
He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of tobacco.
Drug. Yes, sir.
And he has damn'd himself three terms to pay me.
Face. And what does he owe for lotium?
Drug. Thirty shillings, sir;
And for six syringes.
Sur. Hydra of villainy!
Face. Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out o' the house.
Kas. I will:
—Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie;
And you are a pimp.
Sur. Why, this is madness, sir,
Not valour in you; I must laugh at this.
Kas. It is my humour: you are a pimp and a trig,
And an *Amadis de Gaul,* or a Don Quixote.
Drug. Or a knight o' the curious coxcomb, do you see?

Enter ANANIAS.

Ana. Peace to the household!
Kas. I'll keep peace for no man.
Ana. Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.
Kas. Is he the constable?
Sub. Peace, Ananias.
Face. No, sir.
Kas. Then you are an otter, and a shad, a whit
A very tim.
Sur. You'll hear me, sir?
Kas. I will not.
Ana. What is the motive?

Sub. Zeal in the young gentleman,
Against his Spanish slops.
Ana. They are profane,
Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.
Sur. New rascals!
Kas. Will you begone, sir?
Ana. Avoid, Sathan!
Thou art not of the light: That ruff of pride
About thy neck, betrays thee; and is the same
With that which the unclean birds, in seventy-seven,
Were seen to prank it with on divers coasts:
Thou look'st like antichrist, in that lewd hat.
Sur. I must give way.
Kas. Be gone, sir.
Sur. But I'll take
A course with you——
Ana. Depart, proud Spanish fiend!
Sur. Captain and Doctor.
Ana. Child of perdition!
Kas. Hence, sir! [*Exit* SURLY.
Did I not quarrel bravely?
Face. Yes, indeed, sir.
Kas. Nay, an I give my mind to't, I shall do't.
Face. O, you must follow, sir, and threaten him
He'll turn again else. [tame:
Kas. I'll re-turn him then. [*Exit.*
[SUBTLE *takes* ANANIAS *aside.*
Face. Drugger, this rogue prevented us for thee:
We had determin'd that thou should'st have come
In a Spanish suit, and have carried her so; and he,
A brokerly slave! goes, puts it on himself.
Hast brought the damask?
Drug. Yes, sir.
Face. Thou must borrow
A Spanish suit: hast thou no credit with the players?
Drug. Yes, sir; did you never see me play the Fool?
Face. I know not, Nab:—Thou shalt, if I can help it.— [*Aside.*
Hieronimo's old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve;
I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em.
[*Exit* DRUGGER.
Ana. Sir, I know
The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath spies
Upon their actions: and that this was one
I make no scruple.—But the holy synod
Have been in prayer and meditation for it;
And 'tis reveal'd no less to them than me,
That casting of money is most lawful.
Sub. True,
But here I cannot do it; if the house
Shou'd chance to be suspected, all would out,
And we be lock'd up in the Tower for ever,
To make gold there for the state, never come out;
And then are you defeated.
Ana. I will tell
This to the elders and the weaker brethren,
That the whole company of the separation
May join in humble prayer again.
Sub. And fasting.
Ana. Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of mind
Rest with these walls! [*Exit.*
Sub. Thanks, courteous Ananias.
Face. What did he come for?
Sub. About casting dollars,
Presently out of hand. And so I told him.
A Spanish minister came here to spy,
Against the faithful——
Face. I conceive. Come, Subtle,
Thou art so down upon the least disaster!
How wouldst thou ha' done, if I had not help't thee out?
Sub. I thank thee, Face, for the angry boy, i' faith.
Face. Who would have look'd it should have been that rascal,
Surly? he had dyed his beard and all. Well, sir,
Here's damask come to make you a suit.
Sub. Where's Drugger?
Face. He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habit;
I'll be the count, now.
Sub. But where's the widow?
Face. Within, with my lord's sister: madam
Is entertaining her. [Dol
Sub. By your favour, Face,
Now she is honest, I will stand again.
Face. You will not offer it.
Sub. Why?
Face. Stand to your word,
Or—here comes Dol, she knows——
Sub. You are tyrannous still.

Enter DOL, *hastily.*

Face. Strict for my right.—How now, Dol
Hast [thou] told her,
The Spanish count will come?
Dol. Yes; but another is come,
You little look'd for!
Face. Who is that?
Dol. Your master;
The master of the house.
Sub. How, Dol!
Face. She lies,
This is some trick. Come, leave your quiblins, Dorothy.
Dol. Look out, and see. [FACE *goes to the window.*
Sub. Art thou in earnest?
Dol. 'Slight,
Forty o' the neighbours are about him, talking.
Face. 'Tis he, by this good day.
Dol. 'Twill prove ill day
For some on us.
Face. We are undone, and taken.
Dol. Lost, I'm afraid.
Sub. You said he would not come,
While there died one a week within the liberties.
Face. No: 'twas within the walls.
Sub. Was't so! cry you mercy.
I thought the liberties. What shall we do now, Face?
Face. Be silent: not a word, if he call or knock.
I'll into mine old shape again and meet him,
Of Jeremy, the butler. In the mean time,
Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase,
That we can carry in the two trunks. I'll keep him
Off for to-day, if I cannot longer: and then
At night, I'll ship you both away to Ratcliff,
Where we will meet to-morrow, and there we'll share.
Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar;
We'll have another time for that. But, Dol,
'Prythee go heat a little water quickly;
Subtle must shave me: all my captain's beard
Must off, to make me appear smooth Jeremy.
You'll do it?
Sub. Yes, I'll shave you, as well as I can.
Face. And not cut my throat, but trim me?
Sub. You shall see, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before* LOVEWIT'S *Door.*

Enter LOVEWIT, *with several of the* Neighbours.

Love. Has there been such resort, say you?
1 *Nei.* Daily, sir.
2 *Nei.* And nightly, too
3 *Nei.* Ay, some as brave as lords.
4 *Nei.* Ladies and gentlewomen.
5 *Nei.* Citizens' wives.
1 *Nei.* And knights.
6 *Nei.* In coaches.
2 *Nei.* Yes, and oyster women.
1 *Nei.* Beside other gallants.
3 *Nei.* Sailors' wives.
4 *Nei.* Tobacco men.
5 *Nei.* Another Pimlico!
Love. What should my knave advance,
To draw this company? he hung out no banners
Of a strange calf with five legs to be seen,
Or a huge lobster with six claws?
6 *Nei.* No, sir.
3 *Nei.* We had gone in then, sir.
Love. He has no gift
Of teaching in the nose that e'er I knew of.
You saw no bills set up that promised cure
Of agues, or the tooth-ach?
2 *Nei.* No such thing, sir.
Love. Nor heard a drum struck for baboons or
5 *Nei.* Neither, sir. [puppets?
Love. What device should he bring forth now?
I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment:
'Pray God he have not kept such open house,
That he hath sold my hangings, and my bedding!
I left him nothing else. If he have eat them,
A plague o' the moth, say I! Sure he has got
Some bawdy pictures to call all this ging!
The friar and the nun; or the new motion
Of the knight's courser covering the parson's mare;
The boy of six year old with the great thing:
Or 't may be, he has the fleas that run at tilt
Upon a table, or some dog to dance.
When saw you him?
1 *Nei.* Who, sir, Jeremy?
2 *Nei.* Jeremy butler?
We saw him not this month.
Love. How!
4 *Nei.* Not these five weeks, sir.
6 *Nei.* These six weeks at the least.
Love. You amaze me, neighbours!
5 *Nei.* Sure, if your worship know not where
He's slipt away. [he is,
6 *Nei.* Pray God, he be not made away.
Love. Ha! it's no time to question, then.
[*Knocks at the Door.*
6 *Nei.* About
Some three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry,
As I sat up a mending my wife's stockings.
Love. 'Tis strange that none will answer! Didst
A cry, sayst thou? [thou hear
6 *Nei.* Yes, sir, like unto a man
That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.
2 *Nei.* I heard it too, just this day three weeks,
Next morning. [at two o'clock
Love. These be miracles, or you make them so!
A man an hour strangled, and could not speak,
And both you heard him cry?
3 *Nei.* Yes, downward, sir.
Love. Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy
What trade art thou on? [hand, I pray thee,
3 *Nei.* A smith, an't please your worship.
Love. A smith! then lend me thy help to get this door open.
3 *Nei.* That I will presently, sir, but fetch my tools— [*Exit.*
1 *Nei.* Sir, best to knock again, afore you break
Love. [*Knocks again.*] I will. [it.

Enter FACE, *in his butler's livery.*

Face. What mean you, sir?
1, 2, 4 *Nei.* O, here's Jeremy!
Face. Good sir, come from the door.
Love. Why, what's the matter?
Face. Yet farther, you are too near yet.
Love. In the name of wonder,
What means the fellow!
Face. The house, sir, has been visited.
Love. What, with the plague? stand thou then farther.
Face. No, sir,
I had it not.
Love. Who had it then? I left
None else but thee in the house.
Face. Yes, sir, my fellow,
The cat that kept the buttery, had it on her
A week before I spied it; but I got her
Convey'd away in the night: and so I shut
The house up for a month——
Love. How!
Face. Purposing then, sir,
T'have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar,
And have made it sweet, that you shou'd ne'er have known it;
Because I knew the news would but afflict you, sir.
Love. Breathe less, and farther off! Why this is stranger:
The neighbours tell me all here that the doors
Have still been open——
Face. How, sir!
Love. Gallants, men and women,
And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here
In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hogsden,
In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright.
Face. Sir,
Their wisdoms will not say so.
Love. To-day they speak
Of coaches, and gallants; one in a French hood
Went in, they tell me; and another was seen
In a velvet gown at the window: divers more
Pass in and out.
Face. They did pass through the doors then,
Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their spectacles;
For here, sir, are the keys, and here have been,
In this my pocket, now above twenty days:
And for before, I kept the fort alone there.
But that 'tis yet not deep in the afternoon,
I should believe my neighbours had seen double
Through the black pot, and made these apparitions!
For, on my faith to your worship, for these three weeks
And upwards the door has not been open'd.
Love. Strange!
1 *Nei.* Good faith, I think I saw a coach.

2 *Nei.* And I too,
I'd have been sworn.
Love. Do you but think it now?
And but one coach?
4 *Nei.* We cannot tell, sir: Jeremy
Is a very honest fellow.
Face. Did you see me at all?
1 *Nei.* No; that we are sure on.
2 *Nei.* I'll be sworn o' that.
Love. Fine rogues to have your testimonies built on!

Re-enter Third Neighbour, *with his Tools.*

3 *Nei.* Is Jeremy come!
1 *Nei.* O, yes; you may leave your tools;
We were deceived, he says.
2 *Nei.* He has had the keys;
And the door has been shut these three weeks.
3 *Nei.* Like enough.
Love. Peace and get hence, you changelings.

Enter SURLY *and* MAMMON.

Face. Surly come!
And Mammon made acquainted! they'll tell all.
How shall I beat them off? what shall I do?
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.
[*Aside.*
Sur. No, sir, he was a great physician. This,
It was no bawdy house, but a mere chancel!
You knew the lord and his sister.
Mam. Nay, good Surly—
Sur. The happy word, BE RICH—
Mam. Play not the tyrant.—
Sur. Should be to-day pronounced to all your friends.
And where be your andirons now? and your brass pots,
That should have been golden flagons, and great wedges?
Mam. Let me but breathe. What, they have shut their doors,
Methinks!
Sur. Ay, now 'tis holiday with them.
Mam. Rogues, [*He and* SURLY *knock.*
Cozeners, impostors, bawds!
Face. What mean you, sir?
Mam. To enter if we can.
Face. Another man's house!
Here is the owner, sir: turn you to him,
And speak your business.
Mam. Are you, sir, the owner?
Love. Yes, sir.
Mam. And are those knaves within your cheaters?
Love. What knaves, what cheaters?
Mam. Subtle and his Lungs.
Face. The gentleman is distracted, sir! No lungs,
Nor lights have been seen here these three weeks,
Within these doors, upon my word. [sir,
Sur. Your word,
Groom arrogant!
Face. Yes, sir, I am the housekeeper,
And know the keys have not been out of my hands.
Sur. This is a new Face.
Face. You do mistake the house, sir:
What sign was't at?
Sur. You rascal! this is one
Of the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,
And force the door.
Love. 'Pray you stay, gentlemen.
Sur. No, sir, we'll come with warrant.
Mam. Ay, and then
We shall have your doors open.
[*Exeunt* MAM. *and* SUR.
Love. What means this?
Face. I cannot tell, sir.
1 *Nei.* These are two of the gallants
That we do think we saw.
Face. Two of the fools!
You talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir,
I think the moon has crazed 'em all.—O me,

Enter KASTRIL.

The angry boy come too! He'll make a noise,
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all. [*Aside.*
Kas. [*knocking.*] What rogues, bawds, slaves, you'll open the door, anon!
Punk, cockatrice, my suster! By this light
I'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a whore
To keep your castle——
Face. Who would you speak with, sir?
Kas. The bawdy doctor, and the cozening cap-tain,
And puss my suster.
Love. This is something, sure.
Face. Upon my trust, the doors were never open, sir.
Kas. I have heard all their tricks told me twice
By the fat knight and the lean gentleman. over,
Love. Here comes another.

Enter ANANIAS *and* TRIBULATION.

Face. Ananias too!
And his pastor!
Tri. [*beating at the door.*] The doors are shut against us.
Ana. Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons of
Your stench it is broke forth; abomination fire!
Is in the house.
Kas. Ay, my suster's there.
Ana. The place,
It is become a cage of unclean birds.
Kas. Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and the
Tri. You shall do well. constable.
Ana. We'll join to weed them out.
Kas. You will not come then, punk devise, my sister!
Ana. Call her not sister; she's a harlot verily.
Kas. I'll raise the street.
Love. Good gentleman, a word.
Ana. Satan avoid, and hinder not our zeal!
[*Exeunt* ANA. TRIB. *and* KAST.
Love. The world's turn'd Bethlem.
Face. These are all broke loose,
Out of St. Katherine's, where they use to keep
The better sort of mad-folks.
1 *Nei.* All these persons
We saw go in and out here.
2 *Nei.* Yes, indeed, sir.
3 *Nei.* These were the parties.
Face. Peace, you drunkards! Sir,
I wonder at it: please you to give me leave
To touch the door, I'll try an the lock be chang'd.
Love. It mazes me!
Face. [*Goes to the door.*] Good faith, sir, I believe
There's no such thing: 'tis all *deceptio visus*—
Would I could get him away. [*Aside.*
Dap. [*within.*] Master captain! master doctor!
Love. Who's that?
Face. Our clerk within, that I forgot! [*Aside.*] I know not, sir.
Dap. [*within.*] For God's sake, when will her
Face. Ha! grace be at leisure?

Illusions, some spirit o' the air!—His gag is melted,
And now he sets out the throat. [*Aside.*
Dap. [*within.*] I am almost stifled——
Face. Would you were altogether. [*Aside.*
Love. 'Tis in the house.
Ha! list.
Face. Believe it, sir, in the air.
Love. Peace, you.
Dap. [*within.*] Mine aunt's grace does not use
Sub. [*within.*] You fool, [me well.
Peace, you'll mar all.
Face. [*speaks through the key-hole, while* LOVEWIT *advances to the door unobserved.*] Or you will else, you rogue.
Love. O, is it so? then you converse with spirits!—
Come, sir. No more of your tricks, good Jeremy,
The truth, the shortest way.
Face. Dismiss this rabble, sir.—
What shall I do? I am catch'd. [*Aside.*
Love. Good neighbours,
I thank you all. You may depart. [*Exeunt* Neighbours.]
—Come sir,
You know that I am an indulgent master;
And therefore conceal nothing. What's your medicine,
To draw so many several sorts of wild fowl?
Face. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit—
But here's no place to talk on't in the street.
Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune,
And only pardon me the abuse of your house:
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,
In recompence, that you shall give me thanks for,
Will make you seven years younger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloak:
I have her within. You need not fear the house;
It was not visited.
Love. But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected.
Face. It is true, sir.
'Pray you forgive me.
Love. Well: let's see your widow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter SUBTLE, *leading in* DAPPER, *with his eyes bound as before.*

Sub. How! have you eaten your gag?
Dap. Yes faith, it crumbled
Away in my mouth.
Sub. You have spoil'd all then.
Dap. No!
I hope my aunt of Fairy will forgive me.
Sub. Your aunt's a gracious lady; but in troth
You were to blame.
Dap. The fume did overcome me,
And I did do't to stay my stomach. 'Pray you
So satisfy her grace.

Enter FACE, *in his uniform.*

Here comes the captain,
Face. How now! is his mouth down?
Sub. Ay, he has spoken!
Face. A pox, I heard him, and you too.—He's undone then.—
I have been fain to say, the house is haunted
With spirits, to keep churl back.
Sub. And hast thou done it?
Face. Sure, for this night.
Sub. Why, then triumph and sing
Of Face so famous, the precious king
Of present wits.
Face. Did you not hear the coil
About the door?
Sub. Yes, and I dwindled with it.
Face. Shew him his aunt, and let him be dispatch'd:
I'll send her to you. [*Exit* FACE.
Sub. Well, sir, your aunt her grace
Will give you audience presently, on my suit,
And the captain's word that you did not eat your gag
In any contempt of her highness. [*Unbinds his eyes.*
Dap. Not I, in troth, sir.

Enter DOL, *like the Queen of Fairy.*

Sub. Here she is come. Down o' your knees and wriggle:
She has a stately presence, [DAPPER *kneels, and shuffles towards her.*] Good! Yet nearer,
And bid, God save you!
Dap. Madam!
Sub. And your aunt.
Dap. And my most gracious aunt, God save your grace.
Dol. Nephew, we thought to have been angry with you;
But that sweet face of yours hath turn'd the tide,
And made it flow with joy, that ebb'd of love.
Arise, and touch our velvet gown.
Sub. The skirts,
And kiss 'em. So!
Dol. Let me now stroak that head.
Much, nephew, shalt thou win, much shalt thou spend,
Much shalt thou give away, much shalt thou lend.
Sub. Ay, much! indeed. [*Aside.*] Why do you not thank her grace?
Dap. I cannot speak for joy.
Sub. See the kind wretch!
Your grace's kinsman right.
Dol. Give me the bird.
Here is your fly in a purse, about your neck, cousin;
Wear it, and feed it about this day sev'n-night,
On your right wrist——
Sub. Open a vein with a pin.
And let it suck but once a week; till then,
You must not look on't.
Dol. No: and kinsman,
Bear yourself worthy of the blood you come on.
Sub. Her grace would have you eat no more Woolsack pies,
Nor Dagger frumety.
Dol. Nor break his fast
In Heaven and Hell.
Sub. She's with you every where!
Nor play with costarmongers, at mum-chance, tray-trip,
God make you rich; (when as your aunt has done
But keep it;)
The gallant'st company, and the best games——
Dap. Yes, sir.
Sub. Gleek and primero: and what you get, be true to us.
Dap. By this hand, I will.
Sub. You may bring's a thousand pound
Before to-morrow night, if but three thousand
Be stirring, an you will.
Dap. I swear I will then.

Sub. Your fly will learn you all games.
Face. [*within.*] Have you done there?
Sub. Your grace will command him no more
Dol. No: [duties?
But come, and see me often. I may chance
To leave him three or four hundred chests of treasure,
And some twelve thousand acres of fairy land,
If he game well and comely with good gamesters.
Sub. There's a kind aunt! kiss her departing part.—
But you must sell your forty mark a year, now.
Dap. Ay, sir, I mean.
Sub. Or, give 't away; pox on't!
Dap. I'll give 't mine aunt: I'll go and fetch the writings. [*Exit.*
Sub. 'Tis well—away!

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Where's Subtle?
Sub. Here: what news?
Face. Drugger is at the door, go take his suit,
And bid him fetch a parson, presently;
Say, he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt spend
A hundred pound by the service! [*Exit* SUBTLE.]
Now, queen Dol,
Have you pack'd up all?
Dol. Yes.
Face. And how do you like
The lady Pliant?
Dol. A good dull innocent.

Re-enter SUBTLE.

Sub. Here's your Hieronimo's cloak and hat.
Face. Give me them.
Sub. And the ruff too?
Face. Yes; I'll come to you presently. [*Exit.*
Sub. Now he is gone about his project, Dol,
I told you of, for the widow.
Dol. 'Tis direct
Against our articles.
Sub. Well, we will fit him, wench.
Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels or her bracelets?
Dol. No; but I will do't.
Sub. Soon at night, my Dolly,
When we are shipp'd, and all our goods aboard,
Eastward for Ratcliff; we will turn our course
To Brainford, westward, if thou sayst the word,
And take our leaves of this o'er-weening rascal,
This peremptory Face.
Dol. Content, I'm weary of him.
Sub. Thou'st cause, when the slave will run a wiving, Dol,
Against the instrument that was drawn between
Dol. I'll pluck his bird as bare as I can. [us
Sub. Yes, tell her,
She must by any means address some present
To the cunning man, make him amends for wrong-
His art with her suspicion; send a ring [ing
Or chain of pearl; she will be tortured else
Extremely in her sleep, say, and have strange things
Come to her. Wilt thou?
Dol. Yes.
Sub. My fine flitter-mouse,
My bird o' the night! we'll tickle it at the Pigeons,
When we have all, and may unlock the trunks,
And say, this's mine, and thine; and thine, and mine. [*They kiss.*

Re-enter FACE.

Face. What now! a billing?
Sub. Yes, a little exalted
In the good passage of our stock-affairs.
Face. Drugger has brought his parson; take him in, Subtle,
And send Nab back again to wash his face.
Sub. I will: and shave himself. [*Exit.*
Face. If you can get him.
Dol. You are hot upon it, Face, whate'er it is!
Face. A trick that Dol shall spend ten pound a month by.

Re-enter SUBTLE.

Is he gone?
Sub. The chaplain waits you in the hall, sir.
Face. I'll go bestow him. [*Exit*
Dol. He'll now marry her, instantly.
Sub. He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol,
Cozen her of all thou canst. To deceive him
Is no deceit, but justice, that would break
Such an inextricable tie as ours was.
Dol. Let me alone to fit him.

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Come, my venturers,
You have pack'd up all? where be the trunks?
Sub. Here. [bring forth.
Face. Let us see them. Where's the money?
Sub. Here,
In this.
Face. Mammon's ten pound; eight score before:
The brethren's money, this. Drugger's and Dap-
What paper's that? [per's.
Dol. The jewel of the waiting-maid's,
That stole it from her lady, to know certain——
Face. If she should have precedence of her mis-
Dol. Yes. [tress?
Face. What box is that?
Sub. The fish-wives' rings, I think,
And the ale-wives' single money. Is't not, Dol?
Dol. Yes; and the whistle that the sailor's wife
Brought you to know an her husband were with Ward.
Face. We'll wet it to-morrow; and our silver-beakers
And tavern cups. Where be the French petticoats,
And girdles and hangers?
Sub. Here, in the trunk,
And the bolts of lawn.
Face. Is Drugger's damask there,
And the tobacco?
Sub. Yes.
Face. Give me the keys.
Dol. Why you the keys?
Sub. No matter, Dol; because
We shall not open them before he comes.
Face. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed;
Nor have them forth, do you see? not forth, Dol.
Dol. No!
Face. No, my smock rampant. The right is, my master
Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep them;
Doctor, 'tis true—you look—for all your figures:
I sent for him indeed. Wherefore, good partners,
Both he and she be satisfied; for here
Determines the indenture tripartite
'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do
Is to help you over the wall, o' the back-side,
Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet gown, Dol.
Here will be officers presently, bethink you
Of some course suddenly to 'scape the dock:
For thither you will come else. [*Loud knocking.*]
Hark you, thunder.

Sub. You are a precious fiend!
Offi. [*without.*] Open the door.
Face. Dol, I am sorry for thee, i' faith; but hear'st thou?
It shall go hard but I will place thee somewhere:
Thou shalt have my letter to mistress Amo—
Dol. Hang you!
Face. Or madam Cæsarean.
Dol. Pox upon you, rogue,
Would I had but time to beat thee!
Face. Subtle,
Let's know where you set up next; I will send you
A customer now and then, for old acquaintance:
What new course have you?
Sub. Rogue, I'll hang myself;
That I may walk a greater devil than thou,
And haunt thee in the flock-bed and the buttery.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An outer Room in the same.*

Enter LOVEWIT *in the Spanish dress, with the Parson.*
[*Loud knocking at the door.*]

Love. What do you mean, my masters?
Mam. [*without.*] Open your door,
Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.
Offi. [*without.*] Or we will break it open.
Love. What warrant have you?
Offi. [*without.*] Warrant enough, sir, doubt not,
If you'll not open it.
Love. Is there an officer, there?
Offi. [*without.*] Yes, two or three for failing.
Love. Have but patience,
And I will open it straight.

Enter FACE, *as butler.*

Face. Sir, have you done?
Is it a marriage? perfect?
Love. Yes, my brain.
Face. Off with your ruff and cloak then; be yourself, sir.
Sur. [*without.*] Down with the door.
Kas. [*without.*] 'Slight, ding it open.
Love. [*opening the door.*] Hold,
Hold, gentlemen, what means this violence?

MAMMON, SURLY, KASTRIL, ANANIAS, TRIBULATION, *and* Officers, *rush in.*

Mam. Where is this collier?
Sur. And my captain Face?
Mam. These day owls.
Sur. That are birding in men's purses.
Mam. Madam suppository.
Kas. Doxy, my suster.
Ana. Locusts
Of the foul pit.
Tri. Profane as Bel and the dragon.
Ana. Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice of Egypt.
Love. Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you
And cannot stay this violence? [officers,
1 *Offi.* Keep the peace.
Love. Gentlemen, what is the matter? whom do you seek?
Mam. The chemical cozener.
Sur. And the captain pander.
Kas. The nun my suster.
Mam. Madam Rabbi
Ana. Scorpions,
And caterpillars.
Love. Fewer at once, I pray you.
2 *Offi.* One after another, gentlemen, I charge
By virtue of my staff. [you,
Ana. They are the vessels
Of pride, lust, and the cart.
Love. Good zeal, lie still
A little while.
Tri. Peace, deacon Ananias.
Love. The house is mine here, and the doors are open;
If there be any such persons as you seek for,
Use your authority, search on o' God's name.
I am but newly come to town, and finding
This tumult 'bout my door, to tell you true,
It somewhat mazed me; till my man, here, fearing
My more displeasure, told me he had done
Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house
(Belike, presuming on my known aversion
From any air o' the town while there was sickness,)
To a doctor and a captain: who, what they are
Or where they be, he knows not.
Mam. Are they gone?
Love. You may go in and search, sir. [MAMMON, ANA. *and* TRIB. *go in.*] Here, I find
The empty walls worse than I left them, smoak'd.
A few crack'd pots, and glasses, and a furnace:
The ceiling fill'd with poesies of the candle,
And madam with a dildo writ o' the walls:
Only one gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that said she was a widow——
Kas. Ay, that's my suster; I'll go thump her.
Where is she? [*Goes in.*
Love. And should have married a Spanish count but he,
When he came to't, neglected her so grossly,
That I, a widower, am gone through with her.
Sur. How! have I lost her then?
Love. Were you the don, sir?
Good faith, now, she does blame you extremely, and says
You swore, and told her you had taken the pains
To dye your beard, and umbre o'er your face,
Borrowed a suit, and ruff, all for her love;
And then did nothing. What an oversight,
And want of putting forward, sir, was this!
Well fare an old harquebuzier, yet,
Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit,
All in a twinkling!

Re-enter MAMMON.

Mam. The whole nest are fled!
Love. What sort of birds were they?
Mam. A kind of choughs,
Or thievish daws, sir, that have pick'd my purse
Of eight score and ten pounds within these five weeks,
Beside my first materials; and my goods, [left,
That lie in the cellar, which I am glad they have
I may have home yet.
Love. Think you so, sir?
Mam. Ay.
Love. By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.
Mam. Not mine own stuff!
Love. Sir, I can take no knowledge
That they are yours, but by public means.
If you can bring certificate that you were gull'd of them,
Or any formal writ out of a court,
That you did cozen your self, I will not hold them.
Mam. I'll rather lose them.
Love. That you shall not, sir,

By me, in troth: upon these terms, they are yours.
What! should they have been, sir, turn'd into gold,
Mam. No, [all?
I cannot tell—It may be they should—What then?
Love. What a great loss in hope have you sus-
Mam. Not I, the common-wealth has. [tain'd!
Face. Ay, he would have built
The city new; and made a ditch about it
Of silver, should have run with cream from Hogsden;
That, every Sunday, in Moor-fields, the younkers,
And tits and tom-boys should have fed on, gratis.
Mam. I will go mount a turnip-cart, and preach
The end of the world, within these two months.
What! in a dream? [Surly,
Sur. Must I needs cheat myself,
With that same foolish vice of honesty!
Come, let us go and hearken out the rogues:
That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.
Face. If I can hear of him, sir, I'll bring you word,
Unto your lodging; for in troth, they were strangers
To me, I thought them honest as my self, sir.
[*Exeunt* MAM. *and* SUR.

Re-enter ANANIAS *and* TRIBULATION.

Tri. 'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all yet.
And get some carts—— [Go,
Love. For what, my zealous friends?
Ana. To bear away the portion of the righteous
Out of this den of thieves.
Love. What is that portion?
Ana. The goods sometimes the orphan's, that
Bought with their silver pence. [the brethren
Love. What, those in the cellar,
The knight sir Mammon claims?
Ana. I do defy
The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren,
Thou profane man! I ask thee with what conscience
Thou canst advance that idol against us,
That have the seal? were not the shillings number'd,
That made the pounds; were not the pounds told
Upon the second day of the fourth week, [out,
In the eighth month, upon the table dormant,
The year of the last patience of the saints,
Six hundred and ten?
Love. Mine earnest vehement botcher,
And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you:
But if you get you not away the sooner,
I shall confute you with a cudgel.
Ana. Sir!
Tri. Be patient, Ananias.
Ana. I am strong,
And will stand up, well girt, against an host
That threaten Gad in exile.
Love. I shall send you
To Amsterdam, to your cellar.
Ana. I will pray there,
Against thy house: may dogs defile thy walls,
And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof,
This seat of falsehood, and this cave of cozenage!
[*Exeunt* ANA. *and* TRIB.

Enter DRUGGER.

Love. Another too?
Drug. Not I, sir, I am no brother.
Love. [*beats him.*] Away, you Harry Nicholas! do you talk? [*Exit* DRUG.

Face. No, this was Abel Drugger. Good sir, go, [*To the* Parson.
And satisfy him; tell him all is done:
He staid too long a washing of his face.
The doctor, he shall hear of him at West-chester;
And of the captain, tell him, at Yarmouth, or
Some good port-town else, lying for a wind.
[*Exit* Parson.
If you can get off the angry child, now, sir——

Enter KASTRIL, *dragging in his sister.*

Kas. Come on, you ewe, you have match'd most sweetly, have you not?
Did not I say, I would never have you tupp'd
But by a dubb'd boy, to make you a lady-tom?
'Slight, you are a mammet! O, I could touse you,
Death, mun' you marry, with a pox! [now.
Love. You lie, boy;
As sound as you; and I'm aforehand with you.
Kas. Anon!
Love. Come, will you quarrel? I will feize you,
Why do you not buckle to your tools? [sirrah;
Kas. Od's light,
This is a fine old boy as e'er I saw!
Love. What, do you change your copy now? proceed,
Here stands my dove: stoop at her, if you dare.
Kas. 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot choose, i' faith,
An I should be hang'd for't! Suster, I protest,
I honour thee for this match.
Love. O, do you so, sir?
Kas. Yes, an thou canst take tobacco and drink, old boy,
I'll give her five hundred pound more to her
Than her own state. [marriage,
Love. Fill a pipe full, Jeremy.
Face. Yes; but go in and take it, sir.
Love. We will—
I will be ruled by thee in anything, Jeremy.
Kas. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound, thou art a jovy boy!
Come, let us in, I pray thee, and take our whiffs.
Love. Whiff in with your sister, brother boy.
[*Exeunt* KAS. *and* Dame P.] That master
That had received such happiness by a servant,
In such a widow, and with so much wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that servant's wit,
And help his fortune, though with some small strain
Of his own candour. [*advancing.*]—*Therefore, gentlemen,*
And kind spectators, if I have outstript
An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think
What a young wife and a good brain may do;
Stretch age's truth sometimes, and crack it too.
Speak for thy self, knave.
Face. *So I will, sir.* [advancing to the front of the stage.] *Gentlemen,*
My part a little fell in this last scene,
Yet 'twas decorum. And though I am clean
Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Drugger, all
With whom I traded: yet I put my self
On you, that are my country: and this pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests
To feast you often, and invite new guests.
[Exeunt

CATILINE HIS CONSPIRACY.

TO THE GREAT EXAMPLE OF HONOUR AND VIRTUE, THE MOST NOBLE

WILLIAM, EARL OF PEMBROKE,

LORD CHAMBERLAIN, ETC.

My Lord,—In so thick and dark an ignorance, as now almost covers the age, I crave leave to stand near your light, and by that to be read. Posterity may pay your benefit the honour and thanks, when it shall know, that you dare, in these jig-given times, to countenance a legitimate *Poem*. I call it so, against all noise of opinion; from whose crude and airy reports, I appeal to the great and singular faculty of judgment in your lordship, able to vindicate truth from error. It is the first, of this race, that ever I dedicated to any person; and had I not thought it the best, it should have been taught a less ambition. Now it approacheth your censure cheerfully, and with the same assurance that innocency would appear before a magistrate. Your lordship's most faithful honourer, Ben Jonson.

TO THE READER IN ORDINARY.

The muses forbid that I should restrain your meddling, whom I see already busy with the title, and tricking over the leaves: it is your own. I departed with my right, when I let it first abroad; and now, so secure an interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise nor dispraise from you can affect me. Though you commend the two first acts, with the people, because they are the worst; and dislike the oration of Cicero, in regard you read some pieces of it at school, and understand them not yet: I shall find the way to forgive you. Be any thing you will be at your own charge. Would I had deserved but half so well of it in translation, as that ought to deserve of you in judgment, if you have any. I know you will pretend, whosoever you are, to have that, and more: but all pretensions are not just claims. The commendation of good things may fall within a many, the approbation but in a few; for the most commend out of affection, self-tickling, an easiness, or imitation: but men judge only out of knowledge. That is the trying faculty: and to those works that will bear a judge, nothing is more dangerous than a foolish praise. You will say, I shall not have yours therefore; but rather the contrary, all vexation of censure. If I were not above such molestations now, I had great cause to think unworthily of my studies, or they had so of me. But I leave you to your exercise. Begin.

TO THE READER EXTRAORDINARY.

You I would understand to be the better man, though places in court go otherwise: to you I submit myself and work. Farewell. Ben Jonson.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sylla's Ghost.
L. Sergius Catiline.
Publius Lentulus.
Caius Cethegus.
Autronius.
Quintus Curius.
Varguntеius.
Lucius Cassius Longinus.
Porcius Lecca.
Fulvius.
Lucius Bestia.
Gabinius Cimber.
Statilius.
Ceparius.
C. Cornelius.
Volturtius.
Cicero.
Caius Antonius.
Cato.

Catulus.
Crassus.
Cæsar.
Qu. Cicero.
Syllanus.
Flaccus.
Pomtinius.
Q. Fabius Sanga.
Petreius.
Senators.
Allobroges.

Aurelia Orestilla.
Fulvia.
Sempronia.
Galla.

Soldiers, Porters, Lictors, Servants, Pages, &c.
Chorus.

SCENE,—partly at Rome, and partly in Fesulæ.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* CATILINE'S *House.*

The Ghost of SYLLA *rises.*

Dost thou not feel me, Rome? not yet! is night
So heavy on thee, and my weight so light?
Can Sylla's ghost arise within thy walls,
Less threatening than an earthquake, the quick falls
Of thee and thine? Shake not the frighted heads
Of thy steep towers, or shrink to their first beds?
Or, as their ruin the large Tyber fills,
Make that swell up, and drown thy seven proud hills?
What sleep is this doth seize thee so like death,
And is not it? wake, feel her in my breath:
Behold, I come, sent from the Stygian sound,
As a dire vapour that had cleft the ground.
To ingender with the night, and blast the day;
Or like a pestilence that should display
Infection through the world: which thus I do.—

[The curtain draws, and CATILINE is discovered in his study.

Pluto be at thy counsels, and into
Thy darker bosom enter Sylla's spirit!
All that was mine, and bad, thy breast inherit.
Alas, how weak is that for Catiline!
Did I but say—vain voice!—all that was mine?—
All that the Gracchi, Cinna, Marius would,
What now, had I a body again, I could,
Coming from hell, what fiends would wish should
And Hannibal could not have wish'd to see, [be,
Think thou, and practise. Let the long-hid seeds
Of treason in thee, now shoot forth in deeds
Rarker than horror; and thy former facts
Not fall in mention, but to urge new acts.
Conscience of them provoke thee on to more:
Be still thy incests, murders, rapes, before
Thy sense; thy forcing first a vestal nun;
Thy parricide, late, on thine own only son,
After his mother, to make empty way
For thy last wicked nuptials; worse than they,
That blaze that act of thy incestuous life,
Which got thee at once a daughter and a wife.
I leave the slaughters that thou didst for me,
Of senators; for which, I hid for thee
Thy murder of thy brother, being so bribed,
And writ him in the list of my proscribed
After thy fact, to save thy little shame;
Thy incest with thy sister, I not name:
These are too light; fate will have thee pursue
Deeds, after which no mischief can be new;
The ruin of thy country: Thou wert built
For such a work, and born for no less guilt.
What though defeated once thou'st been, and known,
Tempt it again: That is thy act, or none.
What all the several ills that visit earth,
Brought forth by night with a sinister birth,
Plagues, famine, fire, could not reach unto,
The sword, nor surfeits; let thy fury do:
Make all past, present, future ill thine own;
And conquer all example in thy one.
Nor let thy thought find any vacant time
To hate an old, but still a fresher crime
Drown the remembrance; let not mischief cease,
But while it is in punishing, increase:
Conscience and care die in thee; and be free
Not heaven itself from thy impiety:
Let night grow blacker with thy plots, and day,
At shewing but thy head forth, start away
From this half-sphere; and leave Rome's blinded walls
To embrace lusts, hatreds, slaughters, funerals,
And not recover sight till their own flames
Do light them to their ruins! All the names
Of thy confederates too be no less great
In hell than here: that when we would repeat
Our strengths in muster, we may name you all,
And furies upon you for furies call!
Whilst what you do may strike them into fears,
Or make them grieve, and wish your mischief theirs.

[Sinks.

CATILINE *rises, and comes forward.*

Cat. It is decreed: nor shall thy fate, O Rome,
Resist my vow. Though hills were set on hills,
And seas met seas to guard thee, I would through;
Ay, plough up rocks, steep as the Alps, in dust,
And lave the Tyrrhene waters into clouds,
But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud city!
The ills that I have done cannot be safe
But by attempting greater; and I feel
A spirit within me chides my sluggish hands,
And says, they have been innocent too long.
Was I a man bred great as Rome herself,
One form'd for all her honours, all her glories,
Equal to all her titles; that could stand
Close up with Atlas, and sustain her name
As strong as he doth heaven! and was I,
Of all her brood, mark'd out for the repulse
By her no-voice, when I stood candidate
To be commander in the Pontic war!
I will hereafter call her step-dame ever.
If she can lose her nature, I can lose
My piety, and in her stony entrails
Dig me a seat; where I will live again,
The labour of her womb, and be a burden
Weightier than all the prodigies and monsters
That she hath teem'd with, since she first knew Mars—

Enter AURELIA ORESTILLA.

Who's there?
Aur. 'Tis I.
Cat. Aurelia?
Aur. Yes.
Cat. Appear,
And break like day, my beauty, to this circle:
Upbraid thy Phœbus, that he is so long
In mounting to that point, which should give thee
Thy proper splendour. Wherefore frowns my sweet?
Have I too long been absent from these lips,
This cheek, these eyes? [*Kisses them.*] What is my trespass, speak?
Aur. It seems you know, that can accuse your [self.
Cat. I will redeem it.
Aur. Still you say so. When?
Cat. When Orestilla, by her bearing well
These my retirements, and stol'n times for thought,
Shall give their effects leave to call her queen
Of all the world, in place of humbled Rome.
Aur. You court me now.
Cat. As I would always, love,
By this ambrosiac kiss, and this of nectar,
Wouldst thou but hear as gladly as I speak.

Could my Aurelia think I meant her less,
When, wooing her, I first removed a wife,
And then a son, to make my bed and house
Spacious and fit to embrace her? these were deeds
Not to have begun with, but to end with more
And greater: He that, building, stays at one
Floor, or the second, hath erected none.
'Twas how to raise thee I was meditating,
To make some act of mine answer thy love;
That love, that, when my state was now quite sunk,
Came with thy wealth and weigh'd it up again,
And made my emergent fortune once more look
Above the main; which now shall hit the stars,
And stick my Orestilla there amongst them,
If any tempest can but make the billow,
And any billow can but lift her greatness.
But I must pray my love, she will put on
Like habits with myself; I have to do
With many men, and many natures: Some
That must be blown and sooth'd; as Lentulus,
Whom I have heav'd with magnifying his blood,
And a vain dream out of the Sybil's books,
That a third man of that great family
Whereof he is descended, the Cornelii,
Should be a king in Rome: which I have hired
The flattering augurs to interpret Him,
Cinna and Sylla dead. Then bold Cethegus,
Whose valour I have turn'd into his poison,
And praised so into daring, as he would
Go on upon the gods, kiss lightning, wrest
The engine from the Cyclops, and give fire
At face of a full cloud, and stand his ire,
When I would bid him move. Others there are,
Whom envy to the state draws, and puts on
For contumelies received, (and such are sure ones,)
As Curius, and the forenamed Lentulus,
Both which have been degraded in the senate,
And must have their disgraces still new rubb'd,
To make them smart, and labour of revenge.
Others whom mere ambition fires, and dole
Of provinces abroad, which they have feign'd
To their crude hopes, and I as amply promised:
These, Lecca, Vargunteius, Bestia, Autronius.
Some whom their wants oppress, as the idle captains
Of Sylla's troops; and divers Roman knights,
The profuse wasters of their patrimonies,
So threaten'd with their debts, as they will now
Run any desperate fortune for a change.
These, for a time, we must relieve, Aurelia,
And make our house their safeguard: like for those
That fear the law, or stand within her gripe,
For any act past or to come; such will,
From their own crimes, be factious, as from ours.
Some more there be, slight airlings, will be won
With dogs and horses, or perhaps a whore;
Which must be had: and if they venture lives
For us, Aurelia, we must hazard honours
A little. Get thee store and change of women,
As I have boys; and give them time and place,
And all connivance: be thy self, too, courtly;
And entertain and feast, sit up, and revel;
Call all the great, the fair, and spirited dames
Of Rome about thee; and begin a fashion
Of freedom and community: some will thank thee,
Though the sour senate frown, whose heads must ache
In fear and feeling too. We must not spare
Or cost or modesty: It can but shew
Like one of Juno's or of Jove's disguises,
In either thee or me: and will as soon,
When things succeed, be thrown by, or let fall,
As is a veil put off, a visor changed,
Or the scene shifted in our theatres—
[*Noise within.*
Who's that? It is the voice of Lentulus.

Aur. Or of Cethegus.

Cat. In, my fair Aurelia,
And think upon these arts: they must not see
How far you're trusted with these privacies,
Though on their shoulders, necks and heads you rise. [*Exit* AURELIA.

Enter LENTULUS, *in discourse with* CETHEGUS.

Lent. It is, methinks, a morning full of fate!
It riseth slowly, as her sullen car
Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it!
She is not rosy-finger'd, but swoll'n black;
Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,
And her sick head is bound about with clouds,
As if she threaten'd night ere noon of day!
It does not look as it would have a hail
Or health wish'd in it, as on other morns.

Cet. Why, all the fitter, Lentulus; our coming
Is not for salutation, we have business.

Cat. Said nobly, brave Cethegus! Where's
Cet. Is he not come? [Autronius?

Cat. Not here.

Cet. Nor Vargunteius?

Cat. Neither.

Cet. A fire in their beds and bosoms,
That so will serve their sloth rather than virtue!
They are no Romans,—and at such high need
As now!

Len. Both they, Longinus, Lecca, Curius,
Fulvius, Gabinius, gave me word, last night,
By Lucius Bestia, they would all be here,
And early.

Cet. Yes; as you, had I not call'd you.
Come, we all sleep, and are mere dormice; flies
A little less than dead: more dullness hangs
On us than on the morn. We are spirit-bound
In ribs of ice, our whole bloods are one stone,
And honour cannot thaw us, nor our wants,
Though they burn hot as fevers to our states.

Cat. I muse they would be tardy at an hour
Of so great purpose.

Cet. If the gods had call'd
Them to a purpose, they would just have come
With the same tortoise speed; that are thus slow
To such an action, which the gods will envy,
As asking no less means than all their powers,
Conjoin'd, to effect! I would have seen Rome burn
By this time, and her ashes in an urn;
The kingdom of the senate rent asunder,
And the degenerate talking gown run frighted
Out of the air of Italy.

Cat. Spirit of men!
Thou heart of our great enterprise! how much
I love these voices in thee!

Cet. O, the days
Of Sylla's sway, when the free sword took leave
To act all that it would!

Cat. And was familiar
With entrails, as our augurs.

Cet. Sons kill'd fathers,
Brothers their brothers.

Cat. And had price and praise.
All hate had license given it, all rage reins.
Cet. Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretch'd himself
To seem more huge; whilst to his stained thighs
The gore he drew flow'd up, and carried down
Whole heaps of limbs and bodies through his arch.
No age was spared, no sex.
Cat. Nay, no degree.
Cet. Not infants in the porch of life were free.
The sick, the old, that could but hope a day
Longer by nature's bounty, not let stay.
Virgins, and widows, matrons, pregnant wives,
All died.
Cat. 'Twas crime enough, that they had lives:
To strike but only those that could do hurt,
Was dull and poor: some fell to make the number,
As some the prey.
Cet. The rugged Charon fainted,
And ask'd a navy, rather than a boat,
To ferry over the sad world that came:
The maws and dens of beasts could not receive
The bodies that those souls were frighted from;
And e'en the graves were fill'd with men yet living,
Whose flight and fear had mix'd them with the dead.
Cat. And this shall be again, and more, and more,
Now Lentulus, the third Cornelius,
Is to stand up in Rome.
Lent. Nay, urge not that
Is so uncertain.
Cat. How!
Lent. I mean, not clear'd,
And therefore not to be reflected on.
Cat. The Sybil's leaves uncertain! or the comments
Of our grave, deep, divining men not clear
Lent. All prophecies, you know, suffer the torture.
Cat. But this already hath confess'd, without:
And so been weigh'd, examined and compared,
As 'twere malicious ignorance in him
Would faint in the belief.
Lent. Do you believe it?
Cat. Do I love Lentulus, or pray to see it?
Lent. The augurs all are constant I am meant.
Cat. They had lost their science else.
Lent. They count from Cinna.
Cat. And Sylla next, and so make you the third;
All that can say the sun is risen, must think it.
Lent. Men mark me more of late, as I come forth.
Cat. Why, what can they do less? Cinna and Sylla
Are set and gone; and we must turn our eyes
On him that is, and shines. Noble Cethegus,
But view him with me here! he looks already
As if he shook a sceptre o'er the senate,
And the awed purple dropp'd their rods and axes:
The statues melt again, and household gods
In groans confess the travail of the city;
The very walls sweat blood before the change,
And stones start out to ruin ere it comes.
Cet. But he, and we, and all are idle still.
Lent. I am your creature, Sergius; and whate'er
The great Cornelian name shall win to be,
It is not augury nor the Sybil's books,
But Catiline that makes it.
Cat. I am shadow
To honour'd Lentulus and Cethegus here,
Who are the heirs of Mars.
Cet. By Mars himself,
Catiline is more my parent; for whose virtue
Earth cannot make a shadow great enough,
Though envy should come too. [*Noise within.*] O, here they are.
Now we shall talk more, though we yet do nothing.

Enter AUTRONIUS, VARGUNTEIUS, LONGINUS, CURIUS, LECCA, BESTIA, FULVIUS, GABINIUS, &c. *and* Servants.

Aut. Hail, Lucius Catiline.
Var. Hail, noble Sergius.
Lon. Hail, Publius Lentulus.
Cur. Hail, the third Cornelius.
Lec. Caius Cethegus, hail.
Cet. Hail, sloth and words,
Instead of men and spirits!
Cat. Nay, dear Caius——
Cet. Are your eyes yet unseel'd? dare they look
In the dull face? [day
Cat. He's zealous for the affair,
And blames your tardy coming, gentlemen.
Cet. Unless we had sold ourselves to sleep and ease,
And would be our slaves' slaves—
Cat. Pray you forbear.
Cet. The north is not so stark and cold.
Cat. Cethegus-——
Bes. We shall redeem all if your fire will let us.
Cat. You are too full of lightning, noble Caius.
Boy, see all doors be shut, that none approach us
On this part of the house. [*Exit* Servant.] Go you, and bid
The priest, he kill the slave I mark'd last night,
And bring me of his blood, when I shall call him:
Till then, wait all without. [*Exeunt* Servants.
Var. How is't, Autronius?
Aut. Longinus?
Lon. Curius?
Cur. Lecca?
Var. Feel you nothing?
Lon. A strange unwonted horror doth invade me,
I know not what it is.
[*A darkness comes over the place.*
Lec. The day goes back,
Or else my senses!
Cur. As at Atreus' feast!
Ful. Darkness grows more and more!
Len. The vestal flame,
I think, be out.
[*A groan of many people is heard under ground.*
Gab. What groan was that?
Cet. Our phant'sies:
Strike fire out of ourselves, and force a day.
[*A second groan.*
Aut. Again it sounds!
Bes. As all the city gave it!
Cet. We fear what ourselves feign.
[*A fiery light appears.*
Var. What light is this?
Cur. Look forth.
Len. It still grows greater!
Lec. From whence comes it?
Lon. A bloody arm it is that holds a pine
Lighted above the capitol! and now
It waves unto us!
Cat. Brave, and ominous!
Our enterprise is seal'd.
Cet. In spite of darkness,
That would discountenance it. Look no more;
We lose time and ourselves. To what we came
Speak, Lucius, we attend you. [for,—
Cat. Noblest Romans,
If you were less, or that your faith and virtue

Did not hold good that title, with your blood,
I should not now unprofitably spend
My self in words, or catch at empty hopes,
By airy ways, for solid certainties;
But since in many, and the greatest dangers,
I still have known you no less true than valiant,
And that I taste in you the same affections,
To will or nil, to think things good or bad,
Alike with me, which argues your firm friendship;
I dare the boldlier with you set on foot,
Or lead unto this great and goodliest action.
What I have thought of it afore, you all
Have heard apart: I then express'd my zeal
Unto the glory; now, the need inflames me.
When I forethink the hard conditions
Our states must undergo, except in time
We do redeem our selves to liberty,
And break the iron yoke forged for our necks;
For what less can we call it, when we see,
The common-wealth engross'd so by a few,
The giants of the state, that do by turns
Enjoy her, and defile her! all the earth,
Her kings and tetrachs, are their tributaries;
People and nations pay them hourly stipends;
The riches of the world flow to their coffers,
And not to Rome's. While, (but those few,) the rest,
However great we are, honest, and valiant,
Are herded with the vulgar, and so kept,
As we were only bred to consume corn,
Or wear out wool; to drink the city's water;
Ungraced, without authority or mark,
Trembling beneath their rods; to whom, if all
Were well in Rome, we should come forth bright
All places, honours, offices are theirs, [axes,
Or where they will confer them: they leave us
The dangers, the repulses, judgments, wants;
Which how long will you bear, most valiant spirits?
Were we not better to fall once with virtue,
Than draw a wretched and dishonour'd breath,
To lose with shame, when these men's pride will laugh?
I call the faith of Gods and men to question,
The power is in our hands, our bodies able,
Our minds as strong; o' the contrary, in them
All things grown aged, with their wealth and years:
There wants but only to begin the business,
The issue is certain.

Cet. Lon. On! let us go on!

Cur. Bes. Go on, brave Sergius!

Cat. It doth strike my soul,
And who can scape the stroke, that hath a soul,
Or but the smallest air of man within him?
To see them swell with treasure, which they pour
Out in their riots, eating, drinking, building,
Ay, in the sea! planing of hills with valleys,
And raising valleys above hills! whilst we
Have not to give our bodies necessaries.
They have their change of houses, manors, lordships;
We scarce a fire, or a poor household Lar!
They buy rare Attic statues, Tyrian hangings,
Ephesian pictures, and Corinthian plate,
Attalic garments, and now new-found gems,
Since Pompey went for Asia, which they purchase
At price of provinces! the river Phasis
Cannot afford them fowl, nor Lucrine lake
Oysters enow: Circei too is search'd,
To please the witty gluttony of a meal!
Their ancient habitations they neglect,
And set up new; then, if the echo like not
In such a room, they pluck down those, build
Alter them too; and by all frantic ways, [newer,
Vex their wild wealth, as they molest the people,
From whom they force it! Yet they cannot tame,
Or overcome their riches! not by making
Baths, orchards, fish-pools, letting in of seas
Here, and then there forcing them out again
With mountainous heaps, for which the earth hath
Most of her ribs, as entrails; being now [lost
Wounded no less for marble, than for gold!
We, all this while, like calm benumb'd spectators,
Sit till our seats do crack, and do not hear
The thund'ring ruins; whilst at home our wants,
Abroad, our debts do urge us; our states daily
Bending to bad, our hopes to worse; and what
Is left but to be crush'd? Wake, wake, brave friends,
And meet the liberty you oft have wish'd for.
Behold, renown, riches, and glory court you!
Fortune holds out these to you, as rewards.
Methinks, though I were dumb, the affair itself,
The opportunity, your needs, and dangers,
With the brave spoil the war brings, should invite
Use me, your general, or soldier: neither [you.
My mind nor body shall be wanting to you:
And, being consul, I not doubt to effect
All that you wish, if trust not flatter me,
And you'd not rather still be slaves, than free.

Cet. Free, Free!

Lon. 'Tis Freedom.

Cur. Freedom we all stand for.

Cat. Why these are noble voices! Nothing wants,
But that we take a solemn sacrament, [then,
To strengthen our design.

Cet. And most to act it:
Deferring hurts, where powers are so prepared.

Aut. Yet, ere we enter into open act,
With favour, 'twere no loss, if't might be inquired,
What the condition of these arms would be.

Var. Ay, and the means to carry us through.

Cat. How, friends!
Think you that I would bid you grasp the wind
Or call you to th' embracing of a cloud!
Put your known valours on so dear a business,
And have no other second than the danger,
Nor other garland than the loss? Become
Your own assurances. And for the means,
Consider, first, the stark security
The commonwealth is in now; the whole senate
Sleepy, and dreaming no such violent blow;
Their forces all abroad; of which the greatest,
That might annoy us most, is farthest off,
In Asia, under Pompey; those near hand,
Commanded by our friends; one army in Spain,
By Cneus Piso; the other in Mauritania,
By Nucerinus; both which I have firm,
And fast unto our plot. My self, then, standing
Now to be consul, with my hoped colleague
Caius Antonius, one no less engaged
By his wants, than we; and whom I've power to melt,
And cast in any mould: beside, some others,
That will not yet be named, both sure, and great ones,
Who, when the time comes, shall declare themselves
Strong for our party; so that no resistance
In nature can be thought. For our reward then,
First, all our debts are paid; dangers of law,
Actions, decrees, judgments against us quitted

The rich men, as in Sylla's times, proscribed,
And publication made of all their goods:
That house is yours; that land is his; those waters,
Orchards, and walks, a third's; he has that honour,
And he that office: such a province falls
To Vargunteius; this to Autronius; that
To bold Cethegus; Rome to Lentulus.
You share the world, her magistracies, priesthoods,
Wealth and felicity, amongst you, friends;
And Catiline your servant. Would you, Curius,
Revenge the contumely stuck upon you,
In being removed from the senate? now,
Now is your time. Would Publius Lentulus
Strike for the like disgrace? now is his time.
Would stout Longinus walk the streets of Rome,
Facing the Prætor? now has he a time
To spurn and tread the fasces into dirt,
Made of the usurers' and the lictors' brains.
Is there a beauty here in Rome you love?
An enemy you would kill? what head's not your's?
Whose wife, which boy, whose daughter, of what race,
That the husband, or glad parents, shall not bring
And boasting of the office? only spare [you,
Yourselves, and you have all the earth beside,
A field to exercise your longings in.
I see you raised, and read your forward minds
High in your faces. Bring the wine and blood
You have prepared there.

Enter Servants, *with a bowl.*

Lon. How!
Cat. I have kill'd a slave,
And of his blood caused to be mix'd with wine:
Fill every man his bowl. There cannot be
A fitter drink to make this sanction in.
Here I begin the sacrament to all.
O for a clap of thunder now, as loud
As to be heard throughout the universe,
To tell the world the fact, and to applaud it!
Be firm, my hand, not shed a drop; but pour
Fierceness into me with it, and fell thirst
Of more and more, till Rome be left as bloodless
As ever her fears made her, or the sword.
And when I leave to wish this to thee, step-dame,
Or stop to affect it, with my powers fainting,
So may my blood be drawn, and so drunk up.
As is this slave's. [*Drinks.*
Lon. And so be mine.
Len. And mine.
Aut. And mine.
Var. And mine. [*They drink.*
Cet. Swell me my bowl yet fuller.
Here, I do drink this, as I would do Cato's,
Or the new fellow Cicero's, with that vow
Which Catiline hath given. [*Drinks.*
Cur. So do I.
Lec. And I.
Bes. And I.
Ful. And I.
Gab. And all of us. [*They drink.*
Cat. Why now's the business safe, and each man strengthen'd—
Sirrah, what ail you?
Page. Nothing.
Bes. Somewhat modest.
Cat. Slave, I will strike your soul out with my foot,
Let me but find you again with such a face:
You whelp——
Bes. Nay, Lucius.
Cat. Are you coying it,
When I command you to be free, and general
To all?
Bes. You'll be observed.
Cat. Arise! and shew
But any least aversion in your look
To him that bourds you next; and your throat opens.—
Noble confederates, thus far is perfect.
Only your suffrages I will expect
At the assembly for the choosing consuls,
And all the voices you can make by friends
To my election: then let me work out
Your fortunes and mine own. Meanwhile, all rest
Seal'd up and silent, as when rigid frosts
Have bound up brooks and rivers, forced wild beasts
Unto their caves, and birds into the woods,
Clowns to their houses, and the country sleeps:
That, when the sudden thaw comes, we may break
Upon them like a deluge, bearing down
Half Rome before us, and invade the rest
With cries, and noise, able to wake the urns
Of those are dead, and make their ashes fear.
The horrors that do strike the world, should come
Loud, and unlook'd for; till they strike, be dumb.
Cet. Oraculous Sergius!
Len. God-like Catiline! [*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

Can nothing great, and at the height,
Remain so long, but its own weight
Will ruin it? or is't blind chance,
That still desires new states to advance,
And quit the old? else why must Rome
Be by itself now overcome?
Hath she not foes enow of those
Whom she hath made such, and enclose
Her round about? or are they none,
Except she first become her own:
O wretchedness of greatest states,
To be obnoxious to these fates!
That cannot keep what they do gain;
And what they raise so ill sustain!
Rome now is mistress of the whole
World, sea and land, to either pole;
And even that fortune will destroy
The pow'r that made it: she doth joy
So much in plenty, wealth, and ease,
As now th' excess is her disease.
She builds in gold, and to the stars,
As if she threaten'd heav'n with wars;
And seeks for hell in quarries deep,
Giving the fiends, that there do keep,
A hope of day. Her women wear
The spoils of nations in an ear,
Changed for the treasure of a shell;
And in their loose attires do swell,
More light than sails, when all winds play:
Yet are the men more loose than they
More kemb'd, and bath'd, and rubb'd, and trimm'd,
More sleek, more soft, and slacker limb'd;
As prostitute; so much, that kind
May seek itself there, and not find.
They eat on beds of silk and gold,
At ivory tables, or wood sold
Dearer than it; and leaving plate,
Do drink in stone of higher rate.
They hunt all grounds, and draw all seas,
Fowl every brook and bush, to please
Their wanton taste; and in request
Have new and rare things, not the best.

Hence comes that wild and vast expense,
That hath enforced Rome's virtue thence,
Which simple poverty first made:
And now ambition doth invade
Her state, with eating avarice,
Riot, and every other vice.
Decrees are bought, and laws are sold,
Honours, and offices, for gold;
The people's voices, and the free
Tongues in the senate, bribed be:
Such ruin of her manners Rome
Doth suffer now, as she's become
(Without the gods it soon gainsay)
Both her own spoiler, and own prey.
So, Asia, art thou cru'lly even
With us, for all the blows thee given;
When we, whose virtue conquer'd thee,
Thus, by thy vices, ruin'd be.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* FULVIA'S *House.*

Enter FULVIA, GALLA, *and* Servant.

Ful. Those rooms do smell extremely. Bring
And table hither.—Galla! [my glass
Gal. Madam.
Ful. Look
Within, in my blue cabinet, for the pearl
I had sent me last, and bring it.
Gal. That from Clodius?
Ful. From Caius Cæsar. You are for Clodius still,
Or Curius. [*Exit* GALLA.]—Sirrah, if Quintus Curius come,
I am not in fit mood; I keep my chamber:
Give warning so without. [*Exit* Servant.

Re-enter GALLA.

Gal. Is this it, madam?
Ful. Yes; help to hang it in mine ear.
Gal. Believe me,
It is a rich one, madam.
Ful. I hope so:
It should not be worn there else. Make an end,
And bind my hair up.
Gal. As 'twas yesterday?
Ful. No, nor the t'other day: when knew you me
Appear two days together in one dressing?
Gal. Will you have't in the globe or spire?
Ful. How thou wilt;
Any way, so thou wilt do it, good impertinence.
Thy company, if I slept not very well
A-nights, would make me an arrant fool, with ques- [tions.
Gal. Alas, madam—— [tions.
Ful. Nay, gentle half o' the dialogue, cease.
Gal. I do it indeed but for your exercise,
As your physician bids me.
Ful. How! does he bid you
To anger me for exercise?
Gal. Not to anger you,
But stir your blood a little; there is difference
Between lukewarm and boiling, madam.
Ful. Jove!
She means to cook me, I think. Pray you, have [done.
Gal. I mean to dress you, madam.
Ful. O, my Juno,
Be friend to me! offering at wit too? why, Galla,
Where hast thou been?
Gal. Why, madam?
Ful. What hast thou done
With thy poor innocent self?
Gal. Wherefore, sweet madam?
Ful. Thus to come forth, so suddenly, a wit-worm?
Gal. It pleases you to flout one. I did dream
Of lady Sempronia——
Ful. O, the wonder's out!
That did infect thee: well, and how?
Gal. Methought
She did discourse the best——
Ful. That ever thou heard'st?
Gal. Yes.
Ful. In thy sleep! of what was her discourse?
Gal. Of the republic, madam, and the state,
And how she was in debt, and where she meant
To raise fresh sums: she's a great stateswoman!
Ful. Thou dream'st all this?
Gal. No, but you know she is, madam;
And both a mistress of the Latin tongue,
And of the Greek.
Ful. Ay, but I never dreamt it, Galla,
As thou hast done; and therefore you must pardon
Gal. Indeed you mock me, madam. [me.
Ful. Indeed, no:
Forth with your learned lady. She has a wit too?
Gal. A very masculine one.
Ful. A she-critic, Galla?
And can compose in verse, and make quick jests,
Modest, or otherwise?
Gal. Yes, madam.
Ful. She can sing too?
And play on instruments?
Gal. Of all kinds, they say.
Ful. And doth dance rarely?
Gal. Excellent! so well,
As a bald senator made a jest, and said,
'Twas better than an honest woman need.
Ful. Tut, she may bear that: few wise women's [honesties
Will do their courtship hurt.
Gal. She's liberal too, madam.
Ful. What, of her money or her honour, prithee?
Gal. Of both; you know not which she doth [spare least.
Ful. A comely commendation!
Gal. Troth, 'tis pity
She is in years.
Ful. Why, Galla?
Gal. For it is.
Ful. O, is that all! I thought thou'dst had a reason.
Gal. Why, so I have: she has been a fine lady,
And yet she dresses herself, except you, madam,
One of the best in Rome; and paints, and hides
Her decays very well.
Ful. They say, it is
Rather a visor, than a face, she wears.
Gal. They wrong her verily, madam; she doth sleek
With crumbs of bread and milk, and lies a-nights
In as neat gloves——But she is fain, of late,
To seek, more than she's sought to, the fame is,
And so spends that way.
Ful. Thou know'st all! but, Galla,
What say you to Catiline's lady, Orestilla?
There is the gallant!

Gal. She does well. She has
Very good suits, and very rich ; but then
She cannot put them on ; she knows not how
To wear a garment. You shall have her all
Jewels and gold sometimes, so that her self
Appears the least part of herself. No, in troth,
As I live, madam, you put them all down
With your mere strength of judgment, and do draw, too,
The world of Rome to follow you ! You attire
Your self so diversly, and with that spirit,
Still to the noblest humours, they could make
Love to your dress, although your face were away, they say.
Ful. And body too, and have the better match
Say they not so too, Galla? [on't.

Re-enter Servant.

Now ! what news
Travails your countenance with ?
Serv. If't please you, madam,
The lady Sempronia is lighted at the gate.
Gai. Castor, my dream, my dream !
Serv. And comes to see you.
Gal. For Venus' sake, good madam, see her.
[*Exit* Serv.
Ful. Peace,
The fool is wild, I think.
Gal. And hear her talk,
Sweet madam, of state-matters and the senate.

Enter SEMPRONIA.

Sem. Fulvia, good wench, how dost thou ?
Ful. Well, Sempronia.
Whither are you thus early addrest ?
Sem. To see
Aurelia Orestilla : she sent for me.
I came to call thee with me ; wilt thou go ?
Ful. I cannot now, in troth ; I have some letters
To write and send away.
Sem. Alas, I pity thee.
I have been writing all this night, and am
So very weary, unto all the tribes,
And centuries, for their voices, to help Catiline
In his election. We shall make him consul,
I hope, amongst us. Crassus, I, and Cæsar
Will carry it for him.
Ful. Does he stand for it ?
Sem. He's the chief candidate.
Ful. Who stands beside ?—
Give me some wine and powder for my teeth.
Sem. Here's a good pearl, in troth.
Ful. A pretty one.
Sem. A very orient one !—there are competitors,
Caius Antonius, Publius Galba, Lucius
Cassius Longinus, Quintus Cornificius,
Caius Licinius, and that talker Cicero.
But Catiline and Antonius will be chosen ;
For four of the other, Licinius, Longinus,
Galba and Cornificius, will give way :
And Cicero they will not choose.
Ful. No ! why ?
Sem. It will be cross'd by the nobility.
Gal. How she does understand the common business ! [*Aside.*
Sem. Nor were it fit. He is but a new fellow,
An inmate here in Rome, as Catiline calls him,
And the patricians should do very ill
To let the consulship be so defiled
As 't would be, if he obtain'd it ! a mere upstart,
That has no pedigree, no house, no coat,
No ensigns of a family !
Ful. He has virtue.
Sem. Hang virtue ! where there is no blood, 'tis vice,
And in him sauciness. Why should he presume
To be more learned or more eloquent
Than the nobility ? or boast any quality
Worthy a nobleman, himself not noble ?
Ful. 'Twas virtue only, at first, made all men noble.
Sem. I yield you, it might at first, in Rome's poor age,
When both her kings and consuls held the plough,
Or garden'd well ; but now we have no need
To dig, or lose our sweat for't. We have wealth,
Fortune, and ease : and then their stock to spend
Of name, for virtue ; which will bear us out [on,
'Gainst all new comers, and can never fail us,
While the succession stays. And we must glorify
A mushroom ! one of yesterday ! a fine speaker !
'Cause he has suck'd at Athens ! and advance him,
To our own loss ! no, Fulvia ; there are they
Can speak Greek too, if need were. Cæsar and I,
Have sat upon him ; so hath Crassus too,
And others. We have all decreed his rest,
For rising farther.
Gal. Excellent rare lady !
Ful. Sempronia, you are beholden to my woman
She does admire you. [here,
Sem. O good Galla, how dost thou ?
Gal. The better for your learned ladyship.
Sem. Is this grey powder a good dentifrice ?
Ful. You see I use it.
Sem. I have one is whiter.
Ful. It may be so.
Sem. Yet this smells well.
Gal. And cleanses
Very well, madam, and resists the crudities.
Sem. Fulvia, I pray thee, who comes to thee
Which of our great patricians ? [now,
Ful. Faith, I keep
No catalogue of them : sometimes I have one,
Sometimes another, as the toy takes their bloods.
Sem. Thou hast them all. Faith, when was
Thy special servant, here ? [Quintus Curius,
Ful. My special servant !
Sem. Yes, thy idolater, I call him.
Ful. He may be yours,
If you do like him.
Sem. How !
Ful. He comes not here ;
I have forbid him hence.
Sem. Venus forbid !
Ful. Why ?
Sem. Your so constant lover !
Ful. So much the rather.
I would have change ; so would you too, I am sure :
And now you may have him.
Sem. He's fresh yet, Fulvia ;
Beware how you do tempt me.
Ful. Faith, for me
He's somewhat too fresh indeed ; the salt is gone,
That gave him season : his good gifts are done.
He does not yield the crop that he was wont :
And for the act, I can have secret fellows,
With backs worth ten of him, and they shall please
Now that the land is fled, a myriad better. [me,
Sem. And those one may command.

Ful. 'Tis true: these lordlings,
Your noble Fauns, they are so imperious, saucy,
Rude, and as boisterous as centaurs, leaping
A lady at first sight.
Sem. And must be borne
Both with and out, they think.
Ful. Tut, I'll observe
None of them all, nor humour them a jot
Longer than they come laden in the hand,
And say, Here's one for t'other.
Sem. Does Cæsar give well?
Ful. They shall all give and pay well, that come here,
If they will have it; and that, jewels, pearl,
Plate, or round sums to buy these. I'm not taken
With a cob-swan, or a high-mounting bull,
As foolish Leda and Europa were;
But the bright gold, with Danäe. For such price
I would endure a rough, harsh Jupiter,
Or ten such thund'ring gamesters, and refrain
To laugh at 'em, till they are gone, with my much suffering.
Sem. Thou'rt a most happy wench, that thus canst make
Use of thy youth and freshness, in the season;
And hast it to make use of.
Ful. Which is the happiness.
Sem. I am now fain to give to them, and keep
And a continual table to invite them. [music,
Ful. Yes, and they study your kitchen more than you.
Sem. Eat myself out with usury, and my lord
And all my officers, and friends besides, [too,
To procure money for the needful charge
I must be at, to have them; and yet scarce
Can I achieve them so.
Ful. Why, that's because
You affect young faces only, and smooth chins,
Sempronia. If you'd love beards and bristles,
One with another, as others do, or wrinkles——
[*Knocking within.*
Who's that? look, Galla.
Gal. 'Tis the party, madam.
Ful. What party? has he no name?
Gal. 'Tis Quintus Curius.
Ful. Did I not bid them say, I kept my chamber?
Gal. Why, so they do.
Sem. I'll leave you, Fulvia.
Ful. Nay, good Sempronia, stay.
Sem. In faith, I will not.
Ful. By Juno, I would not see him.
Sem. I'll not hinder you.
Gal. You know he will not be kept out, madam.
Sem. No,
Nor shall not, careful Galla, by my means.
Ful. As I do live, Sempronia——
Sem. What needs this?
Ful. Go, say I am asleep, and ili at ease.
Sem. By Castor, no, I'll tell him, you are awake;
And very well: stay, Galla; farewell, Fulvia,
I know my manners. Why do you labour thus,
With action against purpose? Quintus Curius,
She is, i' faith, here, and in disposition. [*Exit.*
Ful. Spight with your courtesy! how shall I be tortured!

Enter CURIUS.

Cur. Where are you, fair one, that conceal yourself,
And keep your beauty within locks and bars here,
Like a fool's treasure?
Ful. True, she was a fool,
When first she show'd it to a thief.
Cur. How, pretty sullenness,
So harsh and short!
Ful. The fool's artillery, sir.
Cur. Then take my gown off for the encounter.
[*Takes off his gown.*
Ful. Stay, sir,
I am not in the mood.
Cur. I'll put you into 't.
Ful. Best put yourself in your case again, and keep
Your furious appetite warm against you have place
Cur. What! do you coy it? [for't.
Ful. No, sir; I am not proud.
Cur. I would you were! You think this state becomes you,
By Hercules, it does not. Look in your glass now,
And see how scurvily that countenance shows;
You would be loth to own it.
Ful. I shall not change it.
Cur. Faith, but you must, and slack this bended brow;
And shoot less scorn: there is a Fortune coming
Towards you, dainty, that will take thee thus,
And set thee aloft, to tread upon the head
Of her own statue here in Rome.
Ful. I wonder
Who let this promiser in! Did you, good diligence?
Give him his bribe again: or, if you had none,
Pray you demand him, why he is so venturous,
To press thus to my chamber, being forbidden,
Both by myself and servants?
Cur. How! this is handsome,
And somewhat a new strain!
Ful. 'Tis not strain'd, sir;
'Tis very natural.
Cur. I have known it otherwise
Between the parties, though.
Ful. For your foreknowledge,
Thank that which made it: It will not be so
Hereafter, I assure you.
Cur. No, my mistress!
Ful. No; though you bring the same materials.
Cur. Hear me,
You over-act when you should under-do.
A little call your self again, and think.
If you do this to practise on me, or find
At what forced distance you can hold your servant;
That it be an artificial trick to inflame,
And fire me more, fearing my love may need it,
As heretofore you have done, why, proceed.
Ful. As I have done heretofore!
Cur. Yes, when you'd feign
Your husband's jealousy, your servants' watches,
Speak softly, and run often to the door,
Or to the window, from strange fears that were not;
As if the pleasure were less acceptable,
That were secure.
Ful. You are an impudent fellow.
Cur. And, when you might better have done it
To take me in at the casement. [at the gate,
Ful. I take you in!
Cur. Yes, you, my lady. And then, being a-bed with you,
To have your well-taught waiter here come running,
And cry, *her lord!* and hide me without cause,
Crush'd in a chest, or thrust up in a chimney:

When he, tame crow, was winking at his farm;
Or, had he been here, and present, would have kept
Both eyes and beak seel'd up, for six sesterces.
Ful. You have a slanderous, beastly, unwash'd tongue
In your rude mouth, and savouring yourself,
Unmanner'd lord.
Cur. How now!
Ful. It is your title, sir;
Who, since you've lost your own good name, and know not
What to lose more, care not whose honour you wound,
Or fame you poison with it. You should go
And vent your self in the region where you live,
Among the suburb-brothels, bawds, and brokers,
Whither your broken fortunes have design'd you.
Cur. Nay, then I must stop your fury, I see; and pluck
The tragic visor off. Come, lady Cypris,
Know your own virtues, quickly. I'll not be
Put to the wooing of you thus, afresh,
At every turn, for all the Venus in you.
Yield, and be pliant, or by Pollux——[*Offers to force her, she draws her knife.*] How now!
Will Lais turn a Lucrece?
Ful. No, but by Castor,
Hold off your ravisher's hands, I pierce your heart else.
I'll not be put to kill myself, as she did,
For you, sweet Tarquin. What! do you fall off?
Nay, it becomes you graciously! Put not up.
You'll sooner draw your weapon on me, I think it,
Than on the senate, who have cast you forth
Disgracefully, to be the common tale
Of the whole city; base, infamous man!
For, were you other, you would there employ
Your desperate dagger.
Cur. Fulvia, you do know
The strengths you have upon me: do not use
Your power too like a tyrant; I can bear,
Almost until you break me.
Ful. I do know, sir.
So does the senate too know, you can bear.
Cur. By all the gods, that senate will smart deep
For your upbraidings. I should be right sorry
To have the means so to be venged on you,
At least, the will, as I shall shortly on them.
But go you on still: fare you well, dear lady;
You could not still be fair, unless you were proud.
You will repent these moods, and ere't be long, too:
I shall have you come about again.
Ful. Do you think so?
Cur. Yes, and I know so.
Ful. By what augury?
Car. By the fair entrails of the matron's chests,
Gold, pearl, and jewels here in Rome, which Fulvia
Will then, but late, say that she might have shared;
And grieving miss.
Ful. Tut, all your promised mountains,
And seas, I am so stalely acquainted with——
Cur. But, when you see the universal flood
Run by your coffers; that my lords, the senators,
Are sold for slaves, their wives for bondwomen,
Their houses, and fine gardens, given away,
And all their goods, under the spear at outcry,
And you have none of this, but are still Fulvia,
Or perhaps less, while you are thinking of it;
You will advise then, coyness with your cushion,
And look on your fingers; say, how you were wish'd—
And so he left you. [*Exit.*
Ful. Call him again, Galla: [*Exit* GALLA.
This is not usual. Something hangs on this
That I must win out of him.

Re-enter CURIUS.

Cur. How now, melt you?
Ful. Come, you will laugh now, at my easiness:
But 'tis no miracle: doves, they say, will bill,
After their pecking and their murmuring.
Cur. Yes,
And then 'tis kindly. I would have my love
Angry sometimes, to sweeten off the rest
Of her behaviour.
Ful. You do see, I study
How I may please you then.—But you think, Curius,
'Tis covetise hath wrought me; if you love me,
Change that unkind conceit.
Cur. By my loved soul,
I love thee, like to it; and 'tis my study,
More than mine own revenge, to make thee happy.
Ful. And 'tis that just revenge doth make me happy
To hear you prosecute; and which, indeed,
Hath won me to you, more than all the hope
Of what can else be promised. I love valour
Better than any lady loves her face,
Or dressing—than my self does. Let me grow
Still where I do embrace. But what good means
Have you to effect it? shall I know your project?
Cur. Thou shalt, if thou'lt be gracious.
Ful. As I can be.
Cur. And wilt thou kiss me then?
Ful. As close as shells
Of cockles meet.
Cur. And print them deep?
Ful. Quite through
Our subtle lips.
Cur. And often?
Ful. I will sow them
Faster than you can reap. What is your plot?
Cur. Why now my Fulvia looks like her bright name,
And is herself!
Ful. Nay, answer me, your plot:
I pray thee tell me, Quintus.
Cur. Ay, these sounds
Become a mistress. Here is harmony!
When you are harsh, I see the way to bend you
Is not with violence, but service. Cruel,
A lady is a fire; gentle, a light.
Ful. Will you not tell me what I ask you?
[*Kisses and flatters him along still.*
Cur. All
That I can think, sweet love, or my breast holds,
I'll pour into thee.
Ful. What is your design then?
Cur. I'll tell thee; Catiline shall now be consul:
But you will hear more shortly.
Ful. Nay, dear love——
Cur. I'll speak it in thine arms; let us go in.
Rome will be sack'd, her wealth will be our prize;
By public ruin private spirits must rise. [*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

Great father Mars, and greater Jove,
By whose high auspice Rome hath stood
So long; and first was built in blood
Of your great nephew, that then strove
Not with his brother, but your rites:
Be present to her now, as then,
And let not proud and factious men
Against your wills oppose their mights.

Our consuls now are to be made;
O, put it in the public voice
To make a free and worthy choice;
Excluding such as would invade
The commonwealth. Let whom we name
Have wisdom, foresight, fortitude,
Be more with faith than face endued,
And study conscience above fame.

Such as not seek to get the start
In state, by power, parts or bribes,
Ambition's bawds; but move the tribes
By virtue, modesty, desart.
Such as to justice will adhere,
Whatever great one it offend:
And from th' embraced truth not bend
For envy, hatred, gifts or fear;
That by their deeds will make it known,
Whose dignity they do sustain;
And life, state, glory, all they gain,
Count the republic's, not their own.

Such the old Bruti, Decii were,
The Cipi, Curtii, who did give
Themselves for Rome, and would not live
As men, good only for a year.
Such were the great Camilli too;
The Fabii, Scipios; that still thought
No work at price enough was bought,
That for their country they could do.

And to her honour so did knit,
As all their acts were understood
The sinews of the public good;
And they themselves, one soul with it.
These men were truly magistrates,
These neither practised force nor forms;
Nor did they leave the helm in storms:
And such they are make happy states.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Field of Mars.*

Enter CICERO, CATO, CATULUS, ANTONIUS, CRASSUS, CÆSAR, Lictors, *and* People.

Cic. Great honours are great burdens, but on whom
They are cast with envy, he doth bear two loads.
His cares must still be double to his joys,
In any dignity; where, if he err,
He finds no pardon: and for doing well
A most small praise, and that wrung out by force.
I speak this, Romans, knowing what the weight
Of the high charge, you have trusted to me, is:
Not that thereby I would with art decline
The good, or greatness of your benefit;
For I ascribe it to your singular grace,
And vow to owe it to no title else,
Except the Gods, that Cicero is your consul.
I have no urns, no dusty monuments,
No broken images of ancestors,
Wanting an ear, or nose; no forged tables
Of long descents, to boast false honours from,
Or be my undertakers to your trust;
But a new man, as I am styled in Rome,
Whom you have dignified; and more, in whom
You have cut a way, and left it ope for virtue
Hereafter to that place: which our great men
Held, shut up with all ramparts, for themselves.
Nor have but few of them in time been made
Your consuls, so; new men, before me, none:
At my first suit, in my just year; preferr'd
To all competitors! and some the noblest——

Cra. [*Aside to* CÆSAR.] Now the vein swells!

Cæs. Up, glory.

Cic. And to have
Your loud consents from your own utter'd voices,
Not silent books; nor from the meaner tribes,
But first and last, the universal concourse!
This is my joy, my gladness. But my care,
My industry and vigilance now must work,
That still your counsels of me be approved,
Both by yourselves, and those, to whom you have,
With grudge, preferr'd me: Two things I must labour,
That neither they upbraid, nor you repent you;
For every lapse of mine will now be call'd
Your error, if I make such: but my hope is,
So to bear through, and out, the consulship,
As spite shall ne'er wound you, though it may me.
And for myself, I have prepared this strength,
To do so well, as, if there happen ill
Unto me, it shall make the gods to blush;
And be their crime, not mine, that I am envied.

Cæs. O confidence! more new than is the man.

Cic. I know well in what terms I do receive
The commonwealth, how vexed, how perplex'd:
In which there's not that mischief, or ill fate,
That good men fear not, wicked men expect not.
I know, besides, some turbulent practices
Already on foot, and rumours of more dangers—

Cras. Or you will make them, if there be none. [*Aside.*

Cic. Last,
I know 'twas this, which made the envy and pride
Of the great Roman blood bate, and give way
To my election.

Cato. Marcus Tullius, true;
Our need made thee our consul, and thy virtue.

Cæs. Cato, you will undo him with your praise.

Cato. Cæsar will hurt himself with his own envy.

People. The voice of Cato is the voice of Rome.

Cato. The voice of Rome is the consent of heaven!
And that hath placed thee, Cicero, at the helm,
Where thou must render now thyself a man,
And master of thy art. Each petty hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd; but he that will
Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
His tides, his currents; how to shift his sails;
What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers;
Where her springs are, her leaks; and how to stop 'em;
What sands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her;
The forces and the natures of all winds,

Gusts, storms, and tempests; when her keel ploughs hell,
And deck knocks heaven; then to manage her,
Becomes the name and office of a pilot.
Cic. Which I'll perform with all the diligence
And fortitude I have; not for my year,
But for my life; except my life be less,
And that my year conclude it: if it must,
Your will, loved gods. This heart shall yet employ
A day, an hour is left me, so for Rome,
As it shall spring a life out of my death,
To shine for ever glorious in my facts:
The vicious count their years, virtuous their acts.
People. Most noble consul! let us wait him home.
[*Exeunt* CATO, CICERO, Lictors, *and* People.
Cæs. Most popular consul he is grown, methinks!
Cras. How the rout cling to him!
Cæs. And Cato leads them!
Cras. You, his colleague Antonius, are not
Ant.. Not I, nor do I care. [look'd on.
Cæs. He enjoys rest,
And ease the while: let the other's spirit toil,
And wake it out, that was inspired for turmoil.
Catu. If all reports be true yet, Caius Cæsar,
The time hath need of such a watch and spirit.
Cæs. Reports! do you believe them, Catulus?
Why, he does make and breed 'em for the people,
To endear his service to them. Do you not taste
An art that is so common? Popular men,
They must create strange monsters, and then quell them,
To make their arts seem something. Would you
Such an Herculean actor in the scene, [have
And not his hydra? they must sweat no less
To fit their properties, than to express their parts.
Cras. Treasons and guilty men are made in
Too oft, to dignify the magistrates. [states,
Catu. Those states be wretched that are forced
Their rulers fame with their own infamy. [to buy
Cras. We therefore should provide that ours do
Cæs. That will Antonius make his care. [not.
Ant. I shall.
Cæs. And watch the watcher.
Catu. Here comes Catiline.
How does he brook his late repulse?
Cæs. I know not,
But hardly sure.
Catu. Longinus too did stand?
Cæs. At first: but he gave way unto his friend.
Catu. Who's that come? Lentulus?
Cæs. Yes; he is again
Taken into the senate.
Ant. And made prætor.
Catu. I know't; he had my suffrage, next the consuls.
Cæs. True, you were there, prince of the senate, then.
Enter CATILINE, LONGINUS, *and* LENTULUS.
Cat. Hail, noblest Romans! The most worthy
I gratulate your honour. [consul,
Ant. I could wish
It had been happier by your fellowship,
Most noble Sergius, had it pleased the people.
Cat. It did not please the Gods, who instruct the people:
And their unquestion'd pleasures must be serv'd.
They know what's fitter for us than ourselves;
And 'twere impiety to think against them.
Catu. You bear it rightly, Lucius; and it glads
To find your thoughts so even. [me,
Cat. I shall still
Study to make them such to Rome, and heaven.
I would withdraw with you a little, Julius.
[*Aside to* CÆSAR.
Cæs. I'll come home to you: Crassus would not have you
To speak to him 'fore Quintus Catulus. [*Aside.*
Cat. I apprehend you. No, when they shall judge
Honours convenient for me, I shall have them,
With a full hand; I know it. In mean time,
They are no less part of the commonwealth,
That do obey, than those that do command.
Catu. O let me kiss your forehead, Lucius.
How are you wrong'd!
Cat. By whom?
Catu. Public report;
That gives you out to stomach your repulse,
And brook it deadly.
Cat. Sir, she brooks not me.
Believe me rather, and yourself, now of me:
It is a kind of slander to trust rumour.
Catu. I know it: and I could be angry with it.
Cat. So may not I: Where it concerns himself,
Who's angry at a slander makes it true.
Catu. Most noble Sergius! this your temper melts me.
Cras. Will you do office to the consul, Quintus?
Cæs. Which Cato and the rout have done the other?
Catu. I wait when he will go. Be still yourself.
He wants no state, or honours, that hath virtue.
[*Exeunt* CATULUS, ANTONIUS, CÆSAR, CRASSUS, Lictors, *&c.*
Cat. Did I appear so tame as this man thinks me!
Look'd I so poor? so dead? so like that nothing,
Which he calls virtuous? O my breast, break quickly;
And shew my friends my in-parts, lest they think
I have betray'd them. [*Aside.*
Lon. Where's Gabinius?
Len. Gone.
Lon. And Vargunteius?
Len. Slipt away; all shrunk:
Now that he miss'd the consulship.
Cat. I am
The scorn of bondmen, who are next to beasts.
What can I worse pronounce myself, that's fitter,
The owl of Rome, whom boys and girls will hoot!
That were I set up for that wooden god
That keeps our gardens, could not fright the crows,
Or the least bird, from muting on my head!
[*Aside.*
Lon. 'Tis strange how he should miss it!
Len. Is't not stranger,
The upstart Cicero should carry it so,
By all consents, from men so much his masters?
Lon. 'Tis true.
Cat. To what a shadow am I melted! [*Aside.*
Lon. Antonius won it but by some few voices.
Cat. Struck through, like air, and feel it not! My wounds
Close faster than they're made. [*Aside.*
Len. The whole design
And enterprise is lost by it: all hands quit it,
Upon his fail.
Cat. I grow mad at my patience:
It is a visor that hath poison'd me:
Would it had burnt me up, and I died inward,
My heart first turn'd to ashes!
Lon. Here's Cethegus yet.

Enter CETHEGUS.

Cat. Repulse upon repulse! an in-mate consul!—
That I could reach the axle, where the pins are
Which bolt this frame; that I might pull them out,
And pluck all into Chaos, with myself!
Cet. What! are we wishing now?
Cat. Yes, my Cethegus;
Who would not fall with all the world about him?
Cet. Not I, that would stand on it, when it falls;
And force new nature out to make another.
These wishings taste of woman, not of Roman;
Let us seek other arms.
Cat. What should we do?
Cet. Do, and not wish; something that wishes take not:
So sudden, as the gods should not prevent,
Nor scarce have time to fear.
Cat. O noble Caius!
Cet. It likes me better that you are not consul.
I would not go through open doors, but break 'em;
Swim to my ends through blood; or build a bridge
Of carcasses; make on upon the heads
Of men struck down like piles, to reach the lives
Of those remain and stand: then is't a prey,
When danger stops, and ruin makes the way.
Cat. How thou dost utter me, brave soul, that may not
At all times shew such as I am, but bend
Unto occasion! Lentulus, this man,
If all our fire were out, would fetch down new,
Out of the hand of Jove; and rivet him
To Caucasus, should he but frown; and let
His own gaunt eagle fly at him, to tire.
Len. Peace, here comes Cato.
Cat. Let him come, and hear;
I will no more dissemble. Quit us all;
I, and my loved Cethegus here, alone
Will undertake this giants' war, and carry it.

Re-enter CATO.

Len. What needs this, Lucius?
Lon. Sergius, be more wary.
Cat. Now, Marcus Cato, our new consul's spy,
What is your sour austerity sent to explore?
Cato. Nothing in thee, licentious Catiline;
Halters and racks cannot express from thee
More than thy deeds: 'tis only judgment waits thee.
Cat. Whose? Cato's! shall he judge me?
Cato. No, the gods,
Who ever follow those, they go not with;
And senate, who with fire must purge sick Rome
Of noisome citizens, whereof thou art one.
Be gone, or else let me. 'Tis bane to draw
The same air with thee.
Cet. Strike him.
Len. Hold, good Caius.
Cet. Fear'st thou not, Cato?
Cato. Rash Cethegus, no.
'Twere wrong with Rome, when Catiline and thou
Do threat, if Cato fear'd.
Cat. The fire you speak of,
If any flame of it approach my fortunes,
I'll quench it not with water, but with ruin.
Cato. You hear this, Romans. [*Exit.*
Cat. Bear it to the consul.
Cet. I would have sent away his soul before him.
You are too heavy, Lentulus, and remiss;
It is for you we labour, and the kingdom
Promised you by the Sybils.
Cat. Which his prætorship,
And some small flattery of the senate more,
Will make him to forget.
Len. You wrong me, Lucius.
Lon. He will not need these spurs.
Cet. The action needs them;
These things, when they proceed not, they go backward,
Len. Let us consult then. [
Cet. Let us first take arms:
They that deny us just things now, will give
All that we ask, if once they see our swords.
Cat. Our objects must be sought with wounds, not words. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—CICERO'S *House.*

Enter CICERO *and* FULVIA.

Cic. Is there a heaven, and gods? and can it be
They should so slowly hear, so slowly see!
Hath Jove no thunder, or is Jove become
Stupid as thou art, O near-wretched Rome,
When both thy senate and thy gods do sleep,
And neither thine, nor their own states do keep!
What will awake thee, heaven? what can excite
Thine anger, if this practice be too light?
His former drifts partake of former times,
But this last plot was only Catiline's;
O, that it were his last! but he before
Hath safely done so much, he'll still dare more.
Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back;
And is a swelling, and the last affection
A high mind can put off; being both a rebel
Unto the soul and reason, and enforceth
All laws, all conscience, treads upon religion,
And offereth violence to nature's self.
But here is that transcends it! A black purpose
To confound nature; and to ruin that,
Which never age nor mankind can repair!—
Sit down, good lady; Cicero is lost
In this your fable: for, to think it true
Tempteth my reason, it so far exceeds
All insolent fictions of the tragic scene!
The common-wealth yet panting underneath
The stripes and wounds of a late civil war,
Gasping for life, and scarce restored to hope;
To seek t' oppress her with new cruelty,
And utterly extinguish her long name,
With so prodigious and unheard of fierceness!
What sink of monsters, wretches of lost minds,
Mad after change, and desperate in their states,
Wearied and gall'd with their necessities,
For all this I allow them, durst have thought it?
Would not the barbarous deeds have been believed,
Of Marius and Sylla, by our children,
Without this fact had risse forth greater for them?
All that they did was piety to this!
They yet but murder'd kinsfolk, brothers, parents,
Ravish'd the virgins, and perhaps some matrons;
They left the city standing, and the temples:
The gods and majesty of Rome were safe yet!—
These purpose to fire it, to despoil them,
(Beyond the other evils) and lay waste
The far triúmphed world: for, unto whom
Rome is too little, what can be enough?
Ful. 'Tis true, my lord, I had the same discourse.
Cic. And then, to take a horrid sacrament
In human blood, for execution
Of this their dire design; which might be call'd
The height of wickedness: but that that was higher
For which they did it!

Ful. I assure your lordship,
The extreme horror of it almost turn'd me
To air, when first I heard it; I was all
A vapour when 'twas told me, and I long'd
To vent it any where: 'twas such a secret,
I thought it would have burnt me up.
Cic. Good Fulvia,
Fear not your act; and less repent you of it.
Ful. I do not, my good lord; I know to whom
I've utter'd it.
Cic. You have discharged it safely.
Should Rome, for whom you've done the happy service,
Turn most ingrate, yet were your virtue paid
In conscience of the fact: so much good deeds
Reward themselves!
Ful. My lord, I did it not
To any other aim but for itself;
To no ambition.
Cic. You have learn'd the difference
Of doing office to the public weal,
And private friendship: and have shewn it, lady.
Be still your self. I have sent for Quintus Curius,
And for your virtuous sake, if I can win him
Yet to the commonwealth, he shall be safe too.
Ful. I'll undertake, my lord, he shall be won.
Cic. Pray you join with me then, and help to work him.

Enter a Lictor.

Cic. How now! Is he come?
Lict. He's here, my lord.
Cic. Go presently,
Pray my colleague Antonius I may speak with him,
About some present business of the state;
And, as you go, call on my brother Quintus,
And pray him, with the tribunes, to come to me.
Bid Curius enter. [*Exit* Lict.]—Fulvia, you will
Ful. It is my duty. [aid me?

Enter Curius.

Cic. O, my noble lord!
I have to chide you, i'faith. Give me your hand,—
Nay, be not troubled; it shall be gently, Curius.
You look upon this lady? what! do you guess
My business yet? come, if you frown, I thunder;
Therefore put on your better looks and thoughts:
There's nought but fair and good intended to you;
And I would make those your complexion.
Would you, of whom the senate had that hope
As, on my knowledge, it was in their purpose,
Next sitting to restore you, as they had done
The stupid and ungrateful Lentulus,—
Excuse me, that I name you thus together,
For yet you are not such—would you, I say,
A person both of blood and honour, stock'd
In a long race of virtuous ancestors,
Embark your self for such a hellish action,
With parricides and traitors, men turn'd furies,
Out of the waste and ruin of their fortunes?
(For 'tis despair that is the mother of madness,)
Such as want that, which all conspirators,
But they, have first, mere colour for their mischief?
O, I must blush with you. Come, you shall not labour
To extenuate your guilt, but quit it clean:
Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave them.
He acts the third crime that defends the first.
Here is a lady that hath got the start
In piety of us all, and for whose virtue
I could almost turn lover again, but that
Terentia would be jealous. What an honour
Hath she achieved to herself! what voices,
Titles, and loud applauses will pursue her
Through every street! what windows will be fill'd,
To shoot eyes at her! what envy and grief in matrons,
They are not she, when this her act shall seem
Worthier a chariot, than if Pompey came
With Asia chain'd! all this is, while she lives;
But dead, her very name will be a statue,
Not wrought for time, but rooted in the minds
Of all posterity; when brass and marble,
Ay, and the Capitol itself is dust!
Ful. Your honour thinks too highly of me.
Cic. No;
I cannot think enough, and I would have
Him emulate you. 'Tis no shame to follow
The better precedent. She shews you, Curius,
What claim your country lays to you, and what
You owe to it: be not afraid to break [duty
With murderers and traitors, for the saving
A life so near and necessary to you,
As is your country's. Think but on her right.
No child can be too natural to his parent:
She is our common mother, and doth challenge
The prime part of us; do not stop, but give it.
He that is void of fear, may soon be just;
And no religion binds men to be traitors.
Ful. My lord, he understands it, and will follow
Your saving counsel; but his shame yet stays him.
I know that he is coming.
Cur. Do you know it?
Ful. Yes; let me speak with you.
[*Takes him aside*
Cur. O, you are——
Ful. What am I?
Cur. Speak not so loud.
Ful. I am what you should be.
[*Lowering her voice.*
Come, do you think I'd walk in any plot
Where madam Sempronia should take place of me,
And Fulvia come in the rear, or on the by?
That I would be her second in a business,
Though it might vantage me all the sun sees?
It was a silly phant'sy of yours. Apply
Yourself to me and the consul, and be wise;
Follow the fortune I have put you into:
You may be something this way, and with safety
Cic. Nay, I must tolerate no whisperings, lady.
Ful. Sir, you may hear: I tell him in the way
Wherein he was, how hazardous his course was.
Cic. How hazardous! how certain to all ruin.
Did he, or do yet any of them imagine
The gods would sleep to such a Stygian practice,
Against that commonwealth which they have founded
With so much labour, and like care have kept,
Now near seven hundred years? It is a madness,
Wherewith heaven blinds them, when it would confound them,
That they should think it. Come, my Curius,
I see your nature's right; you shall no more
Be mention'd with them: I will call you mine,
And trouble this good shame no farther. Stand
Firm for your country, and become a man
Honour'd and loved: it were a noble life,
To be found dead, embracing her. Know you
What thanks, what titles, what rewards the senate
Will heap upon you, certain, for your service?

Let not a desperate action more engage you,
Than safety should; and wicked friendship force,
What honesty and virtue cannot work.

Ful. He tells you right, sweet friend: 'tis saving counsel.

Cur. Most noble consul, I am yours and hers,
I mean my country's; you have form'd me new,
Inspiring me with what I should be truly:
And I entreat, my faith may not seem cheaper
For springing out of penitence.

Cic. Good Curius,
It shall be dearer rather; and because
I'd make it such, hear how I trust you more.
Keep still your former face, and mix again
With these lost spirits; run all their mazes with them;
For such are treasons: find their windings out,
And subtle turnings; watch their snaky ways,
Through brakes and hedges, into woods of darkness
Where they are fain to creep upon their breasts
In paths ne'er trod by men, but wolves and panthers.
Learn, beside Catiline, Lentulus, and those
Whose names I have, what new ones they draw in;
Who else are likely; what those great ones are
They do not name; what ways they mean to take;
And whether their hopes point to war, or ruin
By some surprise. Explore all their intents;
And what you find may profit the republic,
Acquaint me with it, either by your self,
Or this your virtuous friend, on whom I lay
The care of urging you: I'll see that Rome
Shall prove a thankful and a bounteous mother.
Be secret as the night.

Cur. And constant, sir.

Cic. I do not doubt it, though the time cut off
All vows: The dignity of truth is lost
With much protesting. Who is there?

Enter a Servant.

This way,
Lest you be seen and met. And when you come,
Be this your token [*whispers with him.*] to this fellow. Light them.

[*Exit* Servant *with* CUR. *and* FULVIA.

O Rome, in what a sickness art thou fallen!
How dangerous and deadly, when thy head
Is drown'd in sleep, and all thy body fevery!
No noise, no pulling, no vexation wakes thee,
Thy lethargy is such: or if, by chance,
Thou heav'st thy eye-lids up, thou dost forget,
Sooner than thou wert told, thy proper danger.
I did unreverently to blame the gods,
Who wake for thee, though thou snore to thy self.
Is it not strange thou should'st be so diseased,
And so secure? but more, that the first symptoms
Of such a malady should not rise out
From any worthy member, but a base
And common strumpet, worthless to be named
A hair, or part of thee? Think, think, hereafter,
What thy needs were, when thou must use such means;
And lay it to thy breast, how much the gods
Upbraid thy foul neglect of them, by making
So vile a thing the author of thy safety.
They could have wrought by nobler ways, have struck
Thy foes with forked lightning, or ramm'd thunder;
Thrown hills upon them in the act; have sent
Death, like a damp, to all their families;
Or caus'd their consciences to burst them: but
When they will shew thee what thou art, and make
A scornful difference 'twixt their power and thee,
They help thee by such aids as geese and harlots.

Re-enter Lictor.

How now, what answer? is he come?

Lict. Your brother
Will straight be here, and your colleague, Antonius,
Said coldly he would follow me. [*Exit.*

Cic. Ay, that
Troubles me somewhat, and is worth my fear.
He is a man 'gainst whom I must provide,
That, as he'll do no good, he do no harm.
He, though he be not of the plot, will like it,
And wish it should proceed; for, unto men
Prest with their wants, all change is ever welcome,
I must with offices and patience win him,
Make him by art that which he is not born,
A friend unto the public, and bestow
The province on him, which is by the senate
Decreed to me; that benefit will bind him:
'Tis well, if some men will do well for price;
So few are virtuous when the reward's away.
Nor must I be unmindful of my private;
For which I have call'd my brother and the tribunes,
My kinsfolks, and my clients, to be near me.
He that stands up 'gainst traitors, and their ends,
Shall need a double guard, of law, and friends
Especially in such an envious state,
That sooner will accuse the magistrate,
Than the delinquent; and will rather grieve
The treason is not acted, than believe. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* CATILINE'S *House.*

Enter CÆSAR *and* CATILINE.

Cæs. The night grows on, and you are for your meeting;
I'll therefore end in few. Be resolute,
And put your enterprise in act. The more
Actions of depth and danger are consider'd,
The less assuredly they are perform'd:
And thence it happeneth, that the bravest plots,
Not executed straight, have been discover'd.
Say, you are constant, or another, a third,
Or more; there may be yet one wretched spirit,
With whom the fear of punishment shall work
'Bove all the thoughts of honour and revenge.
You are not now to think what's best to do,
As in beginnings, but what must be done,
Being thus enter'd; and slip no advantage
That may secure you. Let them call it mischief;
When it is past, and prosper'd, 'twill be virtue.
They're petty crimes are punish'd, great rewarded.
Nor must you think of peril, since attempts
Begun with danger, still do end with glory;
And, when need spurs, despair will be call'd wisdom.
Less ought the care of men, or fame to fright you;
For they that win, do seldom receive shame
Of victory, howe'er it be achieved;
And vengeance, least: for who, besieged with wants,
Would stop at death, or anything beyond it?
Come, there was never any great thing yet
Aspired, but by violence or fraud:

And he that sticks for folly of a conscience
To reach it——
Cat. Is a good religious fool.
Cæs. A superstitious slave, and will die beast.
Good night. You know what Crassus thinks, and
By this. Prepare your wings as large as sails, [I,
To cut through air, and leave no print behind you.
A serpent, ere he comes to be a dragon,
Does eat a bat; and so must you a consul,
That watches. What you do, do quickly, Sergius.
[*Going.*
You shall not stir for me.
Cat. Excuse me.—Lights there!
Cæs. By no means.
Cat. Stay then. All good thoughts to Cæsar,
And like to Crassus.
Cæs. Mind but your friends' counsels. [*Exit.*
Cat. Or I will bear no mind.—

Enter AURELIA.

How now, Aurelia!
Are your confederates come, the ladies?
Aur. Yes.
Cat. And is Sempronia there?
Aur. She is.
Cat. That's well.
She has a sulphurous spirit, and will take
Light at a spark. Break with them, gentle love,
About the drawing as many of their husbands
Into the plot, as can; if not, to rid them:
That will be the easier practice unto some,
Who have been tired with them long. Solicit
Their aids for money, and their servants' help,
In firing of the city at the time
Shall be design'd. Promise them states and empires,
And men for lovers, made of better clay
Than ever the old potter Titan knew.

Enter LECCA.

Who's that? O, Porcius Lecca! Are they met?
Lec. They are all here.
Cat. Love, you have your instructions:
I'll trust you with the stuff you have to work on,
You'll form it! [*Exit* AURELIA.] Porcius, fetch the silver eagle
I gave you in charge; and pray 'em they will enter.
[*Exit* LECCA.

Enter CETHEGUS, CURIUS, LENTULUS, VARGUNTEIUS, LONGINUS, GABINIUS, CEPARIUS, AUTRONIUS, *&c.*

Cat. O friends, your faces glad me! This will be
Our last, I hope, of consultation.
Cet. So it had need.
Cur. We lose occasion daily.
Cat. Ay, and our means; whereof one wounds me most
That was the fairest: Piso is dead in Spain.
Cet. As we are here.
Lon. And, as 'tis thought, by envy
Of Pompey's followers.
Len. He too's coming back,
Now, out of Asia.
Cat. Therefore, what we intend
We must be swift in. Take your seats, and hear.
I have already sent Septimius
Into the Picene territory, and Julius,
To raise force for us in Apulia;
Manlius, at Fesulæ is by this time up,
With the old needy troops that follow'd Sylla·
And all do but expect when we will give
The blow at home.

Re-enter P. LECCA *with the eagle.*

Behold this silver eagle,
'Twas Marius' standard in the Cimbrian war,
Fatal to Rome; and as our augurs tell me,
Shall still be so: for which one ominous cause,
I've kept it safe, and done it sacred rites,
As to a godhead, in a chapel built
Of purpose to it. Pledge then all your hands,
To follow it with vows of death and ruin,
Struck silently and home. So waters speak
When they run deepest. Now's the time, this year,
The twentieth from the firing of the Capitol,
As fatal too to Rome, by all predictions;
And in which honour'd Lentulus must rise
A king, if he pursue it.
Cur. If he do not,
He is not worthy the great destiny.
Len. It is too great for me; but what the gods
And their great loves decree me, I must not
Seem careless of.
Cat. No, nor we envious,
We have enough beside; all Gallia, Belgia,
Greece, Spain and Africk.
Cur. Ay, and Asia too,
Now Pompey is returning.
Cat. Noblest Romans,
Methinks our looks are not so quick and high,
As they were wont.
Cur. No! whose is not?
Cat. We have
No anger in our eyes, no storm, no lightning:
Our hate is spent, and fumed away in vapour,
Before our hands be at work: I can accuse
Not any one, but all, of slackness.
Cet. Yes,
And be yourself such, while you do it.
Cat. Ha!
'Tis sharply answer'd, Caius.
Cet. Truly, truly.
Len. Come, let us each one know his part to do,
And then be accused. Leave these untimely quarrels.
Cur. I would there were more Romes than one
Cet. More Romes! more worlds. [to ruin!
Cur. Nay then, more gods and natures,
If they took part.
Len. When shall the time be first?
Cat. I think, the Saturnals!
Cet. 'Twill be too long.
Cat. They are not now far off, 'tis not a month.
Cet. A week, a day, an hour is too far off:
Now were the fittest time.
Cat. We have not laid
All things so safe and ready.
Cet. While we are laying,
We shall all lie and grow to earth. Would I
Were nothing in it, if not now: these things,
They should be done, ere thought.
Cat. Nay, now your reason
Forsakes you, Caius. Think but what commodity
That time will minister; the city's custom
Of being then in mirth and feast——
Len. Loos'd whole
In pleasure and security——
Aut. Each house
Resolved in freedom——
Cur. Every slave a master——
Lon. And they too no mean aids——
Cur. Made from their hope
Of liberty——
Len. Or hate unto their lords.

Var. 'Tis sure, there cannot be a time found
More apt and natural. [out
Len. Nay, good Cethegus,
Why do your passions now disturb our hopes?
Cet. Why do your hopes delude your certainties?
Cat. You must lend him his way. [*Aside to* LENTULUS.] Think for the order,
And process of it.
Lon. Yes.
Len. I like not fire,
'Twill too much waste my city.
Cat. Were it embers,
There will be wealth enough raked out of them,
To spring a new. It must be fire, or nothing.
Lon. What else should fright or terrify them?
Var. True.
In that confusion must be the chief slaughter.
Cur. Then we shall kill them bravest.
Cep. And in heaps.
Aut. Strew sacrifices.
Cur. Make the earth an altar.
Lon. And Rome the fire.
Lec. 'Twill be a noble night.
Var. And worth all Sylla's days.
Cur. When husbands, wives,
Grandsires, and nephews, servants, and their lords,
Virgins, and priests, the infant and the nurse,
Go all to hell together in a fleet.
Cat. I would have you, Longinus and Statilius,
To take the charge o' the firing, which must be,
At a sign given with a trumpet, done
In twelve chief places of the city at once.
The flax and sulphur are already laid
In, at Cethegus' house; so are the weapons.
Gabinius, you, with other force, shall stop
The pipes and conduits, and kill those that come
For water.
Cur. What shall I do?
Cat. All will have
Employment, fear not: ply the execution.
Cur. For that, trust me and Cethegus.
Cat. I will be
At hand with the army, to meet those that scape:
And, Lentulus, begirt you Pompey's house,
To seize his sons alive; for they are they
Must make our peace with him: all else cut off,
As Tarquin did the poppy-heads, or mowers
A field of thistles; or else, up, as ploughs
Do barren lands, and strike together flints
And clods, th' ungrateful senate and the people;
Till no rage gone before, or coming after,
May weigh with yours, though horror leap'd herself
Into the scale: but, in your violent acts,
The fall of torrents and the noise of tempests,
The boiling of Charybdis, the sea's wildness,
The eating force of flames, and wings of winds,
Be all out-wrought by your transcendant furies.
It had been done ere this, had I been consul;
We had had no stop, no let.
Len. How find you Antonius?
Cat. The other has won him,—lost: that Cicero
Was born to be my opposition,
And stands in all our ways.
Cur. Remove him first.
Cet. May that yet be done sooner?
Cat. Would it were done.
Cur. Var. I'll do't.
Cet. It is my province; none usurp it.
Len. What are your means?
Cet. Enquire not. He shall die.
Shall, was too slowly said; he's dying: that
Is yet too slow; he's dead.
Cat. Brave, only Roman,
Whose soul might be the world's soul, were that dying;
Refuse not yet the aids of these your friends.
Len. Here's Vargunteius holds good quarter with him.
Cat. And under the pretext of clientele
And visitation, with the morning hail,
Will be admitted.
Cet. What is that to me?
Var. Yes, we may kill him in his bed, and safely.
Cet. Safe is your way then, take it: mine's mine own. [*Exit.*
Cat. Follow him, Vargunteius, and persuade,
The morning is the fittest time.
Lon. The night
Will turn all into tumult.
Len. And perhaps
Miss of him too.
Cat. Entreat and conjure him
In all our names——
Len. By all our vows and friendships.
[*Exit* VARGUNTEIUS.

Enter SEMPRONIA, AURELIA, *and* FULVIA.

Sem. What! is our council broke up first?
Aur. You say,
Women are greatest talkers.
[*Whispers with* CAT. *while* FUL. *takes* CUR. *aside.*
Sem. We have done,
And are now fit for action.
Lon. Which is passion;
There is your best activity, lady.
Sem. How
Knows your wise fatness that?
Lon. Your mother's daughter
Did teach me, madam.
Cat. Come, Sempronia, leave him;
He is a giber, and our present business
Is of more serious consequence. Aurelia
Tells me, you've done most masculinely within,
And play'd the orator.
Sem. But we must hasten
To our design as well, and execute;
Not hang still in the fever of an accident.
Cat. You say well, lady.
Sem. I do like our plot
Exceeding well; 'tis sure, and we shall leave
Little to fortune in it.
Cat. Your banquet stays.
Aurelia, take her in. Where's Fulvia?
Sem. O, the two lovers are coupling.
Cur. In good faith,
She's very ill with sitting up.
Sem. You'd have her
Laugh, and lie down.
Ful. No, faith, Sempronia,
I am not well; I'll take my leave, it draws
Toward the morning. Curius shall stay with you.
Madam, I pray you pardon me; my health
I must respect.
Aur. Farewell, good Fulvia.
Cur. [*Aside to* FULVIA.] Make haste, and bid him get his guards about him;
For Vargunteius and Cornelius
Have underta'en it, should Cethegus miss:
Their reason, that they think his open rashness
Will suffer easier discovery
Than their attempt, so veiled under friendshi

I'll bring you to your coach. Tell him, beside,
Of Cæsar's coming forth here.
Cat. My sweet madam,
Will you be gone?
Ful. I am, my lord, in truth,
In some indisposition.
Cat. I do wish
You had all your health, sweet lady. Lentulus,
You'll do her service.
Len. To her coach,—and duty.
[*Exeunt all but* CATILINE.
Cat. What ministers men must for practice use,
The rash, the ambitious, needy, desperate,
Foolish and wretched, e'en the dregs of mankind,
To whores and women! still it must be so.
Each have their proper place, and in their rooms
They are the best. Grooms fittest kindle fires,
Slaves carry burdens, butchers are for slaughters,
Apothecaries, butlers, cooks, for poisons;
As these for me: dull stupid Lentulus,
My stale, with whom I stalk; the rash Cethegus,
My executioner; and fat Longinus,
Statilius, Curius, Ceparius, Cimber,
My labourers, pioneers, and incendiaries:
With these domestic traitors, bosom thieves,
Whom custom hath call'd wives: the readiest helps
To strangle headstrong husbands, rob the easy,
And lend the moneys on returns of lust.
Shall Catiline not do now, with these aids,
So sought, so sorted, something shall be call'd
Their labour, but his profit? and make Cæsar
Repent his venturing counsels to a spirit
So much his lord in mischief? when all these
Shall, like the brethren sprung of dragons' teeth,
Ruin each other, and he fall amongst them,
With Crassus, Pompey, or who else appears
But like, or near a great one. May my brain
Resolve to water, and my blood turn phlegm,
My hands drop off unworthy of my sword,
And that be inspired of itself to rip
My breast for my lost entrails, when I leave
A soul that will not serve; and who will, are
The same with slaves, such clay I dare not fear.
The cruelty I mean to act, I wish
Should be call'd mine, and tarry in my name;
Whilst after-ages do toil out themselves
In thinking for the like, but do it less:
And were the power of all the fiends let loose,
With fate to boot, it should be still example,
When, what the Gaul or Moor could not effect,
Nor emulous Carthage, with their length of spight,
Shall be the work of one, and that MY night. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* CICERO'S *House.*

Enter CICERO, FULVIA, *and* Attendant.

Cic. I thank your vigilance. Where's my brother Quintus?
Call all my servants up! [*Exit* Attendant.] Tell noble Curius,
And say it to yourself, you are my savers:
But that's too little for you; you are Rome's.
What could I then hope less?

Enter QUINTUS CICERO.

O brother! now
The engiuers I told you of are working,
The machine 'gins to move. Where are your wea-
Arm all my household presently, and charge [pons?
The porter, he let no man in till day.
Qui. Not clients, and your friends?
Cic. They wear those names,
That come to murder me. Yet send for Cato,
And Quintus Catulus; those I dare trust;
And Flaccus and Pomptinius, the prætors,
By the back way.
Qui. Take care, good brother Marcus,
Your fears be not form'd greater than they should;
And make your friends grieve, while your enemies laugh.
Cic. 'Tis brother's counsel, and worth thanks. But do
As I entreat you. [*Exit* QUINTUS.] I provide, not
Was Cæsar there, say you? [fear.—
Ful. Curius says he met him
Coming from thence.
Cic. O, so. And had you a council
Of ladies too? who was your speaker, madam?
Ful. She that would be, had there been forty more;
Sempronia, who had both her Greek and figures,
And ever and anon would ask us, if
The witty consul could have mended that,
Or orator Cicero could have said it better?
Cic. She is my gentle enemy. Would Cethegus
Had no more danger in him! But my guards
Are you, great Powers, and the unbated strengths
Of a firm conscience, which shall arm each step
Ta'en for the state! and teach me slack no pace
For fear of malice.

Re-enter QUINTUS.

How now, brother?
Qui. Cato,
And Quintus Catulus were coming to you,
And Crassus with them. I have let them in
By the garden.
Cic. What would Crassus have?
Qui. I hear
Some whispering 'bout the gate, and making doubt
Whether it be not yet too early or no?
But I do think, they are your friends and clients,
Are fearful to disturb you.
Cic. You will change
To another thought anon. Have you given the
The charge I will'd you? [porter
Qui. Yes.
Cic. Withdraw and hearken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Street before* CICERO'S *House.*

Enter VARGUNTEIUS *and* CORNELIUS, *with armed men.*

Varg. The door's not open yet.
Cor. You were best to knock.
Varg. Let them stand close then; and, when we are in,
Rush after us.
Cor. But where's Cethegus?
Var. He
Has left it, since he might not do't his way. [*Knocks.*
Por. [*within.*] Who's there?
Var. A friend, or more.
Por. [*within.*] I may not let
Any man in, till day.
Var. No! why?
Cor. Thy reason?
Por. [*within.*] I am commanded so.
Var. By whom?
Cor. I hope
We are not discover'd.

Var. Yes, by revelation !—
Pray thee, good slave, who has commanded thee ?
Por. [*within.*] He that may best, the consul.
Var. We are his friends.
Por. [*within.*] All's one.
Cor. Best give your name.
Var. Dost thou hear, fellow ?
I have some instant business with the consul.
My name is Varguntеius.
Cic. [*appears at the window above, with* CATO, CATULUS, *and* CRASSUS.] True, he knows it,
And for what friendly office you are sent.
Cornelius too is there—
Var. We are betray'd.
Cic. And desperate Cethegus, is he not ?
Var. Speak you, he knows my voice.
Cic. What say you to't ?
Cor. You are deceived, sir.
Cic. No, 'tis you are so ;
Poor misled men. Your states are yet worth pity,
If you would hear, and change your savage minds.
Leave to be mad ; forsake your purposes
Of treason, rapine, murder, fire, and horror :
The commonwealth hath eyes that wake as sharply
Over her life, as yours do for her ruin.
Be not deceived, to think her lenity
Will be perpetual ; or, if men be wanting,
The gods will be to such a calling cause.
Consider your attempts, and while there's time,
Repent you of them. It doth make me tremble,
There should those spirits yet breathe, that when they cannot
Live honestly, would rather perish basely.
Cato. You talk too much to 'em, Marcus ; they
Go forth, and apprehend them. [are lost :
Catu. If you prove
This practice, what should let the commonwealth
To take due vengeance ?
Var. Let us shift away !
The darkness hath conceal'd us yet. We'll say,
Some have abus'd our names.
Cor. Deny it all. [*Exeunt below.*
Cato. Quintus, what guards have you ? call the tribunes' aid,
And raise the city. Consul, you are too mild,
The foulness of some facts takes thence all mercy ;
Report it to the senate. [*It thunders and lightens violently on a sudden.*] Hear ! the gods
Grow angry with your patience. 'Tis their care,
And must be yours, that guilty men escape not :
As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself.
[*Exeunt above.*

CHORUS.

What is it, heavens, you prepare
With so much swiftness, and so sudden rising ?
There are no sons of earth that dare,
Again, rebellion ? or the gods' surprising ?

The world doth shake, and nature fears ;
Yet is the tumult and the horror greater
Within our minds, than in our ears :
So much Rome's faults (now grown her fate) do threat her.

The priests and people run about,
Each order, age, and sex amaz'd at other ;
And at the ports all thronging out,
As if their safety were to quit their mother :

Yet find they the same dangers there,
From which they make such haste to be preserved :
For guilty states do ever bear
The plagues about them which they have deserved.

And till those plagues do get above
The mountain of our faults, and there do sit,
We see them not : thus still we love
Th' evil we do, until we suffer it.

But most ambition, that near vice
To virtue, hath the fate of Rome provoked ;
And made that now Rome's self ['s] no price
To free her from the death wherewith she's yoked.

That restless ill that still doth build
Upon success, and ends not in aspiring :
But there begins ; and ne'er is fill'd
While ought remains that seems but worth desiring,

Wherein the thought, unlike the eye,
To which things far seem smaller than they are,
Deems all contentment placed on high ;
And thinks there's nothing great but what is far.

O, that in time Rome did not cast
Her errors up this fortune to prevent !
To have seen her crimes ere they were past,
And felt her faults before her punishment.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street at the foot of the Capitol.*

[*The Storm continued.*]

Enter the Allobrogian Ambassadors. *Divers* Senators *pass by them, quaking and trembling.*

1 *Am.* Can these men fear, who are not only ours,
But the world's masters ! Then I see the Gods
Upbraid our suff'rings, or would humble them,
By sending these affrights while we are here ;
That we might laugh at their ridiculous fear,
Whose names we trembled at beyond the Alps.
Of all that pass, I do not see a face
Worthy a man ; that dares look up and stand
One thunder out : but downward all, like beasts,
Running away from every flash is made.
The falling world could not deserve such baseness.
Are we employed here by our miseries,
Like superstitious fools, or rather slaves,
To plain our griefs, wrongs, and oppressions,
To a mere clothed senate, whom our folly
Hath made, and still intends to keep, our tyrants ?
It is our base petitionary breath
That blows them to this greatness ; which this prick [*Points to his sword.*
Would soon let out, if we were bold and wretched.
When they have taken all we have, our goods,
Crop, lands and houses, they will leave us this :
A weapon and an arm will still be found,
Though naked left, and lower than the ground.

Enter CATO, CATULUS, *and* CICERO.

Cato. Do ; urge thine anger still, good heaven and just !
Tell guilty men what powers are above them.
In such a confidence of wickedness,
'Twas time they should know something fit to fear.
Catu. I never saw a morn more full of horror.

Cato. To Catiline and his: but to just men,
Though heaven should speak with all his wrath at once,
That with his breath the hinges of the world
Did crack, we should stand upright and unfear'd.
Cic. Why so we do, good Cato. Who be these?
Catu. Ambassadors from the Allobroges,
I take them, by their habits.
1 *Am.* Ay, these men
Seem of another race; let's sue to these,
There's hope of justice with their fortitude.
Cic. Friends of the senate and of Rome, to-day
We pray you to forbear us: on the morrow,
What suit you have, let us, by Fabius Sanga,
Whose patronage your state doth use, but know it,
And on the consul's word, you shall receive
Dispatch, or else an answer worth your patience.
2 *Am.* We could not hope for more, most worthy consul.

[*Exeunt* Cato, Catulus, *and* Cicero.

This magistrate hath struck an awe into me,
And by his sweetness won a more regard
Unto his place, than all the boist'rous moods
That ignorant greatness practiseth, to fill
The large, unfit authority it wears.
How easy is a noble spirit discern'd
From harsh and sulphurous matter, that flies out
In contumelies, makes a noise, and stinks!
May we find good and great men: that know how
To stoop to wants and meet necessities,
And will not turn from any equal suits!
Such men, they do not succour more the cause
They undertake with favour and success,
Than by it their own judgments they do raise,
In turning just men's needs into their praise.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Temple of Jupiter Stator.*

Enter Cicero, Antonius, Cato, Catulus, Cæsar, Crassus, *and many other* Senators, Prætor, Officers, *&c.*

Præ. Room for the consuls! Fathers, take your places.
Here in the house of Jupiter the Stayer,
By edict from the consul, Marcus Tullius,
You're met, a frequent senate. Hear him speak.
Cic. What may be happy and auspicious still
To Rome and hers!
Honour'd and conscript fathers,
If I were silent, and that all the dangers
Threat'ning the state and you, were yet so hid
In night, or darkness thicker in their breasts,
That are the black contrivers, so that no
Beam of the light could pierce them; yet the voice
Of heaven, this morning hath spoke loud enough
T' instruct you with a feeling of the horror,
And wake you from a sleep as stark as death.
I have of late spoke often in this senate
Touching this argument, but still have wanted
Either your ears or faith; so incredible
Their plots have seem'd, or I so vain, to make
These things for mine own glory and false greatness,
As hath been given out. But be it so.
When they break forth, and shall declare themselves
By their too foul effects, then, then the envy
Of my just cares will find another name.
For me, I am but one, and this poor life,
So lately aim'd at, not an hour yet since,
They cannot with more eagerness pursue,
Than I with gladness would lay down and lose
To buy Rome's peace, if that would purchase it.
But when I see they'd make it but the step
To more and greater; unto yours, Rome's, all;
I would with those preserve it, or then fall.
Cæs. Ay, ay, let you alone, cunning artificer!
See how his gorget peers above his gown,
To tell the people in what danger he was.
It was absurdly done of Vargunteius,
To name himself before he was got in.

[*Aside to* Crassus.

Cras. It matters not, so they deny it all:
And can but carry the lie constantly.
Will Catiline be here?
Cæs. I have sent for him.
Cras. And have you bid him to be confident?
Cæs. To that his own necessity will prompt him.
Cras. Seem to believe nothing at all that Cicero
Relates us.
Cæs. It will mad him.
Cras. O, and help
The other party.

Enter Q. Cicero, *with the* Tribunes *and* Guards.

Who is that, his brother?
What new intelligence has he brought him now?
Cæs. Some cautions from his wife, how to behave him.
Cic. Place some of them without, and some bring in.
Thank their kind loves: it is a comfort yet,
That all depart not from their country's cause.
Cæs. How now, what means this muster, consul Antonius?
Ant. I do not know; ask my colleague, he'll tell you.
There is some reason in state that I must yield to,
And I have promised him; indeed he has bought it,
With giving me the province.
Cic. I profess,
It grieves me, fathers, that I am compell'd
To draw these arms, and aids for your defence;
And more, against a citizen of Rome,
Born here amongst you, a patrician,
A man, I must confess, of no mean house,
Nor no small virtue, if he had employ'd
Those excellent gifts of fortune and of nature,
Unto the good, not ruin of the state.
But being bred in his father's needy fortunes,
Brought up in his sister's prostitution,
Confirm'd in civil slaughter, entering first
The commonwealth with murder of the gentry;
Since, both by study and custom conversant
With all licentiousness, what could be hoped
In such a field of riot, but a course
Extreme pernicious? though I must protest,
I found his mischiefs sooner with mine eyes
Than with my thought; and with these hands of mine,
Before they touch'd at my suspicion.
Cæs. What are his mischiefs, consul? you declaim
Against his manners, and corrupt your own:
No wise man should, for hate of guilty men,
Lose his own innocence.
Cic. The noble Cæsar
Speaks god-like truth. But when he hears I can
Convince him, by his manners, of his mischiefs,
He might be silent; and not cast away

His sentences in vain, where they scarce look
Toward his subject.

Enter CATILINE, *and sits down by* CATO, *who quits his place.*

Cato. Here he comes himself.
If he be worthy any good man's voice,
That good man sit down by him: Cato will not.
Catu. If Cato leave him, I'll not keep aside.
[*Rises.*
Cat. What face is this the senate here puts on
Against me, fathers? give my modesty
Leave to demand the cause of so much strangeness.
Cæs. It is reported here, you are the head
To a strange faction, Lucius.
Cic. Ay, and will
Be proved against him.
Cat. Let it be. Why, consul,
If in the commonwealth there be two bodies,
One lean, weak, rotten, and that hath a head,
The other strong and healthful, but hath none;
If I do give it one, do I offend?
Restore your selves unto your temper, fathers,
And, without perturbation, hear me speak.
Remember who I am, and of what place,
What petty fellow this is that opposes;
One that hath exercised his eloquence
Still to the bane of the nobility,
A boasting, insolent tongue-man!—
Cato. Peace, lewd traitor,
Or wash thy mouth. He is an honest man,
And loves his country; would thou didst so too.
Cat. Cato, you are too zealous for him.
Cato. No;
Thou art too impudent.
Catu. Catiline, be silent.
Cat. Nay then, I easily fear my just defence
Will come too late to so much prejudice.
Cæs. Will he sit down? [*Aside.*
Cat. Yet let the world forsake me,
My innocence must not.
Cato. Thou innocent!
So are the furies.
Cic. Yes, and Até too.
Dost thou not blush, pernicious Catiline,
Or hath the paleness of thy guilt drunk up
Thy blood, and drawn thy veins as dry of that,
As is thy heart of truth, thy breast of virtue?
Whither at length wilt thou abuse our patience?
Still shall thy fury mock us! to what license
Dares thy unbridled boldness run itself!
Do all the nightly guards kept on the palace,
The city's watches, with the people's fears,
The concourse of all good men, this so strong
And fortified seat here of the senate,
The present looks upon thee, strike thee nothing?
Dost thou not feel thy counsels all laid open,
And see thy wild conspiracy bound in
With each man's knowledge? Which of all this order
Canst thou think ignorant, if they will but utter
Their conscience to the right, of what thou didst
Last night, what on the former, where thou wert,
Whom thou didst call together, what your plots
O age and manners! this the consul sees, [were?
The senate understands, yet this man lives!—
Lives! ay, and comes here into council with us,
Partakes the public cares, and with his eye
Marks and points out each man of us to slaughter.
And we, good men, do satisfy the state,
If we can shun but this man's sword and madness.
There was that virtue once in Rome, when good men
Would, with more sharp coercion, have restrain'd
A wicked citizen, than the deadliest foe.
We have that law still, Catiline, for thee;
An act as grave as sharp: the state's not wanting,
Nor the authority of this senate; we,
We that are consuls, only fail ourselves.
This twenty days the edge of that decree
We have let dull and rust; kept it shut up,
As in a sheath, which drawn, should take thy head.
Yet still thou liv'st: and liv'st not to lay by
Thy wicked confidence, but to confirm it.
I could desire, grave fathers, to be found
Still merciful, to seem, in these main perils
Grasping the state, a man remiss and slack;
But then I should condemn myself of sloth,
And treachery. Their camp's in Italy,
Pitch'd in the jaws here of Hetruria;
Their numbers daily increasing, and their general
Within our walls; nay, in our council! plotting
Hourly some fatal mischief to the public.
If, Catiline, I should command thee now,
Here to be taken, kill'd; I make just doubt,
Whether all good men would not think it done
Rather too late, than any man too cruel.
Cato. Except he were of the same meal and batch.
Cic. But that which ought to have been done long since,
I will, and for good reason, yet forbear.
Then will I take thee, when no man is found
So lost, so wicked, nay, so like thyself,
But shall profess, 'tis done of need and right.
While there is one that dares defend thee, live;
Thou shalt have leave, but so as now thou liv'st;
Watch'd at a hand, besieged, and opprest
From working least commotion to the state.
I have those eyes and ears shall still keep guard,
And spial on thee, as they've ever done,
And thou not feel it. What then canst thou hope?
If neither night can with her darkness hide
Thy wicked meetings, nor a private house
Can, in her walls, contain the guilty whispers
Of thy conspiracy: if all break out,
All be discover'd, change thy mind at last,
And lose thy thoughts of ruin, flame, and slaughter.
Remember how I told here to the senate,
That such a day thy lictor, Caius Manlius,
Would be in arms. Was I deceived, Catiline,
Or in the fact, or in the time, the hour?
I told too in this senate, that thy purpose
Was, on the fifth o'the kalends of November,
To have slaughter'd this whole order: which my caution
Made many leave the city. Canst thou here
Deny, but this thy black design was hinder'd
That very day, by me? thy self closed in
Within my strengths, so that thou could'st not move
Against a public reed; when thou wert heard
To say upon the parting of the rest,
Thou would'st content thee with the murder of us
That did remain? Hadst thou not hope beside,
By a surprise by night to take Prænestе?
Where when thou cam'st, didst thou not find the place
Made good against thee with my aids, my watches?

My garrisons fortified it. Thou dost nothing, Sergius,
Thou canst endeavour nothing, nay, not think,
But I both see and hear it: and am with thee,
By and before, about and in thee too.
Call but to mind thy last night's business—Come,
I'll use no circumstance—at Lecca's house,
The shop and mint of your conspiracy,
Among your sword-men, where so many associates
Both of thy mischief and thy madness met.
Dar'st thou deny this? wherefore art thou silent?
Speak, and this shall convince thee: here they are,
I see them in this senate, that were with thee.
O, ye immortal Gods! in what clime are we,
What region do we live in, in what air?
What commonwealth or state is this we have?
Here, here, amongst us, our own number, fathers,
In this most holy council of the world
They are, that seek the spoil of me, of you,
Of ours, of all; what I can name's too narrow:
Follow the sun, and find not their ambition.
These I behold, being consul: nay, I ask
Their counsels of the state, as from good patriots:
Whom it were fit the axe should hew in pieces,
I not so much as wound yet with my voice.
Thou wast last night with Lecca, Catiline,
Your shares of Italy you there divided;
Appointed who, and whither each should go;
What men should stay behind in Rome, were chosen,
Your offices set down; the parts mark'd out,
And places of the city, for the fire;
Thyself, thou affirm'dst, wast ready to depart,
Only a little let there was that stay'd thee,
That I yet lived. Upon the word, stepp'd forth
Three of thy crew, to rid thee of that care;
Two undertook this morning, before day,
To kill me in my bed. All this I knew,
Your convent scarce dismiss'd, arm'd all my servants,
Call'd both my brother and friends, shut out your clients
You sent to visit me; whose names I told
To some there of good place, before they came.

Cato. Yes, I, and Quintus Catulus can affirm it.

Cæs. He's lost and gone! His spirits have forsook him. [*Aside.*

Cic. If this be so, why, Catiline, dost thou stay?
Go where thou mean'st. The ports are open; forth!
The camp abroad wants thee, their chief too long.
Lead with thee all thy troops out; purge the city.
Draw dry that noisome and pernicious sink,
Which, left behind thee, would infect the world.
Thou wilt free me of all my fears at once,
To see a wall between us. Dost thou stop
To do that, now commanded, which, before,
Of thine own choice, thou wert prone to? Go! the consul
Bids thee, an enemy, to depart the city:
Whither, thou'lt ask, to exile? I not bid
Thee that: but ask my counsel, I persuade it.
What is there here in Rome, that can delight thee?
Where not a soul, without thine own foul knot,
But fears and hates thee. What domestic note
Of private filthiness, but is burnt in
Into thy life, what close and secret shame,
But is grown one with thine own infamy?
What lust was ever absent from thine eyes,
What lewd fact from thy hands, what wickedness
From thy whole body? where's that youth drawn
Within thy nets, or catch'd up with thy baits, [in
Before whose rage thou hast not borne a sword,
And to whose lusts thou hast not held a torch?
Thy latter nuptials I let pass in silence,
Where sins incredible on sins were heap'd;
Which I not name, lest in a civil state
So monstrous facts should either appear to be,
Or not to be revenged. Thy fortunes too
I glance not at, which hang but till next ides.
I come to that which is more known, more public;
The life and safety of us all, by thee
Threaten'd and sought. Stood'st thou not in the field,
When Lepidus and Tullus were our consuls,
Upon the day of choice, arm'd, and with forces,
To take their lives, and our chief citizens?
When not thy fear, nor conscience changed thy mind,
But the mere fortune of the commonwealth
Withstood thy active malice? Speak but right.
How often hast thou made attempt on me?
How many of thy assaults have I declined
With shifting but my body, as we'd say?
Wrested thy dagger from thy hand, how oft?
How often hath it fallen, or slipt, by chance?
Yet can thy side not want it: which, how vow'd,
Or with what rites 'tis sacred of thee, I know not,
That still thou mak'st it a necessity,
To fix it in the body of a consul.
But let me lose this way, and speak to thee,
Not as one moved with hatred, which I ought,
But pity, of which none is owing thee.

Cato. No more than unto Tantalus or Tityus.

Cic. Thou cam'st erewhile into this senate: Who
Of such a frequency, so many friends
And kindred thou hast here, saluted thee?
Were not the seats made bare upon thy entrance?
Risse not the consular men, and left their places,
So soon as thou sat'st down, and fled thy side,
Like to a plague or ruin, knowing how oft
They had by thee been mark'd out for the shambles?
How dost thou bear this? Surely, if my slaves
At home fear'd me with half the affright and horror,
That here thy fellow-citizens do thee, [ror,
I should soon quit my house, and think it need too
Yet thou dar'st tarry here! go forth at last,
Condemn thyself to flight and solitude.
Discharge the commonwealth of her deep fear.—
Go; into banishment, if thou wait'st the word:
Why dost thou look? they all consent unto it.
Dost thou expect the authority of their voices,
Whose silent wills condemn thee? while they sit,
They approve it; while they suffer it, they decree it;
And while they are silent to it, they proclaim it.
Prove thou there honest, I'll endure the envy.
But there's no thought thou shouldst be ever he,
Whom either shame should call from filthiness,
Terror from danger, or discourse from fury.
Go; I entreat thee: yet why do I so?
When I already know they are sent afore,
That tarry for thee in arms, and do expect thee
On the Aurelian way. I know the day
Set down 'twixt thee and Manlius, unto whom
The silver eagle too is sent before;
Which I do hope shall prove to thee as baneful
As thou conceiv'st it to the commonwealth.
But, may this wise and sacred senate say,
What mean'st thou, Marcus Tullius? if thou know'st
That Catiline be look'd for to be chief

Of an intestine war; that he's the author
Of such a wickedness: the caller out
Of men of mark in mischief, to an action
Of so much horror; prince of such a treason;
Why dost thou send him forth? why let him 'scape?
This is to give him liberty and power:
Rather thou should'st lay hold upon him, send him
To deserv'd death, and a just punishment.
To these so holy voices thus I answer:
If I did think it timely, conscript fathers,
To punish him with death, I would not give
The fencer use of one short hour to breathe;
But when there are in this grave order some,
Who, with soft censures, still do nurse his hopes;
Some that, with not believing, have confirm'd
His designs more, and whose authority
The weaker, as the worst men too, have follow'd,
I would now send him where they all should see
Clear as the light, his heart shine; where no man
Could be so wickedly or fondly stupid,
But should cry out, he saw, touch'd, felt, and grasp'd it.
Then, when he hath run out himself, led forth
His desperate party with him, blown together
Aids of all kinds, both shipwreck'd minds and fortunes;
Not only the grown evil that now is sprung
And sprouted forth, would be pluck'd up and weeded,
But the stock, root, and seed of all the mischiefs
Choking the commonwealth: where, should we take,
Of such a swarm of traitors, only him,
Our cares and fears might seem awhile relieved,
But the main peril would bide still inclosed
Deep in the veins and bowels of the state.
As human bodies labouring with fevers,
While they are tost with heat, if they do take
Cold water, seem for that short space much eased,
But afterward are ten times more afflicted.
Wherefore, I say, let all this wicked crew
Depart, divide themselves from good men, gather
Their forces to one head; and as I said oft,
Let them be sever'd from us with a wall;
Let them leave off attempts upon the consul
In his own house; to circle in the prætor;
To gird the court with weapons; to prepare
Fire and balls, swords, torches, sulphur, brands;
In short, let it be writ in each man's forehead
What thoughts he bears the public. I here promise,
Fathers conscript, to you, and to myself,
That diligence in us consuls, for my honour'd
Colleague abroad, and for myself at home;
So great authority in you; so much
Virtue in these, the gentlemen of Rome,
Whom I could scarce restrain to-day in zeal
From seeking out the parricide, to slaughter;
So much consent in all good men and minds,
As on the going out of this one Catiline,
All shall be clear, made plain, oppress'd, reveng'd.
And with this omen go, pernicious plague!
Out of the city, to the wish'd destruction
Of thee and those, that, to the ruin of her,
Have ta'en that bloody and black sacrament.
Thou, Jupiter, whom we do call the STAYER
Both of this city and this empire, wilt,
With the same auspice thou didst raise it first,
Drive from thy altars, and all other temples,
And buildings of this city, from our walls,
Lives, states and fortunes of our citizens,
This fiend, this fury, with his complices.
And all th' offence of good men, these known traitors
Untó their country, thieves of Italy,
Join'd in so damn'd a league of mischief, thou
Wilt with perpetual plagues, alive and dead,
Punish for Rome, and save her innocent head.

Cat. If an oration, or high language, fathers,
Could make me guilty, here is one hath done it:
He has strove to emulate this morning's thunder,
With his prodigious rhetoric. But I hope
This senate is more grave than to give credit
Rashly to all he vomits, 'gainst a man
Of your own order, a patrician,
And one whose ancestors have more deserv'd
Of Rome than this man's eloquence could utter,
Turn'd the best way; as still it is the worst.

Cato. His eloquence hath more deserv'd to-day,
Speaking thy ill, than all thy ancestors
Did, in their good; and that the state will find,
Which he hath saved.

Cat. How, he! were I that enemy
That he would make me, I'd not wish the state
More wretched than to need his preservation.
What do you make him, Cato, such a Hercules?
An Atlas? a poor petty inmate!

Cato. Traitor!

Cat. He save the state! a burgess' son of Arpinum.
The gods would rather twenty Romes should perish
Than have that contumely stuck upon them,
That he should share with them in the preserving
A shed, or sign-post.

Cato. Peace, thou prodigy!

Cat. They would be forced themselves again, and
In the first rude and indigested heap,
Ere such a wretched name as Cicero
Should sound with theirs.

Catu. Away, thou impudent head.

Cat. Do you all back him? are you silent too?
Well, I will leave you, fathers, I will go.
[*He turns suddenly on* CICERO.
But—my fine dainty speaker——

Cic. What now, fury,
Wilt thou assault me here?

Omnes. Help, aid the consul.

Cat. See, fathers, laugh you not? who threaten'd him?
In vain thou dost conceive, ambitious orator,
Hope of so brave a death as by this hand.

Cato. Out of the court with the pernicious traitor!

Cat. There is no title that this flattering senate,
Nor honour the base multitude can give thee,
Shall make thee worthy Catiline's anger.

Cato. Stop,
Stop that portentous mouth.

Cat. Or when it shall,
I'll look thee dead.

Cato. Will none restrain the monster?

Catu. Parricide!

Qui. Butcher! traitor! leave the senate.

Cat. I am gone to banishment, to please you,
Thrust headlong forth!

Cato. Still dost thou murmur, monster?

Cat. Since I am thus put out, and made a——

Cic. What?

Catu. Not guiltier than thou art.

Cat. I will not burn
Without my funeral pile.

Cato. What says the fiend?

Cat. I will have matter, timber.

Cato. Sing out, screech-owl.

Cat. It shall be in——
Catu. Speak thy imperfect thoughts.
Cat. The common fire, rather than mine own :
For fall I will with all, ere fall alone.
[*Rushes out of the Senate.*
Cra. He's lost, there is no hope of him.
[*Aside to* CÆSAR.
Cæs. Unless
He presently take arms, and give a blow
Before the consul's forces can be levied.
Cic. What is your pleasure, fathers, shall be done?
Catu. See, that the commonwealth receive no loss.
Cato. Commit the care thereof unto the consuls.
Cra. 'Tis time.
Cæs. And need. [*Goes aside with* CRASSUS.
Cic. Thanks to this frequent senate.
But what decree they unto Curius,
And Fulvia?
Catu. What the consul shall think meet.
Cic. They must receive reward, though it be not known ;
Lest when a state needs ministers, they've none.
Cato. Yet, Marcus Tullius, do not I believe,
But Crassus and this Cæsar here ring hollow.
Cic. And would appear so, if that we durst prove them.
Cato. Why dare we not? what honest act is that,
The Roman senate should not dare and do!
Cic. Not an unprofitable dangerous act,
To stir too many serpents up at once.
Cæsar and Crassus, if they be ill men.
Are mighty ones ; and we must so provide,
That while we take one head from this foul hydra,
There spring not twenty more.
Cato. I approve your counsel.
Cic. They shall be watch'd and look'd to. Till they do
Declare themselves, I will not put them out
By any question. There they stand. I'll make
Myself no enemies, nor the state no traitors.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—CATILINE'S *House*.

Enter CATILINE, LENTULUS, CETHEGUS, CURIUS, GABINIUS, LONGINUS, *and* STATILIUS.

Cat. False to ourselves? all our designs disco-
To this state-cat? [ver'd
Cet. Ay ; had I had my way,
He had mew'd in flames at home, not in the senate ;
I had singed his furs by this time.
Cat. Well, there's now
No time of calling back, or standing still.
Friends, be yourselves ; keep the same Roman hearts
And ready minds you had yester-night. Prepare
To execute what we resolv'd ; and let not
Labour, or danger, or discovery fright you.
I'll to the army ; you, the while, mature
Things here at home : draw to you any aids
That you think fit, of men of all conditions,
Of any fortunes, that may help a war.
I'll bleed a life, or win an empire for you.
Within these few days look to see my ensigns
Here, at the walls : be you but firm within.
Mean time, to draw an envy on the consul,
And give a less suspicion of our course,
Let it be given out here in the city,
That I am gone, an innocent man, to exile
Into Massilia ; willing to give way
To fortune and the times ; being unable
To stand so great a faction, without troubling
The commonwealth ; whose peace I rather seek,
Than all the glory of contention,
Or the support of mine own innocence.
Farewell the noble Lentulus, Longinus,
Curius, the rest! and thou, my better genius,
The brave Cethegus : when we meet again,
We'll sacrifice to liberty.
Cet. And revenge ;
That we may praise our hands once.
Len. O ye fates,
Give fortune now her eyes, to see with whom
She goes along, that she may ne'er forsake him.
Cur. He needs not her nor them. Go but on, Sergius :
A valiant man is his own fate and fortune.
Lon. The fate and fortune of us all go with him
Gab. Sta. And ever guard him!
Cat. I am all your creature. [*Exit*
Len. Now, friends, 'tis left with us. I have already
Dealt by Umbrenus with the Allobroges
Here resiant in Rome ; whose state, I hear,
Is discontent with the great usuries
They are oppress'd with : and have made complaints
Divers unto the senate, but all vain.
These men I have thought (both for their own oppressions,
As also that by nature they're a people
Warlike and fierce, still watching after change,
And now in present hatred with our state,)
The fittest, and the easiest to be drawn
To our society, and to aid the war :
The rather for their seat ; being next borderers
On Italy ; and that they abound with horse,
Of which one want our camp doth only labour :
And I have found them coming. They will meet
Soon at Sempronia's house, where I would pray
All to be present, to confirm them more. [you
The sight of such spirits hurts not, nor the store.
Gab. I will not fail.
Sta. Nor I.
Cur. Nor I.
Cet. Would I
Had somewhat by myself apart to do ;
I have no genius to these many counsels :
Let me kill all the senate for my share,
I'll do it at next sitting.
Len. Worthy Caius,
Your presence will add much.
Cet. I shall mar more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The House of* BRUTUS.

Enter CICERO *and* SANGA.

Cic. The state's beholden to you, Fabius Sanga,
For this great care : and those Allobroges
Are more than wretched, if they lend a listening
To such persuasion.
San. They, most worthy consul,
As men employ'd here from a grieved state,
Groaning beneath a multitude of wrongs,
And being told there was small hope of ease
To be expected to their evils from hence,
Were willing at the first to give an ear
To anything that sounded liberty :
But since, on better thoughts, and my urg'd reasons,

They're come about, and won to the true side.
The fortune of the commonwealth has conquer'd.
Cic. What is that same Umbrenus was the
San. One that hath had negociation [agent?
In Gallia oft, and known unto their state.
Cic. Are the ambassadors come with you?
San. Yes.
Cic. Well, bring them in; if they be firm and
Never had men the means so to deserve [honest,
Of Rome as they. [*Exit* SANGA.] A happy wish'd occasion,
And thrust into my hands for the discovery
And manifest conviction of these traitors:
Be thank'd, O Jupiter!

Re-enter SANGA, *with the* Allobrogian Ambassadors.

My worthy lords,
Confederates of the senate, you are welcome!
I understand by Quintus Fabius Sanga,
Your careful patron here, you have been lately
Solicited against the commonwealth,
By one Umbrenus—take a seat, I pray you—
From Publius Lentulus, to be associates
In their intended war. I could advise,
That men whose fortunes are yet flourishing,
And are Rome's friends, would not without a cause
Become her enemies; and mix themselves
And their estates with the lost hopes of Catiline,
Or Lentulus, whose mere despair doth arm them:
That were to hazard certainties for air,
And undergo all danger for a voice.
Believe me, friends, loud tumults are not laid
With half the easiness that they are raised:
All may begin a war, but few can end it.
The senate have decreed that my colleague
Shall lead their army against Catiline,
And have declared both him and Manlius traitors:
Metellus Celer hath already given
Part of their troops defeat. Honours are promised
To all will quit them; and rewards proposed
Even to slaves, that can detect their courses.
Here in the city, I have, by the prætors
And tribunes, placed my guards and watches so,
That not a foot can tread, a breath can whisper,
But I have knowledge. And be sure, the senate
And people of Rome, of their accustom'd greatness,
Will sharply and severely vindicate
Not only any fact, but any practice
Or purpose 'gainst the state: therefore, my lords,
Consult of your own ways, and think which hand
Is best to take. You now are present suitors
For some redress of wrongs: I'll undertake
Not only that shall be assured you; but
What grace, or privilege else, senate or people
Can cast upon you worthy such a service,
As you have now the way and means to do them,
If but your wills consent with my designs.
1 *Amb.* We covet nothing more, most worthy consul.
And howsoe'er we have been tempted lately
To a defection, that not makes us guilty:
We are not yet so wretched in our fortunes,
Nor in our wills so lost, as to abandon
A friendship, prodigally, of that price,
As is the senate and the people of Rome's,
For hopes that do precipitate themselves.
Cic. You then are wise and honest. Do but this then—
When shall you speak with Lentulus and the rest?
1 *Amb.* We are to meet anon at Brutus' house.
Cic. Who, Decius Brutus? he is not in Rome.
San. O, but his wife Sempronia.
Cic. You instruct me,
She is a chief. Well, fail not you to meet them,
And to express the best affection
You can put on, to all that they intend.
Like it, applaud it, give the commonwealth
And senate lost to 'em: promise any aids
By arms or counsel. What they can desire,
I would have you prevent. Only say this,
You have had dispatch in private by the consul,
Of your affairs; and for the many fears
The state's now in, you are will'd by him this evening
To depart Rome: which you, by all sought means,
Will do, of reason, to decline suspicion.
Now for the more authority of the business
They have trusted to you, and to give it credit
With your own state at home, you would desire
Their letters to your senate and your people,
Which shown, you durst engage both life and honour,
The rest should every way answer their hopes.
Those had, pretend sudden departure, you,
And as you give me notice at what port
You will go out, I'll have you intercepted,
And all the letters taken with you: so
As you shall be redeem'd in all opinions,
And they convicted of their manifest treason.
Ill deeds are well turn'd back upon their authors;
And 'gainst an injurer the revenge is just.
This must be done now.
1 *Amb.* Cheerfully and firmly,
We are they would rather haste to undertake it,
Than stay to say so.
Cic. With that confidence, go:
Make yourselves happy while you make Rome so.
By Sanga let me have notice from you.
1 *Amb.* Yes. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* BRUTUS' (SEMPRONIA'S) *House.*

Enter SEMPRONIA *and* LENTULUS.

Sem. When come these creatures, the ambassadors?
I would fain see them. Are they any scholars?
Len. I think not, madam.
Sem. Have they no Greek?
Len. No surely.
Sem. Fie, what do I here waiting on 'em then,
If they be nothing but mere statesmen?
Len. Yes,
Your ladyship shall observe their gravity,
And their reservedness, their many cautions,
Fitting their persons.
Sem. I do wonder much,
That states and commonwealths employ not women
To be ambassadors, sometimes; we should
Do as good public service, and could make
As honourable spies, for so Thucydides
Calls all ambassadors—

Enter CETHEGUS.

Are they come, Cethegus?
Cet. Do you ask me! am I your scout or bawd?
Len. O, Caius, it is no such business.
Cet. No!
What does a woman at it then?

Sem. Good sir,
There are of us can be as exquisite traitors,
As e'er a male-conspirator of you all.
Cet. Ay, at smock-treason, matron, I believe
And if I were your husband;—but when I [you;
Trust to your cobweb-bosoms any other,
Let me there die a fly, and feast you, spider.
Len. You are too sour and harsh, Cethegus.
Cet. You
Are kind and courtly. I'd be torn in pieces,
With wild Hippolytus, nay prove the death
Every limb over, ere I'd trust a woman
With wind, could I retain it.
Sem. Sir, they'll be trusted
With as good secrets yet as you have any;
And carry them too as close and as conceal'd,
As you shall for your heart.
Cet. I'll not contend with you
Either in tongue or carriage, good Calypso.

Enter LONGINUS.

Lon. The ambassadors are come.
Cet. Thanks to thee, Mercury,
That so hast rescued me!

Enter VOLTURTIUS, STATILIUS, *and* GABINIUS, *with the* Allobrogian Ambassadors.

Len. How now, Volturtius?
Vol. They do desire some speech with you in private.
Len. O! 'tis about the prophecy belike,
And promise of the Sibyls. [*He takes them apart.*
Gab. It may be.
Sem. Shun they to treat with me too?
Gab. No, good lady,
You may partake; I have told them who you are.
Sem. I should be loth to be left out, and here too.
Cet. Can these, or such, be any aids to us?
Look they as they were built to shake the world,
Or be a moment to our enterprize?
A thousand such as they are, could not make
One atom of our souls. They should be men
Worth heaven's fear, that looking up but thus,
Would make Jove stand upon his guard, and draw
Himself within his thunder; which, amazed,
He should discharge in vain, and they unhurt:
Or if they were like Capaneus at Thebes,
They should hang dead upon the highest spires,
And ask the second bolt to be thrown down.—
Why, Lentulus, talk you so long? this time
Had been enough to have scatter'd all the stars,
To have quench'd the sun and moon, and made the
Despair of day, or any light but ours. [world
Len. How do you like this spirit? In such men
Mankind doth live: they are such souls as these,
That move the world.
Sem. Ay, though he bear me hard,
I yet must do him right: he is a spirit
Of the right Martian breed.
Amb. He is a Mars.
Would we had time to live here, and admire him!
Len. Well, I do see you would prevent the consul,
And I commend your care; it was but reason,
To ask our letters, and we had prepared them:
Go in, and we will take an oath, and seal them.
You shall have letters too to Catiline,
To visit him i' the way, and to confirm
The association. This our friend, Volturtius,
Shall go along with you. Tell our great general
That we are ready here; that Lucius Bestia,
The tribune, is provided of a speech,
To lay the envy of the war on Cicero;
That all but long for his approach and person;
And then you are made freemen as ourselves.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in* CICERO'S *House.*

Enter CICERO, FLACCUS, *and* POMTINIUS.

Cic. I cannot fear the war but to succeed well,
Both for the honour of the cause, and worth
Of him that doth command: for my colleague,
Being so ill affected with the gout,
Will not be able to be there in person;
And then Petreius, his lieutenant, must
Of need take charge o' the army; who is much
The better soldier, having been a tribune,
Præfect, lieutenant, prætor in the war,
These thirty years, so conversant in the army,
As he knows all the soldiers by their names.
Flac. They'll fight then bravely with him.
Pom. Ay, and he
Will lead them on as bravely.
Cic. They have a foe
Will ask their braveries, whose necessities
Will arm him like a fury: but, however,
I'll trust it to the manage and the fortune
Of good Petreius, who's a worthy patriot:
Metellus Celer, with three legions too,
Will stop their course for Gallia.

Enter FABIUS SANGA.

How now, Fabius?
San. The train hath taken. You must instantly
Dispose your guards upon the Milvian bridge,
For by that way they mean to come.
Cic. Then thither,
Pomtinius and Flaccus, I must pray you
To lead that force you have, and seize them all;
Let not a person 'scape: the ambassadors
Will yield themselves. If there be any tumult,
I'll send you aid. [*Exeunt* FLACCUS *and* POMTINIUS.] I, in mean time, will call
Lentulus to me, Gabinius, and Cethegus,
Statilius, Ceparius, and all these,
By several messengers: who no doubt will come
Without sense or suspicion. Prodigal men
Feel not their own stock wasting. When I have them,
I'll place those guards upon them, that they start not.
San. But what will you do with Sempronia?
Cic. A state's anger
Should not take knowledge either of fools or women.
I do not know whether my joy or care
Ought to be greater, that I have discover'd
So foul a treason, or must undergo
The envy of so many great men's fate.
But happen what there can, I will be just;
My fortune may forsake me, not my virtue:
That shall go with me, and before me still,
And glad me doing well, though I hear ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Milvian Bridge.*

Enter FLACCUS *and* POMTINIUS, *with Guards, on one side, and* VOLTURTIUS, *with the* Allobrogian Ambassadors, *on the other.*

Flac. Stand! who goes there?

1 *Amb.* We are the Allobroges,
And friends of Rome.
Pom. If you be so, then yield
Yourselves unto the prætors, who, in name
Of the whole senate, and the people of Rome,
Yet till you clear yourselves, charge you of practice
Against the state.
Vol. Die, friends; and be not taken.
Flac. What voice is that? down with them all.
1 *Amb.* We yield.
Pom. What's he stands out? Kill him there.
Vol. Hold, hold, hold.
I yield upon conditions.
Flac. We give none
To traitors; strike him down.
Vol. My name's Volturtius,
I know Pomtinius.
Pom. But he knows not you,
While you stand out upon these traitorous terms.
Vol. I'll yield upon the safety of my life.
Pom. If it be forfeited, we cannot save it.
Vol. Promise to do your best. I'm not so guilty
As many others I can name, and will,
If you will grant me favour.
Pom. All we can,
Is to deliver you to the consul.—Take him,
And thank the Gods that thus have saved Rome.
[*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

Now do our ears, before our eyes,
Like men in mists,
Discover who'd the state surprise,
And who resists?

And as these clouds do yield to light,
Now do we see
Our thoughts of things, how they did fight,
Which seem'd t' agree?

Of what strange pieces are we made,
Who nothing know;
But as new airs our ears invade,
Still censure so?

That now do hope and now do fear
And now envy;
And then do hate and then love dear,
But know not why:

Or if we do, it is so late,
As our best mood,
Though true, is then thought out of date,
And empty of good.

How have we changed and come about
In every doom,
Since wicked Catiline went out,
And quitted Rome?

One while we thought him innocent;
And then we accused
The consul, for his malice spent,
And power abused.

Since that we hear he is in arms,
We think not so:
Yet charge the consul with our harms,
That let him go.

So in our censure of the state,
We still do wander;
And make the careful magistrate
The mark of slander.

What age is this, where honest men,
Placed at the helm,
A sea of some foul mouth or pen
Shall overwhelm?

And call their diligence, deceit;
Their virtue, vice;
Their watchfulness, but lying in wait;
And blood, the price?

O, let us pluck this evil seed
Out of our spirits:
And give to every noble deed
The name it merits.

Lest we seem fallen, if this endures,
Into those times,
To love disease, and brook the cures
Worse than the crimes.

ACT V

SCENE I.—ETRURIA. *The Country near* FESULÆ.

Enter PETREIUS, *marching, at the head of his Army.*

Pet. It is my fortune and my glory, soldiers,
This day, to lead you on; the worthy consul
Kept from the honour of it by disease:
And I am proud to have so brave a cause
To exercise your arms in. We not now
Fight for how long, how broad, how great, and large
Th' extent and bounds o' the people of Rome shall
But to retain what our great ancestors, [be;
With all their labours, counsels, arts, and actions,
For us, were purchasing so many years.
The quarrel is not now of fame, of tribute,
Or of wrongs done unto confederates,
For which the army of the people of Rome
Was wont to move: but for your own republic,
For the raised temples of the immortal Gods,
For all your fortunes, altars, and your fires,
For the dear souls of your loved wives and children,
Your parents' tombs, your rites, laws, liberty,
And, briefly, for the safety of the world;
Against such men, as only by their crimes
Are known; thrust out by riot, want, or rashness.
One sort, Sylla's old troops, left here in Fesulæ,
Who, suddenly made rich in those dire times,
Are since, by their unbounded, vast expense,
Grown needy and poor; and have but left to expect
From Catiline new bills, and new proscriptions.
These men, they say, are valiant: yet, I think them
Not worth your pause: for either their old virtue
Is in their sloth and pleasures lost; or, if
It tarry with them, so ill match to yours,
As they are short in number or in cause.
The second sort are of those city-beasts,
Rather than citizens, who, whilst they reach
After our fortunes, have let fly their own;
These whelm'd in wine, swell'd up with meats, and weaken'd
With hourly whoredoms, never left the side
Of Catiline in Rome; nor here are loosed
From his embraces: such as, trust me, never
In riding or in using well their arms,
Watching, or other military labour,
Did exercise their youth; but learn'd to love,
Drink, dance, and sing, make feasts, and be fine gamesters:

And these will wish more hurt to you than they bring you.
The rest are a mixt kind, all sorts of furies,
Adulterers, dicers, fencers, outlaws, thieves,
The murderers of their parents, all the sink
And plague of Italy met in one torrent,
To take, to-day, from us the punishment,
Due to their mischiefs, for so many years.
And who in such a cause, and 'gainst such fiends,
Would not now wish himself all arm and weapon,
To cut such poisons from the earth, and let
Their blood out to be drawn away in clouds,
And pour'd on some inhabitable place,
Where the hot sun and slime breeds nought but monsters?
Chiefly when this sure joy shall crown our side,
That the least man that falls upon our party
This day, (as some must give their happy names
To fate, and that eternal memory
Of the best death, writ with it, for their country,)
Shall walk at pleasure in the tents of rest;
And see far off, beneath him, all their host
Tormented after life; and Catiline there
Walking a wretched and less ghost than he.
I'll urge no more: move forward with your eagles,
And trust the senate's and Rome's cause to heaven.
Omnes. To thee, great father Mars, and greater Jove! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ROME. *A Street near the Temple of Concord.*

Enter CÆSAR *and* CRASSUS.

Cæs. I ever look'd for this of Lentulus,
When Catiline was gone.
Cras. I gave them lost,
Many days since.
Cæs. But wherefore did you bear
Their letter to the consul, that they sent you
To warn you from the city?
Cras. Did I know
Whether he made it? it might come from him,
For aught I could assure me: if they meant
I should be safe among so many, they might
Have come as well as writ.
Cæs. There is no loss
In being secure: I have of late too plied him
Thick with intelligences, but they have been
Of things he knew before.
Cras. A little serves
To keep a man upright on these state-bridges,
Although the passage were more dangerous:
Let us now take the standing part.
Cæs. We must,
And be as zealous for't as Cato. Yet,
I would fain help these wretched men.
Cras. You cannot:
Who would save them, that have betray'd themselves? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—CICERO'S *House.*

Enter CICERO, Q. CICERO, *and* CATO.

Cic. I will not be wrought to it, brother Quintus.
There's no man's private enmity shall make
Me violate the dignity of another.
If there were proof 'gainst Cæsar, or whoever,
To speak him guilty, I would so declare him.
But Quintus Catulus and Piso both
Shall know, the consul will not, for their grudge,
Have any man accused or named falsely.
Quin. Not falsely: but if any circumstance,
By the Allobroges, or from Volturtius,
Would carry it.
Cic. That shall not be sought by me.
If it reveal itself, I would not spare
You, brother, if it pointed at you, trust me.
Cato. Good Marcus Tullius, which is more than
Thou had'st thy education with the Gods. [*great,*
Cic. Send Lentulus forth, and bring away the rest.
This office I am sorry, sir, to do you. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*The Temple of Concord.*

Enter Lictors, CICERO, *(with letters,)* CATO, Q. CICERO, CÆSAR, CRASSUS, SYLLANUS, *and other* Senators.

Cic. What may be happy still and fortunate,
To Rome and to this senate! Please you, fathers,
To break these letters, and to view them round,
If that be not found in them which I fear,
I yet entreat, at such a time as this,
My diligence be not contemn'd.—
[*Gives the letters to the Senate.*

Enter (the Prætors), FLACCUS *and* POMTINIUS.

Have you brought,
The weapons hither from Cethegus' house?
Præ. They are without.
Cic. Be ready, with Volturtius,
To bring him when the senate calls; and see
None of the rest confer together. [*Exeunt Prætors.*]—Fathers,
What do you read? Is it yet worth your care,
If not your fear, what you find practised there?
Cæs. It hath a face of horror!
Cras. I am amazed!
Cato. Look there.
Syl. Gods! can such men draw common air?
Cic. Although the greatness of the mischief, fathers,
Hath often made my faith small in this senate,
Yet since my casting Catiline out, (for now
I do not fear the envy of the word,
Unless the deed be rather to be fear'd,
That he went hence alive, when those I meant
Should follow him did not,) I have spent both days
And nights in watching what their fury and rage
Was bent on, that so stay'd against my thought;
And that I might but take them in that light,
Where, when you met their treason with your eyes,
Your minds at length would think for your own safety:
And now 'tis done. There are their hands and seals.
Their persons too are safe, thanks to the Gods!
Bring in Volturtius and the Allobroges.

Re-enter Prætors, *with* VOLTURTIUS *and the* Allobrogian Ambassadors.

These be the men were trusted with their letters.
Vol. Fathers, believe me, I knew nothing; I
Was travelling for Gallia, and am sorry——
Cic. Quake not, Volturtius; speak the truth, and hope
Well of this senate, on the consul's word.
Vol. Then, I knew all: but truly, I was drawn in
But t'other day.
Cæs. Say what thou know'st, and fear not

Thou hast the senate's faith and consul's word,
To fortify thee.
Vol. [*Speaks with fears and interruptions.*] I was sent with letters——
And had a message too——from Lentulus——
To Catiline——that he should use all aids——
Servants or others——and come with his army,
As soon unto the city as he could——
For they were ready, and but stay'd for him——
To intercept those that should flee the fire:
These men, the Allobroges, did hear it too.
1 *Amb.* Yes, fathers, and they took an oath to us,
Besides their letters, that we should be free;
And urged us for some present aid of horse.
[*The weapons and arms are brought in.*
Cic. Nay, here be other testimonies, fathers,
Cethegus' armoury.
Cras. What, not all these?
Cic. Here's not the hundred part. Call in the fencer,
That we may know the arms to all these weapons.

Enter CETHEGUS, *guarded.*

Come, my brave sword-player, to what active use
Was all this steel provided?
Cet. Had you ask'd
In Sylla's days, it had been to cut throats;
But now it was to look on only: I loved
To see good blades, and feel their edge and points,
To put a helm upon a block and cleave it,
And now and then to stab an armour through.
Cic. Know you that paper? that will stab you through.
Is it your hand? [CETHEGUS *tears the letters*] hold, save the pieces. Traitor,
Hath thy guilt waked thy fury?
Cet. I did write
I know not what, nor care not; that fool Lentulus
Did dictate, and I, t'other fool, did sign it.
Cic. Bring in Statilius: does he know his hand
And Lentulus. [too?

Enter STATILIUS *and* P. LENTULUS, *guarded.*

Reach him that letter.
Stat. I
Confess it all.
Cic. Know you that seal yet, Publius?
Len. Yes, it is mine.
Cic. Whose image is that on it?
Len. My grandfather's.
Cic. What, that renown'd good man,
That did so only embrace his country, and loved
His fellow citizens! Was not his picture,
Though mute, of power to call thee from a fact
So foul—
Len. As what, impetuous Cicero?
Cic. As thou art, for I do not know what's fouler.
Look upon these. [*Points to the* Allobrogian Ambassadors.] Do not these faces argue
Thy guilt and impudence?
Len. What are these to me?
I know them not.
1 *Amb.* No, Publius! we were with you
At Brutus' house.
Vol. Last night.
Len. What did you there?
Who sent for you?
1 *Amb.* Yourself did. We had letters
From you, Cethegus, this Statilius here,
Gabinius Cimber, all but from Longinus,
Who would not write, because he was to come
Shortly in person after us, he said,
To take the charge of the horse, which we should
Cic. And he is fled to Catiline, I hear. [levy.
Len. Spies! spies!
1 *Amb.* You told us too o' the Sibyl's books,
And how you were to be a king this year,
The twentieth from the burning of the capitol;
That three Cornelii were to reign in Rome,
Of which you were the last: and praised Cethegus,
And the great spirits were with you in the action.
Cet. These are your honourable ambassadors,
My sovereign lord!
Cato. Peace, that too bold Cethegus.
1 *Amb.* Besides Gabinius, your agent, named
Autronius, Servius Sylla, Varguntеius,
And divers others.
Vol. I had letters from you
To Catiline, and a message, which I've told
Unto the senate truly word for word;
For which I hope they will be gracious to me.
I was drawn in by that same wicked Cimber,
And thought no hurt at all.
Cic. Volturtius, peace.—
Where is thy visor or thy voice now, Lentulus?
Art thou confounded? wherefore speak'st thou not?
Is all so clear, so plain, so manifest,
That both thy eloquence and impudence,
And thy ill nature too, have left thee at once?
Take him aside. There's yet one more, Gabinius,
The engineer of all. [GABINIUS CIMBER *is brought in.*] Shew him that paper,
If he do know it?
Gab. I know nothing.
Cic. No!
Gab. No; neither will I know.
Cato. Impudent head!
Stick it into his throat; were I the consul,
I'd make thee eat the mischief thou hast vented.
Gab. Is there a law for't, Cato?
Cato. Dost thou ask
After a law, that would'st have broke all laws
Of nature, manhood, conscience, and religion?
Gab. Yes, I may ask for't.
Cato. No, pernicious Cimber.
The inquiring after good does not belong
Unto a wicked person.
Gab. Ay, but Cato
Does nothing but by law.
Cras. Take him aside.
There's proof enough, though he confess not.
Gab. Stay,
I will confess. All's true your spies have told you,
Make much of them.
Cet. Yes, and reward them well,
For fear you get no more such. See they do not
Die in a ditch, and stink, now you have done with 'em;
Or beg o' the bridges here in Rome, whose arches
Their active industry hath saved.
Cic. See, fathers,
What minds and spirits these are, that being con-
Of such a treason, and by such a cloud [victed
Of witnesses, dare yet retain their boldness!
What would their rage have done if they had con
I thought when I had thrust out Catiline, [quer'd?
Neither the state nor I should need to have fear'd
Lentulus' sleep here, or Longinus' fat,
Or this Cethegus' rashness; it was he
I only watch'd, while he was in our walls,
As one that had the brain, the hand, the heart.

But now we find the contrary! where was there
A people grieved, or a state discontent,
Able to make or help a war 'gainst Rome,
But these, the Allobroges, and those they found?
Whom had not the just Gods been pleased to make
More friends unto our safety than their own,
As it then seem'd, neglecting these men's offers,
Where had we been, or where the commonwealth?
When their great chief had been call'd home; this man,
Their absolute king, (whose noble grand-father,
Arm'd in pursuit of the seditious Gracchus,
Took a brave wound for dear defence of that
Which he would spoil,) had gather'd all his aids
Of ruffians, slaves, and other slaughtermen,
Given us up for murder to Cethegus,
The other rank of citizens to Gabinius,
The city to be fired by Cassius,
And Italy, nay the world, to be laid waste
By cursed Catiline and his complices.
Lay but the thought of it before you, fathers,
Think but with me you saw this glorious city,
The light of all the earth, tower of all nations,
Suddenly falling in one flame! Imagine
You view'd your country buried with the heaps
Of slaughter'd citizens that had no grave;
This Lentulus here, reigning, as he dreamt,
And those his purple senate; Catiline come
With his fierce army; and the cries of matrons,
The flight of children, and the rape of virgins,
Shrieks of the living, with the dying groans,
On every side t' invade your sense; until
The blood of Rome were mixed with her ashes!
This was the spectacle these fiends intended.
To please their malice.

Cet. Ay, and it would
Have been a brave one, consul. But your part
Had not then been so long as now it is:
I should ha quite defeated your oration,
And slit that fine rhetorical pipe of yours,
In the first scene.

Cato. Insolent monster!

Cic. Fathers,
Is it your pleasures they shall be committed
Unto some safe, but a free custody,
Until the senate can determine farther?

Omnes. It pleaseth well.

Cic. Then, Marcus Crassus,
Take you charge of Gabinius; send him home
Unto your house. You, Cæsar, of Statilius.
Cethegus shall be sent to Cornificius;
And Lentulus to Publius Lentulus Spinther,
Who now is ædile.

Cato. It were best, the prætors
Carried them to their houses, and deliver'd 'em.

Cic. Let it be so. Take them from hence.

Cæs. But first
Let Lentulus put off his prætorship.

Len. I do resign it here unto the senate.

[*Exeunt* Prætors *and* Guards, *with* LENTULUS, CETHEGUS, STATILIUS, *and* GABINIUS.

Cæs. So, now there's no offence done to religion.

Cato. Cæsar, 'twas piously and timely urged.

Cic. What do you decree to the Allobroges,
That were the lights to this discovery?

Cras. A free grant from the state of all their suits.

Cæs. And a reward out of the public treasure.

Cato. Ay, and the title of honest men, to crown them.

Cic. What to Volturtius?

Cæs. Life and favour's well.

Vol. I ask no more.

Cato. Yes, yes, some money, thou need'st it:
'Twill keep thee honest; want made thee a knave.

Syl. Let Flaccus and Pomtinius, the prætors,
Have public thanks, and Quintus Fabius Sanga,
For their good service.

Cras. They deserve it all.

Cato. But what do we decree unto the consul,
Whose virtue, counsel, watchfulness, and wisdom
Hath freed the commonwealth, and without tumult,
Slaughter, or blood, or scarce raising a force,
Rescued us all out of the jaws of fate?

Cras. We owe our lives unto him, and our fortunes.

Cæs. Our wives, our children, parents and our Gods.

Syl. We all are saved by his fortitude.

Cato. The commonwealth owes him a civic garland:
He is the only father of his country.

Cæs. Let there be public prayer to all the Gods,
Made in that name for him.

Cras. And in these words:
For that he hath, by his vigilance, preserv'd
Rome from the flame, the senate from the sword,
And all her citizens from massacre.

Cic. How are my labours more than paid, grave fathers,
In these great titles, and decreed honours!
Such as to me, first of the civil robe,
Of any man since Rome was Rome, have happen'd;
And from this frequent senate: which more glads me,
That I now see you have sense of your own safety.
If those good days come no less grateful to us,
Wherein we are preserv'd from some great danger,
Than those wherein we're born and brought to light,
Because the gladness of our safety is certain,
But the condition of our birth not so;
And that we are sav'd with pleasure, but are born
Without the sense of joy: why should not then
This day, to us, and all posterity
Of ours, be had in equal fame and honour,
With that when Romulus first rear'd these walls,
When so much more is saved, than he built?

Cæs. It ought.

Cras. Let it be added to our Fasti.

[*Noise without.*

Cic. What tumult's that?

Re-enter FLACCUS.

Flac. Here's one Tarquinius taken,
Going to Catiline, and says he was sent
By Marcus Crassus, whom he names to be
Guilty of the conspiracy.

Cic. Some lying varlet.
Take him away to prison.

Cras. Bring him in,
And let me see him.

Cic. He is not worth it, Crassus.
Keep him up close and hungry, till he tell
By whose pernicious counsel he doth slander
So great and good a citizen.

Cras. By yours,
I fear, 'twill prove.

[*Exeunt*

Syl. Some of the traitors, sure
To give their action the more credit, bid him
Name you, or any man.

Cic. I know myself,

By all the tracts and courses of this business,
Crassus is noble, just, and loves his country.
Flac. Here is a libel too, accusing Cæsar,
From Lucius Vectius, and confirm'd by Curius.
Cic. Away with all, throw it out o' the court.
Cæs. A trick on me too!
Cic. It is some men's malice.
I said to Curius I did not believe him.
Cæs. Was not that Curius your spy, that had
Reward decreed unto him the last senate,
With Fulvia, upon your private motion?
Cic. Yes.
Cæs. But he has not that reward yet?
Cic. No.
Let not this trouble you, Cæsar; none believes it.
Cæs. It shall not, if that he have no reward:
But if he have, sure I shall think myself
Very untimely and unsafely honest,
Where such as he is may have pay to accuse me.
Cic. You shall have no wrong done you, noble
But all contentment. [Cæsar,
Cæs. Consul, I am silent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Country near* FESULÆ.

Enter CATILINE *with his Army.*

Cat. I never yet knew, soldiers, that in fight
Words added virtue unto valiant men;
Or that a general's oration made
An army fall or stand: but how much prowess,
Habitual or natural, each man's breast
Was owner of, so much in act it shew'd.
Whom neither glory, or danger can excite,
'Tis vain to attempt with speech; for the mind's fear
Keeps all brave sounds from entering at that ear.
I yet would warn you some few things, my friends,
And give you reason of my present counsels.
You know, no less than I, what state, what point
Our affairs stand in; and you all have heard
What a calamitous misery the sloth
And sleepiness of Lentulus hath pluck'd
Both on himself, and us; how, whilst our aids
There, in the city, look'd for, are defeated,
Our entrance into Gallia too is stopt.
Two armies wait us; one from Rome, the other
From the Gaul provinces: and where we are,
Although I most desire it, the great want
Of corn and victuals forbids longer stay:
So that of need we must remove, but whither,
The sword must both direct, and cut the passage.
I only therefore wish you, when you strike,
To have your valours and your souls about you;
And think you carry in your labouring hands
The things you seek, glory, and liberty,
Your country, which you want now, with the fates,
That are to be instructed by our swords.
If we can give the blow, all will be safe to us,
We shall not want provision, nor supplies.
The colonies and free towns will lie open;
Where, if we yield to fear, expect no place,
Nor friend, to shelter those whom their own fortune,
And ill-used arms, have left without protection.
You might have lived in servitude, or exile,
Or safe at Rome, depending on the great ones;
But that you thought those things unfit for men;
And, in that thought, you then were valiant:
For no man ever yet changed peace for war,
But he that meant to conquer. Hold that purpose.
There's more necessity you should be such,
In fighting for yourselves, than they for others.
He's base that trusts his feet, whose hands are arm'd.
Methinks I see Death and the Furies waiting
What we will do, and all the heaven at leisure
For the great spectacle. Draw then your swords;
And if our destiny envy our virtue
The honour of the day, yet let us care
To sell ourselves at such a price as may
Undo the world to buy us, and make Fate,
While she tempts ours, fear her own estate.
[*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE VI.—ROME. *The Temple of Jupiter Stator.*

Enter Lictors, Prætors, (POMTINIUS *and* FLACCUS,) CICERO, SYLLANUS, CÆSAR, CATO, CRASSUS, *and other* Senators.

1 *Sen.* What means this hasty calling of the senate?
2 *Sen.* We shall know straight: wait till the consul speaks.
Pom. Fathers conscript, bethink you of your safeties,
And what to do with these conspirators:
Some of their clients, their freed-men, and slaves,
'Gin to make head. There's one of Lentulus' bawds
Runs up and down the shops, through every street,
With money to corrupt the poor artificers,
And needy tradesmen, to their aid; Cethegus
Hath sent too to his servants, who are many,
Chosen and exercised in bold attemptings,
That forthwith they should arm themselves and prove
His rescue: all will be in instant uproar,
If you prevent it not with present counsels.
We have done what we can to meet the fury,
And will do more: be you good to yourselves.
Cic. What is your pleasure, fathers, shall be done?
Syllanus, you are consul next design'd;
Your sentence of these men.
Syl. 'Tis short, and this.
Since they have sought to blot the name of Rome
Out of the world, and raze this glorious empire
With her own hands and arms turn'd on herself,
I think it fit they die: and could my breath
Now execute 'em, they should not enjoy
An article of time, or eye of light,
Longer to poison this our common air.
1 *Sen.* I think so too.
2 *Sen.* And I.
3 *Sen.* And I.
4 *Sen.* And I.
Cic. Your sentence, Caius Cæsar.
Cæs. Conscript fathers,
In great affairs, and doubtful, it behoves
Men that are ask'd their sentence, to be free
From either hate or love, anger or pity:
For where the least of these do hinder, there
The mind not easily discerns the truth.
I speak this to you in the name of Rome,
For whom you stand; and to the present cause:
That this foul fact of Lentulus, and the rest,
Weigh not more with you than your dignity;
And you be more indulgent to your passion,
Than to your honour. If there could be found
A pain or punishment equal to their crimes,
I would devise and help: but if the greatness
Of what they have done exceed all man's invention,

I think it fit to stay where our laws do.
Poor petty states may alter upon humour,
Where, if they offend with anger, few do know it,
Because they are obscure; their fame and fortune
Is equal and the same: but they that are
Head of the world, and live in that seen height,
All mankind knows their actions. So we see,
The greater fortune hath the lesser license.
They must not favour, hate, and least be angry;
For what with others is call'd anger, there
Is cruelty and pride. I know Syllanus,
Who spoke before me, a just, valiant man,
A lover of the state, and one that would not,
In such a business, use or grace or hatred;
I know too, well, his manners and his modesty;
Nor do I think his sentence cruel, (for
'Gainst such delinquents what can be too bloody?)
But that it is abhorring from our state;
Since to a citizen of Rome offending,
Our laws give exile, and not death. Why then
Decrees he that? 'twere vain to think, for fear;
When by the diligence of so worthy a consul,
All is made safe and certain. Is't for punishment?
Why, death's the end of evils, and a rest
Rather than torment: it dissolves all griefs;
And beyond that, is neither care nor joy.
You hear my sentence would not have them die.
How then? set free, and increase Catiline's army?
So will they, being but banish'd. No, grave fathers,
I judge them, first, to have their states confiscate;
Then, that their persons remain prisoners
In the free towns, far off from Rome, and sever'd;
Where they might neither have relation,
Hereafter, to the senate or the people.
Or, if they had, those towns then to be mulcted,
As enemies to the state, that had their guard.

Omnes. 'Tis good, and honourable, Cæsar hath utter'd.

Cic. Fathers, I see your faces and your eyes
All bent on me, to note, of these two censures,
Which I incline to. Either of them are grave,
And answering the dignity of the speakers,
The greatness of the affair, and both severe.
One urgeth death; and he may well remember
This state hath punish'd wicked citizens so:
The other, bonds, and those perpetual, which
He thinks found out for the more singular plague.
Decree which you shall please: you have a consul,
Not readier to obey, than to defend,
Whatever you shall act for the republic;
And meet with willing shoulders any burden,
Or any fortune, with an even face,
Though it were death; which to a valiant man
Can never happen foul, nor to a consul
Be immature, nor to a wise man wretched.

Syl. Fathers, I spake but as I thought the needs
Of the commonwealth required.

Cato. Excuse it not.

Cic. Cato, speak you your sentence.

Cato. This it is.
You here dispute on kinds of punishment,
And stand consulting what you should decree
'Gainst those of whom you rather should beware:
This mischief is not like those common facts,
Which when they're done, the laws may prosecute;
But this, if you provide not ere it happen,
When it is happen'd, will not wait your judgment.
Good Caius Cæsar here hath very well,
And subtlely discours'd of life and death,
As if he thought those things a pretty fable
That are deliver'd us of hell and furies,
Or of the divers ways that ill men go
From good, to filthy, dark, and ugly places:
And therefore he would have these live, and long too;
But far from Rome, and in the small free towns,
Lest here they might have rescue: as if men
Fit for such acts were only in the city,
And not throughout all Italy; or, that boldness
Could not do more, where it found least resistance!
'Tis a vain counsel, if he think them dangerous:
Which if he do not, but that he alone,
In so great fear of all men, stand unfrighted,
He gives me cause, and you too, more to fear him.
I am plain, fathers. Here you look about
One at another, doubting what to do,
With faces, as you trusted to the gods,
That still have saved you; and they can do it: but
They are not wishings, or base womanish pray'rs,
Can draw their aids; but vigilance, counsel, action;
Which they will be ashamed to forsake.
'Tis sloth they hate, and cowardice. Here you have
The traitors in your houses; yet you stand,
Fearing what to do with them; let them loose,
And send them hence with arms too, that your mercy
May turn your misery, as soon as 't can!—
O, but they are great men, and have offended
But through ambition; we would spare their honour.
Ay, if themselves had spared it, or their fame,
Or modesty, or either god or man;
Then I would spare them. But as things now stand,
Fathers, to spare these men, were to commit
A greater wickedness than you would revenge.
If there had been but time and place for you
To have repair'd this fault, you should have made it;
It should have been your punishment, to have felt
Your tardy error: but necessity
Now bids me say, let them not live an hour,
If you mean Rome should live a day. I have done.

Omnes. Cato hath spoken like an oracle.

Cras. Let it be so decreed.

Sen. We all were fearful.

Syl. And had been base, had not his virtue raised us.

Sen. Go forth, most worthy consul, we'll assist you.

Cæs. I am not yet changed in my sentence,

Cato. No matter. [fathers.

Enter a Messenger *with letters.*

What be those?

1 *Sen.* Letters for Cæsar!

Cato. From whom? let them be read in open senate.
Fathers, they come from the conspirators,
I crave to have them read, for the republic.

Cæs. Cato, read you it. 'Tis a love-letter,
From your dear sister to me: though you hate me,
Do not discover it. [*Aside to* Cato.

Cato. Hold thee, drunkard.—Consul,
Go forth, and confidently.

Cæs. You'll repent
This rashness, Cicero.

Præ. Cæsar shall repent it.

[*The* Prætors *attempt to seize him.*

Cic. Hold, friends!

Præ. He's scarce a friend unto the public.

Cic. No violence. Cæsar, be safe. [*They all rise.*]—Lead on.
Where are the public executioners?

Bid them wait on us. On to Spinther's house.
Bring Lentulus forth. [*He is brought out.*]—Here, you, the sad revengers
Of capital crimes against the public, take
This man unto your justice; strangle him.
Len. Thou dost well, consul. 'Twas a cast at dice,
In fortune's hand, not long since, that thyself
Should'st have heard these, or other words as fatal.
[*Exit* LEN. *guarded.*
Cic. Lead on to Quintus Cornificius' house.
Bring forth Cethegus. [*He is brought out.*]—Take him to the due
Death that he hath deserv'd, and let it be
Said, he was once.
Cet. A beast, or what is worse,
A slave, Cethegus. Let that be the name
For all that's base, hereafter; that would let
This worm pronounce on him, and not have tramp-
His body into——Ha! art thou not moved? [led
Cic. Justice is never angry. Take him hence.
Cet. O, the whore Fortune, and her bawds the Fates,
That put these tricks on men, which knew the way
To death by a sword! strangle me, I may sleep;
I shall grow angry with the gods else.
[*Exit, guarded.*
Cic. Lead
To Caius Cæsar, for Statilius.
Bring him and rude Gabinius out. [*They are brought out.*]—Here take them
To your cold hands, and let them feel death from
Gab. I thank you, you do me a pleasure. [you.
Stat. And me too. [*Exe.* GAB. *and* STAT. *guarded.*
Cato. So, Marcus Tullius, thou may'st now stand
And call it happy Rome, thou being consul. [up,
Great parent of thy country! go, and let
The old men of the city, ere they die,
Kiss thee, the matrons dwell about thy neck,
The youths and maids lay up, 'gainst they are old,
What kind of man thou wert, to tell their nephews,
When, such a year, they read, within our Fasti,
Thy consulship—

Enter PETREIUS.

Who's this? Petreius!
Cic. Welcome,
Welcome, renowned soldier. What's the news?
This face can bring no ill with 't unto Rome.
How does the worthy consul, my colleague?
Pet. As well as victory can make him, sir.
He greets the fathers, and to me hath trusted
The sad relation of the civil strife;
For, in such war, the conquest still is black.
Cic. Shall we withdraw into the house of Concord?
Cato. No, happy consul; here let all ears take
The benefit of this tale. If he had voice
To spread unto the poles, and strike it through
The centre to the antipodes, it would ask it.
Pet. The straits and needs of Catiline being such,
As he must fight with one of the two armies,
That then had ne'er inclosed him; it pleased fate
To make us the object of his desperate choice,
Wherein the danger almost poised the honour:
And as he rose, the day grew black with him,
And Fate descended nearer to the earth,
As if she meant to hide the name of things
Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.
At this we roused, lest one small minute's stay
Had left it to be inquired, what Rome was;
And, as we ought, arm'd in the confidence
Of our great cause, in form of battle stood;
Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a public ruin.
His countenance was a civil war itself,
And all his host had standing in their looks
The paleness of the death that was to come;
Yet cried they out like vultures, and urged on,
As if they would precipitate our fates.
Nor stay'd we longer for them: but himself
Struck the first stroke; and with it fled a life,
Which cut, it seem'd a narrow neck of land
Had broke between two mighty seas, and either
Flow'd into other; for so did the slaughter;
And whirl'd about, as when two violent tides
Meet, and not yield. The Furies stood on hills,
Circling the place, and trembling to see men
Do more than they; whilst Piety left the field,
Grieved for that side, that in so bad a cause
They knew not what a crime their valour was.
The sun stood still, and was, behind the cloud
The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up
His frighted horse, whom still the noise drove back-
And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame, [ward.
Consumed all it could reach, and then itself,
Had not the fortune of the commonwealth
Come, Pallas-like, to every Roman thought:
Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops
Cover'd that earth they had fought on, with their
Ambitious of great fame to crown his ill, [trunks,
Collected all his fury, and ran in,
Arm'd with a glory high as his despair,
Into our battle, like a Libyan lion
Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about him,
Till he had circled in himself with death:
Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,
One of the giant-brethren felt himself
Grow marble at the killing sight, and now
Almost made stone, began to inquire, what flint,
What rock it was, that crept through all his limbs.
And ere he could think more, was that he fear'd;
So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,
Became his tomb: yet did his look retain
Some of his fierceness, and his hands still moved,
As if he labour'd yet to grasp the state
With those rebellious parts.
Cato. A brave bad death!
Had this been honest now, and for his country,
As 'twas against it, who had e'er fall'n greater?
Cic. Honour'd Petreius, Rome, not I, must thank you.
How modestly has he spoken of himself!
Cato. He did the more.
Cic. Thanks to the immortal gods,
Romans, I now am paid for all my labours,
My watchings, and my dangers! here conclude
Your praises, triumphs, honours, and rewards,
Decreed to me: only the memory
Of this glad day, if I may know it live
Within your thoughts, shall much affect my con-
Which I must always study before fame. [science,
Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,
And ever is ill got, without the first. [*Exeunt.*

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOHN LITTLEWIT, *a Proctor.*
ZEAL-OF-THE-LAND BUSY, *Suitor to* Dame PURECRAFT, *a Banbury Man.*
WINWIFE, *his rival, a Gentleman.*
TOM QUARLOUS, *companion to* WINWIFE, *a Gamester.*
BARTHOLOMEW COKES, *an Esquire of Harrow.*
HUMPHREY WASPE, *his Man.*
ADAM OVERDO, *a Justice of Peace.*
LANTHORN LEATHERHEAD, *a Hobby-Horse Seller, (Toyman).*
EZECHIEL EDGWORTH, *a Cutpurse.*
NIGHTINGALE, *a Ballad-Singer.*
MOONCALF, *Tapster to* URSULA.
DAN. JORDAN KNOCKEM, *a Horse-Courser, and a Ranger of Turnbull.*
VAL. CUTTING, *a Roarer, or Bully.*
CAPTAIN WHIT, *a Bawd.*
TROUBLE-ALL, *a Madman.*

BRISTLE, HAGGISE, } *Watchmen.*
POCHER, *a Beadle.*
FILCHER, SHARKWELL, } *Door-keepers to the Puppet-Show.*
SOLOMON, LITTLEWIT'S *Man.*
NORTHERN, *a Clothier, (a Northern Man).*
PUPPY, *a Wrestler, (a Western Man).*

WIN-THE-FIGHT LITTLEWIT.
Dame PURECRAFT, *her Mother, and a Widow.*
Dame OVERDO.
GRACE WELLBORN, *Ward to* Justice OVERDO.
JOAN TRASH, *a Gingerbread-Woman.*
URSULA, *a Pig-Woman.*
ALICE, *Mistress o' the game.*

Costard-Monger, Mousetrap-Man, Corn-Cutter, Watch, Porters, Puppets, Passengers, Mob, Boys, *&c.*

PROLOGUE.

TO THE KING'S MAJESTY.

Your Majesty is welcome to a Fair;
Such place, such men, such language, and such ware
You must expect: with these, the zealous noise
Of your land's faction, scandalized at toys,
As babies, hobby-horses, puppet-plays,
And such like rage, whereof the petulant ways
Yourself have known, and have been vext with long.
These for your sport, without particular wrong,
Or just complaint of any private man,
Who of himself, or shall think well, or can,
The maker doth present: and hopes, to-night
To give you for a fairing, true delight.

THE INDUCTION.

THE STAGE.

Enter the Stage-keeper.

Stage. Gentlemen, have a little patience, they are e'en upon coming, instantly. He that should begin the play, master Littlewit, the proctor, has a stitch new fallen in his black silk stocking; 'twill be drawn up ere you can tell twenty: he plays one o' the Arches that dwells about the hospital, and he has a very pretty part. But for the whole play, will you have the truth on't?—I am looking, lest the poet hear me, or his man, master Brome, behind the arras—it is like to be a very conceited scurvy one, in plain English. When't comes to the Fair once, you were e'en as good go to Virginia, for anything there is of Smithfield. He has not hit the humours, he does not know them: he has not conversed with the Bartholomew birds, as they say; he has ne'er a sword and buckler-man in his Fair; nor a little Davy, to take toll o' the bawds there, as in my time; nor a Kindheart, if any body's teeth should chance to ache in his play; nor a juggler with a well-educated ape, to come over the chain for a king of England, and back again for the prince, and sit still on his arse for the pope and the king of Spain. None of these fine sights! Nor has he the canvas-cut in the night, for a hobby-horse-man to creep into his she-neighbour, and take his leap there. Nothing! No: an some writer that I know had had but the penning o' this matter, he would have made you such a jig-a-jog in the booths, you should have thought an earthquake had been in the Fair! But these master poets, they will have their own absurd courses; they will be informed of nothing, He has (sir reverence) kick'd me three or four times about the tiring-house, I thank him, for but offering to put in with my experience. I'll be judged by you, gentlemen, now, but for one conceit of mine: would not a fine pomp upon the stage have done well, for a property now? and a punk set under upon her head, with her stern upward, and have

been soused by my witty young masters o' the Inns of Court? What think you of this for a show, now? he will not hear o' this! I am an ass! I! and yet I kept the stage in master Tarleton's time, I thank my stars. Ho! an that man had lived to have played in Bartholomew Fair, you should have seen him have come in, and have been cozen'd in the cloth-quarter, so finely! and Adams, the rogue, have leaped and capered upon him, and have dealt his vermin about, as though they had cost him nothing! and then a substantial watch to have stolen in upon them, and taken them away, with mistaking words, as the fashion is in the stage-practice.

Enter the Bookholder *with a* Scrivener.

Book. How now! what rare discourse are you fallen upon, ha? have you found any familiars here, that you are so free! what's the business?

Stage. Nothing, but the understanding gentlemen o' the ground here ask'd my judgment.

Book. Your judgment, rascal! for what? sweeping the stage, or gathering up the broken apples for the bears within? Away, rogue, it's come to a fine degree in these spectacles, when such a youth as you pretend to a judgment. [*Exit* Stage-Keeper.] —And yet he may, in the most of this matter, i' faith: for the author has writ it just to his meridian, and the scale of the grounded judgments here, his play-fellows in wit.—Gentlemen, [*comes forward*] not for want of a prologue, but by way of a new one, I am sent out to you here, with a scrivener, and certain articles drawn out in haste between our author and you; which if you please to hear, and as they appear reasonable, to approve of; the play will follow presently.—Read, scribe; give me the counterpane.

Scriv. *Articles of agreement, indented, between the spectators or hearers, at the Hope on the Bankside in the county of Surry, on the one party; and the author of* Bartholomew Fair, *in the said place and county, on the other party: the one and thirtieth day of* October, 1614, *and in the twelfth year of the reign of our sovereign lord,* James, *by the grace of God, king of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith; and of Scotland the seven and fortieth.*

Imprimis. *It is covenanted and agreed, by and between the parties aforesaid, and the said spectators and hearers, as well the curious and envious, as the favouring and judicious, as also the grounded judgments and understandings, do for themselves severally covenant and agree to remain in the places their money or friends have put them in, with patience, for the space of two hours and an half, and somewhat more. In which time the author promiseth to present them by us, with a new sufficient play, called* Bartholomew Fair, *merry, and as full of noise, as sport: made to delight all, and to offend none; provided they have either the wit or the honesty to think well of themselves.*

It is further agreed, that every person here have his or their free-will of censure, to like or dislike at their own charge, the author having now departed with his right: it shall be lawful for any man to judge his sixpen'worth, his twelve-pen'worth, so to his eighteen-pence, two shillings, half a crown, to the value of his place; provided always his place get not above his wit. And if he pay for half a dozen, he may censure for all them too, so that he will undertake that they shall be silent. He shall put in for censures here, as they do for lots at the lottery: marry, if he drop but six pence at the door, and will censure a crown's-worth, it is thought there is no conscience or justice in that.

It is also agreed, that every man here exercise his own judgment, and not censure by contagion, or upon trust, from another's voice or face, that sits by him, be he never so first in the commission of wit; as also, that he be fixed and settled in his censure that what he approves or not approves to-day, he will do the same to-morrow; and if to-morrow, the next day, and so the next week, if need be: and not to be brought about by any that sits on the bench with him, though they indite and arraign plays daily. He that will swear, Jeronimo *or* Andronicus, *are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and next to truth, a confirmed error does well; such a one the author knows where to find him.*

It is further covenanted, concluded, and agreed, That how great soever the expectation be, no person here is to expect more than he knows, or better ware than a fair will afford: neither to look back to the sword and buckler age of Smithfield, but content himself with the present. Instead of a little Davy, to take toll o' the bawds, the author doth promise a strutting horse-courser, with a leer drunkard, two or three to attend him, in as good equipage as you would wish. And then for Kind-heart the tooth drawer, a fine oily pig-woman with her tapster, to bid you welcome, and a consort of roarers for musick. A wise justice of peace meditant, instead of a juggler with an ape. A civil cutpurse searchant. A sweet singer of new ballads allurant: and as fresh an hypocrite, as ever was broached, rampant. If there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques? he is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like drolleries, to mix his head with other men's heels; let the concupiscence of jigs and dances reign as strong as it will amongst you: yet if the puppets will please any body, they shall be intreated to come in.

In consideration of which, it is finally agreed, by the aforesaid hearers and spectators, That they neither in themselves conceal, nor suffer by them to be concealed, any state-decypherer, or politic pick-lock of the scene, so solemnly ridiculous, as to search out, who was meant by the gingerbread-woman, who by the hobby-horse man, who by the costard-monger, nay, who by their wares. Or that will pretend to affirm on his own inspired ignorance, what Mirror of Magistrates is meant by the justice, what great lady by the pig-woman, what concealed statesman by the seller of mouse-traps, and so of the rest. But that such person, or persons, so found, be left discovered to the mercy of the author, as a forfeiture to the stage, and your laughter aforesaid. As also such as shall so desperately, or ambitiously play the fool by his place aforesaid, to challenge the author of scurrility, because the language somewhere savours of Smithfield, the booth, and the pigbroth, or of profaneness, because a madman cries, God quit you. *We*

bless you! *In witness whereof, as you have prevosterously put to your seals already, which is your money, you will now add the other part of suffrage, your hands. The play shall presently begin. And though the Fair be not kept in the same region that some here, perhaps, would have it; yet think, that therein the author hath observed a special decorum, the place being as dirty as Smithfield, and as stinking every whit.*

Howsoever, he prays you to believe, his ware is still the same, else you will make him justly suspect that he that is so loth to look on a baby or an hobby-horse here, would be glad to take up a commodity of them, at any laughter or loss in another place.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* LITTLEWIT'S *House.*

Enter LITTLEWIT *with a license in his hand.*

Lit. A pretty conceit, and worth the finding! I have such luck to spin out these fine things still, and, like a silk-worm, out of my self. Here's master Bartholomew Cokes, of Harrow o' the Hill, in the county of Middlesex, esquire, takes forth his license to marry mistress Grace Wellborn, of the said place and county: and when does he take it forth? to-day! the four and twentieth of August! Bartholomew-day! Bartholomew upon Bartholomew! there's the device! who would have marked such a leap-frog chance now! A very - - - - less than ames-ace, on two dice! Well, go thy ways, John Littlewit, proctor John Littlewit: one of the pretty wits of Paul's, the Littlewit of London, so thou art called, and something beside. When a quirk or a quiblin does 'scape thee, and thou dost not watch and apprehend it, and bring it afore the constable of conceit, (there now, I speak quib too,) let them carry thee out o' the archdeacon's court into his kitchen, and make a Jack of thee, instead of a John. There I am again la!—

Enter Mrs. LITTLEWIT.

Win, good-morrow, Win; ay, marry, Win, now you look finely indeed, Win! this cap does convince! You'd not have worn it, Win, nor have had it velvet, but a rough country beaver, with a copper band, like the coney-skin woman of Budge-row; sweet Win, let me kiss it! And her fine high shoes, like the Spanish lady! Good Win, go a little, I would fain see thee pace, pretty Win; by this fine cap, I could never leave kissing on't.

Mrs. Lit. Come indeed la, you are such a fool still!

Lit. No, but half a one, Win, you are the t'other half: man and wife make one fool, Win. Good! Is there the proctor, or doctor indeed, in the diocese, that ever had the fortune to win him such a Win! There I am again! I do feel conceits coming upon me, more than I am able to turn tongue to. A pox o' these pretenders to wit! your Three Cranes, Mitre and Mermaid men! not a corn of true salt, not a grain of right mustard amongst them all. They may stand for places, or so, again the next wit-fall, and pay two-pence in a quart more for their canary than other men. But give me the man can start up a justice of wit out of six shillings beer, and give the law to all the poets and poet-suckers in town:—because they are the player's gossips! 'Slid! other men have wives as fine as the players, and as well drest. Come hither, Win! [*Kisses her.*

Enter WINWIFE.

Winw. Why, how now, master Littlewit! measuring of lips, or moulding of kisses? which is it?

Lit. Troth, I am a little taken with my Win's dressing here: does it not fine, master Winwife? How do you apprehend, sir? she would not have worn this habit. I challenge all Cheapside to shew such another: Moor-fields, Pimlico-path, or the Exchange, in a summer evening, with a lace to boot, as this has. Dear Win, let master Winwife kiss you. He comes a wooing to our mother, Win, and may be our father perhaps, Win. There's no harm in him, Win.

Winw. None in the earth, master Littlewit.

[*Kisses her*

Lit. I envy no man my delicates, sir.

Winw. Alas, you have the garden where they grow still! A wife here with a strawberry breath, cherry-lips, apricot cheeks, and a soft velvet head, like a melicotton.

Lit. Good, i'faith! now dulness upon me, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on't as well as he! velvet head!

Winw. But my taste, master Littlewit, tends to fruit of a later kind; the sober matron, your wife's mother.

Lit. Ay, we know you are a suitor, sir; Win and I both wish you well: By this license here, would you had her, that your two names were as fast in it as here are a couple! Win would fain have a fine young father i'law, with a feather; that her mother might hood it and chain it with mistress Overdo. But you do not take the right course, master Winwife.

Winw. No, master Littlewit, why?

Lit. You are not mad enough.

Winw. How! is madness a right course?

Lit. I say nothing, but I wink upon Win. You have a friend, one master Quarlous, comes here sometimes.

Winw. Why, he makes no love to her, does he?

Lit. Not a tokenworth that ever I saw, I assure you: but——

Winw. What?

Lit. He is the more mad-cap of the two. You do not apprehend me.

Mrs. Lit. You have a hot coal in your mouth, now, you cannot hold.

Lit. Let me out with it, dear Win.

Mrs. Lit. I'll tell him myself.

Lit. Do, and take all the thanks, and much good do thy pretty heart, Win.

Mrs. Lit. Sir, my mother has had her nativity-water cast lately by the cunning-men in Cow-lane, and they have told her her fortune, and do ensure her, she shall never have happy hour, unless she marry within this sen'night; and when it is, it must be a madman, they say.

Lit. Ay, but it must be a gentleman madman.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, so the t'other man of Moorfields says.

Winw. But does she believe them?

Lit. Yes, and has been at Bedlam twice since every day, to inquire if any gentleman be there, or to come there mad.

Winw. Why, this is a confederacy, a mere piece of practice upon her by these impostors.

Lit. I tell her so; or else, say I, that they mean some young madcap gentleman; for the devil can equivocate as well as a shop keeper: and therefore would I advise you to be a little madder than master Quarlous hereafter.

Winw. Where is she, stirring yet?

Lit. Stirring! yes, and studying an old elder come from Banbury, a suitor that puts in here at meal tide, to praise the painful brethren, or pray that the sweet singers may be restored; says a grace as long as his breath lasts him! Some time the spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my mother, or Win, are fain to fetch it again with malmsey or aqua cœlestis.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, indeed, we have such a tedious life with him for his diet, and his clothes too! he breaks his buttons, and cracks seams at every saying he sobs out.

Lit. He cannot abide my vocation, he says.

Mrs. Lit. No; he told my mother, a proctor was a claw of the beast, and that she had little less than committed abomination in marrying me so as she has done.

Lit. Every line, he says, that a proctor writes, when it comes to be read in the bishop's court, is a long black hair, kemb'd out of the tail of Antichrist.

Winw. When came this proselyte?

Lit. Some three days since.

Enter QUARLOUS.

Quar. O sir, have you ta'en soil here? It's well a man may reach you after three hours' running yet! What an unmerciful companion art thou, to quit thy lodging at such ungentlemanly hours! none but a scattered covey of fidlers, or one of these rag-rakers in dunghills, or some marrow-bone man at most, would have been up when thou wert gone abroad, by all description. I pray thee what ailest thou, thou canst not sleep? hast thou thorns in thy eye-lids, or thistles in thy bed?

Winw. I cannot tell: it seems you had neither in your feet, that took this pain to find me.

Quar. No, an I had, all the lime hounds o'the city should have drawn after you by the scent rather. Master John Littlewit! God save you, sir. 'Twas a hot night with some of us, last night, John: shall we pluck a hair of the same wolf to-day, proctor John?

Lit. Do you remember, master Quarlous, what we discoursed on last night?

Quar. Not I, John, nothing that I either discourse or do; at those times I forfeit all to forgetfulness.

Lit. No! not concerning Win? look you, there she is, and drest, as I told you she should be: hark you, sir, [*whispers him.*] had you forgot?

Quar. By this head I'll beware how I keep you company, John, when I [am] drunk, an you have this dangerous memory: that's certain.

Lit. Why, sir?

Quar. Why! we were all a little stained last night, sprinkled with a cup or two, and I agreed with proctor John here, to come and do somewhat with Win (I know not what 'twas) to-day; and he puts me in mind on't now; he says he was coming to fetch me. Before truth, if you have that fearful quality, John, to remember when you are sober, John, what you promise drunk, John; I shall take heed of you, John. For this once I am content to wink at you. Where's your wife? come hither, Win. [*Kisses her.*

Mrs. Lit. Why, John! do you see this, John? look you! help me, John.

Lit. O Win, fie, what do you mean, Win? be womanly, Win; make an outcry to your mother, Win! master Quarlous is an honest gentleman, and our worshipful good friend, Win; and he is master Winwife's friend too: and master Winwife comes a suitor to your mother, Win; as I told you before, Win, and may perhaps be our father, Win: they'll do you no harm, Win; they are both our worshipful good friends. Master Quarlous! you must know master Quarlous, Win; you must not quarrel with master Quarlous, Win.

Quar. No, we'll kiss again, and fall in.

[*Kisses her again.*

Lit. Yes, do, good Win.

Mrs. Lit. In faith you are a fool, John.

Lit. A fool-John, she calls me; do you mark that, gentlemen? pretty Littlewit of velvet? a fool-John.

Quar. She may call you an apple-John, if you use this. [*Aside.* [*Kisses her again.*

Winw. Pray thee forbear, for my respect, somewhat.

Quar. Hoy-day! how respective you are become o'the sudden? I fear this family will turn you reformed too; pray you come about again. Because she is in possibility to be your daughter-in-law, and may ask you blessing hereafter, when she courts it to Totenham to eat cream! Well, I will forbear, sir; but i'faith, would thou wouldst leave thy exercise of widow-hunting once; this drawing after an old reverend smock by the splay-foot! There cannot be an ancient tripe or trillibub in the town, but thou art straight nosing it, and 'tis a fine occupation thou'lt confine thyself to, when thou hast got one; scrubbing a piece of buff, as if thou hadst the perpetuity of Pannier-ally to stink in; or perhaps worse, currying a carcass that thou hast bound thyself to alive. I'll be sworn, some of them that thou art, or hast been suitor to, are so old, as no chaste or married pleasure can ever become them; the honest instrument of procreation has forty years since left to belong to them; thou must visit them as thou wouldst do a tomb, with a torch or three handfuls of link, flaming hot, and so thou may'st hap to make them feel thee and after come to inherit according to thy inches. A sweet course for a man to waste the brand of life for, to be still raking himself a fortune in an old woman's embers! We shall have thee, after thou hast been but a month married to one of them, look like the quartan ague and the black jaundice met in a face, and walk as if thou hadst borrow'd legs of a spinner, and voice of a cricket. I would endure to hear fifteen sermons a week for her, and such coarse and loud ones, as some of them must be! I would e'en desire of fate, I might dwell in a drum, and take in my sustenance with an old broken tobacco-pipe and a straw. Dost thou ever think to bring thine ears or stomach to the patience of a dry grace, as

long as thy table-cloth; and droned out by thy son here (that might be thy father) till all the meat on thy board has forgot it was that day in the kitchen? or to brook the noise made in a question of predestination, by the good labourers and painful eaters assembled together, put to them by the matron your spouse; who moderates with a cup of wine, ever and anon, and a sentence out of Knox between? Or the perpetual spitting before and after a sober-drawn exhortation of six hours, whose better part was the hum-ha-hum? or to hear prayers, groaned out over thy iron chests, as if they were charms to break them? And all this for the hope of two apostle-spoons, to suffer! and a cup to eat a caudle in! for that will be thy legacy. She'll have convey'd her state safe enough from thee, an she be a right widow.

Winw. Alas, I am quite off that scent now.

Quar. How so?

Winw. Put off by a brother of Banbury, one that, they say, is come here, and governs all already.

Quar. What do you call him? I knew divers of those Banburians when I was in Oxford.

Winw. Master Littlewit can tell us.

Lit. Sir!—Good Win go in, and if master Bartholomew Cokes, his man, come for the license, (the little old fellow,) let him speak with me. [*Exit Mrs.* LITTLEWIT.]—What say you, gentlemen?

Winw. What call you the reverend elder you told me of, your Banbury man?

Lit. Rabbi Busy, sir; he is more than an elder, he is a prophet, sir

Quar. O, I know him! a baker, is he not?

Lit. He was a baker, sir, but he does dream now, and see visions; he has given over his trade.

Quar. I remember that too; out of a scruple he took, that, in spiced conscience, those cakes he made, were served to bridals, may-poles, morrices, and such profane feasts and meetings. His christian-name is Zeal-of-the-land.

Lit. Yes, sir; Zeal-of-the-land Busy.

Winw. How! what a name's there!

Lit. O they have all such names, sir; he was witness for Win here,—they will not be call'd godfathers—and named her Win-the-fight: you thought her name had been Winnifred, did you not?

Winw. I did indeed.

Lit. He would have thought himself a stark reprobate, if it had.

Quar. Ay, for there was a blue-starch woman of the name at the same time. A notable hypocritical vermin it is; I know him. One that stands upon his face, more than his faith, at all times: ever in seditious motion, and reproving for vain-glory; of a most lunatic conscience and spleen, and affects the violence of singularity in all he does: he has undone a grocer here, in Newgate-market, that broke with him, trusted him with currants, as arrant a zeal as he, that's by the way:—By his profession he will ever be in the state of innocence though, and childhood; derides all antiquity, defies any other learning than inspiration; and what discretion soever years should afford him, it is all prevented in his original ignorance: have not to do with him, for he is a fellow of a most arrogant and invincible dulness, I assure you.—Who is this?

Re-enter Mrs. LITTLEWIT *with* WASPE.

Waspe. By your leave, gentlemen, with all my heart to you; and god give you good morrow!—master Littlewit, my business is to you: is this license ready?

Lit. Here I have it for you in my hand, master Humphrey.

Waspe. That's well: nay, never open or read it to me, it's labour in vain, you know. I am no clerk, I scorn to be saved by my book, i' faith, I'll hang first; fold it up on your word, and give it me. What must you have for it?

Lit. We'll talk of that anon, master Humphrey.

Waspe. Now, or not at all, good master Proctor; I am for no anons, I assure you.

Lit. Sweet Win, bid Solomon send me the little black-box within in my study.

Waspe. Ay, quickly, good mistress, I pray you; for I have both eggs on the spit, and iron in the fire. [*Exit* Mrs. LITTLEWIT.]—Say what you must have, good master Littlewit.

Lit. Why, you know the price, master Numps.

Waspe. I know! I know nothing, I: what tell you me of knowing? Now I am in haste, sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorn to know, and yet, now I think on't, I will, and do know as well as another; you must have a mark for your thing here, and eight-pence for the box; I could have saved two-pence in that, an I had bought it myself; but here's fourteen shillings for you. Good Lord, how long your little wife stays! pray God, Solomon, your clerk, be not looking in the wrong box, master proctor.

Lit. Good i' faith! no, I warrant you Solomon is wiser than so, sir.

Waspe. Fie, fie, fie, by your leave, master Littlewit, this is scurvy, idle, foolish, and abominable, with all my heart; I do not like it.

[*Walks aside.*

Winw. Do you hear! Jack Littlewit, what business does thy pretty head think this fellow may have, that he keeps such a coil with?

Quar. More than buying of gingerbread in the cloister here, for that we allow him, or a gilt pouch in the fair?

Lit. Master Quarlous, do not mistake him; he is his master's both-hands, I assure you.

Quar. What! to pull on his boots a mornings or his stockings, does he?

Lit. Sir, if you have a mind to mock him, mock him softly, and look t'other way: for if he apprehend you flout him once, he will fly at you presently. A terrible testy old fellow, and his name is Waspe too.

Quar. Pretty insect! make much on him.

Waspe. A plague o' this box, and the pox too, and on him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that should have sought it, sent it, or brought it! do you see, sir.

Lit. Nay, good master Waspe.

Waspe. Good master Hornet, t—in your teeth, hold you your tongue: do not I know you? your father was a 'pothecary, and sold clysters, more than he gave, I wusse: and t—in your little wife's teeth too—here she comes—

Re-enter Mrs. LITTLEWIT, *with the box.*

'twill make her spit, as fine as she is, for all her velvet custard on her head, sir.

Lit. O, be civil, master Numps.

Waspe. Why, say I have a humour not to be civil; how then? who shall compel me, you?

Lit. Here is the box now.

Waspe. Why, a pox o' your box, once again! let your little wife stale in it, an she will. Sir, I would have you to understand, and these gentlemen too, if they please——

Winw. With all our hearts, sir.

Waspe. That I have a charge, gentlemen.

Lit. They do apprehend, sir.

Waspe. Pardon me, sir, neither they nor you can apprehend me yet. You are an ass.—I have a young master, he is now upon his making and marring; the whole care of his well-doing is now mine. His foolish schoolmasters have done nothing but run up and down the country with him to beg puddings and cake-bread of his tenants, and almost spoil'd him; he has learn'd nothing but to sing catches, and repeat *Rattle bladder, rattle!* and *O Madge!* I dare not let him walk alone, for fear of learning of vile tunes, which he will sing at supper, and in the sermon-times! If he meet but a carman in the street, and I find him not talk to keep him off on him, he will whistle him and all his tunes over at night in his sleep! He has a head full of bees! I am fain now, for this little time I am absent, to leave him in charge with a gentlewoman: 'tis true she is a justice of peace his wife, and a gentlewoman of the hood, and his natural sister; but what may happen under a woman's government, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you do not know him; he is another manner of piece than you think for: but nineteen years old, and yet he is taller than either of you by the head, God bless him!

Quar. Well, methinks this is a fine fellow.

Winw. He has made his master a finer by this description, I should think.

Quar. 'Faith, much about one, it is cross and pile, whether for a new farthing.

Waspe. I'll tell you, gentlemen——

Lit. Will't please you drink, master Waspe.

Waspe. Why, I have not talk'd so long to be dry, sir. You see no dust or cobwebs come out o' my mouth, do you? you'd have me gone, would you?

Lit. No, but you were in haste e'en now, master Numps.

Waspe. What an I were! so I am still, and yet I will stay too; meddle you with your match, your Win there, she has as little wit as her husband, it seems: I have others to talk to.

Lit. She's my match indeed, and as *little wit* as I, good!

Waspe. We have been but a day and a half in town, gentlemen, 'tis true; and yesterday in the afternoon we walked London to shew the city to the gentlewoman he shall marry, mistress Grace; but afore I will endure such another half day with him, I'll be drawn with a good gib-cat, through the great pond at home, as his uncle Hodge was. Why, we could not meet that heathen thing all the day, but staid him; he would name you all the signs over, as he went, aloud: and where he spied a parrot or a monkey, there he was pitched, with all the little long coats about him, male and female; no getting him away! I thought he would have run mad o' the black boy in Bucklersbury, that takes the scurvy, roguy tobacco there.

Lit. You say true, master Numps; there's such a one indeed.

Waspe. It's no matter whether there be or no, what's that to you?

Quar. He will not allow of John's reading at any hand.

Enter COKES, Mistress OVERDO, *and* GRACE.

Cokes. O Numps! are you here, Numps? look where I am, Numps, and mistress Grace too! Nay, do not look angerly, Numps: my sister is here and all, I do not come without her.

Waspe. What the mischief do you come with her; or she with you?

Cokes. We came all to seek you, Numps.

Waspe. To seek me! why, did you all think I was lost, or run away with your fourteen shillings worth of small ware here? or that I had changed it in the fair for hobby-horses? S'precious——to seek me!

Mrs. Over. Nay, good master Numps, do you show discretion, though he be exorbitant, as master Overdo says, and it be but for conservation of the peace.

Waspe. Marry gip, goody She-justice, mistress Frenchhood! t—in your teeth, and t—in your Frenchhood's teeth too, to do you service, do you see! Must you quote your Adam to me! you think you are madam Regent still, mistress Overdo, when I am in place; no such matter, I assure you, your reign is out, when I am in, dame.

Mrs. Over. I am content to be in abeyance, sir, and be governed by you; so should he too, if he did well; but 'twill be expected you should also govern your passions.

Waspe. Will it so, forsooth! good Lord, how sharp you are, with being at Bedlam yesterday! Whetstone has set an edge upon you, has he?

Mrs. Over. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your dignity, I do yet to mine.

Waspe. Very well then.

Cokes. Is this the license, Numps? for love's sake let me see't; I never saw a license.

Waspe. Did you not so? why, you shall not see't then.

Cokes. An you love me, good Numps.

Waspe. Sir, I love you, and yet I do not love you in these fooleries: set your heart at rest, there's nothing in it but hard words;—and what would you see it for?

Cokes. I would see the length and the breadth on't, that's all; and I will see it now, so I will.

Waspe. You shall not see it here.

Cokes. Then I'll see it at home, and I'll look upon the case here.

Waspe. Why, do so; a man must give way to him a little in trifles, gentlemen. These are errors, diseases of youth; which he will mend when he comes to judgment and knowledge of matters. I pray you conceive so, and I thank you: and I pray you pardon him, and I thank you again.

Quar. Well, this dry nurse, I say still, is a delicate man.

Mrs. Lit. And I am, for the cosset his charge: did you ever see a fellow's face more accuse him for an ass?

Quar. Accuse him! it confesses him one without accusing. What pity 'tis yonder wench should marry such a Cokes!

Winw 'Tis true.

Quar. She seems to be discreet, and as sober as she is handsome.

Winw. Ay, and if you mark her, what a restrained scorn she cas'ts upon all his behaviour and speeches?

Cokes. Well, Numps, I am now for another piece of business more, the Fair, Numps, and then——

Waspe. Bless me! deliver me! help, hold me! the Fair!

Cokes. Nay, never fidge up and down, Numps, and vex itself. I am resolute Bartholomew in this; I'll make no suit on't to you; 'twas all the end of my journey indeed, to shew mistress Grace my Fair. I call it my Fair, because of Bartholomew: you know my name is Bartholomew, and Bartholomew Fair.

Lit. That was mine afore, gentlemen; this morning. I had that, i'faith, upon his license, believe me, there he comes after me.

Quar. Come, John, this ambitious wit of yours, I am afraid, will do you no good in the end.

Lit. No! why, sir?

Quar. You grow so insolent with it, and overdoing, John, that if you look not to it, and tie it up, it will bring you to some obscure place in time, and there 'twill leave you.

Winw. Do not trust it too much, John, be more sparing, and use it but now and then; a wit is a dangerous thing in this age; do not over-buy it.

Lit. Think you so, gentlemen? I'll take heed on't hereafter.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, do, John.

Cokes. A pretty little soul, this same mistress Littlewit, would I might marry her!

Grace. So would I; or any body else, so I might scape you. [*Aside.*

Cokes. Numps, I will see it, Numps, 'tis decreed: never be melancholy for the matter.

Waspe. Why, see it, sir, see it, do, see it: who hinders you? why do you not go see it? 'slid see it.

Cokes. The Fair, Numps, the Fair.

Waspe. Would the Fair, and all the drums and rattles in it, were in your belly for me! they are already in your brain. He that had the means to travel your head now, should meet finer sights than any are in the Fair, and make a finer voyage on't; to see it all hung with cockle shells, pebbles, fine wheat straws, and here and there a chicken's feather, and a cobweb.

Quar. Good faith, he looks, methinks, an you mark him, like one that were made to catch flies, with his sir Cranion-legs.

Winw. And his Numps, to flap them away.

Waspe. God be wi' you, sir, there's your bee in a box, and much good do't you.

[*Gives* COKES *the box.*

Cokes. Why, your friend, and Bartholomew; an you be so contumacious.

Quar. What mean you, Numps?

[*Takes* WASPE *aside as he is going out.*

Waspe. I'll not be guilty, I, gentlemen.

Over. You will not let him go, brother, and lose him?

Cokes. Who can hold that will away? I had rather lose him than the Fair, I wusse.

Waspe. You do not know the inconvenience, gentlemen, you persuade to, nor what trouble I have with him in these humours. If he go to the Fair, he will buy of every thing to a baby there; and household stuff for that too. If a leg or an arm on him did not grow on, he would lose it in the press. Pray heaven I bring him off with one stone! And then he is such a ravener after fruit! —you will not believe what a coil I had t'other day to compound a business between a Cather'nepear woman, and him, about snatching: 'tis intolerable, gentlemen.

Winw. O, but you must not leave him now to these hazards, Numps.

Waspe. Nay he knows too well I will not leave him, and that makes him presume: Well, sir, will you go now? if you have such an itch in your feet, to foot it to the Fair, why do you stop, am I [o'] your tarriers? go, will you go, sir? why do you not go?

Cokes. O Numps, have I brought you about? come mistress Grace, and sister, I am resolute Bat, i'faith, still.

Gra. Truly, I have no such fancy to the Fair, nor ambition to see it; there's none goes thither of any quality or fashion.

Cokes. O Lord, sir! you shall pardon me, mistress Grace, we are enow of ourselves to make it a fashion; and for qualities, let Numps alone, he'll find qualities.

Quar. What a rogue in apprehension is this, to understand her language no better!

Winw. Ay, and offer to marry her! Well, I will leave the chase of my widow for to-day, and directly to the Fair. These flies cannot, this hot season, but engender us excellent creeping sport.

Quar. A man that has but a spoonful of brain would think so.—Farewell, John.

[*Exeunt* QUARLOUS *and* WINWIFE.

Lit. Win, you see 'tis in fashion to go to the Fair, Win; we must to the Fair too, you and I, Win. I have an affair in the Fair, Win, a puppet-play of mine own making, say nothing, that I writ for the motion-man, which you must see, Win.

Mrs. Lit. I would I might, John; but my mother will never consent to such a profane motion, she will call it.

Lit. Tut, we'll have a device, a dainty one: Now Wit, help at a pinch, good Wit come, come good Wit, an it be thy will! I have it, Win, I have it i'faith, and 'tis a fine one. Win, long to eat of a pig, sweet Win, in the Fair, do you see, in the heart of the Fair, not at Pye-corner. Your mother will do any thing, Win, to satisfy your longing, you know; pray thee long presently; and be sick o' the sudden, good Win. I'll go in and tell her; cut thy lace in the mean time, and play the hypocrite, sweet Win.

Mrs. Lit. No, I'll not make me unready for it: I can be hypocrite enough, though I were never so strait-laced.

Lit. You say true, you have been bred in the family, and brought up to't. Our mother is a most elect hypocrite, and has maintained us all this seven year with it, like gentlefolks.

Mrs. Lit. Ay, let her alone, John, she is not a wise wilful widow for nothing; nor a sanctified sister for a song. And let me alone too, I have somewhat of the mother in me, you shall see; fetch her, fetch her—[*Exit* LITTLEWIT.] Ah! ah! [*Seems to swoon.*

Re-enter LITTLEWIT *with Dame* PURECRAFT.

Pure. Now, the blaze of the beauteous disci-

pline, fright away this evil from our house! how now, Win-the-fight, child! how do you? sweet child, speak to me.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, forsooth.

Pure. Look up, sweet Win-the-fight, and suffer not the enemy to enter you at this door, remember that your education has been with the purest: What polluted one was it, that named first the unclean beast, pig, to you, child?

Mrs. Lit. Uh, uh!

Lit. Not I, on my sincerity, mother? she longed above three hours ere she would let me know it.—Who was it, Win?

Mrs. Lit. A profane black thing with a beard, John.

Pure. O, resist it, Win-the-fight, it is the tempter, the wicked tempter, you may know it by the fleshly motion of pig; be strong against it, and its foul temptations, in these assaults, whereby it broacheth flesh and blood, as it were on the weaker side; and pray against its carnal provocations; good child, sweet child, pray.

Lit. Good mother, I pray you, that she may eat some pig, and her belly full too; and do not you cast away your own child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the tempter. How do you do, Win, are you not sick?

Mrs. Lit. Yes, a great deal, John, uh, uh!

Pure. What shall we do? Call our zealous brother Busy hither, for his faithful fortification in this charge of the adversary. [*Exit* LITTLEWIT.] Child, my dear child, you shall eat pig; be comforted, my sweet child.

Mrs. Lit. Ay, but in the Fair, mother.

Pure. I mean in the Fair, if it can be any way made or found lawful.—

Re-enter LITTLEWIT.

Where is our brother Busy? will he not come? Look up, child.

Lit. Presently, mother, as soon as he has cleansed his beard. I found him fast by the teeth in the cold turkey-pie in the cupboard, with a great white loaf on his left hand, and a glass of malmsey on his right.

Pure. Slander not the brethren, wicked one.

Lit. Here he is now, purified, mother.

Enter ZEAL-OF-THE-LAND BUSY.

Pure. O brother Busy! your help here, to edify and raise us up in a scruple: my daughter Win-the-fight is visited with a natural disease of women, called a longing to eat pig.

Lit. Ay sir, a Bartholomew pig; and in the Fair.

Pure. And I would be satisfied from you, religiously-wise, whether a widow of the sanctified assembly, or a widow's daughter, may commit the act without offence to the weaker sisters.

Busy. Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnal disease, or appetite, incident to women; and as it is carnal and incident, it is natural, very natural: now pig, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing and may be longed for, and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceeding well eaten; but in the Fair, and as a Bartholomew pig, it cannot be eaten; for the very calling it a Bartholomew pig, and to eat it so, is a spice of idolatry, and you make the Fair no better than one of the high-places. This, I take it, is the state of the question: a high-place.

Lit. Ay, but in state of necessity, place should give place, master Busy. I have a conceit left yet.

Pure. Good brother Zeal-of-the-land, think to make it as lawful as you can.

Lit. Yes, sir, and as soon as you can; for it must be, sir: you see the danger my little wife is in, sir.

Pure. Truly, I do love my child dearly, and I would not have her miscarry, or hazard her first-fruits, if it might be otherwise.

Bus. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subject to construction, subject, and hath a face of offence with the weak, a great face, a foul face; but that face may have a veil put over it, and be shadowed as it were; it may be eaten, and in the Fair, I take it, in a booth, the tents of the wicked: the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in the midst of the profane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with sobriety and humbleness; not gorged in with gluttony or greediness, there's the fear: for, should she go there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the unclean dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or lust of the palate, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

Lit. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't; but courage, Win, we'll be humble enough, we'll seek out the homeliest booth in the Fair, that's certain; rather than fail, we'll eat it on the ground.

Pure. Ay, and I'll go with you myself, Win-the-fight, and my brother Zeal-of-the-land shall go with us too, for our better consolation.

Mrs. Lit. Uh, uh!

Lit. Ay, and Solomon too, Win, the more the merrier. Win, we'll leave Rabbi Busy in a booth. [*Aside to Mrs.* LIT.]—Solomon! my cloak.

Enter SOLOMON *with the cloak.*

Sal. Here, sir.

Bus. In the way of comfort to the weak, I will go and eat. I will eat exceedingly, and prophesy; there may be a good use made of it too, now I think on't: by the public eating of swine's flesh, to profess our hate and loathing of Judaism, whereof the brethren stand tax'd. I will therefore eat, yea, I will eat exceedingly.

Lit. Good, i'faith, I will eat heartily too, because I will be no Jew, I could never away with that stiff-necked generation: and truly, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for pig so in the mother's belly.

Bus. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Fair.*

A number of Booths, Stalls, &c. set out.

LANTHORN LEATHERHEAD, JOAN TRASH, *and others, sitting by their wares.*

Enter Justice OVERDO, *at a distance, in disguise.*

Over. Well, in justice name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth! defy all the world, Adam Overdo, for a disguise, and all story; for thou hast fitted thyself, I swear. Fain would I meet the Linceus now, that eagle's eye, that piercing Epidaurian serpent (as my Quintus Horace calls him) that could discover a justice of peace (and lately of the Quorum) under this covering. They may have seen many a fool in the habit of a justice; but never till now, a justice in the habit of a fool. Thus must we do though, that wake for the public good; and thus hath the wise magistrate done in all ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Never shall I enough commend a worthy worshipful man, sometime a capital member of this city, for his high wisdom in this point, who would take you now the habit of a porter, now of a carman, now of the dog-killer, in this month of August; and in the winter, of a seller of tinder-boxes. And what would he do in all these shapes? marry, go you into every alehouse, and down into every cellar; measure the length of puddings; take the gage of black pots and cans, ay, and custards, with a stick; and their circumference with a thread; weigh the loaves of bread on his middle finger; then would he send for them home; give the puddings to the poor, the bread to the hungry, the custards to his children; break the pots, and burn the cans himself: he would not trust his corrupt officers, he would do it himself. Would all men in authority would follow this worthy precedent! for alas, as we are public persons, what do we know? nay, what can we know? we hear with other men's ears, we see with other men's eyes. A foolish constable or a sleepy watchman, is all our information; he slanders a gentleman by the virtue of his place, as he calls it, and we, by the vice of ours, must believe him. As, a while agone, they made me, yea me, to mistake an honest zealous pursuivant for a seminary; and a proper young bachelor of musick, for a bawd. This we are subject to that live in high place; all our intelligence is idle, and most of our intelligencers knaves; and, by your leave, ourselves thought little better, if not arrant fools, for believing them. I, Adam Overdo, am resolved therefore to spare spy-money hereafter, and make mine own discoveries. Many are the yearly enormities of this Fair, in whose courts of Pie-poudres I have had the honour, during the three days, sometimes to sit as judge. But this is the special day for detection of those foresaid enormities. Here is my black book for the purpose; this the cloud that hides me; under this covert I shall see and not be seen. On, Junius Brutus. And as I began, so I'll end; in justice name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth!

[*Advances to the* Booths, *and stands aside.*

Leath. The Fair's pestilence dead methinks; people come not abroad to-day, whatever the matter is. Do you hear, sister Trash, lady of the basket? sit farther with your gingerbread progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I'll have it proclaimed in the Fair, what stuff they are made on.

Trash. Why, what stuff are they made on, brother Leatherhead? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

Leath. Yes, stale bread, rotten eggs, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know.

Over. Ay! have I met with enormity so soon? [*Aside.*

Leath. I shall mar your market, old Joan.

Trash. Mar my market, thou too-proud pedlar! do thy worst, I defy thee, I, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground, as well as thou dost: an thou wrong'st me, for all thou art parcel-poet, and an inginer, I'll find a friend shall right me, and make a ballad of thee, and thy cattle all over. Are you puft up with the pride of your wares? your arsedine?

Leath. Go to, old Joan, I'll talk with you anon; and take you down too, afore justice Overdo: he is the man must charm you, I'll have you in the Pie-poudres.

Trash. Charm me! I'll meet thee face to face, afore his worship, when thou darest: and though I be a little crooked o' my body, I shall be found as upright in my dealing as any woman in Smithfield, I; charm me!

Over. I am glad to hear my name is their terror yet, this is doing of justice. [*Aside.*

[*A number of People pass over the Stage.*

Leath. What do you lack? what is't you buy? what do you lack? rattles, drums, halberts, horses, babies o' the best, fiddles of the finest?

Enter Costard-monger *followed by* NIGHTINGALE.

Cost. Buy any pears, pears, fine, very fine pears!

Trash. Buy any gingerbread, gilt gingerbread!

Night. Hey, [*Sings.*

Now the Fair's a filling!
O, for a tune to startle
The birds o' the booths here billing,
Yearly with old saint Bartle!
The drunkards they are wading,
The punks and chapmen trading;
Who'd see the Fair without his lading?

Buy any ballads, new ballads?

Enter URSULA, *from her Booth.*

Urs. Fie upon't: who would wear out their youth and prime thus, in roasting of pigs, that had any cooler vocation? hell's a kind of cold cellar to't, a very fine vault, o' my conscience!—What, Mooncalf!

Moon. [*within.*] Here, mistress.

Night. How now Ursula? in a heat, in a heat?

Urs. My chair, you false faucet you; and my morning's draught, quickly, a bottle of ale, to quench me, rascal. I am all fire and fat, Nightingale, I shall e'en melt away to the first woman, a rib again, I am afraid. I do water the ground in knots, as I go, like a great garden pot; you may follow me by the SS. I make.

Night. Alas, good Urse! was Zekiel here this morning?

Urs. Zekiel? what Zekiel?

Night. Zekiel Edgworth, the civil cutpurse yo1

know him well enough; he that talks bawdy to you still: I call him my secretary.

Urs. He promised to be here this morning, I remember.

Night. When he comes, bid him stay: I'll be back again presently.

Urs. Best take your morning dew in your belly, Nightingale.—

Enter MOONCALF, *with the Chair.*

Come sir, set it here; did not I bid you should get a chair let out o' the sides for me, that my hips might play? you'll never think of anything, till your dame be rump-gall'd; 'tis well, changeling: because it can take in your grasshopper's thighs, you care for no more. Now, you look as you had been in the corner of the booth, fleaing your breech with a candle's end, and set fire o' the Fair. Fill, Stote, fill.

Over. This pig-woman do I know, and I will put her in, for my second enormity; she hath been before me, punk, pinnace, and bawd, any time these two and twenty years upon record in the Pie-poudres. *Aside.*

Urs. Fill again, you unlucky vermin!

Moon. 'Pray you be not angry, mistress, I'll have it widen'd anon.

Urs. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, ere the Fair be done, you think, now you have heated me: a poor vex'd thing I am, I feel myself dropping already as fast as I can; two stone o' suet a day is my proportion. I can but hold life and soul together, with this, (here's to you, Nightingale,) and a whiff of tobacco at most. Where's my pipe now? not fill'd! thou arrant incubee.

Night. Nay, Ursula, thou'lt gall between the tongue and the teeth, with fretting, now.

Urs. How can I hope that ever he'll discharge his place of trust, tapster, a man of reckoning under me, that remembers nothing I say to him? [*Exit* NIGHT.] but look to't sirrah, you were best. Three-pence a pipe-full, I will have made, of all my whole half-pound of tobacco, and a quarter of pound of colts-foot mixt with it too, to [eke] it out. I that have dealt so long in the fire, will not be to seek in smoke, now. Then six and twenty shillings a barrel I will advance on my beer, and fifty shillings a hundred on my bottle ale; I have told you the ways how to raise it. Froth your cans well in the filling, at length, rogue, and jog your bottles o' the buttock, sirrah, then skink out the first glass ever, and drink with all companies, though you be sure to be drunk; you'll misreckon the better, and be less ashamed on't. But your true trick, rascal, must be, to be ever busy, and mistake away the bottles and cans, in haste, before they be half drunk off, and never hear any body call, (if they should chance to mark you,) till you have brought fresh, and be able to forswear them. Give me a drink of ale.

Over. This is the very womb and bed of enormity! gross as herself! this must all down for enormity, all, every whit on't. [*Aside.*

[*Knocking within.*

Urs. Look who's there, sirrah: five shillings a pig is my price, at least; if it be a sow pig, sixpence more; if she be a great-bellied wife, and long for't, sixpence more for that.

Over. *O tempora! O mores!* I would not have lost my discovery of this one grievance, for my place, and worship o' the bench. How is the poor subject abused here! Well, I will fall in with her, and with her Mooncalf, and win out wonders of enormity. [*Comes forward.*]—By thy leave, goodly woman, and the fatness of the Fair, oily as the king's constable's lamp, and shining as his shooing-horn! hath thy ale virtue, or thy beer strength, that the tongue of man may be tickled, and his palate pleased in the morning? Let thy pretty nephew here go search and see.

Urs. What new roarer is this?

Moon. O Lord! do you not know him, mistress? 'tis mad Arthur of Bradley, that makes the orations.—Brave master, old Arthur of Bradley, how do you? welcome to the Fair! when shall we hear you again, to handle your matters, with your back against a booth, ha? I have been one of your little disciples, in my days.

Over. Let me drink, boy, with my love, thy aunt, here; that I may be eloquent: but of thy best, lest it be bitter in my mouth, and my words fall foul on the Fair.

Urs. Why dost thou not fetch him drink, and offer him to sit?

Moon. Is it ale or beer, master Arthur?

Over. Thy best, pretty stripling, thy best; the same thy dove drinketh, and thou drawest on holydays.

Urs. Bring him a sixpenny bottle of ale: they say, a fool's handsel is lucky.

Over. Bring both, child. [*Sits down in the booth.*] Ale for Arthur, and Beer for Bradley. Ale for thine aunt, boy. [*Exit* MOON.]—My disguise takes to the very wish and reach of it. I shall, by the benefit of this, discover enough, and more: and yet get off with the reputation of what I would be: a certain middling thing, between a fool and a madman. [*Aside.*

Enter KNOCKEM.

Knock. What! my little lean Ursula! my she-bear! art thou alive yet, with thy litter of pigs to grunt out another Bartholomew Fair? ha!

Urs. Yes, and to amble a foot, when the Fair is done, to hear you groan out of a cart, up the heavy hill——

Knock. Of Holbourn, Ursula, meanst thou so? for what, for what, pretty Urse?

Urse. For cutting halfpenny purses, or stealing little penny dogs out o' the Fair.

Knock. O! good words, good words, Urse.

Over. Another special enormity. A cutpurse of the sword, the boot, and the feather! those are his marks. [*Aside.*

Re-enter MOONCALF, *with the ale, &c.*

Urs. You are one of those horse-leaches that gave out I was dead, in Turnbull-street, of a surfeit of bottle-ale and tripes?

Knock. No, 'twas better meat, Urse: cows udders, cows udders!

Urs. Well, I shall be meet with your mumbling mouth one day.

Knock. What! thou'lt poison me with a newt in a bottle of ale, wilt thou? or a spider in a tobacco-pipe, Urse? Come, there's no malice in these fat folks, I never fear thee, an I can scape thy lean Mooncalf here. Let's drink it out, good Urse, and no vapours! [*Exit* URSULA.

Over. Dost thou hear, boy? There's for thy ale, and the remnant for thee.—Speak in thy faith of a faucet, now; is this goodly person before us here, this vapours, a knight of the knife?

Moon. What mean you by that, master Arthur?

Over. I mean a child of the horn-thumb, a babe of booty, boy, a cutpurse.

Moon. O Lord, sir! far from it. This is master Daniel Knockem Jordan: the ranger of Turnbull. He is a horse-courser, sir.

Over. Thy dainty dame, though, call'd him cutpurse.

Moon. Like enough, sir; she'll do forty such things in an hour (an you listen to her) for her recreation, if the toy take her in the greasy kerchief: it makes her fat, you see; she battens with it.

Over. Here I might have been deceived now, and have put a fool's blot upon myself, if I had not played an after game of discretion! [*Aside.*

Re-enter URSULA, *dropping.*

Knock. Alas, poor Urse! this is an ill season for thee.

Urs. Hang yourself, hackney-man!

Knock. How, how, Urse! vapours? motion breed vapours?

Urs. Vapours! never tusk, nor twirl your dibble, good Jordan, I know what you'll take to a very drop. Though you be captain of the roarers, and fight well at the case of piss-pots, you shall not fright me with your lion-chap, sir, nor your tusks; you angry! you are hungry. Come, a pig's head will stop your mouth, and stay your stomach at all times.

Knock. Thou art such another mad, merry Urse, still! troth I do make conscience of vexing thee, now in the dog-days, this hot weather, for fear of foundering thee in the body, and melting down a pillar of the Fair. Pray thee take thy chair again, and keep state; and let's have a fresh bottle of ale, and a pipe of tobacco; and no vapours. I'll have this belly o' thine taken up, and thy grass scoured, wench.—

Enter EDGWORTH.

Look, here's Ezekiel Edgworth; a fine boy of his inches, as any is in the Fair! has still money in his purse, and will pay all, with a kind heart, and good vapours.

Edg. That I will indeed, willingly, master Knockem; fetch some ale and tobacco.

[*Exit* MOON.—*People cross the stage.*

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen? maid, see a fine hobby-horse for your young master; cost you but a token a-week his provender.

Re-enter NIGHTINGALE, *with* Corn-cutter, *and* Mousetrap-man

Corn. Have you any corns in your feet and toes?

Mouse. Buy a mousetrap, a mousetrap, or a tormentor for a flea?

Trash. Buy some gingerbread?

Night. Ballads, ballads! fine new ballads:

Hear for your love, and buy for your money.
A delicate ballad o' the ferret and the coney.
A preservative again' the punk's evil.
Another of goose-green starch, and the devil.
A dozen of divine points, and the godly garters:
The fairing of good counsel, of an ell and three quarters.

What is't you buy?

The windmill blown down by the witch's fart.
Or saint George, that, O! did break the dragon's heart.

Re-enter MOONCALF, *with ale and tobacco.*

Edg. Master Nightingale, come hither, leave your mart a little.

Night. O my secretary! what says my secretary? [*They walk into the booth.*

Over. Child of the bottles, what's he? what's he? [*Points to* EDGWORTH.

Moon. A civil young gentleman, master Arthur, that keeps company with the roarers, and disburses all still. He has ever money in his purse; he pays for them, and they roar for him; one does good offices for another. They call him the secretary, but he serves nobody. A great friend of the ballad-man's, they are never asunder.

Over. What pity 'tis, so civil a young man should haunt this debauched company? here's the bane of the youth of our time apparent. A proper penman, I see't in his countenance, he has a good clerk's look with him, and I warrant him a quick hand.

Moon. A very quick hand, sir. [*Exit.*

Edg. [*Whispering with* NIGHTINGALE *and* URSULA.] All the purses, and purchase, I give you to-day by conveyance, bring hither to Ursula's presently. Here we will meet at night in her lodge, and share. Look you choose good places for your standing in the Fair, when you sing, Nightingale.

Urs. Ay, near the fullest passages; and shift them often.

Edg. And in your singing, you must use your hawk's eye nimbly, and fly the purse to a mark still, where 'tis worn, and on which side; that you may give me the sign with your beak, or hang your head that way in the tune.

Urs. Enough, talk no more on't: your friendship, masters, is not now to begin. Drink your draught of indenture, your sup of covenant, and away: the Fair fills apace, company begins to come in, and I have ne'er a pig ready yet.

Knock. Well said! fill the cups, and light the tobacco: let's give fire in the works, and noble vapours.

Edg. And shall we have smocks, Ursula, and good whimsies, ha!

Urs. Come, you are in your bawdy vein!—the best the Fair will afford, Zekiel, if bawd Whit keep his word.—

Re-enter MOONCALF.

How do the pigs, Mooncalf?

Moon. Very passionate, mistress, one of 'em has wept out an eye. Master Arthur o' Bradley is melancholy here, nobody talks to him. Will you any tobacco, master Arthur?

Over. No, boy; let my meditations alone.

Moon. He's studying for an oration, now.

Over. If I can with this day's travail, and all my policy, but rescue this youth here out of the hands of the lewd man and the strange woman, I will sit down at night, and say with my friend Ovid,

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, &c. [*Aside.*

Knock. Here, Zekiel, here's a health to Ursula, and a kind vapour; thou hast money in thy purse still, and store! how dost thou come by it? pray thee vapour thy friends some in a courteous vapour

Edg. Half I have, master Dan. Knockem, is always at your service. [*Pulls out his purse.*

Over. Ha, sweet nature! what goshawk would prey upon such a lamb? [*Aside.*

Knock. Let's see what 'tis, Zekiel; count it, come, fill him to pledge me.

Enter WINWIFE *and* QUARLOUS.

Winw. We are here before them, methinks.

Quar. All the better, we shall see them come in now.

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen, what is't you lack? a fine horse? a lion? a bull? a bear? a dog, or a cat? an excellent fine Bartholomew-bird? or an instrument? what is't you lack?

Quar. 'Slid! here's Orpheus among the beasts, with his fiddle and all!

Trash. Will you buy any comfortable bread, gentlemen?

Quar. And Ceres selling her daughter's picture, in ginger-work.

Winw. That these people should be so ignorant to think us chapmen for them! do we look as if we would buy ginger-bread, or hobby-horses?

Quar. Why, they know no better ware than they have, nor better customers than come: and our very being here makes us fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would Cokes would come! there were a true customer for them.

Knock. [*to* EDGWORTH.] How much is't? thirty shillings? Who's yonder! Ned Winwife and Tom Quarlous, I think! yes: (give me it all, give it me all.)—Master Winwife! Master Quarlous! will you take a pipe of tobacco with us?—Do not discredit me now, Zekiel. [EDGWORTH *gives him his purse.*

Winw. Do not see him: he is the roaring horse-courser, pray thee let's avoid him: turn down this way.

Quar. 'Slud, I'll see him, and roar with him too, an he roared as loud as Neptune; pray thee go with me.

Winw. You may draw me to as likely an inconvenience, when you please, as this.

Quar. Go to then, come along; we have nothing to do, man, but to see sights now.

[*They advance to the booth.*

Knock. Welcome, master Quarlous, and master Winwife; will you take any froth and smoke with us?

Quar. Yes, sir; but you'll pardon us if we knew not of so much familiarity between us afore.

Knock. As what, sir?

Quar. To be so lightly invited to smoke and froth.

Knock. A good vapour! will you sit down, sir? this is old Ursula's mansion; how like you her bower? Here you may have your punk and your pig in state, sir, both piping hot.

Quar. I had rather have my punk cold, sir.

Over. There's for me: punk! and pig! [*Aside.*

Urs. [*within.*] What, Mooncalf, you rogue!

Moon. By and by, the bottle is almost off, mistress; here, master Arthur.

Urs. [*within.*] I'll part you and your play-fellow there, in the garded coat, an you sunder not the sooner.

Knock. Master Winwife, you are proud, methinks, you do not talk, nor drink; are you proud?

Winw. Not of the company I am in, sir, nor the place, I assure you.

Knock. You do not except at the company, do you! are you in vapours, sir?

Moon. Nay, good master Daniel Knockem, respect my mistress's bower, as you call it; for the honour of our booth, none o' your vapours here.

Enter URSULA *with a fire-brand.*

Urs. Why, you thin, lean polecat you, an they have a mind to be in their vapours must you hinder 'em? What did you know, vermin, if they would have lost a cloke, or such trifle? must you be drawing the air of pacification here, while I am tormented within i' the fire, you weasel?

[*Aside to* MOONCALF.

Moon. Good mistress, 'twas in behalf of your booth's credit that I spoke.

Urs. Why! would my booth have broke, if they had fallen out in't, sir? or would their heat have fired it? In, you rogue, and wipe the pigs, and mend the fire, that they fall not, or I'll both baste and roast you 'till your eyes drop out like them.—Leave the bottle behind you, and be curst awhile!

[*Exit* MOON.

Quar. Body o' the Fair! what's this? mother of the bawds?

Knock. No, she's mother of the pigs, sir, mother of the pigs.

Winw. Mother of the furies, I think, by her fire-brand.

Quar. Nay, she is too fat to be a fury, sure some walking sow of tallow!

Winw. An inspired vessel of kitchen stuff!

Quar. She'll make excellent geer for the coach-makers here in Smithfield, to anoint wheels and axletrees with. [*She drinks this while.*

Urs. Ay, ay, gamesters, mock a plain plump soft wench of the suburbs, do, because she's juicy and wholesome; you must have your thin pinched ware, pent up in the compass of a dog-collar, (or 'twill not do) that looks like a long laced conger, set upright, and a green feather, like fennel in the joll on't.

Knock. Well said, Urse, my good Urse! to 'em, Urse!

Quar. Is she your quagmire, Daniel Knockem? is this your bog?

Night. We shall have a quarrel presently.

Knock. How! bog! quagmire? foul vapours! humph!

Quar. Yes, he that would venture for't, I assure him, might sink into her and be drown'd a week ere any friend he had could find where he were.

Winw. And then he would be a fortnight weighing up again.

Quar. 'Twere like falling into a whole shire of butter; they had need be a team of Dutchmen should draw him out.

Knock. Answer 'em, Urse: where's thy Bartholomew wit now, Urse, thy Bartholomew wit?

Urs. Hang 'em, rotten, roguy cheaters, I hope to see them plagued one day (pox'd they are already, I am sure) with lean playhouse poultry, that has the bony rump, sticking out like the ace of spades, or the point of a partizan, that every rib of them is like the tooth of a saw; and will so grate them with their hips and shoulders, as (take 'em altogether) they were as good lie with a hurdle.

Quar. Out upon her, how she drips! she's able to give a man the sweating sickness with looking on her.

Urs. Marry look off, with a patch on your face, and a dozen in your breech, though they be of

scarlet, sir! I have seen as fine outsides as either of yours, bring lousy linings to the brokers, ere now, twice a week.

Quar. Do you think there may be a fine new cucking-stool in the Fair, to be purchased; one large enough, I mean? I know there is a pond of capacity for her.

Urs. For your mother, you rascal! Out, you rogue, you hedge-bird, you pimp, you pannier-man's bastard, you!

Quar. Ha, ha, ha!

Urs. Do you sneer, you dog's-head, you trendle-tail! you look as you were begotten a top of a cart in harvest time, when the whelp was hot and eager. Go, snuff after your brother's bitch, mistress Commodity; that's the livery you wear, 'twill be out at the elbows shortly. It's time you went to't for the t'other remnant.

Knock. Peace, Urse, peace, Urse;—they'll kill the poor whale, and make oil of her. Pray thee, go in.

Urs. I'll see them pox'd first, and piled, and double piled.

Winw. Let's away, her language grows greasier than her pigs.

Urs. Does it so, snotty-nose? good lord! are you snivelling? You were engendered on a she-beggar in a barn, when the bald thrasher, your sire, was scarce warm.

Winw. Pray thee let's go.

Quar. No, faith; I'll stay the end of her now; I know she cannot last long: I find by her smiles she wanes apace.

Urs. Does she so? I'll set you gone. Give me my pig-pan hither a little: I'll scald you hence, an you will not go. [*Exit.*

Knock. Gentlemen, these are very strange vapours, and very idle vapours, I assure you.

Quar. You are a very serious ass, we assure you.

Knock. Humph, *ass!* and *serious!* nay, then pardon me my vapour. I have a foolish vapour, gentlemen: Any man that does vapour me the ass, master Quarlous—

Quar. What then, master Jordan?

Knock. I do vapour him the lie.

Quar. Faith, and to any man that vapours me the lie, I do vapour that. [*Strikes him.*

Knock. Nay then, vapours upon vapours.

[*They fight.*

Re-enter URSULA, *with the dripping-pan.*

Edg. Night. 'Ware the pan, the pan, the pan! she comes with the pan, gentlemen! [URSULA *falls with the pan.*]—God bless the woman.

Urs. Oh! [*Exeunt* QUARLOUS *and* WINWIFE.

Trash. [*runs in.*] What's the matter?

Over. Goodly woman!

Moon. Mistress!

Urs. Curse of hell! that ever I saw these fiends! oh! I have scalded my leg, my leg, my leg, my leg! I have lost a limb in the service! run for some cream and sallad-oil, quickly. Are you under-peering, you baboon? rip off my hose, an you be men, men, men.

Moon. Run you for some cream, good mother Joan. I'll look to your basket. [*Exit* TRASH.

Leath. Best sit up in your chair, Ursula. Help, gentlemen.

Knock. Be of good cheer, Urse; thou hast hindered me the currying of a couple of stallions here, that abused the good race-bawd of Smithfield; 'twas time for them to go.

Night. I'faith, when the pan came,—they had made you run else. This had been a fine time for purchase, if you had ventured.

[*Aside to* EDGWORTH.

Edg. Not a whit, these fellows were too fine to carry money.

Knock. Nightingale, get some help to carry her leg out of the air: take off her shoes. Body o' me! she has the mallanders, the scratches, the crown scab, and the quitter bone in the t'other leg.

Urs. Oh, the pox! why do you put me in mind of my leg thus, to make it prick and shoot? Would you have me in the hospital afore my time?

Knock. Patience, Urse, take a good heart, 'tis but a blister as big as a windgall. I'll take it away with the white of an egg, a little honey and hog's grease, have thy pasterns well roll'd, and thou shalt pace again by to-morrow. I'll tend thy booth, and look to thy affairs the while: thou shalt sit in thy chair, and give directions, and shine Ursa major.

[*Exeunt* KNOCKEM *and* MOONCALF, *with* URSULA *in her chair.*

Over. These are the fruits of bottle-ale and tobacco! the foam of the one, and the fumes of the other! Stay, young man, and despise not the wisdom of these few hairs that are grown grey in care of thee.

Edg. Nightingale, stay a little. Indeed I'll hear some of this!

Enter COKES, *with his box*, WASPE, Mistress OVERDO, *and* GRACE.

Cokes. Come, Numps, come, where are you? Welcome into the Fair, mistress Grace.

Edg. 'Slight, he will call company, you shall see, and put us into doings presently.

Over. Thirst not after that frothy liquor, ale; for who knows when he openeth the stopple, what may be in the bottle? Hath not a snail, a spider, yea, a newt been found there? thirst not after it, youth; thirst not after it.

Cokes. This is a brave fellow, Numps, let's hear him.

Waspe. 'Sblood! how brave is he? in a garded coat! You were best truck with him; e'en strip, and truck presently, it will become you. Why will you hear him? because he is an ass, and may be a-kin to the Cokeses?

Cokes. O, good Numps.

Over. Neither do thou lust after that tawney weed tobacco.

Cokes. Brave words!

Over. Whose complexion is like the Indian's that vents it.

Cokes. Are they not brave words, sister?

Over. And who can tell, if before the gathering and making up thereof, the Alligarta hath not piss'd thereon?

Waspe. 'Heart! let 'em be brave words, as brave as they will! an they were all the brave words in a country, how then? Will you away yet, have you enough on him? Mistress Grace, come you away; I pray you, be not you accessary. If you do lose your license, or somewhat else, sir, with listening to his fables, say Numps is a witch, with all my heart, do, say so.

Cokes. Avoid in your satin doublet, Numps.

Over. The creeping venom of which subtle

serpent, as some late writers affirm, neither the cutting of the perilous plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting or burning, can any way persway or assuage.

Cokes. Good, i'faith! is it not, sister?

Over. Hence it is that the lungs of the tobacconist are rotted, the liver spotted, the brain smoked like the backside of the pig-woman's booth here, and the whole body within, black as her pan you saw e'en now, without.

Cokes. A fine similitude that, sir! did you see the pan?

Edg. Yes, sir.

Over. Nay, the hole in the nose here of some tobacco-takers, or the third nostril, if I may so call it, which makes that they can vent the tobacco out, like the ace of clubs, or rather the flower-de-lis, is caused from the tobacco, the mere tobacco! when the poor innocent pox, having nothing to do there, is miserably and most unconscionably slandered.

Cokes. Who would have missed this, sister?

Mrs. Over. Not any body but Numps.

Cokes. He does not understand.

Edg. [*Picks Cokes's pocket of his purse.*] Nor you feel. [*Aside.*

Cokes. What would you have, sister, of a fellow that knows nothing but a basket-hilt, and an old fox in't? the best musick in the Fair will not move a log.

Edg. [*Gives the purse aside to Night.*] In, to Ursula, Nightingale, and carry her comfort: see it told. This fellow was sent to us by Fortune, for our first fairing. [*Exit* Night.

Over. But what speak I of the diseases of the body, children of the Fair?

Cokes. That's to us, sister. Brave, i'faith!

Over. Hark, O you sons and daughters of Smithfield! and hear what malady it doth the mind: it causeth swearing, it causeth swaggering, it causeth snuffling and snarling, and now and then a hurt.

Mrs. Over. He hath something of master Overdo, methinks, brother.

Cokes. So methought, sister, very much of my brother Overdo: and 'tis when he speaks.

Over. Look into any angle of the town, the Streights, or the Bermudas, where the quarrelling lesson is read, and how do they entertain the time, but with bottle-ale and tobacco? The lecturer is o' one side, and his pupils o' the other; but the seconds are still bottle-ale and tobacco, for which the lecturer reads, and the novices pay. Thirty pound a week in bottle-ale! forty in tobacco! and ten more in ale again. Then for a suit to drink in, so much, and, that being slaver'd, so much for another suit, and then a third suit, and a fourth suit! and still the bottle-ale slavereth, and the tobacco stinketh.

Waspe. Heart of a madman! are you rooted here? will you never away? what can any man find out in this bawling fellow, to grow here for? He is a full handfull higher sin' he heard him. Will you fix here, and set up a booth, sir?

Over. I will conclude briefly——

Waspe. Hold your peace, you roaring rascal, I'll run my head in your chaps else. You were best build a booth, and entertain him; make your will, an you say the word, and him your heir! heart, I never knew one taken with a mouth of a peck afore. By this light, I'll carry you away on my back, an you will not come.

[*He gets* Cokes *up on pick-back*

Cokes. Stay, Numps, stay, set me down: I have lost my purse, Numps. O my purse! One of my fine purses is gone!

Mrs. Over. Is it indeed, brother?

Cokes. Ay, as I am an honest man, would I were an arrant rogue else! a plague of all roguy damn'd cut-purses for me. [*Examines his pockets.*

Waspe. Bless 'em with all my heart, with all my heart, do you see! now, as I am no infidel, that I know of, I am glad on't. Ay, I am, (here's my witness,) do you see, sir? I did not tell you of his fables, I! no, no, I am a dull malt horse, I, I know nothing. Are you not justly served, in your conscience, now, speak in your conscience? Much good do you with all my heart, and his good heart that has it, with all my heart again.

Edg. This fellow is very charitable, would he had a purse too! but I must not be too bold all at a time. [*Aside.*

Cokes. Nay, Numps, it is not my best purse.

Waspe. Not your best! death! why should it be your worst? why should it be any, indeed, at all? answer me to that, give me a reason from you, why it should be any?

Cokes. Nor my gold, Numps; I have that yet, look here else, sister. [*Shews the other purse.*

Waspe. Why so, there's all the feeling he has!

Mrs. Over. I pray you, have a better care of that, brother.

Cokes. Nay, so I will, I warrant you; let him catch this that catch can. I would fain see him get this, look you here.

Wasp. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so! very good.

Cokes. I would have him come again now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take notice of a good jest? I will put it just where the other was, and if we have good luck, you shall see a delicate fine trap to catch the cut-purse nibbling.

Edg. Faith, and he'll try ere you be out o' the Fair. [*Aside.*

Cokes. Come, mistress Grace, prithee be not melancholy for my mischance; sorrow will not keep it, sweet heart.

Grace. I do not think on't, sir.

Cokes. 'Twas but a little scurvy white money, hang it! it may hang the cut-purse one day. I have gold left to give thee a fairing yet, as hard as the world goes. Nothing angers me but that no body here look'd like a cut-purse, unless 'twere Numps.

Waspe. How! I, I look like a cut-purse? death! your sister's a cut-purse! and your mother and father, and all your kin were cut-purses! and here is a rogue is the bawd o' the cut-purses, whom I will beat to begin with. [*Beats* Overdo.

Over. Hold thy hand, child of wrath, and heir of anger, make it not Childermass day in thy fury, or the feast of the French Bartholomew, parent of the massacre.

Cokes. Numps, Numps!

Mrs. Over. Good master Humphrey!

Waspe. You are the Patrico, are you? the patriarch of the cut-purses? You share, sir, they say; let them share this with you. Are you in your hot fit of preaching again? I'll cool you.

[*Beats him again.*

Over. Murther, murther, murther! [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Fair.*

LANTHORN LEATHERHEAD, JOAN TRASH, *and others, sitting by their wares, as before.*

Enter VAL. WHIT, HAGGISE, *and* BRISTLE.

Whit. Nay, tish all gone, now! dish tish, phen tou wilt not be phitin call, master offisher, phat ish a man te better to lishen out noyshes for tee, and tou art in an oder orld, being very shuffishient noyshes and gallantsh too? one o' their brabblesh would have fed ush all dish fortnight, but tou art so bushy about beggersh still, tou hast no leshure to intend shentlemen, and't be.

Hag. Why, I told you, Davy Bristle.

Bri. Come, come, you told me a pudding, Toby Haggise; a matter of nothing; I am sure it came to nothing. You said, let's go to Ursula's, indeed; but then you met the man with the monsters, and I could not get you from him. An old fool, not leave seeing yet!

Hag. Why, who would have thought any body would have quarrell'd so early; or that the ale o' the fair would have been up so soon?

Whit. Phy, phat a clock toest tou tink it ish, man?

Hag. I cannot tell.

Whit. Tou art a vish vatchman, i' te mean teem.

Had. Why, should the watch go by the clock, or the clock by the watch, I pray?

Bri. One should go by another, if they did well.

Whit. Tou art right now! phen didst tou ever know or hear of a shuffishient vatchment, but he did tell the clock, phat bushiness soever he had?

Bri. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient watchman knows what a clock it is.

Whit. Shleeping or vaking: ash well as te clock himshelf, or te Jack dat shtrikes him.

Bri. Let's enquire of master Leatherhead, or Joan Trash here.—Master Leatherhead, do you hear, master Leatherhead?

Whit. If it be a Ledderhead, tish a very tick Ledderhead, tat sho mush noish vill not piersh him.

Leath. I have a little business now, good friends, do not trouble me.

Whit. Phat, because o' ty wrought neet-cap, and ty phelvet sherkin, man? phy! I have sheene tee in ty ledder sherkin, ere now, mashter o' de hobby-horses, as bushy and stately as tou sheemest to be.

Trash. Why, what an you have, captain Whit? he has his choice of jerkins, you may see by that, and his caps too, I assure you, when he pleases to be either sick or employed.

Leath. God-a-mercy Joan, answer for me.

Whit. Away, be not sheen in my company, here be shentlemen, and men of vorship.

[*Exeunt* HAGGISE *and* BRISTLE.

Enter QUARLOUS *and* WINWIFE.

Quar. We had wonderful ill luck, to miss this prologue o' the purse: but the best is, we shall have five acts of him ere night: he'll be spectacle enough, I'll answer for't.

Whit. O creesh, duke Quarlous, how dosht tou? tou dosht not know me, I fear: I am te vishesht man, but justish Overdo, in all Bartholomew Fair now. Give me twelve pence from tee, I vill help tee to a vife vorth forty marks for't, and't be.

Quar. Away, rogue; pimp, away.

Whit. And she shall shew tee as fine cut orke for't in her shmock too as tou cansht vish i'faith; vilt tou have her, vorshipful Vinvife? I vill help tee to her here, be an't be, into pig-quarter, gi' me ty twelve pence from tee.

Winw. Why, there's twelve pence, pray thee wilt thou begone?

Whit. Tou art a vorthy man, and a vorshipful man still.

Quar. Get you gone, rascal.

Whit. I do mean it, man. Prinsh Quarlous, if tou hasht need on me, tou shalt find me here at Ursla's, I vill see phat ale and punque ish i' te pigsty for tee, bless ty good vorship. [*Exit.*

Quar. Look! who comes here: John Littlewit!

Winw. And his wife, and my widow, her mother: the whole family.

Quar. 'Slight, you must give them all fairings now.

Winw. Not I, I'll not see them.

Quar. They are going a feasting. What schoolmaster's that is with 'em?

Winw. That's my rival, I believe, the baker.

Enter Rabbi BUSY, *Dame* PURECRAFT, *John* LITTLEWIT, *and Mrs.* LITTLEWIT.

Busy. So, walk on in the middle way, fore-right, turn neither to the right hand nor to the left; let not your eyes be drawn aside with vanity, nor your ear with noises.

Quar. O, I know him by that start.

Leath. What do you lack, what do you buy, mistress? a fine hobby-horse, to make your son a tilter? a drum to make him a soldier? a fiddle to make him a reveller? what is't you lack? little dogs for your daughters? or babies, male or female?

Busy. Look not toward them, hearken not; the place is Smithfield, or the field of smiths, the grove of hobby-horses and trinkets, the wares are the wares of devils, and the whole Fair is the shop of Satan: they are hooks and baits, very baits, that are hung out on every side, to catch you, and to hold you, as it were, by the gills, and by the nostrils, as the fisher doth; therefore you must not look nor turn toward them.—The heathen man could stop his ears with wax against the harlot of the sea; do you the like with your fingers against the bells of the beast.

Winw. What flashes come from him!

Quar. O, he has those of his oven; a notable hot baker 'twas when he plied the peel; he is leading his flock into the Fair now.

Winw. Rather driving them to the pens for he will let them look upon nothing.

Enter KNOCKEM *and* WHIT *from* URSULA'S *booth.*

Knock. Gentlewomen, the weather's hot; whither walk you? have a care of your fine velvet caps, the Fair is dusty. Take a sweet delicate booth, with boughs, here in the way, and cool yourselves in the shade; you and your friends. The best pig and bottle-ale in the Fair, sir. Old Ursula is cook, there you may read; [*Points to the sign, a pig's head, with a large writing under it.*] the pig's head speaks it. Poor soul, she has had a string halt, the maryhinchco; but she's prettily amended.

Whit. A delicate show-pig, little mistress, with shweet sauce, and crackling, like de bay-leaf i' de

fire, la! tou shalt ha' de clean side o' de table-clot, and di glass vash'd with phatersh of dame Annesh Cleare.

Lit. [*Gazing at the inscription.*] This is fine verily. *Here be the best pigs, and she does roast them as well as ever she did*, the pig's head says.

Knock. Excellent, excellent, mistress; with fire o' juniper and rosemary branches! the oracle of the pig's head, that, sir.

Pure. Son, were you not warn'd of the vanity of the eye? have you forgot the wholesome admonition so soon?

Lit. Good mother, how shall we find a pig, if we do not look about for't: will it run off o'the spit, into our mouths, think you, as in Lubberland, and cry, *wee, wee!*

Busy. No, but your mother, religiously-wise, conceiveth it may offer itself by other means to the sense, as by way of steam, which I think it doth here in this place—huh, huh—yes, it doth. [*He scents after it like a hound.*] And it were a sin of obstinacy, great obstinacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline or resist the good titillation of the famelic sense, which is the smell. Therefore be bold—huh, huh, huh—follow the scent: enter the tents of the unclean, for once, and satisfy your wife's frailty. Let your frail wife be satisfied; your zealous mother, and my suffering self, will also be satisfied.

Lit. Come, Win, as good winny here as go farther, and see nothing.

Busy. We scape so much of the other vanities, by our early entering.

Pure. It is an edifying consideration.

Mrs. Lit. This is scurvy, that we must come into the Fair, and not look on't.

Lit. Win, have patience, Win, I'll tell you more anon.

[*Exeunt, into the booth,* Littlewit, Mrs. Littlewit, Busy, *and* Purecraft.

Knock. Mooncalf, entertain within there, the best pig in the booth, a pork-like pig. These are Banbury-bloods, o' the sincere stud, come a pig-hunting. Whit, wait, Whit, look to your charge. [*Exit* Whit.

Busy. [*within.*] A pig prepare presently, let a pig be prepared to us.

Enter Mooncalf *and* Ursula.

Moon. 'Slight, who be these?

Urs. Is this the good service, Jordan, you'd do me?

Knock. Why, Urse, why, Urse? thou'lt have vapours i' thy leg again presently, pray thee go in, it may turn to the scratches else.

Urs. Hang your vapours, they are stale, and stink like you! Are these the guests o'the game you promised to fill my pit withal to-day?

Knock. Ay, what ail they, Urse?

Urs. Ail they! they are all sippers, sippers o' the city; they look as they would not drink off two pen'orth of bottle-ale amongst 'em.

Moon. A body may read that in their small printed ruffs.

Knock. Away, thou art a fool, Urse, and thy Mooncalf too: in your ignorant vapours now! hence! good guests, I say, right hypocrites, good gluttons. In, and set a couple o' pigs on the board, and half a dozen of the biggest bottles afore 'em, and call Whit. [*Exit* Mooncalf.] I do not love to hear innocents abused: fine ambling hypocrites! and a stone puritan with a sorrel head and beard! good mouth'd gluttons; two to a pig, away.

Urs. Are you sure they are such?

Knock. O' the right breed, thou shalt try 'em by the teeth, Urse; where's this Whit?

Re-enter Whit.

Whit. *Behold, man, and see,*
What a worthy man am ee!
With the fury of my sword,
And the shaking of my beard,
I will make ten thousand men afeard.

Knock. Well said, brave Whit! in, and *fear* the ale out o' the bottles into the bellies of the brethren, and * * * the sisters drink to the cause, and pure vapours. [*Exeunt* Knockem, Whit, *and* Ursula.

Quar. My roarer is turn'd tapster, methinks. Now were a fine time for thee, Winwife, to lay aboard thy widow, thou'lt never be master of a better season or place; she that will venture herself into the Fair and a pig-box, will admit any assault, be assured of that.

Winw. I love not enterprises of that suddenness though.

Quar. I'll warrant thee, then, no wife out of the widow's hundred: if I had but as much title to her, as to have breathed once on that straight stomacher of hers, I would now assure myself to carry her, yet, ere she went out of Smithfield; or she should carry me, which were the fitter sight, I confess. But you are a modest undertaker, by circumstances and degrees; come, 'tis disease in thee, not judgment; I should offer at all together.—

Enter Overdo.

Look, here's the poor fool again, that was stung by the Waspe erewhile.

Over. I will make no more orations, shall draw on these tragical conclusions. And I begin now to think, that by a spice of collateral justice, Adam Overdo deserved this beating; for I, the said Adam, was one cause (a by-cause) why the purse was lost; and my wife's brother's purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good mirth with it at supper, that will be the sport, and put my little friend, master Humphrey Waspe's choler quite out of countenance: when, sitting at the upper end of my table, as I use, and drinking to my brother Cokes, and mistress Alice Overdo, as I will, my wife, for their good affection to old Bradley, I deliver to them, it was I that was cudgeled, and show them the marks. To see what bad events may peep out o' the tail of good purposes! the care I had of that civil young man I took fancy to this morning, (and have not left it yet,) drew me to that exhortation, which drew the company indeed; which drew the cut-purse; which drew the money; which drew my brother Cokes his loss; which drew on Waspe's anger; which drew on my beating: a pretty gradation! and they shall have it in their dish, i' faith, at night for fruit; I love to be merry at my table. I had thought once, at one special blow he gave me, to have revealed myself; but then (I thank thee, fortitude) I remembered that a wise man, and who is ever so great a part of the commonwealth in himself, for no particular disaster ought to abandon a public good design. The husbandman ought not, for one unthankful year, to forsake the

plough; the shepherd ought not, for one scabbed sheep, to throw by his tar-box; the pilot ought not, for one leak in the poop, to quit the helm; nor the alderman ought not, for one custard more at a meal, to give up his cloke; the constable ought not to break his staff, and forswear the watch, for one roaring night; nor the piper of the parish, *ut parvis componere magna solebam*, to put up his pipes for one rainy Sunday. These are certain knocking conclusions; out of which, I am resolved, come what come can, come beating, come imprisonment, come infamy, come banishment, nay, come the rack, come the hurdle, (welcome all,) I will not discover who I am, till my due time; and yet still, all shall be, as I said ever, in justice name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth.

Winw. What does he talk to himself, and act so seriously, poor fool!

Quar. No matter what. Here's fresher argument, intend that.

Enter COKES, Mistress OVERDO, *and* GRACE WELLBORN, *followed by* WASPE, *loaded with toys.*

Cokes. Come, mistress Grace, come, sister, here's more fine sights yet, i' faith. Od's 'lid, where's Numps?

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen? what is't you buy? fine rattles, drums, babies, little dogs, and birds for ladies? what do you lack?

Cokes. Good honest Numps, keep afore, I am so afraid thou'lt lose somewhat; my heart was at my mouth, when I mist thee.

Waspe. You were best buy a whip in your hand to drive me.

Cokes. Nay, do not mistake, Numps; thou art so apt to mistake! I would but watch the goods. Look you now, the treble fiddle was e'en almost like to be lost.

Waspe. Pray you take heed you lose not yourself; your best way were e'en get up and ride for more surety. Buy a token's worth of great pins, to fasten yourself to my shoulder.

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen? fine purses, pouches, pin-cases, pipes? what is't you lack? a pair o' smiths to wake you in the morning? or a fine whistling bird?

Cokes. Numps, here be finer things than any we have bought by odds! and more delicate horses, a great deal; good Numps, stay, and come hither.

Waspe. Will you scourse with him? you are in Smithfield, you may fit yourself with a fine easy going street-nag, for your saddle, again Michaelmas term, do: has he ne'er a little odd cart for you to make a caroch on, in the country, with four pied hobby-horses? Why the measles, should you stand here, with your train, cheapning of dogs, birds, and babies? you have no children to bestow them on, have you?

Cokes. No, but again I have children, Numps, that's all one.

Waspe. Do, do, do, do; how many shall you have, think you? an I were as you, I'd buy for all my tenants too, they are a kind of civil savages, that will part with their children for rattles, pipes, and knives. You were best buy a hatchet or two, and truck with 'em.

Cokes. Good Numps, hold that little tongue o' thine, and save it a labour. I am resolute Bat, thou know'st.

Waspe. A resolute fool you are, I know, and a very sufficient coxcomb; with all my heart;—nay you have it, sir, an you be angry, t—— in your teeth, twice; if I said it not once afore, and much good do you.

Winw. Was there ever such a self-affliction, and so impertinent?

Quar. Alas, his care will go near to crack him; let's in and comfort him.

[*They come forward.*

Waspe. Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head on me, and had my brains bowled at, or threshed out, when first I underwent this plague of a charge!

Quar. How now, Numps! almost tired in your protectorship? overparted, overparted?

Waspe. Why, I cannot tell, sir, it may be I am; does it grieve you?

Quar. No, I swear does't not, Numps; to satisfy you.

Waspe. Numps! 'sblood, you are fine and familiar: how long have we been acquainted, I pray you?

Quar. I think it may be remembered, Numps, that; 'twas since morning, sure.

Waspe. Why, I hope I know't well enough, sir; I did not ask to be told.

Quar. No! why, then?

Waspe. It's no matter why; you see with your eyes now, what I said to you to-day: you'll believe me another time?

Quar. Are you removing the Fair, Numps?

Waspe. A pretty question, and a civil one! yes faith, I have my lading, you see, or shall have anon; you may know whose beast I am by my burden. If the pannierman's jack were ever better known by his loins of mutton, I'll be flayed, and feed dogs for him when his time comes.

Winw. How melancholic mistress Grace is yonder! pray thee let's go enter ourselves in grace with her.

Cokes. Those six horses, friend, I'll have——

Waspe. How!

Cokes. And the three Jews-trumps; and half a dozen o' birds, and that drum, (I have one drum already) and your smiths; I like that device of your smiths, very pretty well; and four halberts ——and, let me see, that fine painted great lady and her three women for state, I'll have.

Waspe. No, the shop; buy the whole shop, it will be best, the shop, the shop!

Leath. If his worship please.

Waspe. Yes, and keep it during the Fair, Bobchin.

Cokes. Peace, Numps.—Friend, do not meddle with him, an you be wise, and would shew your head above board; he will sting thorough your wrought night-cap, believe me. A set of these violins I would buy too, for a delicate young noise I have in the country, that are every one a size less than another, just like your fiddles. I would fain have a fine young masque at my marriage, now I think on't: But I do want such a number of things!—And Numps will not help me now, and I dare not speak to him.

Trash. Will your worship buy any gingerbread, very good bread, comfortable bread?

Cokes. Gingerbread! yes, let's see.

[*Runs to her stop.*

Waspe. There's the t'other springe.

Leath. Is this well, goody Joan, to interrupt my market in the midst, and call away my customers? can you answer this at the pie-poudres?

Trash. Why, if his mastership has a mind to buy, I hope my ware lies as open as another's; I may shew my ware as well as you yours.

Cokes. Hold your peace; I'll content you both: I'll buy up his shop, and thy basket.

Waspe. Will you, i' faith?

Leath. Why should you put him from it, friend?

Waspe. Cry you mercy! you'd be sold too, would you? what's the price on you, jerkin and all, as you stand? have you any qualities?

Trash. Yes, good-man, angry-man, you shall find he has qualities, if you cheapen him.

Waspe. Od's so, you have the selling of him! What are they, will they be bought for love or money?

Trash. No indeed, sir.

Waspe. For what then, victuals?

Trash. He scorns victuals, sir; he has bread and butter at home, thanks be to God! and yet he will do more for a good meal, if the toy take him in the belly; marry then they must not set him at lower ends, if they do, he'll go away, though he fast: but put him a-top o' the table, where his place is, and he'll do you forty fine things. He has not been sent for, and sought out for nothing, at your great city-suppers, to put down Coriat and Cokely, and been laughed at for his labour; he'll play you all the puppets in the town over, and the players, every company, and his own company too; he spares nobody.

Cokes. I' faith?

Trash. He was the first, sir, that ever baited the fellow in the bear's skin, an't like your worship: no dog ever came near him since. And for fine motions!

Cokes. Is he good at those too? can he set out a masque, trow?

Trash. O lord, master! sought to far and near for his inventions; and he engrosses all, he makes all the puppets in the Fair.

Cokes. Dost thou, in troth, old velvet jerkin? give me thy hand.

Trash. Nay, sir, you shall see him in his velvet jerkin, and a scarf too at night, when you hear him interpret master Littlewit's motion.

Cokes. Speak no more, but shut up shop presently, friend, I'll buy both it and thee too, to carry down with me; and her hamper beside. Thy shop shall furnish out the masque, and her's the banquet: I cannot go less, to set out anything with credit. What's the price, at a word, of thy whole shop, case and all as it stands?

Leath. Sir, it stands me in six and twenty shillings seven-pence halfpenny, besides three shillings for my ground.

Cokes. Well, thirty shillings will do all, then! and what comes yours to?

Trash. Four shillings and eleven-pence, sir, ground and all, an't like your worship.

Cokes. Yes, it does like my worship very well, poor woman; that's five shillings more: what a masque shall I furnish out, for forty shillings, twenty pound Scotch, and a banquet of gingerbread! there's a stately thing! Numps? sister? —and my wedding gloves too! that I never thought on afore! All my wedding gloves gingerbread? O me! what a device will there be, to make 'em eat their fingers ends! and delicate brooches for the bridemen and all! and then I'll have this poesie put to them, *For the best grace*, meaning mistress Grace, my wedding poesie.

Grace. I am beholden to you, sir, and to your Bartholomew wit.

Waspe. You do not mean this, do you? Is this your first purchase?

Cokes. Yes, faith: and I do not think, Numps, but thou'lt say, it was the wisest act that ever I did in my wardship.

Waspe. Like enough! I shall say any thing, I!

Enter EDGWORTH, NIGHTINGALE *and People, followed, at a distance, by* OVERDO.

Over. I cannot beget a project, with all my political brain yet: my project is how to fetch off this proper young man from his debauched company. I have followed him all the Fair over, and still I find him with this songster, and I begin shrewdly to suspect their familiarity; and the young man of a terrible taint, poetry! with which idle disease if he be infected, there's no hope of him, in a state-course. *Actum est* of him for a commonwealth's-man, if he go to't in rhyme once. [*Aside.*

Edg. [*To* NIGHTINGALE.] Yonder he is buying of gingerbread; set in quickly, before he part with too much of his money.

Night. [Advancing and singing.] *My masters, and friends, and good people, draw near*——

Cokes. [*Runs to the ballad-man.*] Ballads! hark! hark! pray thee, fellow, stay a little; good Numps, look to the goods. What ballads hast thou? let me see, let me see myself.

Waspe. Why so! he's flown to another lime-bush, there he will flutter as long more; till he have ne'er a feather left. Is there a vexation like this, gentlemen? will you believe me now, hereafter, shall I have credit with you?

Quar. Yes, faith shalt thou, Numps, and thou art worthy on't, for thou sweatest for't. I never saw a young pimp-errant and his squire better match'd.

Winw. Faith, the sister comes after them well too.

Grace. Nay, if you saw the justice her husband, my guardian, you were fitted for the mess, he is such a wise one his way——

Winw. I wonder we see him not here.

Grace. O! he is too serious for this place, and yet better sport then than the other three, I assure you, gentlemen, wherever he is, though it be on the bench.

Cokes. How dost thou call it? *A caveat against cut-purses!* a good jest, i'faith, I would fain see that demon, your cut-purse you talk of, that delicate handed devil; they say he walks hereabout; I would see him walk now. Look you, sister, here, here, [*He shews his purse boastingly.*] let him come, sister, and welcome. Ballad-man, does any cut-purses haunt hereabout? pray thee raise me one or two; begin, and shew me one.

Night. Sir, this is a spell against them, spick and span new; and 'tis made as 'twere in mine own person, and I sing it in mine own defence. But 'twill cost a penny alone, if you buy it.

Cokes. No matter for the price; thou dost not know me, I see, I am an odd Bartholomew.

Mrs. Over. Has it a fine picture, brother?

Cokes. O, sister, do you remember the ballads

over the nursery chimney at home o' my own pasting up: there be brave pictures, other manner of pictures than these, friend.

Waspe. Yet these will serve to pick the pictures out of your pockets, you shall see.

Cokes. So I heard them say! Pray thee mind him not, fellow; he'll have an oar in every thing.

Night. It was intended, sir, as if a purse should chance to be cut in my presence, now, I may be blameless though; as by the sequel will more plainly appear.

Cokes. We shall find that in the matter: pray thee begin.

Night. To the tune of Paggington's pound, sir.

Cokes. [Sings.] *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la!* Nay, I'll put thee in tune and all! mine own country dance! Pray thee begin.

Night. It is a gentle admonition, you must know, sir, both to the purse-cutter and the purse-bearer.

Cokes. Not a word more out of the tune, an thou lov'st me; *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa, la la la.* Come, when?

Night. [sings.] *My masters, and friends, and good people, draw near,*
And look to your purses, for that I do say;

Cokes. Ha, ha, this chimes! Good counsel at first dash.

Night. *And tho' little money in them you do bear,*
It costs more to get, than to lose in a day.

Cokes. Good!

Night. *You oft have been told,*
Both the young and the old,
And bidden beware of the cut-purse so bold;

Cokes. Well said! he were to blame that would not, i'faith.

Night. *Then if you take heed not, free me from the curse,*
Who both give you warning, for, and the cut-purse.
Youth, youth, thou had'st better been starv'd by thy nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

Cokes. Good i'faith; how say you, Numps, is there any harm in this?

Night. *It hath been upbraided to men of my trade,*
That oftentimes we are the cause of this crime;

Cokes. The more coxcombs they that did it, I wusse.

Night. *Alack and for pity, why should it be said?*
As if they regarded or places or time!
Examples have been
Of some that were seen
In Westminster-hall, yea the pleaders between;
Then why should the judges be free from this curse,
More than my poor self, for cutting the purse?

Cokes. God a mercy for that! why should they be more free indeed?

Night. *Youth, youth, thou had'st better been starv'd by thy nurse,*
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

Cokes. That again, good ballad-man, that again. [*He sings the burden with him.*] O rare! I would fain rub mine elbow now, but I dare not pull out my hand.—On I pray thee; he that made this ballad shall be poet to my masque.

Night. *At Worc'ster 'tis known well, and even in the jail,*
A knight of good worship did there shew his face,
Against the foul sinners, in zeal for to rail,
And lost ipso facto *his purse in the place.*

Cokes. Is it possible?

Night. *Nay, once from the seat*
Of judgment so great,
A judge there did lose a fair pouch of velvéte.

Cokes. I'faith?

Night. *O Lord for thy mercy, how wicked or worse,*
Are those that so venture their necks for a purse!
Youth, youth, thou had'st better been starv'd by thy nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

Cokes. [Sings after him.] *Youth, youth, &c.*—Pray thee, stay a little, friend. Yet o' thy conscience, Numps, speak, is there any harm in this?

Waspe. To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, less you had grace to follow it.

Over. It doth discover enormity, I'll mark it more: I have not liked a paltry piece of poetry so well a good while. [*Aside.*

Cokes. *Youth, youth, &c.*; where's this youth now? a man must call upon him for his own good, and yet he will not appear. Look here, here's for him; [*Shews his purse.*] handy dandy, which hand will he have? On, I pray thee with the rest; I do hear of him, but I cannot see him, this master youth, the cut-purse.

Night. *At plays, and at sermons, and at the sessions,*
'Tis daily their practice such booty to make.
Yea under the gallows at executions,
They stick not the stare-abouts purses to take.
Nay one without grace,
At a [*far*] *better place,*
At court, and in Christmas, before the king's face.

Cokes. That was a fine fellow! I would have him now.

Night. *Alack then for pity must I bear the curse,*
That only belongs to the cunning cut-purse?

Cokes. But where's their cunning now, when they should use it? they are all chain'd now, I warrant you. [*Sings.*] *Youth, youth, thou hadst better*—The rat-catchers' charms are all fools and asses to this: a pox on them, that they will not come! that a man should have such a desire to a thing, and want it!

Quar. 'Fore God I'd give half the Fair, an 'twere mine, for a cut-purse for him, to save his longing.

Cokes. Look you, sister, [*Shews his purse again.*] here, here, where is't now? which pocket is't in, for a wager?

Waspe. I beseech you leave your wagers, and let him end his matter, an't may be.

Cokes. O, are you edified, Numps!

Over. Indeed he does interrupt him too much: there Numps spoke to purpose. [*Aside.*

Cokes. Sister, I am an ass, I cannot keep my purse! [*Shews it again, and puts it up.*]—On, on, I pray thee, friend.

Night. *Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy nurse,*
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

[*As* NIGHTINGALE *sings,* EDGWORTH *gets up to* COKES, *and tickles him in the ear with a straw twice to draw his hand out of his pocket.*

Winw. Will you see sport? look, there's a fellow gathers up to him, mark.

Quar. Good, i' faith! O he has lighted on the wrong pocket

Winw. He has it! 'fore God, he is a brave fellow: pity he should be detected.

Night. *But O, you vile nation of cut-purses all,*
Relent and repent, and amend and be sound,
And know that you ought not, by honest men's fall,
Advance your own fortunes, to die above ground;
And though you go gay
In silks, as you may,
It is not the highway to heaven (as they say.)
Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse,
And kiss not the gallows for cutting a purse.
Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

All. An excellent ballad! an excellent ballad!

Edg. Friend, let me have the first, let me have the first, I pray you.

[*As* NIGHTINGALE *reaches out the ballad,* EDGWORTH *slips the purse into his hand.*

Cokes. Pardon me, sir; first come first serv'd; and I'll buy the whole bundle too.

Winw. That conveyance was better than all, did you see't? he has given the purse to the ballad-singer.

Quar. Has he?

Edg. Sir, I cry you mercy, I'll not hinder the poor man's profit; pray you, mistake me not.

Cokes. Sir, I take you for an honest gentleman, if that be mistaking; I met you to-day afore: ha! humph! O Lord! my purse is gone, my purse, my purse, my purse!

Waspe. Come do not make a stir, and cry yourself an ass thorough the Fair afore your time.

Cokes. Why, hast thou it, Numps? good Numps, how came you by it, I marle?

Waspe. I pray you seek some other gamester to play the fool with; you may lose it time enough, for all your Fair wit.

Cokes. By this good hand, glove and all, I have lost it already if thou hast it not; feel else, and mistress Grace's handkerchief too, out of the t'other pocket.

Waspe. Why, 'tis well, very well, exceeding pretty and well.

Edg. Are you sure you have lost it, sir?

Cokes. O Lord! yes; as I am an honest man, I had it but e'en now, at *Youth, youth.*

Night. I hope you suspect not me, sir?

Edg. Thee! that were a jest indeed! dost thou think the gentleman is foolish? where hadst thou hands, I pray thee? Away, ass, away! [*Exit* NIGHT.

Over. I shall be beaten again, if I be spied.

[*Aside, retiring.*

Edg. Sir, I suspect an odd fellow, yonder, is stealing away.

Mrs. Over. Brother, it is the preaching fellow: you shall suspect him. He was at your t'other purse, you know! [*Seizes* OVERDO.]—Nay, stay, sir, and view the work you have done; an you be beneficed at the gallows, and preach there, thank your own handy-work.

Cokes. Sir, you shall take no pride in your preferment, you shall be silenced quickly.

[*They seize* OVERDO.

Over. What do you mean, sweet buds of gentility?

Cokes. To have my pennyworths out on you, bud. No less than two purses a day serve you! I thought you a simple fellow, when my man Numps beat you in the morning, and pitied you.

Mrs. Over. So did I, I'll be sworn, brother; but now I see he is a lewd and pernicious enormity, as master Overdo calls him.

Over. Mine own words turn'd upon me like swords! [*Aside.*

Cokes. Cannot a man's purse be at quiet for you in the master's pocket, but you must entice it forth, and debauch it! [OVERDO *is carried off.*

Waspe. Sir, sir, keep your debauch, and your fine Bartholomew terms to yourself, and make as much on 'em as you please. But give me this from you in the mean time; I beseech you, see if I can look to this.

Cokes. Why, Numps?

Waspe. Why! because you are an ass, sir, there's a reason the shortest way, an you will needs have it: now you have got the trick of losing, you'd lose your breech an 'twere loose. I know you, sir, come, deliver, [*Takes the box from him,*] you'll go and crack the vermin you breed now, will you? 'tis very fine; will you have the truth on't? they are such retchless flies as you are, that blow cut-purses abroad in every corner; your foolish having of money makes them. An there were no wiser than I, sir, the trade should lie open for you, sir, it should, i' faith, sir. I would teach your wit to come to your head, sir, as well as your land to come into your hand, I assure you, sir.

Winw. Alack, good Numps!

Waspe. Nay, gentlemen, never pity me, I am not worth it: Lord send me at home once to Harrow o' the Hill, again, if I travel any more, call me Coriat with all my heart.

[*Exeunt* WASPE, COKES, *and* MRS. OVERDO, *followed by* EDGWORTH.

Quar. [*Stops* EDGWORTH.] Stay, sir, I must have a word with you in private. Do you hear?

Edg. With me, sir! what's your pleasure, good sir?

Quar. Do not deny it, you are a cut-purse, sir, this gentleman here and I saw you: nor do we mean to detect you, though we can sufficiently inform ourselves toward the danger of concealing you; but you must do us a piece of service.

Edg. Good gentlemen, do not undo me; I am a civil young man, and but a beginner indeed.

Quar. Sir, your beginning shall bring on your ending for us: we are no catchpoles nor constables. That you are to undertake is this: you saw the old fellow with the black box here?

Edg. The little old governor, sir?

Quar. That same: I see you have flown him to a mark already. I would have you get away that box from him, and bring it us.

Edg. Wou'd you have the box and all, sir, or only that that is in't? I'll get you that, and leave him the box to play with still, which will be the harder of the two, because I would gain your worship's good opinion of me.

Winw. He says well, 'tis the greater mastery, and 'twill make the more sport when 'tis mist.

Edg. Ay, and 'twill be the longer a missing, to draw on the sport.

Quar. But look you do it now, sirrah, and keep your word, or——

Edg. Sir, if ever I break my word with a gentleman, may I never read word at my need. Where shall I find you?

Quar. Somewhere i' the Fair, hereabouts: dispatch it quickly. [*Exit* EDGWORTH.] I would

fain see the careful fool deluded! Of all beasts, I love the serious ass; he that takes pains to be one, and plays the fool with the greatest diligence that can be.

Grace. Then you would not choose, sir, but love my guardian, justice Overdo, who is answerable to that description in every hair of him.

Quar. So I have heard. But how came you, mistress Wellborn, to be his ward, or have relation to him at first?

Grace. Faith, through a common calamity, he bought me, sir; and now he will marry me to his wife's brother, this wise gentleman that you see; or else I must pay value o' my land.

Quar. 'Slid, is there no device of disparagement, or so? talk with some crafty fellow, some pick-lock of the law: would I had studied a year longer in the Inns of court, an 't had been but in your case.

Winw. Ay, master Quarlous, are you proffering! [*Aside.*

Grace. You'd bring but little aid, sir.

Winw. I'll look to you, in faith, gamester.—[*Aside.*] An unfortunate foolish tribe you are fallen into, lady, I wonder you can endure them.

Grace. Sir, they that cannot work their fetters off must wear them.

Winw. You see what care they have on you, to leave you thus.

Grace. Faith, the same they have of themselves, sir. I cannot greatly complain, if this were all the plea I had against them.

Winw. 'Tis true: but will you please to withdraw with us a little, and make them think they have lost you. I hope our manners have been such hitherto, and our language, as will give you no cause to doubt yourself in our company.

Grace. Sir, I will give myself no cause; I am so secure of mine own manners, as I suspect not yours.

Quar. Look where John Littlewit comes.

Winw. Away, I'll not be seen by him.

Quar. No, you were not best, he'd tell his mother, the widow.

Winw. Heart! what do you mean?

Quar. Cry you mercy, is the wind there? must not the widow be named? [*Exeunt.*

Enter LITTLEWIT *from* URSULA'S *booth, followed by* MRS. LITTLEWIT.

Lit. Do you hear, Win, Win?

Mrs. Lit. What say you, John?

Lit. While they are paying the reckoning, Win, I'll tell you a thing, Win; we shall never see any sights in the Fair, Win, except you long still, Win: good Win, sweet Win, long to see some hobby-horses, and some drums, and rattles, and dogs, and fine devices, Win. The bull with the five legs, Win; and the great hog. Now you have begun with pig, you may long for any thing, Win, and so for my motion, Win.

Mrs. Lit. But we shall not eat of the bull and the hog, John; how shall I long then?

Lit. O yes, Win: you may long to see, as well as to taste, Win: how did the pothecary's wife, Win, that longed to see the anatomy, Win? or the lady, Win, that desired to spit in the great lawyer's mouth, after an eloquent pleading? I assure you, they longed, Win; good Win, go in, and long. [*Exeunt* LITTLEWIT *and* MRS. LITTLEWIT.

Trash. I think we are rid of our new customer, brother Leatherhead, we shall hear no more of him.

Leath. All the better; let's pack up all and begone, before he find us.

Trash. Stay a little, yonder comes a company; it may be we may take some more money.

Enter KNOCKEM *and* BUSY.

Knock. Sir, I will take your counsel, and cut my hair, and leave vapours: I see that tobacco, and bottle ale, and pig, and Whit, and very Ursla herself, is all vanity.

Busy. Only pig was not comprehended in my admonition, the rest were: for long hair, it is an ensign of pride, a banner; and the world is full of those banners, very full of banners. And bottle ale is a drink of Satan's, a diet-drink of Satan's, devised to puff us up, and make us swell in this latter age of vanity; as the smoke of tobacco, to keep us in mist and error: but the fleshly woman, which you call Ursla, is above all to be avoided, having the marks upon her of the three enemies of man; the world, as being in the Fair; the devil, as being in the fire; and the flesh, as being herself.

Enter MRS. PURECRAFT.

Pure. Brother Zeal-of-the-land! what shall we do? my daughter Win-the-fight is fallen into her fit of longing again.

Busy. For more pig! there is no more, is there?

Pure. To see some sights in the Fair.

Busy. Sister, let her fly the impurity of the place swiftly, lest she partake of the pitch thereof. Thou art the seat of the beast, O Smithfield, and I will leave thee! Idolatry peepeth out on every side of thee. [*Goes forward.*

Knock. An excellent right hypocrite! now his belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking, the jade. A very good vapour! I'll in, and joy Ursla, with telling how her pig works; two and a half he eat to his share; and he has drunk a pail-full. He eats with his eyes, as well as his teeth. [*Exit.*

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen? what is't you buy? rattles, drums, babies——

Busy. Peace, with thy apocryphal wares, thou profane publican; thy bells, thy dragons, and thy Tobie's dogs. Thy hobby-horse is an idol, a very idol, a fierce and rank idol; and thou, the Nebuchadnezzar, the proud Nebuchadnezzar of the Fair, that sett'st it up, for children to fall down to, and worship.

Leath. Cry you mercy, sir; will you buy a fiddle to fill up your noise?

Re-enter LITTLEWIT *and his* WIFE.

Lit. Look, Win, do, look a God's name, and save your longing. Here be fine sights.

Pure. Ay, child, so you hate them, as our brother Zeal does, you may look on them.

Leath. Or what do you say to a drum, sir?

Busy. It is the broken belly of the beast, and thy bellows there are his lungs, and these pipes are his throat, those feathers are of his tail, and thy rattles the gnashing of his teeth.

Trash. And what's my gingerbread, I pray you?

Busy. The provender that pricks him up. Hence with thy basket of popery, thy nest of images, and whole legend of ginger-work.

Leath. Sir, if you be not quiet the quicklier, I'll have you clapp'd fairly by the heels, for disturbing the Fair.

Busy. The sin of the Fair provokes me, I cannot be silent.

Pure. Good brother Zeal!

Leath. Sir, I'll make you silent, believe it.

Lit. I'd give a shilling you could, i'faith, friend. [*Aside to* LEATHERHEAD.

Leath. Sir, give me your shilling, I'll give you my shop, if I do not; and I'll leave it in pawn with you in the mean time.

Lit. A match, i'faith; but do it quickly then. [*Exit* LEATHERHEAD.

Busy [*to* Mrs. PURECRAFT]. Hinder me not, woman. I was moved in spirit, to be here this day, in this Fair, this wicked and foul Fair; and fitter may it be called a Foul than a Fair; to protest against the abuses of it, the foul abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the merchandise of Babylon again, and the peeping of popery upon the stalls here, here, in the high places. See you not Goldylocks, the purple strumpet there, in her yellow gown and green sleeves? the profane pipes, the tinkling timbrels? a shop of relicks!

[*Attempts to seize the toys.*

Lit. Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with them.

Busy. And this idolatrous grove of images, this flasket of idols, which I will pull down——

[*Overthrows the gingerbread basket.*

Trash. O my ware, my ware! God bless it!

Busy. In my zeal, and glory to be thus exercised.

Re-enter LEATHERHEAD, *with* BRISTLE, HAGGISE, *and other* Officers.

Leath. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his zeal; we cannot sell a whistle for him in tune. Stop his noise first.

Busy. Thou canst not; 'tis a sanctified noise: I will make a loud and most strong noise, till I have daunted the profane enemy. And for this cause——

Leath. Sir, here's no man afraid of you, or your cause. You shall swear it in the stocks, sir.

Busy. I will thrust myself into the stocks, upon the pikes of the land. [*They seize him.*

Leath. Carry him away.

Pure. What do you mean, wicked men?

Busy. Let them alone, I fear them not.

[*Exeunt* Officers *with* BUSY, *followed by* Dame PURECRAFT.

Lit. Was not this shilling well ventured, Win, for our liberty? now we may go play, and see over the Fair, where we list ourselves: my mother is gone after him, and let her e'en go, and lose us.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, John; but I know not what to do.

Lit. For what, Win?

Mrs. Lit. For a thing I am ashamed to tell you, i' faith; and 'tis too far to go home.

Lit. I pray thee be not ashamed, Win. Come, i'faith, thou shalt not be ashamed: is it any thing about the hobby-horse man? an't be, speak freely.

Mrs. Lit. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorn him; no, I have very great what sha' call 'um, John. [*Whispers him.*

Lit. O, is that all, Win? we'll go back to captain Jordan, to the pig-woman's, Win, he'll help us, or she, with a dripping-pan, or an old kettle, or something. The poor greasy soul loves you, Win; and after we'll visit the Fair all over, Win, and see my puppet-play, Win; you know it's a fine matter, Win.

[*Exeunt* LITTLEWIT *and* Mrs. LITTLEWIT.

Leath. Let's away; I counsell'd you to pack up afore, Joan.

Trash. A pox of his Bedlam purity! He has spoiled half my ware: but the best is, we lose nothing if we miss our first merchant.

Leath. It shall be hard for him to find or know us, when we are translated, Joan. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Fair.*

Booths, Stalls, a pair of Stocks, &c.

Enter COKES, BRISTLE, HAGGISE, *and* POCHER, *with* OVERDO, *followed by* TROUBLEALL.

Tro. My masters, I do make no doubt, but you are officers.

Bri. What then, sir.

Tro. And the king's loving and obedient subjects.

Bri. Obedient, friend! take heed what you speak, I advise you; Oliver Bristle advises you. His loving subjects, we grant you; but not his obedient, at this time, by your leave; we know ourselves a little better than so; we are to command, sir, and such as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his obedient subjects going to the stocks; and we'll make you such another, if you talk.

Tro. You are all wise enough in your places, I know.

Bri. If you know it, sir, why do you bring it in question?

Tro. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only hope you have warrant for what you do, and so quit you, and so multiply you. [*Exit.*

Hag. What is he?—Bring him up to the stocks there. Why bring you him not up?

[OVERDO *is brought forward.*

Re-enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. If you have justice Overdo's warrant, 'tis well; you are safe: that is the warrant of warrants. I'll not give this button for any man's warrant else.

Bri. Like enough, sir; but let me tell you, an you play away your buttons thus, you will want them ere night, for any store I see about you; you might keep them, and save pins, I wuss.

[*Exit* TROUBLEALL.

Over. What should he be, that doth so esteem and advance my warrant? he seems a sober and discreet person: It is a comfort to a good conscience to be followed with a good fame in his sufferings. The world will have a pretty taste by this, how I can bear adversity; and it will beget a kind of reverence towards me hereafter, even from mine enemies, when they shall see, I carry my calamity nobly, and that it doth neither break me, nor bend me. [*Aside.*

Hag. Come, sir, here's a place for you to preach in. Will you put in your leg?

Over. That I will, cheerfully.

[*They put him in the Stocks.*

Bri. O' my conscience, a seminary! he kisses the stocks.

Cokes. Well, my masters, I'll leave him with you; now I see him bestowed, I'll go look for my goods, and Numps.

Hag. You may, sir, I warrant you; where's the t'other bawler? fetch him too, you shall find them both fast enough. [*Exit* COKES.

Over. In the midst of this tumult, I will yet be the author of mine own rest, and not minding their fury, sit in the stocks in that calm as shall be able to trouble a triumph. [*Aside.*

Re-enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. Do you assure me upon your words? May I undertake for you, if I be asked the question, that you have this warrant?

Hag. What's this fellow, for God's sake?

Tro. Do but shew me Adam Overdo, and I am satisfied. [*Exit.*

Bri. He is a fellow that is distracted, they say; one Troubleall: he was an officer in the court of pie-poudres here last year, and put out of his place by justice Overdo.

Over. Ha! [*Aside.*

Bri. Upon which he took an idle conceit, and is run mad upon't: so that ever since he will do nothing but by justice Overdo's warrant; he will not eat a crust, nor drink a little, nor make him in his apparel ready. His wife, sir-reverence, cannot get him make his water, or shift his shirt, without his warrant.

Over. If this be true, this is my greatest disaster. How am I bound to satisfy this poor man, that is of so good a nature to me, out of his wits! where there is no room left for dissembling. [*Aside.*

Re-enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. If you cannot shew me Adam Overdo, I am in doubt of you; I am afraid you cannot answer it. [*Exit.*

Hag. Before me, neighbour Bristle,—and now I think on't better,—justice Overdo is a very parantory person.

Bri. O, are you advised of that! and a severe justicer, by your leave.

Over. Do I hear ill o' that side too? [*Aside.*

Bri. He will sit as upright on the bench, an you mark him, as a candle in the socket, and give light to the whole court in every business.

Hag. But he will burn blue, and swell like a boil, God bless us, an he be angry.

Bri. Ay, and he will be angry too, when he lists, that's more; and when he is angry, be it right or wrong, he has the law on's side ever: I mark that too.

Over. I will be more tender hereafter. I see compassion may become a justice, though it be a weakness, I confess, and nearer a vice than a virtue. [*Aside.*

Hag. Well, take him out o' the stocks again; we'll go a sure way to work, we'll have the ace of hearts of our side, if we can. [*They take* OVERDO *out.*

Enter POCHER, *and* Officers *with* BUSY, *followed by* MRS. PURECRAFT.

Poch. Come, bring him away to his fellow there.—Master Busy, we shall rule your legs, I hope, though we cannot rule your tongue.

Busy. No, minister of darkness, no; thou canst not rule my tongue; my tongue it is mine own, and with it I will both knock and mock down your Bartholomew abominations, till you be made a hissing to the neighbouring parishes round about.

Hag. Let him alone, we have devised better upon't.

Pure. And shall he not into the stocks then?

Bri. No, mistress, we'll have them both to justice Overdo, and let him do over 'em as is fitting: then I, and my gossip Haggise, and my beadle Pocher, are discharged.

Pure. O, I thank you, blessed honest men!

Bri. Nay, never thank us; but thank this madman that comes here! he put it in our heads.

Re-enter TROUBLEALL.

Pure. Is he mad? now heaven increase his madness, and bless it, and thank it.—Sir, your poor handmaid thanks you.

Tro. Have you a warrant? an you have a warrant, shew it.

Pure. Yes, I have a warrant out of the word, to give thanks for removing any scorn intended to the brethren. [*Exeunt all but* TROUBLEALL.

Tro. It is justice Overdo's warrant that I look for; if you have not that, keep your word, I'll keep mine. Quit ye, and multiply ye.

Enter EDGWORTH *and* NIGHTINGALE.

Edg. Come away, Nightingale, I pray thee.

Tro. Whither go you? where's your warrant?

Edg. Warrant! for what, sir?

Tro. For what you go about, you know how fit it is; an you have no warrant, bless you, I'll pray for you, that's all I can do. [*Exit.*

Edg. What means he?

Night. A madman that haunts the Fair; do you not know him? It's marvel he has not more followers after his ragged heels.

Edg. Beshrew him, he startled me: I thought he had known of our plot. Guilt's a terrible thing. Have you prepared the costard-monger?

Night. Yes, and agreed for his basket of pears; he is at the corner here, ready. And your prize, he comes down sailing that way all alone, without his protector; he is rid of him, it seems.

Edg. Ay, I know; I should have followed his protectorship, for a feat I am to do upon him: but this offered itself so in the way, I could not let scape: here he comes, whistle; be this sport call'd Dorring the Dotterel.

Re-enter COKES.

Night. Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c. [*Whistles.*

Cokes. By this light, I cannot find my gingerbread wife, nor my hobby-horse man, in all the Fair now, to have my money again: and I do not know the way out on't, to go home for more. Do you hear, friend, you that whistle? what tune is that you whistle?

Night. A new tune I am practising, sir.

Cokes. Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee? nay, on with thy tune; I have no such haste for an answer: I'll practise with thee.

Enter COSTARD-MONGER, *with a Basket of Pears.*

Cos. Buy any pears, very fine pears, pears fine

[NIGHTINGALE *sets his foot afore him, and he falls with his Basket.*

Cokes. Ods so! a muss, a muss, a muss, a muss!
[*Falls a scrambling for the Pears.*

Cos. Good gentlemen, my ware, my ware; I am a poor man. Good sir, my ware.

Night. Let me hold your sword, sir, it troubles you.

Cokes. Do, and my cloke an thou wilt, and my hat too.

Edg. A delicate great boy! methinks he outscrambles them all. I cannot persuade myself, but he goes to grammar-school yet, and plays the truant to-day.

Night. Would he had another purse to cut, Zekiel.

Edg. Purse! a man might cut out his kidneys, I think, and he never feel 'em, he is so earnest at the sport.

Night. His soul is half way out on's body at the game.

Edg. Away, Nightingale; that way.

[NIGHTINGALE *runs off with his sword, cloke, and hat.*

Cokes. I think I am furnish'd for cather'ne pears, for one under-meal: Give me my cloke.

Cos. Good gentleman, give me my ware.

Cokes. Where's the fellow I gave my cloke to? my cloke and my hat; ha! ods 'lid, is he gone? thieves, thieves! help me to cry, gentlemen.
[*Exit hastily.*

Edg. Away, costardmonger, come to us to Ursula's. [*Exit* COST.] Talk of him to have a soul! 'heart, if he have any more than a thing given him instead of salt, only to keep him from stinking, I'll be hang'd afore my time, presently: where should it be, trow? in his blood? he has not so much toward it in his whole body as will maintain a good flea! and if he take this course, he will not have so much land left as to rear a calf, within this twelvemonth. Was there ever green plover so pull'd! that his little overseer had been here now, and been but tall enough to see him steal pears, in exchange for his beaver-hat and his cloke thus! I must go find him out next, for his black box, and his patent, it seems, he has of his place; which I think the gentleman would have a reversion of, that spoke to me for it so earnestly. [*Exit.*

Re-enter COKES.

Cokes. Would I might lose my doublet, and hose, too, as I am an honest man, and never stir, if I think there be any thing but thieving and cozening in this whole Fair. Bartholomew Fair, quoth he! an ever any Bartholomew had that luck in't that I have had, I'll be martyr'd for him, and in Smithfield too. I have paid for my pears, a rot on 'em! I'll keep them no longer; [*throws away his pears.*] you were choke-pears to me: I had been better have gone to mum-chance for you, I wuss. Methinks the Fair should not have used me thus, an 'twere but for my name's-sake; I would not have used a dog o' the name so. O, Numps will triumph now!—

Enter TROUBLEALL.

Friend, do you know who I am, or where I lie? I do not myself, I'll be sworn. Do but carry me home, and I'll please thee; I have money enough there. I have lost myself, and my cloke, and my hat, and my fine sword, and my sister, and Numps, and mistress Grace, a gentlewoman that I should have married, and a cut-work handkerchief she gave me, and two purses, to-day; and my bargain of hobby-horses and gingerbread, which grieves me worst of all.

Tro. By whose warrant, sir, have you done all this?

Cokes. Warrant! thou art a wise fellow indeed; as if a man need a warrant to lose any thing with

Tro. Yes, Justice Overdo's warrant, a man may get and lose with, I'll stand to't.

Cokes. Justice Overdo! dost thou know him? I lie there, he is my brother-in-law, he married my sister: pray thee shew me the way; dost thou know the house?

Tro. Sir, shew me your warrant: I know nothing without a warrant, pardon me.

Cokes. Why, I warrant thee; come along: thou shalt see I have wrought pillows there, and cambric sheets, and sweet bags too. Pray thee guide me to the house.

Tro. Sir, I'll tell you; go you thither yourself first alone, tell your worshipful brother your mind, and but bring me three lines of his hand, or his clerk's, with Adam Overdo underneath, (here I'll stay you,) I'll obey you, and I'll guide you presently.

Cokes. 'Slid, this is an ass, I have found him: pox upon me, what do I talking to such a dull fool! farewell! you are a very coxcomb, do you hear?

Tro. I think I am; if justice Overdo sign to it, I am, and so we are all: he'll quit us all, multiply us all. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Fair.*

Enter GRACE, QUARLOUS, *and* WINWIFE, *with their swords drawn.*

Grace. Gentlemen, this is no way that you take; you do but breed one another trouble and offence, and give me no contentment at all. I am no she that affects to be quarrell'd for, or have my name or fortune made the question of men's swords.

Quar. 'Sblood, we love you.

Grace. If you both love me, as you pretend, your own reason will tell you, but one can enjoy me: and to that point there leads a directer line, than by my infamy, which must follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I have profest it to you ingenuously, that rather than to be yoked with this bridegroom is appointed me, I would take up any husband almost upon any trust; though subtlety would say to me, I know, he is a fool, and has an estate, and I might govern him, and enjoy a friend beside: but these are not my aims; I must have a husband I must love, or I cannot live with him. I shall ill make one of these politic wives.

Winw. Why, if you can like either of us, lady, say, which is he, and the other shall swear instantly to desist.

Quar. Content, I accord to that willingly.

Grace. Sure you think me a woman of an extreme levity, gentlemen, or a strange fancy, that, meeting you by chance in such a place as this, both at one instant, and not yet of two hours acquaintance, neither of you deserving afore the other of me, I should so forsake my modesty (though I might affect one more particularly) as to say, this is he, and name him.

Quar. Why, wherefore should you not? what should hinder you?

Grace. If you would not give it to my modesty,

allow it yet to my wit; give me so much of woman and cunning, as not to betray myself impertinently. How can I judge of you, so far as to a choice, without knowing you more? You are both equal, and alike to me yet, and so indifferently affected by me, as each of you might be the man, if the other were away: for you are reasonable creatures, you have understanding and discourse; and if fate send me an understanding husband, I have no fear at all but mine own manners shall make him a good one.

Quar. Would I were put forth to making for you then.

Grace. It may be you are, you know not what is toward you: will you consent to a motion of mine, gentlemen?

Winw. Whatever it be, we'll presume reasonableness, coming from you.

Quar. And fitness too.

Grace. I saw one of you buy a pair of tables, e'en now.

Winw. Yes, here they be, and maiden ones too, unwritten in.

Grace. The fitter for what they may be employed in. You shall write either of you here a word or a name, what you like best, but of two or three syllables at most; and the next person that comes this way, because Destiny has a high hand in business of this nature, I'll demand which of the two words he or she doth approve, and, according to that sentence, fix my resolution and affection without change.

Quar. Agreed; my word is conceived already.

Winw. And mine shall not be long creating after.

Grace. But you shall promise, gentlemen, not to be curious to know which of you it is, taken; but give me leave to conceal that, till you have brought me either home, or where I may safely tender myself.

Winw. Why, that's but equal.

Quar. We are pleased.

Grace. Because I will bind both your endeavours to work together friendly and jointly each to the other's fortune, and have myself fitted with some means, to make him that is forsaken a part of amends.

Quar. These conditions are very courteous. Well, my word is out of the Arcadia, then; *Argalus.*

Winw. And mine out of the Play *Palemon.* [*They write.*

Enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. Have you any warrant for this, gentlemen?

Quar. Winw. Ha!

Tro. There must be a warrant had, believe it.

Winw. For what?

Tro. For whatsoever it is, any thing indeed, no matter what.

Quar. 'Slight, here's a fine ragged prophet dropt down i' the nick!

Tro. Heaven quit you, gentlemen!

Quar. Nay, stay a little: good lady, put him to the question.

Grace. You are content then?

Winw. Quar. Yes, yes.

Grace. Sir, here are two names written——

Tro. Is justice Overdo one?

Grace. How, sir! I pray you read them to yourself; it is for a wager between these gentlemen; and with a stroke, or any difference, mark which you approve best.

Tro. They may be both worshipful names for aught I know, mistress; but Adam Overdo had been worth three of them, I assure you in this place, that's in plain English.

Grace. This man amazes me: I pray you like one of them, sir.

Tro. [*Marks the book.*] I do like him there, that has the best warrant, mistress, to save your longing, and (multiply him) it may be this. But I am still for justice Overdo, that's my conscience; and quit you.

Winw. Is it done, lady?

Grace. Ay, and strangely, as ever I saw: what fellow is this, trow?

Quar. No matter what, a fortune-teller we have made him: which is it, which is it?

Grace. Nay, did you not promise not to inquire?

Enter EDGWORTH.

Quar. 'Slid, I forgot that, pray you pardon me.—Look, here's our Mercury come; the license arrives in the finest time too! 'tis but scraping out Cokes his name, and 'tis done.

Winw. How now, lime-twig, hast thou touch'd?

Edg. Not yet, sir; except you would go with me and see it, it is not worth speaking on. The act is nothing without a witness. Yonder he is, your man with the box, fallen into the finest company, and so transported with vapours! they have got in a northern clothier, and one Puppy, a western man, that's come to wrestle before my lord mayor anon, and captain Whit, and one Val. Cutting, that helps captain Jordan to roar, a circling boy; with whom your Numps is so taken, that you may strip him of his clothes, if you will. I'll undertake to geld him for you, if you had but a surgeon ready to sear him. And mistress Justice there, is the goodest woman! she does so love them all over in terms of justice and the style of authority, with her hood upright that—I beseech you come away, gentlemen, and see't.

Quar. 'Slight, I would not lose it for the Fair; what will you do, Ned?

Winw. Why, stay hereabout for you: mistress Wellborn must not be seen.

Quar. Do so, and find out a priest in the mean time; I'll bring the license.—Lead, which way is't?

Edg. Here, sir, you are on the back o'the booth already; you may hear the noise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Fair.*

URSULA'S Booth as before.

KNOCKEM, WHIT, NORTHERN, PUPPY, CUTTING, WASPE, *and* Mrs. OVERDO, *discovered, all in a state of intoxication.*

Knock. Whit, bid Val. Cutting continue the vapours for a lift, Whit, for a lift. [*Aside to* WHIT.

Nor. I'll ne mare, I'll ne mare; the eale's too meeghty.

Knock. How now! my galloway nag the staggers, ha! Whit, give him a slit in the forehead. Chear up, man; a needle and thread to stitch his ears. I'd cure him now, an I had it, with a little butter and garlick, long pepper and grains. Where's my horn? I'll give him a mash presently, shall take away this dizziness.

Pup. Why, where are you, zurs? do you vlinch, and leave us in the zuds now?

Nor. I'll ne mare, I is e'en as vull as a paiper's bag, by my troth, I.

Pup. Do my northern cloth zhrink i' the wetting, ha?

Knock. Why, well said, old flea-bitten; thou'lt never tire I see. [*They fall to their vapours again.*

Cut. No, sir, but he may tire if it please him.

Whit. Who told dee sho, that he vuld never teer, man?

Cut. No matter who told him so, so long as he knows.

Knock. Nay, I know nothing, sir, pardon me there.

Enter behind, EDGWORTH *with* QUARLOUS.

Edg. They are at it still, sir; this they call vapours.

Whit. He shall not pardon dee, captain: dou shalt not be pardoned. Pre'dee, shweet-heart, do not pardon him.

Cut. 'Slight, I'll pardon him, an I list, whosoever says nay to't.

Quar. Where's Numps? I miss him.

Waspe. Why, I say nay to't.

Quar. O, there he is.

Knock. To what do you say nay, sir?

Waspe. To any thing, whatsoever it is, so long as I do not like it.

Whit. Pardon me, little man, dou musht like it a little.

Cut. No, he must not like it at all, sir: there you are i' the wrong.

Whit. I tink I bee; he musht not like it indeed.

Cut. Nay, then he both must and will like it, sir, for all you.

Knock. If he have reason, he may like it, sir.

Whit. By no meensh, captain, upon reason, he may like nothing upon reason.

Waspe. I have no reason, nor I will hear of no reason, nor I will look for no reason, and he is an ass that either knows any, or looks for't from me.

Cut. Yes, in some sense you may have reason, sir.

Waspe. Ay, in some sense, I care not if I grant you.

Whit. Pardon me, thou ougsht to grant him nothing in no shensh, if dou do love dyshelf, angry man.

Waspe. Why then, I do grant him nothing; and I have no sense.

Cut. 'Tis true, thou hast no sense indeed.

Waspe. 'Slid, but I have sense, now I think on't better, and I will grant him any thing, do you see.

Knock. He is in the right, and does utter a sufficient vapour.

Cut. Nay, it is no sufficient vapour neither, I deny that.

Knock. Then it is a sweet vapour.

Cut. It may be a sweet vapour.

Waspe. Nay, it is no sweet vapour neither, sir, it stinks, and I'll stand to it.

Whit. Yes, I tink it dosh shtink, captain: all vapour dosh shtink.

Waspe. Nay, then it does not stink, sir, and it shall not stink.

Cut. By your leave it may, sir.

Waspe. Ay, by my leave it may stink, I know that.

Whit. Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it cannot by thy leave, angry man.

Waspe. How can it not?

Knock. Nay, never question him, for he is in the right.

Whit. Yesh, I am in de right, I confesh it, so ish de little man too.

Waspe. I'll have nothing confest that concerns me. I am not in the right, nor never was in the right, nor never will be in the right, while I am in my right mind.

Cut. Mind! why, here's no man minds you, sir, nor any thing else. [*They drink again.*

Pup. Vriend, will you mind this that we do? [*Offering* NORTHERN *the cup.*

Quar. Call you this vapours! this is such belching of quarrel as I never heard. Will you mind your business, sir?

Edg. You shall see, sir. [*Goes up to* WASPE.

Nor. I'll ne mare, my waimb warkes too mickle with this auready.

Edg. Will you take that, master Waspe, that nobody should mind you?

Waspe. Why, what have you to do? is't any matter to you?

Edg. No, but methinks you should not be unminded, though.

Waspe. Nor I wu' not be, now I think on't. Do you hear, new acquaintance? does no man mind me, say you?

Cut. Yes, sir, every man here minds you, but how?

Waspe. Nay, I care as little how as you do; that was not my question.

Whit. No, noting was ty question, tou art a learned man, and I am a valiant man, i'faith la, tou shalt speak for me, and I will fight for tee.

Knock. Fight for him, Whit! a gross vapour, he can fight for himself.

Waspe. It may be I can, but it may be I wu' not, how then?

Cut. Why then you may choose.

Waspe. Why, then I'll choose whether I choose or no.

Knock. I think you may, and 'tis true; and I allow it for a resolute vapour.

Waspe. Nay then, I do think you do not think, and it is no resolute vapour.

Cut. Yes, in some sort he may allow you.

Knock. In no sort, sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the vapour.

Waspe. He mistakes nothing, sir, in no sort.

Whit. Yes I pre dee now, let him mistake.

Waspe. A t— in your teeth, never pre dee me, for I will have nothing mistaken.

Knock. T—! ha, t—? a noisome vapour: strike, Whit. [*Aside to* WHIT.

[*They fall together by the ears, while* EDGWORTH *steals the license out of the box, and exit.*

Mrs. Over. Why gentlemen, why gentlemen, I charge you upon my authority, conserve the peace. In the king's name, and my husband's, put up your weapons, I shall be driven to commit you myself, else.

Quar. Ha, ha, ha!

Waspe. Why do you laugh, sir?

Quar. Sir, you'll allow me my christian liberty I may laugh, I hope.

Cut. In some sort you may, and in some sort you may not, sir.

Knock. Nay in some sort, sir, he may neither laugh nor hope in this company.

Waspe. Yes, then he may both laugh and hope in any sort, an't please him.

Quar. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please me exceedingly.

Waspe. No exceeding neither, sir.

Knock. No, that vapour is too lofty.

Quar. Gentlemen, I do not play well at your game of vapours, I am not very good at it, but——

Cut. [*draws a circle on the ground.*] Do you hear, sir? I would speak with you in circle.

Quar. In circle, sir! what would you with me in circle?

Cut. Can you lend me a piece, a Jacobus, in circle?

Quar. 'Slid, your circle will prove more costly than your vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

Cut. Your beard's not well turn'd up, sir.

Quar. How, rascal! are you playing with my beard? I'll break circle with you.

[*They all draw and fight.*

Pup. Nor. Gentlemen, gentlemen!

Knock. [*Aside to* WHIT.] Gather up, Whit, gather up, Whit, good vapours.

[*Exit, while* WHIT *takes up the swords, clokes, &c. and conceals them.*

Mrs. Over. What mean you? are you rebels, gentlemen? shall I send out a serjeant at arms, or a writ of rebellion, against you? I'll commit you upon my woman-hood, for a riot, upon my justice-hood, if you persist.

[*Exeunt* QUARLOUS *and* CUTTING.

Waspe. Upon my justice-hood! marry s — o' your hood: you'll commit! spoke like a true justice of peace's wife indeed, and a fine female lawyer! t — in your teeth for a fee, now.

Mrs. Over. Why Numps, in master Overdo's name, I charge you.

Waspe. Good mistress Underdo, hold your tongue.

Mrs. Over. Alas, poor Numps!

Waspe. Alas! and why *alas* from you, I beseech you? or why *poor* Numps, goody Rich? Am I come to be pitied by your tuft-taffata now? Why, mistress, I knew Adam the clerk, your husband, when he was Adam Scrivener, and writ for twopence a sheet, as high as he bears his head now, or you your hood, dame.—

Enter BRISTLE *and* other Watchmen.

What are you, sir?

Bri. We be men, and no infidels; what is the matter here, and the noises, can you tell?

Waspe. Heart, what ha' you to do? cannot a man quarrel in quietness, but he must be put out on't by you! what are you?

Bri. Why, we be his majesty's watch, sir.

Waspe. Watch! 'sblood, you are a sweet watch indeed. A body would think, an you watch'd well a nights, you should be contented to sleep at this time a day. Get you to your fleas and your flock-beds, you rogues, your kennels, and lie down close.

Bri. Down! yes, we will down, I warrant you: down with him, in his majesty's name, down, down with him, and carry him away to the pigeon-holes.

[*Some of the Watch seize* WASPE, *and carry him off.*

Mrs. Over. I thank you, honest friends, in the behalf o' the crown, and the peace, and in master Overdo's name, for suppressing enormities.

Whit. Stay, Bristle, here ish anoder brash of drunkards, but very quiet, special drunkards, will pay de five shillings very well. [*Points to* NORTHERN *and* PUPPY, *drunk, and asleep, on the bench.*] Take 'em to de, in de graish o'God: one of hem do's change cloth for ale in the Fair, here; te toder ish a strong man, a mighty man, my lord mayor's man, and a wrastler. He has wrashled so long with the bottle here, that the man with the beard hash almosht streek up hish heelsh.

Bri. 'Slid, the clerk o' the market has been to cry him all the Fair over here, for my lord's service.

Whit. Tere he ish, pre de taik him hensh, and make ty best on him. [*Exeunt* BRISTLE *and the rest of the Watch with* NORTHERN *and* PUPPY.] —How now, woman o'shilk, vat ailsh ty shweet faish? art tou melancholy?

Mrs. Over. A little distempered with these enormities. Shall I entreat a courtesy of you, captain?

Whit. Entreat a hundred, velvet voman, I vill do it, shpeak out.

Mrs. Over. I cannot with modesty speak it out, but—— [*Whispers him.*

Whit. I vill do it, and more and more, for de. What Ursla, an't be bitch, an't be bawd, an't be!

Enter URSULA.

Urs. How now, rascal! what roar you for, old pimp?

Whit. Here, put up de clokes, Ursh; de purchase. Pre de now, shweet Ursh, help dis good brave voman to a jordan, an't be.

Urs. 'Slid call your captain Jordan to her, can you not?

Whit. Nay, pre de leave dy consheits, and bring the velvet woman to de——

Urs. I bring her! hang her: heart, must I find a common pot for every punk in your purlieus?

Whit. O good voordsh, Ursh, it ish a guest o' velvet, i' fait la.

Urs. Let her sell her hood, and buy a spunge, with a pox to her! my vessel is employed, sir. I have but one, and 'tis the bottom of an old bottle. An honest proctor and his wife are at it within; if she'll stay her time, so. [*Exit.*

Whit. As soon as tou cansht, shweet Ursh. Of a valiant man I tink I am te patientsh man i' the world, or in all Smithfield.

Re-enter KNOCKEM.

Knock. How now, Whit! close vapours, stealing your leaps! covering in corners, ha!

Whit. No, fait, captain, dough tou beesht a vishe man, dy vit is a mile hence now. I vas procuring a shmall courtesie for a woman of fashion here.

Mrs. Over. Yes, captain, though I am a justice of peace's wife, I do love men of war, and the sons of the sword, when they come before my husband.

Knock. Say'st thou so, filly? thou shalt have a leap presently, I'll horse thee myself, else.

Urs. [*Within.*] Come, will you bring her in now, and let her take her turn?

Whit. Gramercy, good Ursh, I tank de.

Mrs. Over. Master Overdo shall thank her.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter URSULA, *followed by* LITTLEWIT, *and* MRS. LITTLEWIT.

Lit. Good ga'mere Urse, Win and I are ex

ceedingly beholden to you, and to captain Jordan, and captain Whit.—Win, I'll be bold to leave you, in this good company, Win; for half an hour or so, Win; while I go and see how my matter goes forward, and if the puppets be perfect; and then I'll come and fetch you, Win.

Mrs. Lit. Will you leave me alone with two men, John?

Lit. Ay, they are honest gentlemen, Win, captain Jordan and captain Whit; they'll use you very civilly, Win. God be wi' you, Win. [*Exit.*

Urs. What, is her husband gone?

Knock. On his false gallop, Urse, away.

Urs. An you be right Bartholomew birds, now show yourselves so: we are undone for want of fowl in the Fair, here. Here will be Zekiel Edgworth, and three or four gallants with him at night, and I have neither plover nor quail for them: persuade this between you two, to become a bird o' the game, while I work the velvet woman within, as you call her.

Knock. I conceive thee, Urse: go thy ways. [*Exit* URSULA.]—Dost thou hear, Whit? is't not pity, my delicate dark chestnut here, with the fine lean head, large forehead, round eyes, even mouth, sharp ears, long neck, thin crest, close withers, plain back, deep sides, short fillets, and full flanks; with a round belly, a plump buttock, large thighs, knit knees, strait legs, short pasterns, smooth hoofs, and short heels, should lead a dull honest woman's life, that might live the life of a lady?

Whit. Yes by my fait and trot it is, captain; de honest woman's life is a scurvy dull life indeed, la.

Mrs. Lit. How, sir, is an honest woman's life a scurvy life?

Whit. Yes fait, shweet heart, believe him, de leef of a bond-woman! but if dou vilt hearken to me, I vill make tee a free woman and a lady; dou shalt live like a lady, as te captain saish.

Knock. Ay, and be honest too sometimes; have her wires and her tires, her green gowns and velvet petticoats.

Whit. Ay, and ride to Ware and Rumford in dy coash, shee de players, be in love vit 'em: sup vit gallantsh, be drunk, and cost de noting.

Knock. Brave vapours!

Whit. And lie by twenty on 'em, if dou pleash, shweet heart.

Mrs. Lit. What, and be honest still! that were fine sport.

Whit. Tish common, shweet heart, tou may'st do it by my hand: it shall be justified to thy husband's faish, now: tou shalt be as honesht as the skin between his hornsh, la.

Knock. Yes, and wear a dressing, top and topgallant, to compare with e'er a husband on 'em all, for a foretop: it is the vapour of spirit in the wife to cuckold now a days, as it is the vapour of fashion in the husband not to suspect. Your prying cat-eyed citizen is an abominable vapour.

Mrs. Lit. Lord, what a fool have I been!

Whit. Mend then, and do every ting like a lady hereafter; never know ty husband from another man.

Knock. Nor any one man from another, but in the dark.

Whit. Ay, and then it ish no digsrash to know any man.

Urs. [*Within.*] Help, help here!

Knock. How now? what vapour's there?

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. O, you are a sweet ranger, and look well to your walks! Yonder is your punk of Turnbull, ramping Alice, has fallen upon the poor gentlewoman within, and pull'd her hood over her ears, and her hair through it.

Enter ALICE, *beating and driving in* MRS. OVERDO.

Mrs. Over. Help, help, in the king's name!

Alice. A mischief on you, they are such as you are that undo us and take our trade from us, with your tuft-taffata haunches.

Knock. How now, Alice!

Alice. The poor common whores can have no traffic for the privy rich ones; your caps and hoods of velvet call away our customers, and lick the fat from us.

Urs. Peace, you foul ramping jade, you——

Alice. Od's foot, you bawd in grease, are you talking?

Knock. Why, Alice, I say.

Alice. Thou sow of Smithfield, thou!

Urs. Thou tripe of Turnbull!

Knock. Cat-a-mountain vapours, ha!

Urs. You know where you were taw'd lately; both lash'd and slash'd you were in Bridewell.

Alice. Ay, by the same token you rid that week, and broke out the bottom of the cart, night-tub.

Knock. Why, lion face, ha! do you know who I am? shall I tear ruff, slit waistcoat, make rags of petticoat, ha! go to, vanish for fear of vapours. Whit, a kick, Whit, in the parting vapour. [*They kick out* ALICE.] Come, brave woman, take a good heart, thou shalt be a lady too.

Whit. Yes fait, dey shall all both be ladies, and write madam: I vill do't myself for dem. Do is the word, and D is the middle letter of madam, D D, put 'em together, and make deeds, without which all words are alike, la.

Knock. 'Tis true: Ursula, take them in, open thy wardrobe, and fit them to their calling. Green gowns, crimson petticoats, green women, my lord mayor's green women! guests o' the game, true bred. I'll provide you a coach to take the air in.

Mrs. Lit. But do you think you can get one?

Knock. O, they are common as wheelbarrows where there are great dunghills. Every pettifogger's wife has 'em; for first he buys a coach that he may marry, and then he marries that he may be made cuckold in't: for if their wives ride not to their cuckolding, they do them no credit. [*Exeunt* URSULA, MRS. LITTLEWIT, *and* MRS. OVERDO.]—*Hide and be hidden, ride and be ridden,* says the vapour of experience.

Enter TROUBLEALL.

Tro. By what warrant does it say so?

Knock. Ha, mad child o' the pie-poudres! art thou there? fill us a fresh can, Urse, we may drink together.

Tro. I may not drink without a warrant, captain.

Knock. 'Slood, thou'lt not stale without a warrant shortly. Whit, give me pen, ink, and paper, I'll draw him a warrant presently.

Tro. It must be justice Overdo's.

Knock. I know, man; fetch the drink, Whit.

Whit. I pre dee now, be very brief, captain; for de new ladies stay for dee.

[*Exit, and re-enters with a can*

Knock. O, as brief as can be, here 'tis already. [*Gives* TROUBLEALL *a paper.*] Adam Overdo.

Tro. Why now I'll pledge you, captain.

Knock. Drink it off, I'll come to thee anon again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The back of* URSULA'S *Booth.*

OVERDO in the stocks, People, &c.

Enter QUARLOUS *with the license, and* EDGWORTH.

Quar. Well, sir, you are now discharged; beware of being spied hereafter.

Edg. Sir, will it please you, enter in here at Ursula's, and take part of a silken gown, a velvet petticoat, or a wrought smock; I am promised such, and I can spare a gentleman a moiety.

Quar. Keep it for your companions in beastliness, I am none of them, sir. If I had not already forgiven you a greater trespass, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your manners, to whom you made your offers. But go your ways, talk not to me, the hangman is only fit to discourse with you; the hand of beadle is too merciful a punishment for your trade of life. [*Exit* EDGWORTH.]—I am sorry I employ'd this fellow, for he thinks me such; *facinus quos inquinat, æquat.* But it was for sport; and would I make it serious, the getting of this license is nothing to me, without other circumstances concur. I do think how impertinently I labour, if the word be not mine that the ragged fellow mark'd: and what advantage I have given Ned Winwife in this time now of working her, though it be mine. He'll go near to form to her what a debauched rascal I am, and fright her out of all good conceit of me: I should do so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity. But my hope is in her temper yet; and it must needs be next to despair, that is grounded on any part of a woman's discretion. I would give, by my troth now, all I could spare, to my clothes and my sword, to meet my tatter'd soothsayer again, who was my judge in the question, to know certainly whose word he has damn'd or saved; for till then I live but under a reprieve. I must seek him. Who be these?

Enter BRISTLE *and some of the* Watch, *with* WASPE.

Waspe. Sir, you are a Welsh cuckold, and a prating runt, and no constable.

Bri. You say very well.—Come, put in his leg in the middle roundel, and let him hole there.

[*They put him in the stocks.*

Waspe. You stink of leeks, metheglin, and cheese, you rogue.

Bri. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the stocks in the mean time? if you have a mind to stink too, your breeches sit close enough to your bum. Sit you merry, sir.

Quar. How now, Numps?

Waspe. It is no matter how; pray you look off.

Quar. Nay, I'll not offend you, Numps; I thought you had sat there to be seen.

Waspe. And to be sold, did you not? pray you mind your business, an you have any.

Quar. Cry you mercy, Numps; does your leg lie high enough?

Enter HAGGISE.

Bri. How now, neighbour Haggise, what says justice Overdo's worship to the other offenders?

Hag. Why, he says just nothing; what should he say, or where should he say? He is not to be found, man; he has not been seen in the Fair here all this live-long day, never since seven a clock i' the morning. His clerks know not what to think on't. There is no court of pie-poudres yet. Here they be return'd.

Enter others of the Watch *with* BUSY.

Bri. What shall be done with them, then, in your discretion?

Hag. I think we were best put them in the stocks in discretion (there they will be safe in discretion) for the valour of an hour, or such a thing, till his worship come.

Bri. It is but a hole matter if we do, neighbour Haggise; come, sir, [*to* WASPE.] here is company for you; heave up the stocks.

[*As they open the stocks,* WASPE *puts his shoe on his hand, and slips it in for his leg.*

Waspe. I shall put a trick upon your Welsh diligence perhaps. [*Aside.*

Bri. Put in your leg, sir. [*To* BUSY.

Quar. What, rabbi Busy! is he come?

Busy. I do obey thee; the lion may roar, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the heathen of the land, and put apart in the stocks, for the holy cause.

Waspe. What are you, sir?

Busy. One that rejoiceth in his affliction, and sitteth here to prophesy the destruction of fairs and May-games, wakes and Whitson-ales, and doth sigh and groan for the reformation of these abuses.

Waspe. [*to* OVERDO.] And do you sigh and groan too, or rejoice in your affliction?

Over. I do not feel it, I do not think of it, it is a thing without me: Adam, thou art above these batteries, these contumelies. *In te manca ruit fortuna,* as thy friend Horace says; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula, terrent.* And therefore, as another friend of thine says, I think it be thy friend Persius, *Non te quæsiveris extra.*

Quar. What's here! a stoic in the stocks? the fool is turn'd philosopher.

Busy. Friend, I will leave to communicate my spirit with you, if I hear any more of those superstitious relics, those lists of Latin, the very rags of Rome, and patches of popery.

Waspe. Nay, an you begin to quarrel, gentlemen, I'll leave you. I have paid for quarrelling too lately: look you, a device, but shifting in a hand for a foot. God be wi' you. [*Slips out his hand.*

Busy. Wilt thou then leave thy brethren in tribulation?

Waspe. For this once, sir. [*Exit, running.*

Busy. Thou art a halting neutral; stay him there, stop him, that will not endure the heat of persecution.

Bri. How now, what's the matter?

Busy. He is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

Bri. What, has he made an escape! which way? follow, neighbour Haggise.

[*Exeunt* HAGGISE *and* Watch.

Enter Dame PURECRAFT.

Pure. O me, in the stocks! have the wicked prevail'd?

Busy. Peace, religious sister, it is my calling, comfort yourself; an extraordinary calling, and done for my better standing, my surer standing, hereafter.

Enter TROUBLEALL, *with a can.*

Tro. By whose warrant, by whose warrant, this?

Quar. O, here's my man dropt in I look'd for.

Over. Ha!

Pure. O, good sir, they have set the faithful here to be wonder'd at; and provided holes for the holy of the land.

Tro. Had they warrant for it? shew'd they justice Overdo's hand? if they had no warrant, they shall answer it.

Re-enter HAGGISE.

Bri. Sure you did not lock the stocks sufficiently, neighbour Toby.

Hag. No! see if you can lock them better.

Bri. They are very sufficiently lock'd, and truly; yet something is in the matter.

Tro. True, your warrant is the matter that is in question; by what warrant?

Bri. Madman, hold your peace, I will put you in his room else, in the very same hold, do you see?

Quar. How, is he a madman!

Tro. Shew me justice Overdo's warrant, I obey you.

Hag. You are a mad fool, hold your tongue.

[*Exeunt* HAGGISE *and* BRISTLE.

Tro. In justice Overdo's name, I drink to you, and here's my warrant. [*Shews his can.*

Over. Alas, poor wretch! how it yearns my heart for him! [*Aside.*

Quar. If he be mad, it is in vain to question him. I'll try him though.—Friend, there was a gentlewoman shew'd you two names some hours since, Argalus and Palemon, to mark in a book; which of them was it you mark'd?

Tro. I mark no name but Adam Overdo, that is the name of names, he only is the sufficient magistrate; and that name I reverence, shew it me.

Quar. This fellow's mad indeed: I am further off now than afore.

Over. I shall not breathe in peace till I have made him some amends. [*Aside.*

Quar. Well, I will make another use of him is come in my head: I have a nest of beards in my trunk, one something like his.

Re-enter BRISTLE *and* HAGGISE.

Bri. This mad fool has made me that I know not whether I have lock'd the stocks or no; I think I lock'd them. [*Tries the locks.*

Tro. Take Adam Overdo in your mind, and fear nothing.

Bri, 'Slid, madness itself! hold thy peace, and take that. [*Strikes him.*

Tro. Strikest thou without a warrant? take thou that.

[*They fight, and leave open the stocks in the scuffle.*

Busy. We are delivered by miracle; fellow in fetters, let us not refuse the means; this madness was of the spirit: the malice of the enemy hath mock'd itself. [*Exeunt* BUSY *and* OVERDO.

Pure. Mad do they call him! the world is mad in error, but he is mad in truth: I love him o' the sudden (the cunning man said all true) and shall love him more and more. How well it becomes a man to be mad in truth! O, that I might be his yoke-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should we draw to madness in truth with us! [*Exit.*

Bri. How now, all 'scaped! where's the woman? it is witchcraft! her velvet hat is a witch, o' my conscience, or my key! the one.—The madman was a devil, and I am an ass; so bless me, my place, and mine office! [*Exeunt, affrighted.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Fair, as before.*

A Booth.

LANTHORN LEATHERHEAD, *dressed as a puppet-show man,* FILCHER, *and* SHARKWELL *with a flag.*

Leath. Well, luck and Saint Bartholomew! out with the sign of our invention, in the name of wit, and do you beat the drum the while: all the foul i' the Fair, I mean all the dirt in Smithfield,—that's one of master Littlewit's carwhitchets now—will be thrown at our banner to-day, if the matter does not please the people. O the motions that I Lanthorn Leatherhead have given light to, in my time, since my master Pod died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh, and the city of Norwich, and Sodom and Gomorrah, with the rising of the prentices, and pulling down the bawdy-houses there upon Shrove-Tuesday; but the Gun-powder plot, there was a get-penny! I have presented that to an eighteen or twenty pence audience, nine times in an afternoon. Your home-born projects prove ever the best, they are so easy and familiar; they put too much learning in their things now o'days: and that I fear will be the spoil of this. Littlewit! I say, Micklewit! if not too mickle! look to your gathering there, goodman Filcher.

Filch. I warrant you, sir.

Leath. An there come any gentlefolks, take two-pence apiece, Sharkwell.

Shark. I warrant you, sir, three-pence an we can. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Fair.*

Enter OVERDO, *disguised like a Porter.*

Over. This latter disguise, I have borrow'd of a porter, shall carry me out to all my great and good ends; which however interrupted, were never destroyed in me: neither is the hour of my severity yet come to reveal myself, wherein, cloud-like, I will break out in rain and hail, lightning and thunder, upon the head of enormity. Two main works I have to prosecute: first, one is to invent some satisfaction for the poor kind wretch, who is out of his wits for my sake, and yonder I see him coming, I will walk aside, and project for it.

Enter WINWIFE *and* GRACE.

Winw. I wonder where Tom Quarlous is, that he returns not: it may be he is struck in here to seek us.

Grace. See, here's our madman again.

Enter QUARLOUS, *in* TROUBLEALL'S *clothes, followed by Dame* PURECRAFT.

Quar. I have made myself as like him, as his gown and cap will give me leave.

Pure. Sir, I love you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth.

Winw. How! my widow in love with a madman?

Pure. Verily, I can be as mad in spirit as you.

Quar. By whose warrant? leave your canting. Gentlewoman, have I found you? [*To mistress* GRACE.] save ye, quit ye, and multiply ye! Where's your book? 'twas a sufficient name I mark'd, let me see't, be not afraid to shew't me.

Grace. What would you with it, sir?

Quar. Mark it again and again at your service.

Grace. Here it is, sir, this was it you mark'd.

Quar. Palemon! fare you well, fare you well.

Winw. How, Palemon!

Grace. Yes, faith, he has discovered it to you now, and therefore 'twere vain to disguise it longer; I am yours, sir, by the benefit of your fortune.

Winw. And you have him, mistress, believe it, that shall never give you cause to repent her benefit: but make you rather to think that in this choice she had both her eyes.

Grace. I desire to put it to no danger of protestation, [*Exeunt* GRACE *and* WINWIFE.

Quar. Palemon the word, and Winwife the man!

Pure. Good sir, vouchsafe a yoke-fellow in your madness, shun not one of the sanctified sisters, that would draw with you in truth.

Quar. Away, you are a herd of hypocritical proud ignorants, rather wild than mad; fitter for woods, and the society of beasts, than houses, and the congregation of men. You are the second part of the society of canters, outlaws to order and discipline, and the only privileged church-robbers of Christendom. Let me alone: *Palemon* the word, and Winwife the man!

Pure. I must uncover myself unto him, or I shall never enjoy him, for all the cunning men's promises. [*Aside.*] Good sir, hear me, I am worth six thousand pound, my love to you is become my rack; I'll tell you all and the truth, since you hate the hypocrisy of the party-coloured brotherhood. These seven years I have been a wilful holy widow, only to draw feasts and gifts from my entangled suitors: I am also by office an assisting sister of the deacons, and a devourer, instead of a distributor of the alms. I am a special maker of marriages for our decayed brethren with our rich widows, for a third part of their wealth, when they are married, for the relief of the poor elect: as also our poor handsome young virgins, with our wealthy bachelors or widowers; to make them steal from their husbands, when I have confirmed them in the faith, and got all put into their custodies. And if I have not my bargain, they may sooner turn a scolding drab into a silent minister, than make me leave pronouncing reprobation and damnation unto them. Our elder, Zeal-of-the-land, would have had me, but I know him to be the capital knave of the land, making himself rich, by being made a feoffee in trust to deceased brethren, and cozening their heirs, by swearing the absolute gift of their inheritance. And thus having eased my conscience, and utter'd my heart with the tongue of my love; enjoy all my deceits together, I beseech you. I should not have revealed this to you, but that in time I think you are mad, and I hope you'll think me so too, sir?

Quar. Stand aside, I'll answer you presently. [*He walks by.*] Why should I not marry this six thousand pound, now I think on't, and a good trade too that she has beside, ha? The t' other wench Winwife is sure of; there's no expectation for me there. Here I may make myself some saver yet, if she continue mad, there's the question. It is money that I want, why should not I marry the money when 'tis offer'd me? I have a license and all, it is but razing out one name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a man's fortune! I am resolved: I were truly mad an I would not!—Well, come your ways, follow me, an you will be mad, I'll shew you a warrant!

[*Takes her along with him.*

Pure. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

Over. [*Stopping him.*] Sir, let me speak with you.

Quar. By whose warrant?

Over. The warrant that you tender, and respect so; Justice Overdo's. I am the man, friend Troubleall, though thus disguised (as the careful magistrate ought) for the good of the republic in the Fair, and the weeding out of enormity. Do you want a house, or meat, or drink, or clothes? speak whatsoever it is, it shall be supplied you; what want you?

Quar. Nothing but your warrant.

Over. My warrant! for what?

Quar. To be gone, sir.

Over. Nay, I pray thee stay; I am serious, and have not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee. Think what may do thee good.

Quar. Your hand and seal will do me a great deal of good; nothing else in the whole Fair that I know.

Over. If it were to any end, thou shouldst have it willingly.

Quar. Why, it will satisfy me, that's end enough to look on; an you will not give it me, let me go.

Over. Alas! thou shalt have it presently; I'll but step into the scrivener's here by, and bring it. Do not go away. [*Exit.*

Quar. Why, this madman's shape will prove a very fortunate one, I think. Can a ragged robe produce these effects? if this be the wise justice, and he bring me his hand, I shall go near to make some use on't.

Re-enter OVERDO.

He is come already!

Over. Look thee! here is my hand and seal, Adam Overdo; if there be any thing to be written above in that paper that thou want'st now, or at any time hereafter, think on't, it is my deed. I deliver it so; can your friend write?

Quar. Her hand for a witness, and all is well.

Over. With all my heart. [*He urges her to sign it.*

Quar. Why should not I have the conscience to make this a bond of a thousand pound now, or what I would else? [*Aside.*

Over. Look you, there it is, and I deliver it as my deed again.

Quar. Let us now proceed in madness.

[*Exeunt* QUARLOUS *and* DAME PURECRAFT.

Over. Well, my conscience is much eased; I have done my part, though it doth him no good

yet Adam hath offered satisfaction. The sting is removed from hence! Poor man, he is much altered with his affliction, it has brought him low. Now for my other work, reducing the young man, I have follow'd so long in love, from the brink of his bane to the centre of safety. Here, or in some such like vain place, I shall be sure to find him. I will wait the good time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Fair.*

The Puppet-show Booth, as before.

Enter SHARKWELL *and* FILCHER, *with bills, and* COKES *in his doublet and hose, followed by the Boys of the Fair.*

Cokes. How now! what's here to do, friend? art thou the master of the monuments?

Shar. 'Tis a motion, an't please your worship.

Enter OVERDO *behind.*

Over. My fantastical brother-in-law, master Bartholomew Cokes!

Cokes. A motion! what's that! [*Reads.*] *The ancient modern history of Hero and Leander, otherwise called the Touchstone of true Love, with as true a trial of friendship between Damon and Pythias, two faithful friends o' the Bank-side.*— Pretty, i' faith, what's the meaning on't? is't an interlude, or what is't?

Filch. Yes, sir, please you come near, we'll take your money within.

Cokes. Back with these children; they do so follow me up and down!

Enter LITTLEWIT.

Lit. By your leave, friend.

Filch. You must pay, sir, an you go in.

Lit. Who, I! I perceive thou know'st not me; call the master of the motion.

Shark. What, do you not know the author, fellow Filcher? You must take no money of him; he must come in gratis: master Littlewit is a voluntary; he is the author.

Lit. Peace, speak not too loud, I would not have any notice taken that I am the author, till we see how it passes.

Cokes. Master Littlewit, how dost thou?

Lit. Master Cokes! you are exceeding well met: what, in your doublet and hose, without a cloke or a hat?

Cokes. I would I might never stir, as I am an honest man, and by that fire; I have lost all in the Fair, and all my acquaintance too: didst thou meet any body that I know, master Littlewit? my man Numps, or my sister Overdo, or mistress Grace? Pray thee, master Littlewit, lend me some money to see the interlude here; I'll pay thee again, as I am a gentleman. If thou'lt but carry me home, I have money enough there.

Lit. O, sir, you shall command it; what, will a crown serve you?

Cokes. I think it will; what do we pay for coming in, fellows?

Filch. Two-pence, sir.

Cokes. Two-pence! there's twelve-pence, friend: nay, I am a gallant, as simple as I look now; if you see me with my man about me, and my artillery again.

Lit. Your man was in the stocks e'en now, sir.

Cokes. Who, Numps?

Lit. Yes, faith.

Cokes. For what, i' faith? I am glad o' that; remember to tell me on't anon; I have enough now. What manner of matter is this, master Littlewit? what kind of actors have you? are they good actors?

Lit. Pretty youths, sir, all children both old and young; here's the master of 'em——

Enter LEATHERHEAD.

Leath. [*aside to* LITTLEWIT.] Call me not Leatherhead, but Lantern.

Lit. Master Lantern, that gives light to the business.

Cokes. In good time, sir! I would fain see them, I would be glad to drink with the young company; which is the tiring-house?

Leath. Troth, sir, our tiring-house is somewhat little; we are but beginners yet, pray pardon us; you cannot go upright in't.

Cokes. No! not now my hat is off? what would you have done with me, if you had had me feather and all, as I was once to-day? Have you none of your pretty impudent boys now, to bring stools, fill tobacco, fetch ale, and beg money, as they have at other houses? Let me see some of your actors.

Lit. Shew him them, shew him them. Master Lantern, this is a gentleman that is a favourer of the quality. [*Exit* LEATHERHEAD.

Over. Ay, the favouring of this licentious quality is the consumption of many a young gentleman; a pernicious enormity. [*Aside.*

Re-enter LEATHERHEAD, *with a basket.*

Cokes. What! do they live in baskets?

Leath. They do lie in a basket, sir, they are o' the small players.

Cokes. These be players minors indeed. Do you call these players?

Leath. They are actors, sir, and as good as any, none dispraised, for dumb shows: indeed, I am the mouth of them all.

Cokes. Thy mouth will hold them all. I think one tailor would go near to beat all this company with a hand bound behind him.

Lit. Ay, and eat them all too, an they were in cake-bread.

Cokes. I thank you for that, master Littlewit; a good jest! Which is your Burbage now?

Leath. What mean you by that, sir?

Cokes. Your best actor, your Field?

Lit. Good, i'faith! you are even with me, sir.

Leath. This is he, that acts young Leander, sir: he is extremely beloved of the womenkind, they do so affect his action, the green gamesters, that come here! and this is lovely Hero; this with the beard, Damon; and this pretty Pythias: this is the ghost of king Dionysius in the habit of a scrivener; as you shall see anon at large.

Cokes. Well, they are a civil company, I like 'em for that; they offer not to fleer, nor jeer, nor break jests, as the great players do: and then, there goes not so much charge to the feasting of them, or making them drunk, as to the other, by reason of their littleness. Do they use to play perfect? are they never fluster'd?

Leath. No, sir, I thank my industry and policy for it; they are as well govern'd a company, though I say it——And here is young Leander, is as proper an actor of his inches, and shakes his head like an hostler.

Cokes. But do you play it according to the printed book? I have read that.

Leath. By no means, sir.

Cokes. No! how then?

Leath. A better way, sir; that is too learned and poetical for our audience: what do they know what *Hellespont* is, *guilty of true love's blood?* or what *Abydos* is? or *the other, Sestos hight?*

Cokes. Thou art in the right; I do not know myself.

Leath. No, I have entreated master Littlewit to take a little pains to reduce it to a more familiar strain for our people.

Cokes. How, I pray thee, good master Littlewit?

Lit. It pleases him to make a matter of it, sir; but there is no such matter, I assure you: I have only made it a little easy, and modern for the times, sir, that's all. As for the Hellespont, I imagine our Thames here; and then Leander I make a dyer's son about Puddle-wharf: and Hero a wench o' the Bank-side, who going over one morning to Old Fish-street, Leander spies her land at Trig-stairs, and falls in love with her. Now do I introduce Cupid, having metamorphosed himself into a drawer, and he strikes Hero in love with a pint of sherry; and other pretty passages there are of the friendship, that will delight you, sir, and please you of judgment.

Cokes. I'll be sworn they shall: I am in love with the actors already, and I'll be allied to them presently.—They respect gentlemen, these fellows: —Hero shall be my fairing: but which of my fairings?—let me see—i' faith, my fiddle; and Leander my fiddle-stick: then Damon my drum, and Pythias my pipe, and the ghost of Dionysius my hobby-horse. All fitted.

Enter WINWIFE *and* GRACE.

Winw. Look, yonder's your Cokes gotten in among his play-fellows; I thought we could not miss him at such a spectacle.

Grace. Let him alone, he is so busy he will never spy us.

Leath. Nay, good sir!

[*To* COKES, *who is handling the puppets.*

Cokes. I warrant thee I will not hurt her, fellow; what, dost thou think me uncivil? I pray thee be not jealous; I am toward a wife.

Lit. Well, good master Lantern, make ready to begin that I may fetch my wife; and look you be perfect, you undo me else, in my reputation.

Leath. I warrant you, sir, do not you breed too great an expectation of it among your friends; that's the hurter of these things.

Lit. No, no, no. [*Exit.*

Cokes. I'll stay here and see; pray thee let me see.

Winw. How diligent and troublesome he is!

Grace. The place becomes him, methinks.

Over. My ward, mistress Grace, in the company of a stranger! I doubt I shall be compell'd to discover myself before my time. [*Aside.*

Enter KNOCKEM, EDGWORTH, *and* Mrs. LITTLEWIT, *followed by* WHIT *supporting* Mrs. OVERDO, *masked.*

Filch. Two-pence apiece, gentlemen, an excellent motion.

Knock. Shall we have fine fire-works, and good vapours?

Shark. Yes, captain, and water-works too.

Whit. I pree dee take care o' dy shmall lady there, Edgworth; I will look to dish tall lady myself.

Leath. Welcome, gentlemen, welcome, gentlemen.

Whit. Predee mashter o' the monshtersh, help a very sick lady here to a chair to shit in.

Leath. Presently, sir.

[*A chair is brought in for* Mrs. OVERDO.

Whit. Good fait now, Ursula's ale and aquavitæ ish to blame for't; shit down, shweet-heart, shit down and sleep a little.

Edg. [*To* Mrs. LITTLEWIT.] Madam, you are very welcome hither.

Knock. Yes, and you shall see very good vapours.

Over. Here is my care come! I like to see him in so good company: and yet I wonder that persons of such fashion should resort hither. [*Aside.*

Edg. There is a very private house, madam.

Leath. Will it please your ladyship sit, madam?

Mrs. Lit. Yes, goodman. They do so all-to-be-madam me, I think they think me a very lady.

Edg. What else, madam?

Mrs. Lit. Must I put off my mask to him?

Edg. O, by no means.

Mrs. Lit. How should my husband know me then?

Knock. Husband! an idle vapour; he must not know you, nor you him: there's the true vapour.

Over. Yea! I will observe more of this. [*Aside.*] Is this a lady, friend?

Whit. Ay, and dat is anoder lady, shweet-heart; if dou hasht a mind to 'em, give me twelve-pence from tee, and dou shalt have eder oder on 'em.

Over. Ay, this will prove my chiefest enormity I will follow this. [*Aside.*

Edg. Is not this a finer life, lady, than to be clogg'd with a husband?

Mrs. Lit. Yes, a great deal. When will they begin, trow, in the name o' the motion?

Edg. By and by, madam; they stay but for company.

Knock. Do you hear, puppet-master, these are tedious vapours, when begin you?

Leath. We stay but for master Littlewit, the author, who is gone for his wife: and we begin presently.

Mrs. Lit. That's I, that's I.

Edg. That was you, lady; but now you are no such poor thing.

Knock. Hang the author's wife, a running vapour! here be ladies will stay for ne'er a Delia of them all.

Whit. But hear me now, here ish one o' de ladish ashleep, stay till shee but vake, man.

Enter WASPE.

Waspe. How now, friends! what's here to do?

Filch. Two-pence apiece, sir, the best motion in the Fair.

Waspe. I believe you lie; if you do, I'll have my money again, and beat you.

Mrs. Lit. Numps is come!

Waspe. Did you see a master of mine come in here, a tall young 'squire of Harrow o' the Hill, master Bartholomew Cokes?

Filch. I think there be such a one within.

Waspe. Look he be, you were best: but it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I have been at the Eagle, and the Black Wolf, and the Bull with the five legs and two pizzles:—he was a calf at Uxbridge fair two years agone—and at the dogs that dance the morrice

and the hare of the Tabor; and mist him at all these! Sure this must needs be some fine sight that holds him so, if it have him.

Cokes. Come, come, are you ready now?

Leath. Presently, sir.

Waspe. Hoyday, he's at work in his doublet and hose! do you hear, sir, are you employ'd, that you are bare-headed and so busy?

Cokes. Hold your peace, Numps; you have been in the stocks, I hear.

Waspe. Does he know that! nay, then the date of my authority is out; I must think no longer to reign, my government is at an end. He that will correct another must want fault in himself.

Winw. Sententious Numps! I never heard so much from him before.

Leath. Sure master Littlewit will not come; please you take your place, sir; we'll begin.

Cokes. I pray thee do, mine ears long to be at it, and my eyes too. O Numps, in the stocks, Numps! where's your sword, Numps!

Waspe. I pray you intend your game, sir, let me alone.

Cokes. Well then, we are quit for all. Come, sit down, Numps; I'll interpret to thee: did you see mistress Grace? It's no matter, neither, now I think on't, tell me anon.

Winw. A great deal of love and care he expresses!

Grace. Alas, would you have him to express more than he has? that were tyranny.

Cokes. Peace, ho! now, now.

Leath. *Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander,*
Behold our chief actor, amorous Leander.
With a great deal of cloth, lapp'd about him like a scarf,
For he yet serves his father, a dyer at Puddle-wharf;
Which place we'll make bold with, to call it our Abydus,
As the Bankside is our Sestos; and let it not be deny'd us.
Now as he is beating to make the dye take the fuller,
Who chances to come by, but fair Hero in a sculler;
And seeing Leander's naked leg and goodly calf,
Cast at him from the boat a sheep's eye and an half.
Now she is landed, and the sculler come back,
By and by you shall see what Leander doth lack.

Lean. *Cole, Cole, old Cole!*

Leath. *That is the sculler's name without controul.*

Lean. *Cole, Cole, I say, Cole!*

Leath. *We do hear you.*

Lean. *Old Cole.*

Leath. *Old Cole! is the dyer turn'd collier? how do you sell?*

Lean. *A pox o' your manners, kiss my hole here, and smell.*

Leath. *Kiss your hole and smell! there's manners indeed.*

Lean. *Why, Cole, I say, Cole!*

Leath. *Is't the sculler you need?*

Lean. *Ay, and be hang'd.*

Leath. *Be hang'd! look you yonder.*
Old Cole, you must go hang with master Leander.

Cole. *Where is he?*

Lean. *Here, Cole: what fairest of fairs,*
Was that fare that thou landedst but now at Trig-stairs?

Cokes. What was that, fellow? pray thee tell me, I scarce understand them.

Leath. *Leander does ask, sir, what fairest of fairs,*
Was the fare he landed but now at Trig-stairs?

Cole. *It is lovely Hero.*

Lean. *Nero?*

Cole. *No, Hero.*

Leath. *It is Hero*
Of the Bankside, he saith, to tell you truth without erring,
Is come over into Fish-street to eat some fresh herring.
Leander says no more, but as fast as he can,
Gets on all his best clothes, and will after to the

Cokes. Most admirable good, is't not? [*Swan.*

Leath. *Stay, sculler.*

Cole. *What say you?*

Leath. *You must stay for Leander,*
And carry him to the wench.

Cole. *You rogue, I am no pander.*

Cokes. He says he is no pander. 'Tis a fine language; I understand it now.

Leath. *Are you no pander, goodman Cole? here's no man says you are;*
You'll grow a hot cole, it seems; pray you stay for

Cole. *Will he come away?* [*your fare.*

Leath. *What do you say?*

Cole. *I'd have him come away.*

Leath. *Would you have Leander come away? why, pray sir, stay.*
You are angry, goodman Cole; I believe the fair maid
Came over with you a' trust: tell us, sculler, are you paid?

Cole. *Yes, goodman Hogrubber of Pickthatch.*

Leath. *How, Hogrubber of Pickthatch.*

Cole. *Ay, Hogrubber of Pickthatch. Take you that.* [Strikes him over the pate.

Leath. *O, my head!*

Cole. *Harm watch, harm catch!*

Cokes. *Harm watch, harm catch,* he says; very good, i'faith: the sculler had like to have knock'd you, sirrah.

Leath. Yes, but that his fare call'd him away.

Lean. *Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row, row.*

Leath. *You are knavishly loaden, sculler, take heed where you go.*

Cole. *Knave in your face, goodman rogue.*

Lean. *Row, row, row, row, row.*

Cokes. He said, knave in your face, friend.

Leath. Ay, sir, I heard him; but there's no talking to these watermen, they will have the last word.

Cokes. Od's my life! I am not allied to the sculler yet; he shall be *Dauphin my boy.* But my fiddle-stick does fiddle in and out too much: I pray thee speak to him on't; tell him I would have him tarry in my sight more.

Leath. I pray you be content; you'll have enough on him, sir.

Now, gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,
But that you have heard of a little god of love call'd Cupid;
Who out of kindness to Leander, hearing he but saw her,
This present day and hour doth turn himself to a drawer.

And because he would have their first meeting to be merry,
He strikes Hero in love to him with a pint of sherry;
Which he tells her from amorous Leander is sent her,
Who after him into the room of Hero doth venture.
[LEANDER goes into Mistress HERO's room.

Jonas. *A pint of sack, score a pint of sack in the Coney.*

Cokes. Sack! you said but e'en now it should be sherry.

Jonas. *Why, so it is; sherry, sherry, sherry.*

Cokes. *Sherry, sherry, sherry!* By my troth he makes me merry. I must have a name for Cupid too. Let me see, thou might'st help me, now, an thou would'st, Numps, at a dead lift: but thou art dreaming of the stocks still.—Do not think on't, I have forgot it; 'tis but a nine days' wonder, man; let it not trouble thee.

Waspe. I would the stocks were about your neck, sir; condition I hung by the heels in them till the wonder were off from you, with all my heart.

Cokes. Well said, resolute Numps! but hark you, friend, where's the friendship all this while between my drum Damon, and my pipe Pythias?

Leath. You shall see by and by, sir.

Cokes. You think my hobby-horse is forgotten too; no, I'll see them all enact before I go; I shall not know which to love best else.

Knock. This gallant has interrupting vapours, troublesome vapours; Whit, puff with him.

Whit. No, I pree dee, captain, let him alone; he is a child, i'faith, la.

Leath. *Now, gentles, to the friends, who in number are two,*
And lodged in that ale-house in which fair Hero does do.
Damon, for some kindness done him the last week,
Is come, fair Hero, in Fish-street, this morning to seek:
Pythias does smell the knavery of the meeting,
And now you shall see their true-friendly greeting.

Pythias. *You whore-masterly slave, you.*

Cokes. Whore-masterly slave you! very friendly and familiar, that.

Damon. *Whore-master in thy face,*
Thou hast lain with her thyself, I'll prove it in this place.

Cokes. Damon says, Pythias has lain with her nimself, he'll prove't in this place.

Leath. *They are whore-masters both, sir, that's a plain case.*

Pythias. *You lie like a rogue.*

Leath. *Do I lie like a rogue?*

Pythias. *A pimp and a scab.*

Leath. *A pimp and a scab.*
I say, between you, you have both but one drab.

Damon. *You lie again.*

Leath. *Do I lie again?*

Damon. *Like a rogue again.*

Leath. *Like a rogue again?*

Pythias. *And you are a pimp again.*

Cokes. And you are a pimp again, he says.

Damon. *And a scab again.*

Cokes. And a scab again, he says.

Leath. *And I say again, you are both whore-masters, again.*
And you have both but one drab again.

Damon *and* Pythias. *Dost thou, dost thou, dost thou?* [They fall upon him.

Leath. *What, both at once?*

Pythias. *Down with him, Damon.*

Damon. *Pink his guts, Pythias.*

Leath. *What, so malicious?*
Will ye murder me, masters both, in my own house?

Cokes. Ho! well acted, my drum, well acted, my pipe, well acted still!

Waspe. Well acted, with all my heart.

Leath. *Hold, hold your hands.*

Cokes. Ay, both your hands, for my sake! for you have both done well.

Damon. *Gramercy, pure Pythias.*

Pythias. *Gramercy, dear Damon.*

Cokes. Gramercy to you both, my pipe and my drum.

Pythias *and* Damon. *Come, now we'll together to breakfast to Hero.*

Leath. *'Tis well you can now go to breakfast to Hero.*
You have given me my breakfast, with a hone and honero.

Cokes. How is't, friend, have they hurt thee?

Leath. O no:
Between you and I, sir, we do but make show.—
Thus, gentles, you perceive, without any denial,
'Twixt Damon and Pythias here, friendship's true trial.
Though hourly they quarrel thus, and roar each with other,
They fight you no more than does brother with brother;
But friendly together, at the next man they meet,
They let fly their anger, as here you might see't.

Cokes. Well, we have seen it, and thou hast felt it, whatsoe'er thou sayest. What's next, what's next?

Leath. *This while young Leander with fair Hero is drinking,*
And Hero grown drunk to any man's thinking!
Yet was it not three pints of sherry could flaw her,
Till Cupid distinguished like Jonas the drawer,
From under his apron, where his lechery lurks,
Put love in her sack. Now mark how it works.

Hero. *O Leander, Leander, my dear, my dear Leander,*
I'll for ever be thy goose, so thou'lt be my gander.

Cokes. Excellently well said, Fiddle, she'll ever be his goose, so he'll be her gander; was't not so?

Leath. Yes, sir, but mark his answer now.

Lean. *And sweetest of geese, before I go to bed,*
I'll swim over the Thames, my goose, thee to tread.

Cokes. Brave! he will swim over the Thames, and tread his goose to-night, he says.

Leath. Ay, peace, sir, they'll be angry if they hear you eaves-dropping, now they are setting their match.

Lean. *But lest the Thames should be dark, my goose, my dear friend,*
Let thy window be provided of a candle's end.

Hero. *Fear not, my gander, I protest I should handle*
My matters very ill, if I had not a whole candle.

Lean. *Well then, look to't, and kiss me to boot.*

Leath. *Now here come the friends again, Pythias and Damon,*
And under their clokes they have of bacon a gammon.

Pythias. *Drawer, fill some wine here.*

Leath. How, some wine there!
There's company already, sir, pray forbear.

Damon. *'Tis Hero.*
Leath. *Yes, but she will not to be taken,*
After sack and fresh herring, with your Dunmow-bacon.
Pythias. *You lie, it's Westfabian.*
Leath. *Westphalian* you should say.
Damon. *If you hold not your peace, you are a coxcomb, I would say.*
[LEANDER and HERO kiss.
What's here, what's here? kiss, kiss, upon kiss!
Leath. *Ay, wherefore should they not? what harm is in this?*
'Tis mistress Hero.
Damon. *Mistress Hero's a whore.*
Leath. *Is she a whore? keep you quiet, or, sir, knave, out of door.*
Damon. *Knave out of door?*
Hero. *Yes, knave out of door.*
Damon. *Whore out of door.*
[They fall together by the ears.
Hero. *I say, knave out of door.*
Damon. *I say, whore out of door.*
Pythias. *Yea, so say I too.*
Hero. *Kiss the whore o' the a—.*
Leath. *Now you have something to do:*
You must kiss her o' the a—, she says.
Damon *and* Pythias. *So we will, so we will.*
[They kick her.
Hero. *O my haunches, O my haunches, hold,*
Leath. *Stand'st thou still!* [*hold.*
Leander, where art thou? stand'st thou still like a sot,
And not offer'st to break both their heads with a pot?
See who's at thine elbow there! puppet Jonas and Cupid.
Jonas. *Upon'em, Leander, be not so stupid.*
Lean. *You goat-bearded slave!*
Damon. *You whore-master knave!* [They fight.
Lean. *Thou art a whore-master.*
Jonas. *Whore-masters all.*
Leath. *See, Cupid with a word has tane up the Knock.* These be fine vapours! [*brawl.*
Cokes. By this good day, they fight bravely; do they not, Numps?
Wasps. Yes, they lack'd but you to be their second all this while.
Leath. *This tragical encounter falling out thus to busy us,*
It raises up the ghost of their friend Dionysius;
Not like a monarch, but the master of a school,
In a scrivener's furr'd gown, which shews he is no fool:
For therein he hath wit enough to keep himself warm.
O Damon, he cries, and Pythias, what harm
Hath poor Dionysius done you in his grave,
That after his death you should fall out thus and rave,
And call amorous Leander whore-master knave?
Damon. *I cannot, I will not, I promise you, endure it.*

RABBI BUSY *rushes in.*

Busy. Down with Dagon! down with Dagon! 'tis I, I will no longer endure your profanations.
Leath. What mean, you, sir?
Busy. I will remove Dagon there, I say, that idol, that heathenish idol, that remains, as I may say, a beam, a very beam,—not a beam of the sun, nor a beam of the moon, nor a beam of a balance, neither a house-beam, nor a weaver's beam, but a beam in the eye, in the eye of the brethren; a very great beam, an exceeding great beam; such as are your stage-players, rimers, and morrice-dancers, who have walked hand in hand, in contempt of the brethren, and the cause; and been born out by instruments of no mean countenance.
Leath. Sir, I present nothing but what is licensed by authority.
Busy. Thou art all license, even licentiousness itself, Shimei!
Leath. I have the master of the revels' hand for't, sir.
Busy. The master of the rebels' hand thou hast. Satan's! hold thy peace, thy scurrility, shut up thy mouth, thy profession is damnable, and in pleading for it thou dost plead for Baal. I have long opened my mouth wide, and gaped; I have gaped as the oyster for the tide, after thy destruction: but cannot compass it by suit or dispute; so that I look for a bickering, ere long, and then a battle.
Knock. Good Banbury vapours!
Cokes. Friend, you'd have an ill match on't, if you bicker with him here; though he be no man of the fist, he has friends that will to cuffs for him. Numps, will not you take our side?
Edg. Sir, it shall not need; in my mind he offers him a fairer course, to end it by disputation: hast thou nothing to say for thyself, in defence of thy quality?
Leath. Faith, sir, I am not well-studied in these controversies, between the hypocrites and us. But here's one of my motion, puppet Dionysius, shall undertake him, and I'll venture the cause on't.
Cokes. Who, my hobby-horse! will he dispute with him?
Leath. Yes, sir, and make a hobby-ass of him, I hope.
Cokes. That's excellent! indeed he looks like the best scholar of them all. Come, sir, you must be as good as your word now.
Busy. I will not fear to make my spirit and gifts known: assist me zeal, fill me, fill me, that is, make me full!
Winw. What a desperate, profane wretch is this! is there any ignorance or impudence like his, to call his zeal to fill him against a puppet?
Quar. I know no fitter match than a puppet to commit with an hypocrite!
Busy. First, I say unto thee, idol, thou hast no calling.
Dion. *You lie, I am call'd Dionysius.*
Leath. The motion says, you lie, he is call'd Dionysius in the matter, and to that calling he answers.
Busy. I mean no vocation, idol, no present lawful calling.
Dion. *Is yours a lawful calling?*
Leath. The motion asketh, if yours be a lawful calling.
Busy. Yes, mine is of the spirit.
Dion. *Then idol is a lawful calling.*
Leath. He says, then idol is a lawful calling; for you call'd him idol, and your calling is of the spirit.
Cokes. Well disputed, hobby-horse.
Busy. Take not part with the wicked, young gallant: he neigheth and hinnieth; all is bu'

hinnying sophistry. I call him idol again; yet, I say, his calling, his profession is profane, it is profane, idol.

Dion. *It is not profane.*

Leath. It is not profane, he says.

Busy. It is profane.

Dion. *It is not profane.*

Busy. It is profane.

Dion. *It is not profane.*

Leath. Well said, confute him with *Not*, still. You cannot bear him down with your base noise, sir.

Busy. Nor he me, with his treble creeking, though he creek like the chariot wheels of Satan; I am zealous for the cause——

Leath. As a dog for a bone.

Busy. And I say, it is profane, as being the page of Pride, and the waiting-woman of Vanity.

Dion. *Yea! what say you to your tire-women, then?*

Leath. Good.

Dion. *Or feather-makers in the Friers, that are of your faction of faith? are not they with their verukes, and their puffs, their fans, and their huffs, as much pages of Pride, and waiters upon Vanity? What say you, what say you, what say you?*

Busy. I will not answer for them.

Dion. *Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a bugle-maker a lawful calling? or the confect-makers? such you have there; or your French fashioner? you would have all the sin within yourselves, would you not, would you not?*

Busy. No, Dagon.

Dion. *What then, Dagonet? is a puppet worse than these?*

Busy. Yes, and my main argument against you is, that you are an abomination; for the male, among you, putteth on the apparel of the female, and the female of the male.

Dion. *You lie, you lie, you lie abominably,*

Cokes. Good, by my troth, he has given him the lie thrice.

Dion. *It is your old stale argument against the players, but it will not hold against the puppets; for we have neither male nor female amongst us. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblind zeal as thou art.*

[Takes up his garment.

Edg. By my faith, there he has answer'd you, friend, a plain demonstration.

Dion. *Nay, I'll prove, against e'er a Rabbin of them all, that my standing is as lawful as his; that I speak by inspiration, as well as he; that I have as little to do with learning as he; and do scorn her helps as much as he.*

Busy. I am confuted, the cause hath failed me.

Dion. *Then be converted, be converted.*

Leath. Be converted, I pray you, and let the play go on!

Busy. Let it go on; for I am changed, and will become a beholder with you.

Cokes. That's brave, i'faith, thou hast carried it away, hobby-horse; on with the play.

Over. [*Discovering himself.*] Stay, now do I forbid; I am Adam Overdo! sit still, I charge you.

Cokes. What, my brother-in-law!

Grace. My wise guardian!

Edg. Justice Overdo!

Over. It is time to take enormity by the forehead, and brand it; for I have discovered enough.

Enter QUARLOUS *in* TROUBLEALL'S *clothes, as before, and* Dame PURECRAFT.

Quar. Nay, come, mistress bride; you must do as I do, now. You must be mad with me, in truth. I have here justice Overdo for it.

Over. Peace, good Troubleall; come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your friend too; you also, young man, [*to* EDGWORTH.] shall be my care; stand there.

Edg. Now, mercy upon me.

Knock. Would we were away, Whit, these are dangerous vapours; best fall off with our birds, for fear o' the cage. [*They attempt to steal away.*

Over. Stay, is not my name your terror?

Whit. Yesh fait, man, and it ish for tat we would be gone, man.

Enter LITTLEWIT.

Lit. O, gentlemen! did you not see a wife of mine? I have lost my little wife, as I shall be trusted; my little pretty Win. I left her at the great woman's house in trust yonder, the pig-woman's, with captain Jordan, and captain Whit, very good men, and I cannot hear of her. Poor fool, I fear she's stepp'd aside. Mother, did you not see Win?

Over. If this grave matron be your mother, sir, stand by her, *et digito compesce labellum*; I may perhaps spring a wife for you anon. Brother Bartholomew, I am sadly sorry to see you so lightly given, and such a disciple of enormity, with your grave governor Humphrey: but stand you both there, in the middle place; I will reprehend you in your course. Mistress Grace, let me rescue you out of the hands of the stranger.

Winw. Pardon me, sir, I am a kinsman of hers.

Over. Are you so! of what name, sir?

Winw. Winwife, sir.

Over. Master Winwife! I hope you have won no wife of her, sir; if you have, I will examine the possibility of it, at fit leisure. Now, to my enormities: look upon me, O London! and see me, O Smithfield! the example of justice, and Mirrour of Magistrates; the true top of formality, and scourge of enormity. Hearken unto my labours, and but observe my discoveries; and compare Hercules with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or Columbus, Magellan, or our countryman Drake, of later times. Stand forth, you weeds of enormity, and spread. First, Rabbi Busy, thou superlunatical hypocrite;——[*to* LEATHERHEAD.] Next thou other extremity, thou profane professor of puppetry, little better than poetry:——[*to* WHIT.] Then thou strong debaucher and seducer of youth; witness this easy and honest young man, [*pointing to* EDGE.]——[*to* KNOCK.] Now, thou esquire of dames, madams, and twelve-penny ladies;—Now, my green madam herself of the price; let me unmask your ladyship.

[*Discovers* Mrs. LIT.

Lit. O my wife, my wife, my wife!

Over. Is she your wife? *redde te Harpocratem.*

Enter TROUBLEALL, *with a dripping-pan, followed by* URSULA *and* NIGHTINGALE.

Trou. By your leave, stand by, my masters, be uncover'd.

Urs. O stay him, stay him, help to cry, Nightingale; my pan, my pan!

Over. What's the matter?

Night. He has stolen gammar Ursula's pan.

Tro. Yes, and I fear no man but justice Overdo.

Over. Ursula! where is she? O the sow of enormity, this! welcome, stand you there; you, songster, there.

Urs. An't please your worship, I am in no fault: a gentleman stripped him in my booth, and borrowed his gown, and his hat; and he ran away with my goods here for it.

Over. [*To* QUARLOUS.] Then this is the true madman, and you are the enormity!

Quar. You are in the right: I am mad but from the gown outward.

Over. Stand you there.

Quar. Where you please, sir.

Mrs. Over. [*Waking.*] O, lend me a bason, I am sick, I am sick! where's master Overdo? Bridget, call hither my Adam.

Over. How! [*He is shamed and silenced.*

Whit. Dy very own wife, i' fait, worshipful Adam.

Mrs. Over. Will not my Adam come at me? shall I see him no more then?

Quar. Sir, why do you not go on with the enormity? are you oppressed with it? I'll help you: hark you, sir, in your ear—Your innocent young man, you have ta'en such care of all this day, is a cut-purse, that hath got all your brother Cokes' things, and helped you to your beating and the stocks; if you have a mind to hang him now, and shew him your magistrate's wit, you may: but I should think it were better recovering the goods, and to save your estimation in him. I thank you, sir, for the gift of your ward, mistress Grace; look you, here is your hand and seal, by the way. Master Winwife, give you joy, you are *Palemon*, you are possessed of the gentlewoman, but she must pay me value, here's warrant for it. And, honest madman, there's thy gown and cap again; I thank thee for my wife. Nay, I can be mad, sweet-heart, [*to* Mrs. PURE.] when I please still; never fear me; and careful Numps, where's he? I thank him for my license.

Waspe. How!

Quar. 'Tis true, Numps.

Waspe. I'll be hang'd then.

Quar. Look in your box, Numps.—Nay, sir, [*to* OVERDO.] stand not you fix'd here, like a stake in Finsbury, to be shot at, or the whipping-post in the Fair, but get your wife out o' the air, it will make her worse else; and remember you are but Adam, flesh and blood! you have your frailty, forget your other name of Overdo, and invite us all to supper. There you and I will compare our discoveries; and drown the memory of all enormity in your biggest bowl at home.

Cokes. How now, Numps, have you lost it? I warrant 'twas when thou wert in the stocks: Why dost not speak!

Waspe. I will never speak while I live again, for aught I know.

Over. Nay, Humphrey, if I be patient, you must be so too; this pleasant conceited gentleman hath wrought upon my judgment, and prevail'd: I pray you take care of your sick friend, mistress Alice, and my good friends all——

Quar. And no *enormities*.

Over. I invite you home with me to my house to supper: I will have none fear to go along, for my intents are *ad correctionem, non ad destructionem; ad ædificandum, non ad diruendum*: so lead on.

Cokes. Yes, and bring the actors along, we'll have the rest of the play at home. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Your Majesty hath seen the play, and you
Can best allow it from your ear and view.
You know the scope of writers, and what store
Of leave is given them, if they take not more,
And turn it into license: you can tell
If we have us'd that leave you gave us well:
Or whether we to rage or license break,
Or be profane, or make profane men speak:
This is your power to judge, great sir, and not
The envy of a few. Which if we have got,
We value less what their dislike can bring,
If it so happy be, t' have pleas'd the King.

THE DEVIL IS AN ASS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATAN, *the great Devil.*
PUG, *the less Devil.*
INIQUITY, *the Vice.*
FABIAN FITZDOTTREL, *a Squire of Norfolk.*
MEERCRAFT, *the Projector.*
EVERILL, *his Champion.*
WITTIPOL, *a young Gallant.*
EUSTACE MANLY, *his Friend.*
ENGINE, *a Broker.*
TRAINS, *the Projector's Man.*
THOMAS GILTHEAD, *a Goldsmith.*
PLUTARCHUS, *his Son.*

SIR PAUL EITHERSIDE, *a Lawyer, and Justice.*
AMBLER, *Gentleman-Usher to* Lady TAILBUSH.
SLEDGE, *a Smith, the Constable.*
SHACKLES, *Keeper of Newgate.*

MRS. FRANCES FITZDOTTREL.
LADY EITHERSIDE.
LADY TAILBUSH, *the Lady Projectress.*
PITFALL, *her Woman.*

Serjeants, Officers, Servants, Underkeepers, *&c.*

SCENE,—LONDON.

PROLOGUE.

THE DEVIL IS AN ASS: *that is, to-day,*
The name of what you are met for, a new play.
Yet grandees, would you were not come to grace
Our matter, with allowing us no place.
Though you presume Satan, a subtle thing,
And may have heard he's worn in a thumb-ring;
Do not on these presumptions force us act
In compass of a cheese-trencher. This tract
Will ne'er admit our Vice, because of yours.
Anon, who worse than you, the fault endures
That yourselves make? when you will thrust and spurn,
And knock us on the elbows; and bid, turn;
As if, when we had spoke, we must be gone,
Or, till we speak, must all run in, to one,
Like the young adders, at the old ones mouth!
Would we could stand due north, or had no south,
If that offend; or were Muscovy glass,
That you might look our scenes through as they pass.
We know not how to affect you. If you'll come
To see new plays, pray you afford us room,
And shew this but the same face you have done
Your dear delight, The Devil of Edmonton.
Or, if for want of room it must miscarry,
'Twill be but justice that your censure tarry,
Till you give some: and when six times you have seen't,
If this play do not like, the Devil is in't.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter SATAN *and* PUG.

Sat. Hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh!—
To earth! and why to earth, thou foolish spirit?
What wouldst thou do on earth?
Pug. For that, great chief,
As time shall work. I do but ask my month,
Which every petty puisne devil has;
Within that term, the court of hell will hear
Something may gain a longer grant, perhaps.
Sat. For what? the laming a poor cow or two,
Entering a sow, to make her cast her farrow,
Or crossing of a market-woman's mare
'Twixt this and Tottenham? these were wont to be
Your main achievements, Pug: You have some plot now,
Upon a tunning of ale, to stale the yeast,
Or keep the churn so, that the butter come not,
Spite of the housewife's cord, or her hot spit:
Or some good ribibe, about Kentish Town
Or Hogsden, you would hang now for a witch,
Because she will not let you play round Robin.
And you'll go sour the citizens' cream 'gainst Sunday,
That she may be accused for't, and condemn'd,
By a Middlesex jury, to the satisfaction,
Of their offended friends, the Londoners wives,
Whose teeth were set on edge with't. Foolish fiend
Stay in your place, know your own strength, and
Beyond the sphere of your activity: [put not
You are too dull a devil to be trusted
Forth in those parts, Pug, upon any affair
That may concern our name on earth. It is not
Every one's work. The state of hell must care
Whom it employs, in point of reputation,
Here about London. You would make, I think,
An agent to be sent for Lancashire,
Proper enough; or some parts of Northumberland,
So you had good instructions, Pug.

Pug. O chief,
You do not know, dear chief, what there is in me!
Prove me but for a fortnight, for a week,
And lend me but a Vice, to carry with me,
To practise there with any play-fellow,
And you will see, there will come more upon't,
Than you'll imagine, precious chief.
Sat. What Vice?
What kind wouldst thou have it of?
Pug. Why any: Fraud,
Or Covetousness, or lady Vanity
Or old Iniquity.
Sat. I'll call him hither.

Enter INIQUITY.

Iniq. What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack a Vice?
Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice;
Here, there, and every where, as the cat is with the mice:
True *Vetus Iniquitas.* Lack'st thou cards, friend, or dice?
I will teach thee [to] cheat, child, to cog, lie and swagger,
And ever and anon to be drawing forth thy dagger:
To swear by Gogs-nowns, like a lusty Juventus,
In a cloak to thy heel, and a hat like a pent-house.
Thy breeches of three fingers, and thy doublet all belly,
With a wench that shall feed thee with cock-stones and jelly.
Pug. Is it not excellent, chief? how nimble he is!
Iniq. Child of hell, this is nothing! I will fetch thee a leap
From the top of Paul's steeple to the standard in Cheap:
And lead thee a dance thro' the streets without fail,
Like a needle of Spain, with a thread at my tail.
We will survey the suburbs, and make forth our sallies,
Down Petticoat-lane and up the Smock-alleys,
To Shoreditch, Whitechapel, and so to St. Kathern's,
To drink with the Dutch there, and take forth their patterns:
From thence, we will put in at Custom-house key there,
And see how the factors and prentices play there
False with their masters, and geld many a full pack,
To spend it in pies at the Dagger and the Woolsack.
Pug. Brave, brave Iniquity! will not this do, chief?
Iniq. Nay, boy, I will bring thee to the bawds and the roysters,
At Billingsgate, feasting with claret-wine and oysters;
From thence shoot the Bridge, child, to the Cranes in the Vintry,
And see there the gimblets, how they make their entry!
Or if thou hadst rather to the Strand down to fall,
'Gainst the lawyers come dabbled from Westminster hall,
And mark how they cling, with their clients together,
Like ivy to oak, so velvet to leather: [ther,
Ha, boy, I wou'd shew thee—
Pug. Rare, rare!
Sat. Peace, dotard,
And thou, more ignorant thing, that so admir'st;
Art thou the spirit thou seem'st? so poor, to choose,
This for a Vice, to advance the cause of hell,
Now, as vice stands this present year? Remember
What number it is, six hundred and sixteen.
Had it but been five hundred, though some sixty
Above; that's fifty years agone, and six,
When every great man had his Vice stand by him,
In his long coat, shaking his wooden dagger,
I could consent, that then this your grave choice
Might have done that, with his lord chief, the which
Most of his chamber can do now. But, Pug,
As the times are, who is it will receive you?
What company will you go to, or whom mix with?
Where canst thou carry him, except to taverns,
To mount upon a joint-stool, with a Jew's trump,
To put down Cokely, and that must be to citizens?
He ne'er will be admitted there, where Vennor comes.
He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-nothing
And take his Almain leap into a custard,
Shall make my lady mayoress and her sisters
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders. But
This is not that will do, they are other things
That are received now upon earth, for Vices;
Stranger and newer: and changed every hour.
They ride them like their horses, off their legs,
And here they come to hell, whole legions of them,
Every week tired. We still strive to breed,
And rear up new ones; but they do not stand;
When they come there, they turn them on our hands.
And it is fear'd they have a stud o' their own
Will put down our's: both our breed and trade
Will suddenly decay, if we prevent not.
Unless it be a vice of quality,
Or fashion now, they take none from us. Carmen
Are got into the yellow starch, and chimney-sweepers
To their tobacco, and strong waters, Hum,
Meath and Obarni. We must therefore aim
At extraordinary subtle ones now,
When we do send to keep us up in credit:
Not old Iniquities. Get you e'en back, sir,
To making of your rope of sand again:
You are not for the manner, nor the times.
They have their vices there, most like to virtues:
You cannot know them apart by any difference:
They wear the same clothes, eat the same meat,
Sleep in the self-same beds, ride in those coaches,
Or very like, four horses in a coach,
As the best men and women. Tissue gowns,
Garters and roses, fourscore pound a pair,
Embroider'd stockings, cut-work smocks and shirts,
More certain marks of letchery now and pride,
Than e'er they were of true nobility! [*Exit* INIQ.
But, Pug, since you do burn with such desire
To do the commonwealth of hell some service,
I am content, assuming of a body,
You go to earth, and visit men a day.
But you must take a body ready made, Pug;
I can create you none: nor shall you form
Yourself an airy one, but become subject
To all impression of the flesh you take,
So far as human frailty. So, this morning,
There is a handsome cut-purse hang'd at Tyburn,
Whose spirit departed, you may enter his body:
For clothes, employ your credit with the hangman,

Or let our tribe of brokers furnish you.
And look how far your subtlety can work
Thorough those organs, with that body, spy
Amongst mankind, (you cannot there want vices,
And therefore the less need to carry them with you,)
But as you make your soon at night's relation,
And we shall find it merits from the state,
You shall have both trust from us, and employ-
Pug. Most gracious chief! [ment.
Sat. Only thus more I bind you,
To serve the first man that you meet; and him
I'll shew you now: observe him. Yon' is he,
[*Shews him* FITZDOTTREL *coming out of his house at a distance.*
You shall see first after your clothing. Follow him:
But once engaged, there you must stay and fix;
Not shift, until the midnight's cock do crow,
Pug. Any conditions to be gone.
Sat. Away then. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*The Street before* FITZDOTTREL'S *House.*

Enter FITZDOTTREL.

Fitz. Ay, they do now name Bretnor, as before
They talk'd of Gresham, and of doctor Foreman,
Franklin, and Fiske, and Savory, he was in too;
But there's not one of these that ever could
Yet shew a man the devil in true sort.
They have their crystals, I do know, and rings,
And virgin-parchment, and their dead men's sculls,
Their ravens'-wings, their lights, and pentacles,
With characters; I have seen all these. But—
Would I might see the devil! I would give
A hundred of these pictures to see him
Once out of picture. May I prove a cuckold,
And that's the one main mortal thing I fear,
If I begin not now to think, the painters
Have only made him: 'slight, he would be seen
One time or other else; he would not let
An ancient gentleman, of [as] good a house
As most are now in England, the Fitzdottrels,
Run wild, and call upon him thus in vain,
As I have done this twelvemonth. If he be not
At all, why are there conjurers? if they be not,
Why are there laws against them? The best artists
Of Cambridge, Oxford, Middlesex and London,
Essex and Kent, I have had in pay to raise him,
These fifty weeks, and yet he appears not. 'Sdeath,
I shall suspect they can make circles only
Shortly, and know but his hard names. They do say,
He will meet a man, of himself, that has a mind to him.
If he would so, I have a mind and a half for him:
He should not be long absent. Prithee, come.
I long for thee:—an I were with child by him,
And my wife too, I could not more. Come yet,
Good Beëlzebub. Were he a kind devil,
And had humanity in him, he would come, but
To save one's longing. I should use him well,
I swear, and with respect; would he would try me!
Not as the conjurers do, when they have raised him,
Get him in bonds, and send him post on errands
A thousand miles; it is preposterous, that;
And, I believe, is the true cause he comes not:
And he has reason. Who would be engaged,
That might live freely, as he may do? I swear,
They are wrong all. The burnt child dreads the fire,
They do not know to entertain the devil:
I would so welcome him, observe his diet,
Get him his chamber hung with arras, two of 'em,
In my own house, lend him my wife's wrought pillows;
And as I am an honest man, I think,
If he had a mind to her too, I should grant him,
To make our friendship perfect: so I would not
To every man. If he but hear me now,
And should come to me in a brave young shape,
And take me at my word?—

Enter PUG, *handsomely shaped and apparelled.*

Ha! who is this?
Pug. Sir, your good pardon, that I thus presume
Upon your privacy. I am born a gentleman,
A younger brother, but in some disgrace
Now with my friends; and want some little means
To keep me upright, while things be reconciled.
Please you to let my service be of use to you, sir.
Fitz. Service! 'fore hell, my heart was at my mouth,
'Till I had view'd his shoes well: for those roses
Were big enough to hide a cloven foot.— [*Aside.*
No, friend, my number's full. I have one servant,
Who is my all, indeed; and from the broom
Unto the brush: for just so far I trust him.
He is my wardrobe-man, my cater, cook,
Butler, and steward: looks unto my horse;
And helps to watch my wife. He has all the places
That I can think on, from the garret downward,
Even to the manger, and the curry-comb.
Pug. Sir, I shall put your worship to no charge,
More than my meat, and that but very little;
I'll serve you for your love.
Fitz. Ha! without wages?
I'd hearken o' that ear, were I at leisure;
But now I am busy. Prithee, friend, forbear me—
An thou hadst been a devil, I should say
Somewhat more to thee: thou dost hinder now
My meditations.
Pug. Sir, I am a devil.
Fitz. How!
Pug. A true devil, sir.
Fitz. Nay, now you lie;
Under your favour, friend, for I'll not quarrel.
I look'd on your feet afore, you cannot cozen me,
Your shoe's not cloven, sir, you are whole hoof'd.
Pug. Sir, that's a popular error, deceives many:
But I am that I tell you.
Fitz. What's your name?
Pug. My name is Devil, sir.
Fitz. Say'st thou true?
Pug. Indeed, sir.
Fitz. 'Slid, there's some omen in this? What countryman?
Pug. Of Derbyshire, sir, about the Peak.
Fitz. That hole
Belong'd to your ancestors?
Pug. Yes, Devil's arse, sir.
Fitz. I'll entertain him for the name sake. Ha!
And turn away my t'other man, and save
Four pound a year by that! there's luck and thrift too!
The very Devil may come hereafter as well. [*Aside.*
Friend, I receive you: but, withal, I acquaint you
Aforehand, if you offend me, I must beat you.
It is a kind of exercise I use;
And cannot be without.
Pug. Yes, if I do not
Offend, you can, sure.

Fitz. Faith, Devil, very hardly:
I'll call you by your surname, 'cause I love it.

Enter, behind, ENGINE, *with a cloke on his arm,* WITTIPOL, *and* MANLY.

Eng. Yonder he walks, sir, I'll go lift him for you.
Wit. To him, good Engine, raise him up by degrees,
Gently, and hold him there too, you can do it.
Shew yourself now a mathematical broker.
Eng. I'll warrant you, for half a piece.
Wit. 'Tis done, sir.
[*Engine goes to* FITZDOTTREL, *and takes him aside.*
Man. Is't possible there should be such a man!
Wit. You shall be your own witness; I'll not
To tempt you past your faith. [labour
Man. And is his wife
So very handsome, say you?
Wit. I have not seen her
Since I came home from travel; and they say
She is not alter'd. Then, before I went,
I saw her once; but so, as she hath stuck
Still in my view, no object hath removed her.
Man. 'Tis a fair guest, friend, beauty; and once lodged
Deep in the eyes, she hardly leaves the inn.
How does he keep her?
Wit. Very brave; however
Himself be sordid, he is sensual that way:
In every dressing he does study her.
Man. And furnish forth himself so from the brokers?
Wit. Yes, that's a hired suit he now has on,
To see the DEVIL IS AN ASS, to-day, in.
This Engine gets three or four pound a week by him—
He dares not miss a new play or a feast, [him—
What rate soever clothes be at; and thinks
Himself still new, in other men's old.
Man. But stay,
Does he love meat so?
Wit. Faith, he does not hate it.
But that's not it: his belly and his palate
Would be compounded with for reason. Marry,
A wit he has, of that strange credit with him,
'Gainst all mankind; as it doth make him do
Just what it list: it ravishes him forth
Whither it please, to any assembly or place,
And would conclude him ruin'd, should he scape
One public meeting, out of the belief
He has of his own great and catholic strengths,
In arguing and discourse. It takes, I see:
He has got the cloke upon him.
Fitz. [*after saying on the cloke.*] A fair garment,
By my faith, Engine!
Eng. It was never made, sir,
For threescore pound, I assure you: 'twill yield thirty.
The plush, sir, cost three pound ten shillings a yard:
And then the lace and velvet!
Fitz. I shall, Engine,
Be look'd at prettily, in it: art thou sure
The play is play'd to-day?
Eng. O here's the bill, sir:
[*He gives him the play-bill.*
I had forgot to give it you.
Fitz. Ha, the DEVIL!
I will not lose you, sirrah. But, Engine, think you
The gallant is so furious in his folly,
So mad upon the matter, that he'll part
With's cloke upon these terms.

Eng. Trust not your Engine,
Break me to pieces else, as you would do
A rotten crane, or an old rusty jack,
That has not one true wheel in him. Do but talk with him.
Fitz. I shall do that, to satisfy you, Engine,
And myself too. [*comes forward.*]—With your leave, gentlemen,
Which of you is it, is so mere idolater
To my wife's beauty, and so very prodigal
Unto my patience, that, for the short parley
Of one swift hour's quarter, with my wife,
He will depart with (let me see) this cloke here,
The price of folly?—Sir, are you the man?
Wit. I am that venturer, sir.
Fitz. Good time! your name
Is Wittipol?
Wit. The same, sir.
Fitz. And 'tis told me
You have travell'd lately?
Wit. That I have, sir.
Fitz. Truly,
Your travels may have alter'd your complexion;
But sure your wit stood still.
Wit. It may well be, sir;
All heads have not like growth.
Fitz. The good man's gravity,
That left you land, your father, never taught you
These pleasant matches.
Wit. No, nor can his mirth,
With whom I make them, put me off.
Fitz. You are
Resolved then?
Wit. Yes, sir.
Fitz. Beauty is the saint,
You'll sacrifice yourself into the shirt to?
Wit. So I may still clothe and keep warm your wisdom.
Fitz. You lade me, sir! [
Wit. I know what you will bear, sir.
Fitz. Well, to the point. 'Tis only, sir, you say,
To speak unto my wife?
Wit. Only to speak to her.
Fitz. And in my presence?
Wit. In your very presence.
Fitz. And in my hearing?
Wit. In your hearing; so
You interrupt us not.
Fitz. For the short space
You do demand, the fourth part of an hour,
I think I shall, with some convenient study,
And this good help to boot, [*shrugs himself up in the cloke.*] bring myself to't.
Wit. I ask no more.
Fitz. Please you, walk toward my house,
Speak what you list; that time is yours; my right
I have departed with: but not beyond
A minute, or a second, look for. Length,
And drawing out may advance much to these matches.
And I except all kissing: kisses are
Silent petitions still with willing lovers.
Wit. Lovers! how falls that o' your phantasy?
Fitz. Sir,
I do know somewhat; I forbid all lip-work.
Wit. I am not eager at forbidden dainties:
Who covets unfit things, denies himself.
Fitz. You say well, sir; 'twas prettily said, that same:
He does indeed. I'll have no touches therefore,
Nor takings by the arms, nor tender circles
Cast 'bout the waist, but all be done at distance.

Love is brought up with those soft migniard hand-
His pulse lies in his palm ; and I defend [lings :
All melting joints and fingers, that's my bargain,
I do defend them any thing like action.
But talk, sir, what you will. Use all the tropes
And schemes, that prince Quintilian can afford you :
And much good do your rhetoric's heart. You
are welcome, sir. [*Opens the door of his house.*
Engine, God be wi' you !
Wit. Sir, I must condition
To have this gentleman by, a witness.
Fitz. Well,
I am content, so he be silent.
Man. Yes, sir.
Fitz. Come, Devil, I'll make you room straight :
but I'll shew you
First to your mistress, who's no common one,
You must conceive, that brings this gain to see her.
I hope thou'st brought me good luck.
Pug. I shall do't, sir. [*They all enter the house.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* FITZDOTTREL'S *House.*

Enter WITTIPOL, MANLY, *and* ENGINE.

Wit. Engine, you hope of your half piece ? 'tis
there, sir.
Be gone. [*Exit* ENGINE.]—Friend Manly, who's
within here? fixed! [*Knocks him on the breast.*
Man. I am directly in a fit of wonder
What will be the issue of this conference.
Wit. For that ne'er vex yourself till the event.
How like you him ?
Man. I would fain see more of him.
Wit. What think you of this ?
Man. I am past degrees of thinking.
Old Afric, and the new America,
With all their fruit of monsters, cannot shew
So just a prodigy.
Wit. Could you have believed,
Without your sight, a mind so sordid inward,
Should be so specious, and laid forth abroad,
To all the show that ever shop or ware was ?
Man. I believe any thing now, though I confess
His vices are the most extremities
I ever knew in nature. But why loves he
The devil so ?
Wit. O, sir ! for hidden treasure
He hopes to find ; and has proposed himself
So infinite a mass, as to recover,
He cares not what he parts with, of the present,
To his men of art, who are the race may coin him.
Promise gold mountains, and the covetous
Are still most prodigal.
Man. But have you faith,
That he will hold his bargain ?
Wit. O dear sir !
He will not off on't ; fear him not : I know him.
One baseness still accompanies another.
See ! he is here already, and his wife too.
Man. A wondrous handsome creature, as I live !

Enter FITZDOTTREL, *with* MRS. FRANCES, *his Wife.*

Fitz. Come, wife, this is the gentleman ; nay,
blush not.
Mrs. Fitz. Why, what do you mean, sir, have
Fitz. Wife, [you your reason ?
I do not know that I have lent it forth
To any one ; at least, without a pawn, wife :
Or that I have eat or drunk the thing, of late,
That should corrupt it. Wherefore, gentle wife,
Obey, it is thy virtue ; hold no acts
Of disputation.
Mrs. Fitz. Are you not enough
The talk of feasts and meetings, but you'll still
Make argument for fresh ?
Fitz. Why, careful wedlock,
If I have a longing to have one tale more
Go of me, what is that to thee, dear heart ?
Why shouldst thou envy my delight, or cross it,
By being solicitous, when it not concerns thee ?
Mrs. Fitz. Yes, I have share in this : the scorn
will fall
As bitterly on me, where both are laugh'd at.
Fitz. Laugh'd at, sweet bird ! is that the scru-
ple ? come, come,
Thou art a niaise. Which of your great houses,
(I will not mean at home here, but abroad,)
Your families in France, wife, send not forth
Something within the seven year, may be laugh'd at?
I do not say seven months, nor seven weeks,
Nor seven days, nor hours ; but seven year, wife :
I give them time. Once within seven year,
I think they may do something may be laugh'd at ;
In France, I keep me there still. Wherefore, wife,
Let them that list laugh still, rather than weep
For me. Here is a cloke cost fifty pound, wife,
Which I can sell for thirty, when I have seen
All London in't, and London has seen me.
To-day I go to the Blackfriars play-house,
Sit in the view, salute all my acquaintance,
Rise up between the acts, let fall my cloke,
Publish a handsome man, and a rich suit,
As that's a special end why we go thither,
All that pretend to stand for't on the stage :
The ladies ask, who's that ? for they do come
To see us, love, as we do to see them.
Now I shall lose all this, for the false fear
Of being laugh'd at ? Yes, wusse. Let them laugh,
Let me have such another cloke to-morrow, [wife.
And let them laugh again, wife, and again,
And then grow fat with laughing, and then fatter,
All my young gallants, let 'em bring their friends
too ;
Shall I forbid them ? No, let heaven forbid them :
Or wit, if it have any charge on 'em. Come, thy
ear, wife,
Is all I'll borrow of thee.—Set your watch, sir.—
Thou only art to hear, not speak a word, dove,
To aught he says : that I do give you in precept,
No less than counsel, on your wivehood, wife,
Not though he flatter you, or make court, or love,
As you must look for these, or say he rail ;
Whate'er his arts be, wife, I will have thee
Delude them with a trick, thy obstinate silence.
I know advantages ; and I love to hit
These pragmatic young men at their own weapons.
Is your watch ready ? Here my sail bears for you :
Tack toward him, sweet pinnace. [*He disposes his
wife to her place.*] Where's your watch ?
Wit. I'll set it, sir, with yours.
Mrs. Fitz. I must obey. [*Aside.*
Man. Her modesty seems to suffer with her
And so, as if his folly were away, [beauty.
It were worth pity.
Fitz. Now they are right ; begin, sir.
But first, let me repeat the contract briefly.
I am, sir, to enjoy this cloke I stand in,
Freely, and as your gift ; upon condition
You may as freely speak here to my spouse,
Your quarter of an hour, always keeping

The measured distance of your yard or more,
From my said spouse; and in my sight and hear-
This is your covenant? [ing.
Wit. Yes, but you'll allow
For this time spent now?
Fitz. Set them so much back.
Wit. I think I shall not need it.
Fitz. Well, begin, sir.
There is your bound, sir; not beyond that rush.
Wit. If you interrupt me, sir, I shall discloke you.—
The time I have purchased, lady, is but short;
And therefore, if I employ it thriftily,
I hope I stand the nearer to my pardon.
I am not here to tell you, you are fair,
Or lovely, or how well you dress you, lady;
I'll save myself that eloquence of your glass,
Which can speak these things better to you than I.
And 'tis a knowledge wherein fools may be
As wise as a court-parliament. Nor come I
With any prejudice or doubt, that you
Should, to the notice of your own worth, need
Least revelation. She's a simple woman,
Knows not her good, whoever knows her ill,
And at all caracts. That you are the wife
To so much blasted flesh, as scarce hath soul,
Instead of salt, to keep it sweet; I think,
Will ask no witnesses to prove. The cold
Sheets that you lie in, with the watching candle,
That sees, how dull to any thaw of beauty
Pieces and quarters, half and whole nights sometimes,
The devil-given elfin squire, your husband,
Doth leave you, quitting here his proper circle,
For a much worse, in the walks of Lincoln's-inn,
Under the elms, t' expect the fiend in vain there,
Will confess for you.
Fitz. I did look for this jeer.
Wit. And what a daughter of darkness he does
Lock'd up from all society, or object; [make you,
Your eye not let to look upon a face,
Under a conjurer's, or some mould for one,
Hollow and lean like his, but by great means,
As I now make; your own too sensible sufferings,
Without the extraordinary aids
Of spells, or spirits, may assure you, lady.
For my part, I protest 'gainst all such practice,
I work by no false arts, medicines, or charms
To be said forward and backward.
Fitz. No, I except—
Wit. Sir, I shall ease you.
[*He offers to discloke him.*
Fitz. Mum.
Wit. Nor have I ends, lady,
Upon you, more than this: to tell you how Love,
Beauty's good angel, he that waits upon her
At all occasions, and, no less than Fortune,
Helps the adventurous, in me makes that proffer,
Which never fair one was so fond to lose,
Who could but reach a hand forth to her freedom.
On the first sight I loved you, since which time,
Though I have travell'd, I have been in travail
More for this second blessing of your eyes,
Which now I've purchased, than for all aims else.
Think of it, lady, be your mind as active
As is your beauty: view your object well,
Examine both my fashion and my years;
Things that are like, are soon familiar:
And nature joys still in equality.
Let not the sign of the husband fright you, lady;
But ere your spring be gone, enjoy it. Flowers,
Though fair, are oft but of one morning; think,
All beauty doth not last until the autumn:
You grow old while I tell you this; and such
As cannot use the present, are not wise.
If Love and Fortune will take care of us,
Why should our will be wanting: This is all.
What do you answer, lady?
Fitz. Now the sport comes.
Let him still wait, wait, wait; while the watch goes,
And the time runs, wife!
Wit. How! not any word?
Nay, then I taste a trick in't.—Worthy lady,
I cannot be so false to my own thoughts
Of your presumed goodness, to conceive
This, as your rudeness, which I see's imposed.
Yet, since your cautelous jailor here stands by you,
And you are denied the liberty of the house,
Let me take warrant, lady, from your silence,
Which ever is interpreted consent,
To make your answer for you; which shall be
To as good purpose as I can imagine,
And what I think you'd speak.
Fitz. No, no, no, no.
Wit. I shall resume, sir.
Man. Sir, what do you mean?
Wit. One interruption more, sir, and you go
Into your hose and doublet, nothing saves you:
And therefore hearken. This is for your wife.
Man. You must play fair, sir.
Wit. Stand for me, good friend.—
[*Sets* MANLY *in his place, and speaks for the* Lady.
Troth, sir, 'tis more than true that you have utter'd
Of my unequal and so sordid match here,
With all the circumstances of my bondage.
I have a husband, and a two-legg'd one,
But such a moonling, as no wit of man,
Or roses can redeem from being an ass.
He's grown too much the story of men's mouths,
To scape his lading: should I make't my study,
And lay all ways, yea, call mankind to help
To take his burden off; why, this one act
Of his, to let his wife out to be courted,
And at a price, proclaims his asinine nature
So loud, as I am weary of my title to him.
But, sir, you seem a gentleman of virtue,
No less than blood; and one that every way
Looks as he were of too good quality,
To intrap a credulous woman, or betray her.
Since you have paid thus dear, sir, for a visit,
And made such venture on your wit and charge
Merely to see me, or at most, to speak to me,
I were too stupid, or, what's worse, ingrate
Not to return your venture. Think but how
I may with safety do it, I shall trust
My love and honour to you, and presume
You'll ever husband both, against this husband;
Who, if we chance to change his liberal ears
To other ensigns, and with labour make
A new beast of him, as he shall deserve,
Cannot complain he is unkindly dealt with.
This day he is to go to a new play, sir,
From whence no fear, no, nor authority,
Scarcely the king's command, sir, will restrain him,
Now you have fitted him with a stage-garment,
For the mere name's sake, were there nothing else;
And many more such journeys he will make;
Which, if they now, or any time hereafter,
Offer us opportunity, you hear, sir,

Who'll be as glad and forward to embrace,
Meet, and enjoy it cheerfully, as you.
[*Shifts to his own place again.*
I humbly thank you, lady——
Fitz. Keep your ground, sir.
Wit. Will you be lighten'd?
Fitz. Mum.
Wit. And but I am,
By the said contract, thus to take my leave of you
At this so envious distance, I had taught
Our lips ere this, to seal the happy mixture
Made of our souls: but we must both now yield,
To the necessity, Do not think yet, lady,
But I can kiss, and touch, and laugh, and whisper,
And do those crowning courtships too, for which
Day, and the public, have allow'd no name;
But now, my bargain binds me. 'Twere rude injury
To impórtune more, or urge a noble nature,
To what of its own bounty it is prone to:
Else I should speak——But, lady, I love so well,
As I will hope you'll do so too.—I have done, sir.
Fitz. Well, then I have won?
Wit. Sir, and I may win too.
Fitz. O yes! no doubt on't. I'll take careful order,
That she shall hang forth ensigns at the window,
To tell you when I am absent! Or I'll keep
Three or four footmen, ready still of purpose,
To run and fetch you at her longings, sir!
I'll go bespeak me straight a gilt caroch,
For her and you to take the air in: yes,
Into Hyde-park, and thence into Blackfriars,
Visit the painters, where you may see pictures,
And note the properest limbs, and how to make them!
Or what do you say unto a middling gossip,
To bring you ay together, at her lodging,
Under pretext of teaching of my wife
Some rare receipt of drawing almond-milk, ha?
It shall be a part of my care. Good sir, God be wi' you!
I have kept the contract, and the cloke's mine own.
Wit. Why, much good do't you, sir: it may fall out,
That you have bought it dear, though I've not sold it.
[*Exit.*
Fitz. A pretty riddle! fare you well, good sir.
Wife, your face this way; look on me, and think
You had a wicked dream, wife, and forget it.
Man. This is the strangest motion I e'er saw.
[*Exit.*
Fitz. Now, wife, sits this fair cloke the worse upon me
For my great sufferings, or your little patience, ha?
They laugh, you think?
Mrs. Fitz. Why, sir, and you might see't.
What thought they have of you, may be soon collected
By the young gentleman's speech.
Fitz. Young gentleman!
Death, you are in love with him, are you? could he not
Be named the gentleman, without the young?
Up to your cabin again.
Mrs. Fitz. My cage, you were best
To call it.
Fitz. Yes, sing there. You'd fain be making
Blanc-manger with him at your mother's! I know you.
Go, get you up.— [*Exit* Mrs. Fitz.

Enter Pug.

How now! what say you, Devil?
Pug. Here is one Engine, sir, desires to speak with you.
Fitz. I thought he brought some news of a broker! well,
Let him come in, good Devil; fetch him else.
[*Exit* Pug.

Re-enter Engine.

O, my fine Engine! what's the affair, more cheats?
Eng. No, sir, the wit, the brain, the great projector,
I told you of, is newly come to town.
Fitz. Where, Engine?
Eng. I have brought him (he's without)
Ere he pull'd off his boots, sir; but so follow'd
For businesses!
Fitz. But what is a projector?
I would conceive.
Eng. Why, one, sir, that projects
Ways to enrich men, or to make them great,
By suits, by marriages, by undertakings:
According as he sees they humour it.
Fitz. Can he not conjure at all?
Eng. I think he can, sir,
To tell you true. But you do know, of late,
The state hath ta'en such note of 'em, and compell'd 'em
To enter such great bonds, they dare not practise.
Fitz. 'Tis true, and I lie fallow for't the while!
Eng. O, sir, you'll grow the richer for the rest.
Fitz. I hope I shall: but, Engine, you do talk
Somewhat too much o' my courses: my cloke-cus-
Could tell me strange particulars. [tomer
Eng. By my means?
Fitz. How should he have them else?
Eng. You do not know, sir,
What he has; and by what arts: a money'd man, sir,
And is as great with your almanack-men as you are.
Fitz. That gallant! [
Eng. You make the other wait too long here;
And he is extreme punctual.
Fitz. Is he a gallant?
Eng. Sir, you shall see: he's in his riding suit,
As he comes now from court: but hear him speak;
Minister matter to him, and then tell me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Fitzdottrel's *House.*

Enter Fitzdottrel, Engine, *and* Meercraft, *followed by* Trains, *with a bag, and three or four* Attendants.

Meer. Sir, money is a whore, a bawd, a drudge;
Fit to run out on errands: let her go.
Via, pecunia! when she's run and gone,
And fled, and dead; then will I fetch her again
With *aqua vitæ*, out of an old hogshead!
While there are lees of wine, or dregs of beer,
I'll never want her! Coin her out of cobwebs,
Dust, but I'll have her! raise wool upon egg-shells,
Sir, and make grass grow out of marrow-bones,
To make her come.—Commend me to your mistress. [*To* 1 Attendant

Say, let the thousand pound but be had ready,
And it is done. [*Exit* 1 Atten.]—I would but see
the creature
Of flesh and blood, the man, the prince indeed,
That could employ so many millions
As I would help him to.
Fitz. How talks he? millions!
Meer. [*to* 2 Atten.] I'll give you an account of
this to-morrow. [*Exit* 2 Atten.
—Yes, I will take no less, and do it too;
If they were myriads: and without the Devil,
By direct means, it shall be good in law.
Eng. Sir.
Meer. [*to* 3 Atten.] Tell master Woodcock I'll
not fail to meet him
Upon the Exchange at night; pray him to have
The writings there, and we'll dispatch it. [*Exit* 3
Atten.]—Sir,
You are a gentleman of a good presence,
A handsome man; I have consider'd you
As a fit stock to graft honours upon:
I have a project to make you a duke now.
That you must be one, within so many months
As I set down, out of true reasons of state,
You shall not avoid it. But you must hearken, then.
Eng. Hearken! why, sir, do you doubt his ears?
You do not know master Fitzdottrel. [alas!
Fitz. He does not know me indeed; I thank
you, Engine,
For rectifying him.
Meer. Good! Why, Engine, then
I'll tell it you. (I see you have credit here,
And, that you can keep counsel, I'll not question.)
He shall but be an undertaker with me,
In a most feasible business. It shall cost him
Nothing.
Eng. Good, sir.
Meer. Except he please, but's countenance,
(That I will have) to appear in't, to great men,
For which I'll make him one. He shall not draw
A string of's purse. I'll drive his patent for him.
We'll take in citizens, commoners, and aldermen,
To bear the charge, and blow them off again,
Like so many dead flies, when it is carried.
The thing is for recovery of drown'd land,
Whereof the crown's to have a moiety,
If it be owner; else the crown and owners
To share that moiety, and the recoverers
To enjoy the t'other moiety for their charge.
Eng. Thoroughout England?
Meer. Yes, which will arise
To eighteen millions, seven the first year:
I have computed all, and made my survey
Unto my acre: I'll begin at the pan,
Not at the skirts; as some have done, and lost
All that they wrought, their timber-work, their
trench,
Their banks, all borne away, or else fill'd up,
By the next winter. Tut, they never went
The way: I'll have it all.
Eng. A gallant tract
Of land it is!
Meer. 'Twill yield a pound an acre:
We must let cheap ever at first. But, sir,
This looks too large for you, I see. Come hither,
We'll have a less. Here's a plain fellow, [*points
to* TRAINS.] you see him,
Has his black bag of papers there, in buckram,
Will not be sold for the earldom of Pancridge:
draw,
Give me out one by chance. [TRAINS *gives him a
paper out of the bag.*] "*Project four
Dogs' skins.*"
Twelve thousand pound! the very worst at first.
Fitz. Pray you let's see it, sir.
Meer. 'Tis a toy, a trifle!
Fitz. Trifle! twelve thousand pound for dogs
skins?
Meer. Yes.
But, by my way of dressing, you must know, sir,
And med'cining the leather to a height
Of improved ware, like your borachio
Of Spain, sir, I can fetch nine thousand for't—
Eng. Of the king's glover?
Meer. Yes; how heard you that?
Eng. Sir, I do know you can.
Meer. Within this hour;
And reserve half my secret. Pluck another;
See if thou hast a happier hand; [TRAINS *draws
out another.*] I thought so.
The very next worse to it! "*Bottle-ale.*"
Yet this is two and twenty thousand. Prithee
Pull out another, two or three.
Fitz. Good; stay, friend—
By bottle-ale two and twenty thousand pound?
Meer. Yes, sir, it's cast to penny-halfpenny
farthing.
On the back-side, there you may see it, read,
I will not bate a Harrington of the sum.
I'll win it in my water, and my malt,
My furnaces, and hanging of my coppers,
The tonning, and the subtlety of my yest;
And, then the earth of my bottles, which I dig,
Turn up, and steep, and work, and neal, myself,
To a degree of porcelane. You will wonder
At my proportions, what I will put up
In seven years! for so long time I ask
For my invention. I will save in cork,
In my mere stop'ling, above three thousand pound,
Within that term; by googing of them out
Just to the size of my bottles, and not slicing:
There's infinite loss in that. [TRAINS *draws out
another.*] What hast thou there?
O! "*Making wine of raisins:*" this is in hand
now.
Eng. Is not that strange, sir, to make wine of
raisins?
Meer. Yes, and as true a wine as the wines of
Or Spain, or Italy: look of what grape [France,
My raisin is, that wine I'll render perfect,
As of the Muscatel grape, I'll render Muscatel;
Of the Canary, his; the Claret, his;
So of all kinds: and bate you of the prices
Of wine throughout the kingdom half in half.
Eng. But how, sir, if you raise the other com-
Raisins? [modity,
Meer. Why, then I'll make it out of blackberries,
And it shall do the same. 'Tis but more art,
And the charge less. Take out another.
Fitz. No, good sir,
Save you the trouble, I'll not look, nor hear
Of any but your first, there: the drown'd-land;
If't will do, as you say.
Meer. Sir, there's not place
To give you demonstration of these things,
They are a little too subtle. But I could shew you
Such a necessity in it, as you must be
But what you please; against the received heresy,
That England bears no dukes. Keep you the land,
sir,

The greatness of the estate shall throw't upon you.
If you like better turning it to money,
What may not you, sir, purchase with that wealth?
Say you should part with two of your millions,
To be the thing you would, who would not do't?
As I protest I will, out of my dividend,
Lay for some pretty principality
In Italy, from the church: now you, perhaps,
Fancy the smoke of England rather? But——
Have you no private room, sir, to draw to.
To enlarge ourselves more upon?

Fitz. O yes.—Devil!

Meer. These, sir, are businesses ask to be car-
With caution, and in cloud. [ried

Fitz. I apprehend
They do, sir.—

Enter PUG.

Devil, which way is your mistress?

Pug. Above, sir, in her chamber.

Fitz. O that's well:
Then this way, good sir.

Meer. I shall follow you. Trains,
Give me the bag, and go you presently,
Commend my service to my lady Tailbush.
Tell her I am come from court this morning; say,
I have got our business mov'd, and well: entreat
her,
That she give you the fourscore angels, and see them
Disposed of to my counsel, sir Paul Eitherside.
Some time, to-day, I'll wait upon her ladyship,
With the relation. [*Exit* TRAINS.

Eng. Sir, of what dispatch
He is! do you mark? [*Aside to* FITZ.

Meer. Engine, when did you see
My cousin Everill? keeps he still your quarter
In the Bermudas?

Eng. Yes, sir, he was writing
This morning, very hard.

Meer. Be not you known to him,
That I am come to town: I have effected
A business for him, but I would have it take him,
Before he thinks for't.

Eng. Is it past?

Meer. Not yet.
'Tis well o'the way.

Eng. O sir! your worship takes
Infinite pains.

Meer. I love friends to be active:
A sluggish nature puts off man, and kind.

Eng. And such a blessing follows it.

Meer. I thank
My fate—Pray you, let's be private, sir.

Fitz. In, here.

Meer. Where none may interrupt us.
[*Exeunt* MEER *and* ENGINE.

Fitz. You hear, Devil,
Lock the street-doors fast, and let no one in,
Except they be this gentleman's followers,
To trouble me. Do you mark? You have heard
and seen
Something to-day, and by it you may gather,
Your mistress is a fruit that's worth the stealing,
And therefore worth the watching. Be you sure,
now,
You have all your eyes about you; and let in
No lace-woman, nor bawd, that brings French
masks,
And cut-works; see you? nor old croans with
wafers,
To convey letters: nor no youths, disguised
Like country wives, with cream and marrow pud-
Much knavery may be vented in a pudding, [dings.
Much bawdy intelligence: they are shrewd cyphers.
Nor turn the key to any neighbours need;
Be it but to kindle fire, or beg a little,
Put it out rather, all out to an ash,
That they may see no smoke. Or water, spill it;
Knock on the empty tubs, that by the sound
They may be forbid entry. Say, we are robb'd,
If any come to borrow a spoon or so:
I will not have Good Fortune, or God's Blessing
Let in, while I am busy.

Pug. I'll take care, sir;
They shall not trouble you if they would.

Fitz. Well, do so. [*Exit.*

Pug. I have no singular service of this now,
Nor no superlative master! I shall wish,
To be in hell again at leisure! bring
A Vice from thence! that had been such a subtlety,
As to bring broad-cloths hither, or transport
Fresh oranges into Spain. I find it now;
My chief was in the right. Can any fiend
Boast of a better Vice, than here by nature
And art they're owners of? Hell never own me,
But I am taken! the fine tract of it
Pulls me along! to hear men such professors
Grown in our subtlest sciences! My first act, now,
Shall be to make this master of mine, cuckold:
The primitive work of darkness I will practise.
I will deserve so well of my fair mistress
By my discoveries first, my counsels after,
And keeping counsel after that, as who
So ever is one, I will be another sure,
I'll have my share. Most delicate damn'd flesh
She will be! O, that I could stay time, now!
Midnight will come too fast upon me, I fear,
To cut my pleasure——

Enter MRS. FITZDOTTREL.

Mrs. Fitz. Look at the back-door,
One knocks, see who it is.

Pug. Dainty she-Devil! [*Aside and exit.*

Mrs. Fitz. I cannot get this venture of the cloke
Out of my fancy, nor the gentleman's way
He took, which though 't were strange, yet it was
handsome,
And had a grace withal, beyond the newness.
Sure he will think me that dull stupid creature
He said, and may conclude it, if I find not
Some thought to thank the attempt. He did pre-
By all the carriage of it, on my brain, [sume
For answer; and will swear 'tis very barren,
If it can yield him no return.—

Re-enter PUG.

Who is it?

Pug. Mistress, it is—but first, let me assure
The excellence of mistresses, I am,
Although my master's man, my mistress' slave,
The servant of her secrets, and sweet turns,
And know what fitly will conduce to either.

Mrs. Fitz. What's this? I pray you come to
yourself, and think
What your part is; to make an answer. Tell,
Who is at the door?

Pug. The gentleman, mistress,
Who was at the cloke-charge to speak with you
This morning; who expects only to take
Some small commandments from you, what you
please,
Worthy your form, he says, and gentlest manners.

Mrs. Fitz. O! you'll anon prove his hired man, I fear;
What has he given you for this message? sir,
Bid him put off his hopes of straw, and leave
To spread his nets in view thus. Though they take
Master Fitzdottrel, I am no such foul
Nor fair one, tell him, will be had with stalking;
And wish him to forbear his acting to me,
At the gentleman's chamber-window in Lincoln's-
That opens to my gallery; else I swear [inn there,
To acquaint my husband with his folly, and leave
To the just rage of his offended jealousy. [him
Or if your master's sense be not so quick
To right me, tell him I shall find a friend
That will repair me. Say, I will be quiet
In mine own house. Pray you, in those words give it him.

Pug. This is some fool turn'd! [*Exit.*

Mrs. Fitz. If he be the master,
Now, of that state and wit which I allow him,
Sure, he will understand me: I durst not
Be more direct; for this officious fellow,
My husband's new groom, is a spy upon me,
I find already. Yet, if he but tell him
This in my words, he cannot but conceive
Himself both apprehended and requited.
I would not have him think he met a statue,
Or spoke to one, not there, though I were silent.

Re-enter Pug.

How now? have you told him?

Pug. Yes.

Mrs. Fitz. And what says he?

Pug. Says he!
That which myself would say to you, if I durst.
That you are proud, sweet mistress; and withal,
A little ignorant, to entertain
The good that's proffer'd; and, by your beauty's
Not all so wise as some true politic wife [leave,
Would be; who having match'd with such a nupson
(I speak it with my master's peace) whose face
Hath left to accuse him, now, for it doth confess him,
What you can make him; will yet (out of scruple,
And a spiced conscience) defraud the poor gentleman,
At least delay him in the thing he longs for,
And makes it his whole study, how to compass
Only a title. Could but he write cuckold,
He had his ends: for, look you——

Mrs. Fitz. This can be
None but my husband's wit. [*Aside.*

Pug. My precious mistress—

Mrs. Fitz. It creaks his engine: the groom never durst
Be else so saucy. [*Aside.*

Pug. If it were not clearly
His worshipful ambition, and the top of it,
The very forked top too, why should he
Keep you thus mured up in a back room, mistress,
Allow you ne'er a casement to the street,
Fear of engendering by the eyes, with gallants?
Forbid you paper, pen and ink, like rat's-bane;
Search your half pint of muscatel, lest a letter
Be sunk in the pot; and hold your new-laid egg
Against the fire, lest any charm be writ there?
Will you make benefit of truth, dear mistress,
If I do tell it you? I do't not often:
I am set over you, employ'd indeed
To watch your steps, your looks, your very breath-
And to report them to him. Now, if you [ings,
Will be a true, right, delicate, sweet mistress,
Why, we will makes a Cokes of this Wise Master,
We will, my mistress, an absolute fine Cokes,
And mock, to air, all the deep diligences
Of such a solemn and effectual ass,
An ass to so good purpose as we'll use him.
I will contrive it so, that you shall go
To plays, to masques, to meetings, and to feasts:
For, why is all this rigging and fine tackle, mistress
If your neat handsome vessels, of good sail,
Put not forth ever and anon with your nets
Abroad into the world? It is your fishing.
There, you shall choose your friends, your servants, lady,
Your squires of honour; I'll convey your letters,
Fetch answers, do you all the offices
That can belong to your blood and beauty. And,
For the variety, at my times, although
I am not in due symmetry, the man
Of that proportion; or in rule
Of physic, of the just complexion;
Or of that truth of Picardil, in clothes,
To boast a sovereignty o'er ladies: yet
I know to do my turns, sweet mistress. Come,

Mrs. Fitz. How now! [kiss—

Pug. Dear delicate mistress, I am your slave,
Your little worm, that loves you; your fine monkey,
Your dog, your Jack, your Pug, that longs to be
Styled, o' your pleasures.

Mrs. Fitz. [*Aloud.*] Hear you all this? Sir, pray you
Come from your standing, do, a little, spare
Yourself, sir, from your watch, t'applaud your
That so well follows your instructions! [squire,

Enter Fitzdottrel.

Fitz. How now, sweet heart! what is the matter?

Mrs. Fitz. Good!
You are a stranger to the plot! you set not
Your saucy Devil here, to tempt your wife,
With all the insolent uncivil language,
Or action, he could vent!

Fitz. Did you so, Devil?

Mrs. Fitz. Not you!
You were not planted in your hole to hear him
Upon the stairs, or here behind the hangings!
I do not know your qualities! he durst do it
And you not give directions!

Fitz. You shall see, wife,
Whether he durst or no, and what it was,
I did direct. [*Exit.*

Pug. Sweet mistress, are you mad?

Re-enter Fitzdottrel, *with a cudgel.*

Fitz. You most mere rogue! you open manifest villain!
You fiend apparent, you! you declared hell-hound!

Pug. Good sir.

Fitz. Good knave, good rascal, and good traitor,
Now, I do find you parcel Devil indeed.
Upon the point of trust! in your first charge,
The very day of your probation,
To tempt your mistress! [*Beats* Pug.] You do
How I directed him? [see, good wedlock,

Mrs. Fitz. Why, where, sir, were you?

Fitz. Nay, there is one blow more for exercise: [*Strikes him again.*
I told you, I should do it.

Pug. Would you had done, sir.
Fitz. O wife, the rarest man!—(yet there's another
To put you in mind o' the last)—[*Beats him again.*] such a brave man, wife!
Within, he has his projects, and does vent them
The gallantest!—Were you tentiginous, ha?
Would you be acting of the incubus?
Did her silk's rustling move you?
Pug. Gentle sir!
Fitz. Out of my sight! If thy name were not Devil,
Thou should'st not stay a minute with me. In,
Go, yet stay, yet go too. I am resolv'd
What I will do, and you shall know't aforehand,
Soon as the gentleman is gone, do you hear?
I'll help your lisping. [*Exit* PUG.]—Wife, such a man, wife!
He has such plots! he will make me a duke?
No less, by heaven! six mares to your coach, wife!
That's your proportion! and your coachman bald,
Because he shall be bare enough. Do not you laugh,
We are looking for a place, and all, in the map,
What to be of. Have faith, be not an infidel.
You know I am not easy to be gull'd.
I swear, when I have my millions, else, I'll make
Another, dutchess; if you have not faith.
Mrs. Fitz. You'll have too much, I fear, in these false spirits.
Fitz. Spirits! O, no such thing, wife; wit, mere wit.
This man defies the Devil and all his works,
He does't by engine, and devices, he!
He has his winged ploughs, that go with sails,
Will plough you forty acres at once! and mills
Will spout you water ten miles off! All Crowland
Is ours, wife; and the fens, from us, in Norfolk,
To the utmost bounds in Lincolnshire! we have view'd it,
And measur'd it within all, by the scale:
The richest tract of land, love, in the kingdom!
There will be made seventeen or eighteen millions,
Or more, as't may be handled! wherefore think,
Sweet-heart, if thou hast a fancy to one place
More than another, to be dutchess of,
Now name it; I will have't, whate'er it cost,
(If 'twill be had for money) either here,
Or in France, or Italy.
Mrs. Fitz. You have strange phantasies!

Enter MEERCRAFT *and* ENGINE.

Meer. Where are you, sir?
Fitz. I see thou hast no talent
This way, wife. Up to thy gallery, do, chuck,
Leave us to talk of it who understand it.
[*Exit* Mrs. FITZ.
Meer. I think we have found a place to fit you now, sir.
Gloucester.
Fitz. O no, I'll none.
Meer. Why, sir?
Fitz. 'Tis fatal.
Meer. That you say right in. Spenser, I think the younger,
Had his last honour thence. But he was but earl.
Fitz. I know not that, sir. But Thomas of Woodstock,
I'm sure was duke, and he was made away
At Calice, as duke Humphrey was at Bury:
And Richard the Third, you know what end he came to.
Meer. By my faith you are cunning in the chronicle, sir.
Fitz. No, I confess I have it from the play-books,
And think they are more authentic.
Eng. That is sure, sir.
Meer. [*Whispers him.*] What say you to this then?
Fitz. No, a noble house
Pretends to that. I will do no man wrong.
Meer. Then take one proposition more, and hear it
As past exception.
Fitz. What is that?
Meer. To be
Duke of those lands you shall recover: take
Your title thence, sir, DUKE OF THE DROWN'D LANDS,
Or, DROWN'D LAND.
Fitz. Ha! that last has a good sound:
I like it well. The duke of Drown'd-land?
Eng. Yes;
It goes like Groen-land, sir, if you mark it.
Meer. Ay;
And drawing thus your honour from the work,
You make the reputation of that greater,
And stay it the longer in your name.
Fitz. 'Tis true.
DROWN'D LANDS will live in drown'd-land!
Meer. Yes, when you
Have no foot left; as that must be, sir, one day.
And though it tarry in your heirs some forty,
Fifty descents, the longer liver at last, yet,
Must thrust them out on't, if no quirk in law,
Or odd vice of their own not do it first.
We see those changes daily: the fair lands
That were the client's, are the lawyer's now;
And those rich manors there of goodman Taylor's,
Had once more wood upon them, than the yard
By which they were measured out for the last purchase.
Nature hath these vicissitudes. She makes [no man a state of perpetuity, sir.
Fitz. You are in the right. Let's in then, and conclude.—

Re-enter PUG.

In my sight again! I'll talk with you anon.
[*Exeunt* FITZ, MEER. *and* ENGINE.
Pug. Sure he will geld me if I stay, or worse,
Pluck out my tongue, one of the two. This fool,
There is no trusting of him; and to quit him,
Were a contempt against my chief past pardon.
It was a shrewd disheartening this, at first!
Who would have thought a woman so well harness'd,
Or rather well caparison'd, indeed,
That wears such petticoats, and lace to her smocks,
Broad seaming laces (as I see them hang there)
And garters which are lost, if she can shew them,
Could have done this? Hell! why is she so brave?
It cannot be to please duke Dottrel, sure,
Nor the dull pictures in her gallery,
Nor her own dear reflection in her glass;
Yet that may be: I have known many of them
Begin their pleasure, but none end it there:
(That I consider, as I go along with it)
They may, for want of better company,
Or that they think the better, spend an hour,
Two, three, or four, discoursing with their shadow;
But sure they have a farther speculation.
No woman drest with so much care and study,
Doth dress herself in vain. I'll vex this problem
A little more, before I leave it sure. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—MANLY'S *Chambers in Lincoln's Inn, opposite* FITZDOTTREL'S *House.*

Enter WITTIPOL *and* MANLY.

Wit. This was a fortune happy above thought,
That this should prove thy chamber; which I fear'd
Would be my greatest trouble! this must be
The very window and that the room.
Man. It is.
I now remember, I have often seen there
A woman, but I never mark'd her much.
Wit. Where was your soul, friend?
Man. Faith, but now and then
Awake unto those objects.
Wit. You pretend so.
Let me not live, if I am not in love
More with her wit, for this direction now,
Than with her form, though I have praised that prettily,
Since I saw her and you to-day. Read those:
[*Gives him the copy of a song.*
They'll go unto the air you love so well.
Try them unto the note, may be the music
Will call her sooner; light, she's here! sing quickly.

Mrs. FITZDOTTREL *appears at a window of her house fronting that of* MANLY'S *Chambers.*

Mrs. Fitz. Either he understood him not; or
The fellow was not faithful in delivery [else,
Of what I bade. And, I am justly pay'd,
That might have made my profit of his service,
But by mistaking, have drawn on his envy,
And done the worse defeat upon myself.
[MANLY *sings.*
How! music? then he may be there: and is sure.

Enter PUG *behind.*

Pug. O! is it so? is there the interview!
Have I drawn to you, at last, my cunning lady?
The Devil is an ass! fool'd off, and beaten!
Nay, made an instrument, and could not scent it
Well, since you have shewn the malice of a woman,
No less than her true wit and learning, mistress,
I'll try, if little Pug have the malignity
To recompense it, and so save his danger.
'Tis not the pain, but the discredit of it,
The Devil should not keep a body entire.
[*Aside and exit.*
Wit. Away, fall back, she comes.
Man. I leave you, sir,
The master of my chamber: I have business. [*Exit.*
Wit. Mistress!
Mrs. Fitz. [*advances to the window.*] You make
Wit. They are fair colours, [me paint, sir.
Lady, and natural! I did receive
Some commands from you, lately, gentle lady,
But so perplex'd, and wrapt in the delivery,
As I may fear to have misinterpreted:
But must make suit still, to be near your grace.
Mrs. Fitz. Who is there with you, sir?
Wit. None, but myself.
It falls out, lady, to be a dear friend's lodging;
Wherein there's some conspiracy of fortune
With your poor servant's blest affections.
Mrs. Fitz. Who was it sung?
Wit. He, lady, but he's gone,
Upon my entreaty of him, seeing you
Approach the window. Neither need you doubt him,
If he were here; he is too much a gentleman.
Mrs. Fitz. Sir, if you judge me by this simple
And by the outward habit, and complexion [action,
Of easiness it hath, to your design;
You may with justice say, I am a woman;
And a strange woman. But when you shall please
To bring but that concurrence of my fortune
To memory, which to-day yourself did urge;
It may beget some favour like excuse,
Though none like reason.
Wit. No, my tuneful mistress?
Then surely love hath none, nor beauty any;
Nor nature, violenced in both these:
With all whose gentle tongues you speak, at once.
I thought I had enough remov'd already
That scruple from your breast, and left you all reason;
When through my morning's perspective I shew'd
A man so above excuse, as he's the cause, [you
Why any thing is to be done upon him;
And nothing call'd an injury, misplaced.
I rather now had hope, to shew you how love
By his accesses grows more natural:
And what was done this morning with such force,
Was but devised to serve the present, then.
That since Love hath the honour to approach
These sister-swelling breasts; and touch this soft
And rosy hand; he hath the skill to draw
Their nectar forth, with kissing; and could make
More wanton salts from this brave promontory,
Down to this valley, than the nimble roe;
Could play the hopping sparrow 'bout these nets;
And sporting squirrel in these crisped groves;
Bury himself in every silk-worm's kell,
Is here unravell'd; run into the snare,
Which every hair is, cast into a curl,
To catch a Cupid flying! bathe himself
In milk and roses here, and dry him there;
Warm his cold hands, to play with this smooth, round,
And well-torn'd chin, as with the billiard ball;
Roll on these lips, the banks of love, and there
At once both plant and gather kisses. Lady,
Shall I, with what I have made to-day here, call
All sense to wonder, and all faith to sign
The mysteries revealed in your form?
And will Love pardon me the blasphemy
I utter'd when I said, a glass could speak
This beauty, or that fools had power to judge it?

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that love's world compriseth,
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face;
As alone, there triumphs to the life,
All the gain, all the good, of the elements strife!
Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O, so white! O, so soft! O, so sweet is she!

FITZDOTTREL *appears at his Wife's back.*

Fitz. Is she so, sir? and I will keep her so,
If I know how, or can: that wit of man

Will do't, I'll go no farther. At this window
She shall no more be buzz'd at. Take your leave on't.
If you be sweetmeats, wedlock, or sweet flesh,
All's one: I do not love this hum about you
A fly-blown wife is not so proper: in!—
For you, you, sir, look to hear from me.

Wit. So I do, sir.

Fitz. No, but in other terms. There's no man
This to my wife, but pays for't. [offers

Wit. That have I, sir.

Fitz. Nay then, I tell you, you are——

Wit. What am I, sir?

Fitz. Why, that I'll think on, when I have cut

Wit. Go, you are an ass. [your throat.

Fitz. I am resolv'd on't, sir.

Wit. I think you are.

Fitz. To call you to a reckoning.

Wit. Away, you broker's block, you property!

Fitz. 'Slight, if you strike me, I will strike your mistress. [*Strikes* Mrs. Fitz. *and leads her out.*

Wit. O! I could shoot mine eyes at him for that now,
Or leave my teeth in him, were they cuckold's
Enough to kill him. What prodigious, [bane,
Blind, and most wicked change of fortune's this?
I have no air of patience: all my veins
Swell, and my sinews start at th' iniquity of it.
I shall break, break. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in* Fitzdottrel's *House.*

Enter Pug.

Pug. This for the malice of it,
And my revenge may pass! but now my conscience
Tells me, I have profited the cause of hell
But little, in the breaking off their loves.
Which, if some other act of mine repair not,
I shall hear ill of in my account!

Enter Fitzdottrel *and his Wife.*

Fitz. O, bird,
Could you do this? 'gainst me! and at this time
When I was so employ'd, wholly for you, [now!
Drown'd in my care (more than the land, I swear,
I have hope to win) to make you peerless, studying
For footmen for you, fine-paced huishers, pages,
To serve you on the knee; with what knight's wife
To bear your train, and sit with your four women
In council, and receive intelligences
From foreign parts, to dress you at all pieces!
You've almost turn'd my good affection to you;
Sour'd my sweet thoughts, all my pure purposes:
I could now find in my very heart to make
Another, lady dutchess; and depose you.
Well, go your ways in. [*Exit* Mrs. Fitz.]—Devil, you have redeem'd all;
I do forgive you: and I'll do you good. [*Exit* Pug.

Enter Meercraft *and* Engine.

Meer. Why have you these excursions! where have you been, sir?

Fitz. Where I have been vex'd a little with a toy.

Meer. O sir, no toys must trouble your grave
Now it is growing to be great. You must [head,
Be above all those things.

Fitz. Nay, nay, so I will.

Meer. Now you are toward the lord, you must
The man, sir. [put off

Eng. He says true.

Meer. You must do nothing
As you have done it heretofore; not know,
Or salute any man.

Eng. That was your bedfellow
The other month.

Meer. The other month! the week.
Thou dost not know the privileges, Engine,
Follow that title; nor how swift: to-day,
When he has put on his lord's face once, then—

Fitz. Sir, for these things I shall do well enough
There is no fear of me: but then my wife is
Such an untoward thing, she'll never learn
How to comport with it: I am out of all
Conceit, on her behalf.

Meer. Best have her taught, sir.

Fitz. Where! are there any schools for ladies?
An academy for women? I do know [is there
For men there was; I learn'd in it myself,
To make my legs, and do my postures.

Eng. [*whispers* Meercraft.] Sir,
Do you remember the conceit you had——
Of the Spanish gown at home?

Meer. Ha! I do thank thee
With all my heart, dear Engine.——Sir, there is
A certain lady, here about the town,
An English widow, who hath lately travell'd,
But she is call'd the Spaniard, 'cause she came
Latest from thence, and keeps the Spanish habit.
Such a rare woman! all our women here,
That are of spirit and fashion, flock unto her,
As to their president, their law, their canon;
More than they ever did to oracle Foreman,
Such rare receipts she has, sir, for the face,
Such oils, such tinctures, such pomatums,
Such perfumes, med'cines, quintessences, *et cætera;*
And such a mistress of behaviour,
She knows from the duke's daughter to the doxy,
What is their due just, and no more!

Fitz. O sir!
You please me in this, more than mine own great-
Where is she? Let us have her. [ness.

Meer. By your patience,
We must use means, cast how to be acquainted—

Fitz. Good, sir, about it.

Meer. We must think how, first.

Fitz. O!
I do not love to tarry for a thing,
When I have a mind to it. You do not know me,
If you do offer it.

Meer. Your wife must send
Some pretty token to her, with a compliment,
And pray to be received in her good graces.
All the great ladies do it.

Fitz. She shall, she shall.
What were it best to be?

Meer. Some little toy,
I would not have it any great matter, sir:
A diamond ring of forty or fifty pound
Would do it handsomely, and be a gift
Fit for your wife to send, and her to take.

Fitz. I'll go and tell my wife on't straight.
[*Exit.*

Meer. Why, this
Is well! the clothes we have now, but where's this lady?
If we could get a witty boy now, Engine,
That were an excellent crack, I could instruct him
To the true height: for any thing takes this Dottrel.

Eng. Why, sir, your best will be one of the players!
Meer. No, there's no trusting them: they'll And tell their poets. [talk of it,
Eng. What if they do! the jest
Will brook the stage. But there be some of them
Are very honest lads: there's Dickey Robinson,
A very pretty fellow, and comes often
To a gentleman's chamber, a friend of mine. We
The merriest supper of it there, one night, [had
The gentleman's landlady invited him
To a gossip's feast: now he, sir, brought Dick Robinson,
Drest like a lawyer's wife, amongst them all:
I lent him clothes.—But to see him behave it,
And lay the law, and carve and drink unto them,
And then talk bawdy, and send frolics! O,
It would have burst your buttons, or not left you A seam.
Meer. They say he's an ingenious youth.
Eng. O sir! and dresses himself the best, beyond
Forty of your very ladies; did you never see him?
Meer. No, I do seldom see those toys. But think
That we may have him? [you
Eng. Sir, the young gentleman
I tell you of can command him: shall I attempt it?
Meer. Yes, do it.

Re-enter FITZDOTTREL.

Fitz. 'Slight, I cannot get my wife
To part with a ring on any terms, and yet
The sullen monkey has two.
Meer. It were 'gainst reason
That you should urge it: sir, send to a goldsmith,
Let not her lose by it.
Fitz. How does she lose by it?
Is it not for her?
Meer. Make it your own bounty,
It will have the better success; what is a matter
Of fifty pound to you, sir?
Fitz. I have but a hundred
Pieces to shew here; that I would not break—
Meer. You shall have credit, sir. I'll send a ticket
Unto my goldsmith.—

Enter TRAINS.

Here my man comes too,
To carry it fitly.—How now, Trains! what birds?
Trains. Your cousin Everill met me, and has beat me,
Because I would not tell him where you were:
I think he has dogg'd me to the house too.
Meer. Well——
You shall go out at the back-door then, Trains.
You must get Gilthead hither by some means.
Trains. It is impossible!
Fitz. Tell him we have venison,
I'll give him a piece, and send his wife a pheasant.
[*Exit.*
Trains. A forest moves not, 'till that forty pound
You had of him last be paid. He keeps more stir
For that same petty sum, than for your bond
Of six, and statute of eight hundred.
Meer. Tell him
We'll hedge in that. Cry up Fitzdottrel to him,
Double his price: make him a man of metal.
Trains. That will not need, his bond is current enough. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* FITZDOTTREL'S *House.*

Enter THOMAS GILTHEAD, *and* PLUTARCHUS.

Gilt. All this is to make you a gentleman!
I'll have you learn, son. Wherefore have I placed you
With sir Paul Eitherside, but to have so much law
To keep your own? Besides, he is a justice,
Here in the town; and dwelling, son, with him,
You shall learn that in a year, shall be worth twenty
Of having staid you at Oxford or at Cambridge,
Or sending you to the inns of court, or France.
I'm call'd for now in haste by master Meercraft,
To trust master Fitzdottrel, a good man,
I have enquired him, eighteen hundred a year,
(His name is current) for a diamond ring
Of forty, shall not be worth thirty; that's gained;
And this is to make you a gentleman!
Plu. O, but good father, you trust too much.
Gilt. Boy, boy,
We live by finding fools out to be trusted.
Our shop-books are our pastures, our corn-grounds,
We lay 'em open, for them to come into;
And when we have them there, we drive them up
Into one of our two pounds, the compters, straight,
And this is to make you a gentleman!
We citizens never trust, but we do cozen:
For if our debtors pay, we cozen them:
And if they do not, then we cozen ourselves.
But that's a hazard every one must run,
That hopes to make his son a gentleman!
Plu. I do not wish to be one, truly, father.
In a descent or two, we come to be,
Just in their state, fit to be cozen'd, like them:
And I had rather have tarried in your trade.
For, since the gentry scorn the city so much,
Methinks we should in time, holding together,
And matching in our own tribes, as they say,
Have got an act of common-council for it,
That we might cozen them out of *rerum natura.*
Gilt. Ay, if we had an act first to forbid
The marrying of our wealthy heirs unto them,
And daughters with such lavish portions:
That confounds all.
Plu. And makes a mongrel breed, father.
And when they have your money, then they laugh at you,
Or kick you down the stairs. I cannot abide them:
I would fain have them cozen'd, but not trusted.

Enter MEERCRAFT.

Meer. O, is he come! I knew he would not fail me.—
Welcome, good Gilthead, I must have you do
A noble gentleman a courtesy here,
In a mere toy, some pretty ring or jewel,
Of fifty or threescore pound.—Make it a hundred
And hedge in the last forty that I owe you,

And your own price for the ring. [*Aside to* GILTHEAD.] He's a good man, sir,
And you may hap see him a great one! he
Is likely to bestow hundreds and thousands
With you, if you can humour him. A great prince
He will be shortly. What do you say?
Gilt. In truth, sir,
I cannot: 't has been a long vacation with us.
Meer. Of what, I pray thee, of wit or honesty?
Those are your citizens' long vacations.
Plu. Good father, do not trust them.
Meer. Nay, Tom Gilthead,
He will not buy a courtesy and beg it;
He'll rather pay than pray. If you do for him,
You must do cheerfully: his credit, sir,
Is not yet prostitute. Who's this, thy son?
A pretty youth! what is his name?
Plu. Plutarchus, sir.
Meer. Plutarchus! how came that about?
Gilt. That year, sir,
That I begot him, I bought Plutarch's lives,
And fell so in love with the book, as I call'd my son
By his name, in hope he should be like him,
And write the lives of our great men.—
Meer. In the city!
And do you breed him there?
Gilt. His mind, sir, lies
Much to that way.
Meer. Why, then he's in the right way.
Gilt. But now, I had rather get him a good wife,
And plant him in the country, there to use
The blessing I shall leave him.
Meer. Out upon't!
And lose the laudable means thou hast at home here,
To advance and make him a young alderman?
Buy him a captain's place, for shame; and let him
Into the world early, and with his plume
And scarfs march through Cheapside, or along Cornhill,
And by the virtue of those, draw down a wife
There from a window, worth ten thousand pound!
Get him the posture-book and's leaden men
To set upon a table, 'gainst his mistress
Chance to come by, that he may draw her in,
And shew her Finsbury battles.
Gilt. I have placed him
With justice Eitherside, to get so much law——
Meer. As thou hast conscience. Come, come, thou dost wrong
Pretty Plutarchus, who had not his name
For nothing, but was born *to train the youth*
Of London in the military truth——
That way his genius lies.—

Enter EVERILL.

My cousin Everill!
Ever. O, are you here, sir! pray you let us whisper. [*Takes* MEER. *aside.*
Plu. Father, dear father, trust him if you love me.
Gilt. Why, I do mean it, boy, but what I do
Must not come easily from me: we must deal
With courtiers, boy, as courtiers deal with us
If I have a business there with any of them,
Why, I must wait, I am sure on't, son; and though
My lord dispatch me, yet his worshipful man
Will keep me for his sport a month or two,
To shew me with my fellow-citizens:
I must make his train long, and full, one quarter,
And help the spectacle of his greatness. There,
Nothing is done at once but injuries, boy,
And they come headlong: all their good turns
Or very slowly. [move not,
Plu. Yet, sweet father, trust him.
Gilt. Well, I will think. [*They walk aside.*
Ever. Come, you must do't, sir.
I am undone else, and your lady Tailbush
Has sent for me to dinner, and my clothes
Are all at pawn. I had sent out this morning,
Before I heard you were come to town, some
Of my epistles, and no one return——— [twenty
Meer. Why, I have told you of this. This comes of wearing
Scarlet, gold lace, and cut-works! your fine gartering,
With your blown roses, cousin! and your eating
Pheasant, and godwit, here in London, haunting
The Globes and Mermaids, wedging in with lords
Still at the table, and affecting letchery
In velvet! where, could you have contented yourself
With cheese, salt butter, and a pickled herring,
In the Low Countries; there worn cloth and fustian,
Been satisfied with a leap o' your host's daughter,
In garrison, a wench of a storer, or
Your sutler's wife in the leaguer, of two blanks!
You never then had run upon this flat,
To write your letters missive, and send out
Your privy seals, that thus have frighted off
All your acquaintance, that they shun you at dis-
Worse than you do the bailiffs. [tance,
Ever. Pox upon you!
I come not to you for counsel, I lack money.
Meer. You do not think what you owe me already.
Ever. I!
They owe you that mean to pay you: I'll be sworn
I never meant it. Come, you will project,
I shall undo your practice, for this month, else;
You know me.
Meer. Ay, you are a right sweet nature!
Ever. Well, that's all one!
Meer. You'll leave this empire one day;
You will not ever have this tribute paid
Your scepter of the sword!
Ever. Tie up your wit,
Do, and provoke me not——
Meer. Will you, sir, help
To what I shall provoke another for you?
Ever. I cannot tell; try me: I think I am not
So utterly, of an ore un-to-be-melted,
But I can do myself good, on occasions.

Enter FITZDOTTREL.

Meer. Strike in, then, for your part. [*They go up to* FITZ.]—Master Fitzdottrel,
If I transgress in point of manners, afford me
Your best construction; I must beg my freedom
From your affairs, this day.
Fitz. How, sir!
Meer. It is
In succour of this gentleman's occasions,
My kinsman—
Fitz. You'll not do me that affront, sir?
Meer. I am sorry you should so interpret it.
But, sir, it stands upon his being invested
In a new office, he has stood for, long:
Master of the Dependences! a place
Of my projection too, sir, and hath met
Much opposition; but the state, now, sees
That great necessity of it, as after all

Their writing, and their speaking against duels,
They have erected it. His book is drawn——
For, since there will be differences daily
'Twixt gentlemen, and that the roaring manner
Is grown offensive ; that those few, we call
The civil men of the sword, abhor the vapours ;
They shall refer now, hither, for their process ;
And such as trespass 'gainst the rule of court
Are to be fined.

Fitz. In troth, a pretty place !

Meer. A kind of arbitrary court 'twill be, sir.

Fitz. I shall have matter for it, I believe,
Ere it be long ; I had a distaste.

Meer. But now, sir,
My learned counsel, they must have a feeling,
They'll part, sir, with no books, without the hand-gout
Be oil'd : and I must furnish. If't be money,
To me straight ; I am mine, mint, and exchequer,
To supply all. What is't, a hundred pound ?

Ever. No, the harpy now stands on a hundred pieces.

Meer. Why, he must have them, if he will. To-morrow,
Will equally serve your occasions— [Will equally serve your occasions, sir,
And therefore, let me obtain, that you will yield
To timing a poor gentleman's distresses,
In terms of hazard.

Fitz. By no means.

Meer. I must
Get him this money, and will——

Fitz. Sir, I protest,
I had rather stand engaged for it myself ;
Than you should leave me.

Meer. O good sir ! do you think
So coarsely of our manners, that we would,
For any need of ours, be prest to take it
Though you be pleased to offer it ?

Fitz. Why, by heaven,
I mean it.

Meer. I can never believe less ;
But we, sir, must preserve our dignity,
As you do publish yours : by your fair leave, sir.
[*Offers to be gone.*

Fitz. As I am a gentleman, if you do offer
To leave me now, or if you do refuse me,
I will not think you love me.

Meer. Sir, I honour you,
And with just reason, for these noble notes
Of the nobility you pretend to : but, sir,
I would know why ? a motive (he a stranger)
You should do this ?

Ever. [*Aside to* MEER.] You'll mar all with your fineness.

Fitz. Why that's all one, if 'twere, sir, but my fancy.—
But I have a business, that perhaps I would have
Brought to his office.

Meer. O sir ! I have done then ;
If he can be made profitable to you.

Fitz. Yes, and it shall be one of my ambitions
To have it the first business : may I not ?

Ever. So you do mean to make't a perfect business.

Fitz. Nay, I'll do that, assure you ; shew me once.

Meer. Sir, it concerns, the first be a perfect
For his own honour. [business,

Ever. Ay, and the reputation
Too, of my place.

Fitz. Why, why do I take this course, else ?
I am not altogether an ass, good gentlemen.
Wherefore should I consult you, do you think ?
To make a song on't ? How's your manner ? tell us.

Meer. Do, satisfy him ; give him the whole course.

Ever. First, by request, or otherwise, you offer
Your business to the court ; wherein you crave
The judgment of the master and the assistants.

Fitz. Well, that is done now ; what do you upon it ?

Ever. We straight, sir, have recourse to the spring-head :
Visit the ground, and so disclose the nature ;
If it will carry, or no. If we do find,
By our proportions, it is like to prove
A sullen and black business ; that it be
Incorrigible and out of treaty ; then
We file it, a dependence !

Fitz. So, 'tis filed :
What follows ? I do love the order of these things.

Ever. We then advise the party, if he be
A man of means and havings, that forthwith
He settle his estate ; if not, at least
That he pretend it : for, by that, the world
Takes notice, that it now is a dependence :
And this we call, sir, publication.

Fitz. Very sufficient : after publication, now ?

Ever. Then we grant out our process, which is
Either by chartel, sir, or ore-tenus, [diverse
Wherein the challenger and challengee,
Or, with your Spaniard, your provocador
And provocado, have their several courses—

Fitz. I have enough on't : for an hundred pieces
Yes, for two hundred, under-write me, do.
Your man will take my bond ?

Meer. That he will, sure :
But these same citizens, they are such sharks !
There's an old debt of forty, I gave my word
[*Aside to* FITZ.
For one has run away to the Bermudas,
And he will hook in that, or he'll not do.

Fitz. Why, let him. That and the ring, and a
Will all but make two hundred. [hundred pieces,

Meer. No, no more, sir.
What ready arithmetic you have !—Do you hear ?
[*Aside to* GILTHEAD.
A pretty morning's work for you, this ! do it.
You shall have twenty pound on't.

Gilt. Twenty pieces ?

Plu. Good father, do't.

Meer. You will hook still ? well,
Shew us your ring. You could not have done this now,
With gentleness, at first, we might have thank'd you ?
But groan, and have your courtesies come from you
Like a hard stool, and stink ! A man may draw
Your teeth out easier than your money. Come,
Were little Gilthead here, no better a nature,
I should ne'er love him, that could pull his lips off now. [*Pulls him by the lips.*
Was not thy mother a gentlewoman ?

Plu. Yes, sir.

Meer. And went to the court at Christmas, and St. George tide,
And lent the lords' men chains ?

Plu. Of gold and pearl, sir.

Meer. I knew thou must take after somebody,
Thou could'st not be else. This was no shop-look !
I'll have thee captain Gilthead, and march up,
And take in Pimlico, and kill the bush

At every tavern. Thou shalt have a wife,
If smocks will mount, boy. [*Turns to* GILTHEAD.]
How now; you have there now
Some Bristol stone or Cornish counterfeit
You'd put upon us!
Gilt. No, sir, I assure you:
Look on his lustre, he will speak himself!
I'll give you leave to put him in the mill:
He is no great large stone, but a true paragon,
He has all his corners, view him well.
Meer. He's yellow.
Gilt. Upon my faith, sir, of the right black water,
And very deep! he's set without a foil, too.
Here's one of the yellow-water, I'll sell cheap.
Meer. And what do you value this at, thirty pound?
Gilt. No, sir, he cost me forty ere he was set.
Meer. Turnings, you mean? I know your equivokes:
You are grown the better fathers of 'em o' late.
Well, where it must go 'twill be judged, and therefore
Look you 't be right. You shall have fifty pound for't,
Not a denier more.—[*To* FITZ.] And because you would
Have things dispatch'd, sir, I'll go presently,
Inquire out this lady! If you think good, sir,
Having an hundred pieces ready, you may
Part with those now, to serve my kinsman's turns,
That he may wait upon you anon the freer;
And take them, when you have seal'd, again, of
Fitz. I care not if I do. [Gilthead.
Meer. And dispatch all
Together.
Fitz. There, they are just a hundred pieces;
I have told them over twice a day these two months.
[*Turns them out on the Table.*
Meer. Well, go and seal then, sir; make your
As speedy as you can. [return
[*Exeunt* FITZDOTTREL, GILTHEAD, *and* PLUTARCHUS.
Ever. Come, give me. [*They fall to sharing.*
Meer. Soft, sir.
Ever. Marry, and fair too then; I'll no delay-
Meer. But you will hear? [ing, sir.
Ever. Yes, when I have my dividend.
Meer. There's forty pieces for you.
Ever. What is this for?
Meer. Your half: you know that Gilthead must have twenty.
Ever. And what's your ring there? Shall I have none o' that?
Meer. O, that is to be given to a lady.
Ever. Is it so?
Meer. By that good light, it is.
Ever. Come, give me
Ten pieces more, then.
Meer. Why?
Ever. For Gilthead, sir!
Do you think I'll allow him any such share?
Meer. You must.
Ever. Must I! do you your musts, sir, I'll do mine:
You will not part with the whole, sir, will you?
Give me ten pieces! [Go to,
Meer. By what law do you this?
Ever. Even lion-law, sir, I must roar else.
Meer. Good!
Ever. You have heard how the ass made his divisions wisely?
Meer. And I am he!—I thank you.
Ever. Much good do you, sir.
Meer. I shall be rid of this tyranny one day.
Ever. Not
While you do eat, and lie about the town here,
And cozen in your bullions; and I stand
Your name of credit, and compound your business,
Adjourn your beatings every term, and make
New parties for your projects. I have now
A pretty task of it, to hold you in
With your lady Tailbush: but the toy will be
How we shall both come off!
Meer. Leave you your doubting,
And do your portion, what's assign'd you: I
Never fail'd yet.
Ever. With reference to your aids!—
You'll still be unthankful. Where shall I meet you, anon?
You have some feat to do alone, now, I see;
You wish me gone; well, I will find you out,
And bring you after to the audit. [*Exit.*
Meer. 'Slight,
There's Engine's share, too, I had forgot! this reign
Is too-too-unsupportable; I must
Quit myself of this vassalage.—

Enter ENGINE, *followed by* WITTIPOL.

Engine! welcome.
How goes the cry?
Eng. Excellent well.
Meer. Will it do?
Where's Robinson?
Eng. Here is the gentleman, sir,
Will undertake it himself. I have acquainted him
Meer. Why did you so?
Eng. Why, Robinson would have told him,
You know: and he's a pleasant wit, will hurt
Nothing you purpose. Then he's of opinion,
That Robinson might want audacity,
She being such a gallant. Now, he has been
In Spain, and knows the fashions there; and can
Discourse; and being but mirth, he says, leave
To his care. [much
Meer. But he is too tall!
Eng. For that,
He has the bravest device (you'll love him for't)
To say, he wears cioppinos; and they do so
In Spain: and Robinson's as tall as he.
Meer. Is he so?
Eng. Every jot.
Meer. Nay, I had rather
To trust a gentleman with it, of the two.
Eng. Pray you go to him then, sir, and salute him.
Meer. Sir, my friend Engine has acquainted you
With a strange business here.
Wit. A merry one, sir.
The duke of drown'd-land and his dutchess?
Meer. Yes, sir.
Now that the conjurors have laid him by,
I have made bold to borrow him awhile.
Wit. With purpose, yet, to put him out, I hope
To his best use.
Meer. Yes, sir.
Wit. For that small part
That I am trusted with, put off your care:
I would not lose to do it, for the mirth
Will follow of it; and well, I have a fancy.
Meer. Sir, That will make it well.

Wit. You will report it so.
Where must I have my dressing?
Eng. At my house, sir.
Meer. You shall have caution, sir, for what he
To sixpence. [yields,
Wit. You shall pardon me: I will share sir,
In your sports only, nothing in your purchase.
But you must furnish me with compliments,
To the manner of Spain; my coach, my guarda-duennas.
Meer. Engine's your provedoré. But, sir, I must,
Now I have entered trust with you thus far,
Secure still in your quality, acquaint you
With somewhat beyond this. The place design'd
To be the scene for this our merry matter,
Because it must have countenance of women
To draw discourse, and offer it, is here by,
At the lady Tailbush's.
Wit. I know her, sir,
And her gentleman-usher.
Meer. Master Ambler?
Wit. Yes, sir.
Meer. Sir, it shall be no shame to me, to confess,
To you, that we poor gentlemen that want acres,
Must for our needs turn fools up, and plough ladies
Sometimes, to try what glebe they are: and this
Is no unfruitful piece. She and I now
Are on a project for the fact, and venting
Of a new kind of fucus, paint for ladies,
To serve the kingdom: wherein she herself
Hath travailed, specially, by way of service
Unto her sex, and hopes to get the monopoly
As the reward of her invention.
Wit. What is her end in this?
Meer. Merely ambition,
Sir, to grow great, and court it with the secret,
Though she pretend some other. For she's dealing
Already upon caution for the shares;
And master Ambler he is named examiner
For the ingredients, and the register
Of what is vented, and shall keep the office.
Now, if she break with you of this, (as I
Must make the leading thread to your acquaintance,
That, how experience gotten in your being
Abroad, will help our business,) think of some
Pretty additions, but to keep her floating;
It may be she will offer you a part:
Any strange names of——
Wit. Sir, I have my instructions.
Is it not high time to be making ready?
Meer. Yes, sir.
Eng. The fool's in sight, Dottrel.
Meer. Away then. [*Exeunt* ENGINE *and* WITTIPOL.

Re-enter FITZDOTTREL.

Meer. Return'd so soon!
Fitz. Yes, here's the ring: I have seal'd.
But there's not so much gold in all the Row, he says—
Till it come from the mint: 'tis ta'en up for the gamesters.
Meer. There's a shop-shift! plague on 'em!
Fitz. He does swear it.
Meer. He'll swear and forswear too, it is his trade;
You should not have left him. [
Fitz. 'Slid, I can go back,
And beat him yet.
Meer. No, now let him alone.
Fitz. I was so earnest after the main business,
To have this ring gone.
Meer. True, and it is time.
I have learn'd, sir, since you went, her ladyship
With the lady Tailbush, here hard by. [eats
Fitz. In the lane here?
Meer. Yes; if you had a servant now of presence,
Well clothed, and of an airy, voluble tongue,
Neither too big nor little for his mouth,
That could deliver your wife's compliment,
To send along withal.
Fitz. I have one, sir,
A very handsome gentleman-like fellow,
That I do mean to make my dutchess' usher——
I entertain'd him but this morning too:
I'll call him to you. The worst of him is his name.
Meer. She'll take no note of that, but of his message.
Fitz. Devil!— [

Enter PUG.

How like you him, sir?—Pace, go a little,
Let's see you move.
Meer. He'll serve, sir; give it him,
And let him go along with me, I'll help
To present him and it.
Fitz. Look you do, sirrah,
Discharge this well, as you expect your place.
Do you hear? go on, come off with all your honours.
I would fain see him do it. [
Meer. Trust him with it.
Fitz. Remember kissing of your hand, and answering
With the French time, and flexure of your body.
I could now so instruct him———and for his words——
Meer. I'll put them in his mouth.
Fitz. O, but I have them
Of the very academies.
Meer. Sir, you'll have use for them
Anon yourself, I warrant you, after dinner,
When you are call'd.
Fitz. 'Slight, that will be just play-time.
It cannot be, I must not lose the play!
Meer. Sir, but you must, if she appoint to sit,
And she is president.
Fitz. 'Slid, it is the DEVIL.
Meer. An 'twere his dam too, you must now
Yourself, sir, to this wholly, or lose all. [apply
Fitz. If I could but see a piece———
Meer. Sir, never think on't.
Fitz. Come but to one act, and I did not care—
But to be seen to rise and go away,
To vex the players, and to punish their poet;
Keep him in awe—
Meer. But say that he be one
Will not be aw'd, but laugh at you; how then?
Fitz. Then he shall pay for's dinner himself.
Meer. Perhaps,
He would do that twice, rather than thank you.
Come get the devil out of your head, my lord,
(I'll call you so in private still,) and take
Your lordship in your mind. You were, sweet lord,
In talk to bring a business to the office.
Fitz. Yes.
Meer. Why should not you, sir, carry it on yourself,
Before the office be up, and shew the world
You had no need of any man's direction,
In point, sir, of sufficiency? I speak
Against a kinsman, but as one that tenders
Your grace's good.
Fitz. I thank you; to proceed———

Meer. To publication: have your deed drawn presently,
And leave a blank to put in your feoffees,
One, two, or more, as you see cause.
Fitz. I thank you;
Heartily, I do thank you: not a word more,
I pray you, as you love me. Let me alone.
That I could not think of this as well as he!
O, I could beat my infinite blockhead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Lane near the* Lady TAILBUSH'S *House.*

Enter MEERCRAFT, *followed by* PUG.

Meer. Come, we must this way.
Pug. How far is't!
Meer. Hard by here,
Over the way. [*They cross over.*] Now, to achieve this ring
From this same fellow, that is, to assure it,
Before he give it. Though my Spanish lady
Be a young gentleman of means, and scorn
To share, as he doth say, I do not know
How such a toy may tempt his ladyship;
And therefore I think best it be assured. [*Aside.*
Pug. Sir, be the ladies brave we go unto?
Meer. O, yes.
Pug. And shall I see them, and speak to them?
Meer. What else?

Enter TRAINS.

Have you your false beard about you, Trains?
Trains. Yes.
Meer. And is this one of your double clokes?
Trains. The best of them.
Meer. Be ready then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in* Lady TAILBUSH'S *House.*

Enter MEERCRAFT *and* PUG, *met by* PITFALL.

Meer. Sweet Pitfall!
Come, I must buss—— [*Offers to kiss her.*
Pit. Away.
Meer. I'll set thee up again.
Never fear that: canst thou get ne'er a bird?
No thrushes hungry! stay till cold weather come,
I'll help thee to an ousel or a fieldfare.
Who's within, with madam?
Pit. I'll tell you straight. [*Exit hastily.*
Meer. Please you stay here a while, sir, I'll go in. [*Exit.*
Pug. I do so long to have a little venery
While I am in this body! I would taste
Of every sin a little, if it might be,
After the manner of man.—Sweet-heart!

Re-enter PITFALL.

Pit. What would you, sir? [PUG *runs to her.*
Pug. Nothing but fall in to you; be your black-bird,
My pretty Pit, as the gentleman said, your throstle,
Lie tame, and taken with you; here is gold,
To buy you so much new stuffs from the shop,
As I may take the old up———

Enter TRAINS, *in his false beard and cloke.*

Trains. You must send, sir,
The gentleman the ring.
Pug. There 'tis. [*Exit* TRAINS.]—Nay look,
Will you be foolish, Pit?
Pit. This is strange rudeness.
Pug. Dear Pit.
Pit. I'll call, I swear.

Enter MEERCRAFT.

Meer. Where are you, sir?
Is your ring ready! Go with me.
Pug. I sent it you.
Meer. Me! when? by whom?
Pug. A fellow here, e'en now,
Came for it in your name.
Meer. I sent none, sure.
My meaning ever was, you should deliver it
Yourself; so was your master's charge, you know

Re-enter TRAINS, *dressed as at first.*

What fellow was it, do you know him?
Pug. Here,
But now, he had it.
Meer. Saw you any, Trains?
Trains. Not I.
Pug. The gentlewoman saw him.
Meer. Enquire.
Pug. I was so earnest upon her, I mark'd not.
My devilish chief has put me here in flesh,
To shame me! this dull body I am in,
I perceive nothing with, I offer at nothing
That will succeed! [*Aside.*
Trains. Sir, she saw none, she says. [me;
Pug. Satan himself has ta'en a shape to abuse
It could not be else! [*Aside.*
Meer. This is above strange.
That you should be so reckless! What will you do, sir, [tion'd?
How will you answer this, when you are ques-
Pug. Run from my flesh, if I could; put off mankind.
This is such a scorn, and will be a new exercise
For my arch-duke! Woe to the several cudgels
Must suffer on this back! [*Aside.*]—Can you no succours, sir?
Meer. Alas! the use of it is so present.
Pug. I ask,
Sir, credit for another but till to-morrow.
Meer. There is not so much time, sir; out,
The lady is a noble lady, and will, [however,
To save a gentleman from check, be entreated
To say, she has received it.
Pug. Do you think so?
Will she be won?
Meer. No doubt, to such an office,
It will be a lady's bravery and her pride.
Pug. And not be known on't after, unto him?
Meer. That were a treachery: Upon my word,
Be confident. Return unto your master,
My lady president sits this afternoon,
Has ta'en the ring, commends her services
Unto your lady dutchess. You may say
She is a civil lady, and does give her
All her respects already: bade you tell her,
She lives but to receive her wish'd commandments,
And have the honour here to kiss her hands,
For which she'll stay this hour yet. Hasten you
Your prince, away.
Pug. And, sir, you will take care
The excuse be perfect?
Meer. You confess your fears
Too much.
Pug. The shame is more.
Meer. I'll quit you of either. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Lady TAILBUSH'S *House.*

Enter Lady TAILBUSH *and* MEERCRAFT.

Lady T. A pox upon referring to commissioners!
I had rather hear that it were past the seals:
You courtiers move so snail-like in your business.
Would I had not begun with you!
Meer. We must move,
Madam, in order, by degrees; not jump.
Lady T. Why, there was sir John Moneyman
A business quickly. [could jump
Meer. True, he had great friends;
But, because some, sweet madam, can leap ditches,
We must not all shun to go over bridges.
The harder parts, I make account, are done,
Now 'tis referr'd: you are infinitely bound
Unto the ladies, they have so cried it up!
Lady T. Do they like it then?
Meer. They have sent the Spanish lady
To gratulate with you.
Lady T. I must send them thanks,
And some remembrances.
Meer. That you must, and visit them.
Where's Ambler?
Lady T. Lost, to-day, we cannot hear of him.
Meer. Not, madam!
Lady T. No, in good faith: they say he lay not
At home to-night. And here has fallen a business
Between your cousin and master Manly, has
Unquieted us all.
Meer. So I hear, madam.
Pray you, how was it?
Lady T. Troth, it but appears
Ill on your kinsman's part. You may have heard,
That Manly is a suitor to me, I doubt not.
Meer. I guess'd it, madam.
Lady T. And it seems, he trusted
Your cousin to let fall some fair reports
Of him unto me.
Meer. Which he did!
Lady T. So far
From it, as he came in, and took him railing
Against him.
Meer. How! And what said Manly to him?
Lady T. Enough, I do assure you; and with that scorn
Of him and the injury, as I do wonder
How Everill bore it; but that guilt undoes
Many men's valours.

Enter MANLY.

Meer. Here comes Manly.
Man. Madam, I'll take my leave——
Lady T. You shall not go, i' faith.
I'll have you stay and see this Spanish miracle,
Of our English lady.
Man. Let me pray your ladyship,
Lay your commands on me some other time.
Lady T. Now, I protest; and I will have all
And friends again. [pieced,
Man. It will be but ill-solder'd!
Lady T. You are too much affected with it.
Man. I cannot,
Madam, but think on't for the injustice.
Lady T. Sir,
His kinsman here is sorry.
Meer. Not I, madam,
I am no kin to him, we but call cousins:
And if he were, sir, I have no relation
Unto his crimes.
Man. You are not urged with them.
I can accuse, sir, none but mine own judgment;
For though it were his crime so to betray me,
I am sure, 'twas more mine own, at all to trust him:
But he therein did use but his old manners,
And savour strongly what he was before.
Lady T. Come, he will change.
Man. Faith, I must never think it;
Nor were it reason in me to expect,
That, for my sake, he should put off a nature
He suck'd in with his milk. It may be, madam,
Deceiving trust is all he has to trust to:
If so, I shall be loth, that any hope
Of mine should bate him of his means.
Lady T. You are sharp, sir:
This act may make him honest.
Man. If he were
To be made honest by an act of parliament,
I should not alter in my faith of him.

Enter Lady EITHERSIDE.

Lady T. Eitherside!
Welcome, dear Eitherside; how hast thou done, good wench?
Thou hast been a stranger: I have not seen thee this week.
Lady E. Ever your servant, madam.
Lady T. Where hast thou been?
I did so long to see thee.
Lady E. Visiting, and so tired!
I protest, madam, 'tis a monstrous trouble.
Lady T. And so it is. I swear I must to-morrow
Begin my visits, would they were over, at court:
It tortures me to think on them.
Lady E. I do hear
You have cause, madam, your suit goes on.
Lady T. Who told thee?
Lady E. One that can tell; master Eitherside.
Lady T. O, thy husband.
Yes faith, there's life in't now; it is referr'd.
If we once see it under the seals, wench, then,
Have with them for the great caroch, six horses,
And the two coachmen, with my Ambler bare,
And my three women; we will live, i'faith,
The examples of the town, and govern it:
I'll lead the fashion still.
Lady E. You do that now,
Sweet madam.
Lady T. O but then, I'll every day
Bring up some new device. Thou and I, Eitherside,
Will first be in it, I will give it thee;
And they shall follow us. Thou shalt, I swear,
Wear every month a new gown out of it.
Lady E. Thank you, good madam.
Lady T. Pray thee call me Tailbush,
As I thee Eitherside; I love not this madam.
Lady E. Then I protest to you, Tailbush, I am
Your business so succeeds. [glad
Lady T. Thank thee, good Eitherside.
Lady E. But master Eitherside tells me, that
Your other business better. [he likes
Lady T. Which?
Lady E. Of the tooth-picks.

Lady T. I never heard of it.
Lady E. Ask master Meercraft.
Meer. Madam! [*Aside to* MANLY.]—He is one, in a word, I'll trust his malice
With any man's credit, I would have abused.
Man. Sir, if you think you do please me in this, You are deceived.
Meer. No, but because my lady
Named him my kinsman, I would satisfy you
What I think of him; and pray you upon it
To judge me.
Man. So I do; that ill men's friendship
Is as unfaithful as themselves.
Lady T. Do you hear?
Have you a business about tooth-picks?
Meer. Yes, madam;
Did I ne'er tell it you? I meant to have offer'd it
Your ladyship, on the perfecting the patent.
Lady T. How is it?
Meer. For serving the whole state with tooth-picks;
Somewhat an intricate business to discourse: but
I show how much the subject is abused,
First, in that one commodity; then what diseases
And putrefactions in the gums are bred,
By those are made of adulterate and false wood;
My plot for reformation of these, follows:
To have all tooth-picks brought unto an office,
There seal'd; and such as counterfeit them, mulcted.
And last, for venting them, to have a book
Printed, to teach their use, which every child
Shall have throughout the kingdom, that can read,
And learn to pick his teeth by: which beginning
Early to practise, with some other rules.
Of never sleeping with the mouth open, chewing
Some grains of mastick, will preserve the breath
Pure and so free from taint—

Enter TRAINS, *and whispers him.*

Ha! what is't, say'st thou?
Lady T. Good faith, it sounds a very pretty business!
Lady E. So master Eitherside says, madam.
Meer. The lady is come.
Lady T. Is she! good, wait upon her in. [*Exit* MEERCRAFT.]—My Ambler
Was never so ill absent. Eitherside,
How do I look to-day, am I not drest
Spruntly? [*Looks in her glass.*
Lady E. Yes verily, madam.
Lady T. Pox o' madam!
Will you not leave that?
Lady E. Yes, good Tailbush.
Lady T. So!
Sounds not that better? What vile fucus is this
Thou hast got on?
Lady E. 'Tis pearl.
Lady T. Pearl! oyster-shells;
As I breathe, Eitherside, I know't. Here comes,
They say, a wonder, sirrah, has been in Spain,
Will teach us all! she's sent to me from court,
To gratulate with me: prithee let's observe her,
What faults she has, that we may laugh at them,
When she is gone.
Lady E. That we will heartily, Tailbush.

Re-enter MEERCRAFT, *introducing* WITTIPOL *dressed as a Spanish lady.*

Lady T. O me, the very infanta of the giants!
Meer. Here is a noble lady, madam, come
From your great friends at court, to see your lady-ship,
And have the honour of your acquaintance.
Lady T. Sir,
She does us honour.
Wit. Pray you, say to her ladyship,
It is the manner of Spain to embrace only,
Never to kiss. She will excuse the custom.
Lady T. Your use of it is law. Please you, sweet madam,
To take a seat.
Wit. Yes, madam, I have had
The favour, through a world of fair report,
To know your virtues, madam; and in that
Name, have desired the happiness of presenting
My service to your ladyship.
Lady T. Your love, madam;
I must not own it else.
Wit. Both are due, madam,
To your great undertakings.
Lady T. Great! In troth, madam,
They are my friends, that think them anything:
If I can do my sex, by 'em, any service,
I have my ends, madam.
Wit. And they are noble ones,
That make a multitude beholden, madam;
The commonwealth of ladies must acknowledge from you.
Lady E. Except some envious, madam.
Wit. You are right in that, madam,
Of which race, I encounter'd some but lately,
Who, it seems, have studied reasons to discredit
Your business.
Lady T. How, sweet madam!
Wit. Nay, the parties
Will not be worth your pause——most ruinous things, madam,
That have put off all hope of being recover'd
To a degree of handsomeness.
Lady T. But their reasons, madam,
I would fain hear.
Wit. Some, madam, I remember.
They say that painting quite destroys the face—
Lady E. O, that's an old one, madam.
Wit. There are new ones too.
Corrupts the breath; hath left so little sweetness
In kissing, as 'tis now used but for fashion;
And shortly will be taken for a punishment.
Decays the fore-teeth that should guard the tongue;
And suffers that run riot everlasting!
And, which is worse, some ladies when they meet
Cannot be merry and laugh, but they do spit
In one another's faces.
Man. I should know
This voice and face too. [*Aside.*
Wit Then, they say, 'tis dangerous
To all the fall'n, yet well disposed mad-ams,
That are industrious, and desire to earn
Their living with their sweat: for any distemper
Of heat and motion may displace the colours;
And if the paint once run about their faces,
Twenty to one they will appear so ill-favour'd
Their servants run away too, and leave the pleasure
Imperfect, and the reckoning also unpaid.
Lady E. Pox! these are poets' reasons.
Lady T. Some old lady,
That keeps a poet, has devised these scandals.
Lady E. Faith, we must have the poets banish'd madam,
As master Eitherside says.

Meer. Master Fitzdottrel,
And his wife!
Wit. Where?

Enter Mr. *and* Mrs. FITZDOTTREL, *followed by* PUG.

Meer. [*to* WIT.] Madam, the duke of Drown'd-
That will be shortly. [land,
Wit. Is this my lord?
Meer. The same,
Fitz. Your servant, madam!
Wit. [*Takes* MANLY *aside.*] How now, friend!
That I have found your haunt here? [offended,
Man. No, but wondering
At your strange-fashion'd venture hither.
Wit. It is
To show you what they are you so pursue.
Man. I think 'twill prove a med'cine against
To know their manners. [marriage,
Wit. Stay, and profit then.
Meer. The lady, madam, whose prince has brought her here
To be instructed. [*Presents* Mrs. FITZDOTTREL.
Wit. Please you sit with us, lady.
Meer. That's lady-president.
Fitz. A goodly woman!
I cannot see the ring, though.
Meer. Sir, she has it.
Lady T. But, madam, these are very feeble reasons.
Wit. So I urg'd, madam, that the new complexion
Now to come forth, in name of your ladyship's
Has no ingredient—— [fucus,
Lady T. But I durst eat, I assure you.
Wit. So do they in Spain.
Lady T. Sweet madam, be so liberal,
To give us some of your Spanish fucuses.
Wit. They are infinite, madam.
Lady T. So I hear.
Wit. They have
Water of gourds, of radish, the white beans,
Flowers of glass, of thistles, rose-marine,
Raw honey, mustard seed, and bread dough baked,
The crums of bread, goats-milk, and whites of
Camphire, and lily-roots, the fat of swans, [eggs,
Marrow of veal, white pigeons, and pine-kernels,
The seeds of nettles, purseline, and hares-gall;
Lemons, thin-skinn'd——
Lady E. How her ladyship has studied
All excellent things!
Wit. But ordinary, madam:
No, the true rarities are the alvagada
And argentata of queen Isabella.
Lady T. Ay, what are their ingredients, gentle madam?
Wit. Your allum scagliola, or pol di pedra;
And zuccarino; turpentine of Abezzo,
Wash'd in nine waters: soda di levante,
Or your fern ashes; benjamin di gotta:
Grasso di serpe; porceletto marino;
Oils of lentisco; zucche mugia; make
The admirable varnish for the face,
Gives the right lustre; but two drops rubb'd on
With a piece of scarlet, makes a lady of sixty
Look as sixteen. But above all, the water
Of the white hen, of the lady Estifania's.
Lady T. O, ay, that same, good madam, I have
How is it done? [heard of:
Wit. Madam, you take your hen,
Plume it, and skin it, cleanse it o' the inwards;
Then chop it, bones and all; add to four ounces
Of carravicins, pipitas, soap of Cyprus,
Make the decoction, strain it; then distil it,
And keep it in your gallipot well gliddered:
Three drops preserves from wrinkles, warts, spots, moles,
Blemish, or sun-burnings; and keeps the skin
In decimo sexto, ever bright and smooth,
As any looking-glass; and indeed is call'd
The Virgin's-Milk for the face, oglio reale;
A ceruse, neither cold nor heat will hurt;
And mix'd with oil of myrrh, and the red gilliflower,
Call'd cataputia, and flowers of rovistico,
Makes the best muta or dye of the whole world.
Lady T. Dear madam, will you let us be fami-
Wit. Your ladyship's servant. [liar?
Meer. How do you like her?
Fitz. Admirable!
But yet I cannot see the ring.
Pug. Sir!
Meer. I must
Deliver it, or mar all: this fool's so jealous! [*Aside.*
Madam—[*whispers* WIT.] Sir, wear this ring, and pray you take knowledge,
'Twas sent you by his wife; and give her thanks.
Do not you dwindle, sir, bear up. [*Aside to* PUG.
Pug. I thank you, sir.
Lady T. But for the manner of Spain. Sweet madam, let us
Be bold, now we are in: are all the ladies
There in the fashion?
Wit. None but grandees, madam,
Of the clasp'd train, which may be worn at length
Or thus, upon my arm. [too,
Lady T. And do they wear
Cioppinos all?
Wit. If they be drest in punto, madam.
Lady T. Gilt as those are, madam?
Wit. Of goldsmith's work, madam,
And set with diamonds; and their Spanish pumps,
Of perfumed leather.
Lady T. I should think it hard
To go in them, madam.
Wit. At the first it is, madam.
Lady T. Do you never fall in them?
Wit. Never.
Lady E. I swear I should,
Six times an hour.
Lady T. But you have men at hand still,
To help you, if you fall?
Wit. Only one, madam,
The guarda-duennas, such a little old man
As this. [*Points to* TRAINS.
Lady E. Alas, he can do nothing, this!
Wit. I'll tell you, madam, I saw in the court of Spain once,
A lady fall in the king's sight, along;
And there she lay, flat spread, as an umbrella,
Her hoop here crack'd; no man durst reach a hand
To help her, till the guarda-duennas came,
Who is the person only allow'd to touch
A lady there, and he but by this finger.
Lady E. Have they no servants, madam, there, nor friends?
Wit. An escudero, or so, madam, that waits
Upon them in another coach, at distance;
And when they walk or dance, holds by a handkerchief,
Never presumes to touch them.
Lady E. This is scurvy,

And a forced gravity! I do not like it:
I like our own much better.
Lady T. 'Tis more French,
And courtly, ours.
Lady E. And tastes more liberty.
We may have our dozen of visitors at once
Make love to us.
Lady T. And before our husbands.
Lady E. Husband!
As I am honest, Tailbush, I do think,
If nobody should love me but my poor husband,
I should e'en hang myself.
Lady T. Fortune forbid, wench,
So fair a neck should have so foul a necklace?
Lady E. 'Tis true, as I am handsome.
Wit. I received, lady,
A token from you, which I would not be
Rude to refuse, being your first remembrance.
Fitz. O, I am satisfied now! [*Aside to* MEER.
Meer. Do you see it, sir?
Wit. But since you come to know me nearer,
I'll beg the honour you will wear it for me, [lady,
It must be so. [*Gives the ring to* MRS. FITZDOTTREL.
Mrs. Fitz. Sure I have heard this tongue.
[*Aside.*
Meer. What do you mean, sir? [*Aside to* WIT.
Wit. Would you have me mercenary?
We'll recompense it anon in somewhat else.
[*Exeunt* MEER. *and* TRAINS.
Fitz. I do not love to be gull'd, though in a toy;
Wife, do you hear? [*Takes* Mrs. FITZ. *aside.*] you
are come into the school, wife,
Where you may learn, I do perceive it, any thing.
How to be fine, or fair, or great, or proud,
Or what you will, indeed, wife; here 'tis taught:
And I am glad on't, that you may not say,
Another day, when honours come upon you,
You wanted means. I have done my parts; been,
To-day, at fifty pound charge; first, for a ring,
To get you enter'd; then left my new play,
To wait upon you here, to see't confirm'd,
That I may say, both to mine eyes and ears,
Senses, you are my witness, she hath enjoy'd
All helps that could be had for love, or money—
Mrs. Fitz. To make a fool of her.
Fitz. Wife, that's your malice,
The wickedness of your nature, to interpret
Your husband's kindness thus: but I'll not leave
Still to do good, for your depraved affections;
Intend it; bend this stubborn will; be great.
Lady T. Good madam, whom do they use in
messages?
Wit. They commonly use their slaves, madam.
Lady T. And does your ladyship
Think that so good, madam?
Wit. No indeed, madam; I
Therein prefer the fashion of England far,
Of your young delicate page, or discreet usher.
Fitz. And I go with your ladyship in opinion,
Directly for your gentleman usher:
There's not a finer officer goes on ground.
Wit. If he be made and broken to his place
Fitz. Nay, so I presuppose him. [once.
Wit. And they are fitter
Managers too, sir; but I would have them call'd
Our escuderos.
Fitz. Good.
Wit. Say I should send
To your ladyship, who, I presume, has gather'd
All the dear secrets, to know how to make
Pastillos of the dutchess of Braganza,
Coquettas, almoiavanas, mantecadas,
Alcoreas, mustaccioli; or say it were
The peladore of Isabella, or balls
Against the itch, or aqua nanfa, or oil
Of jessamine for gloves, of the marquesse Muja;
Or for the head and hair; why, these are offices—
Fitz. Fit for a gentleman, not a slave.
Wit. They only
Might ask for your piveti, Spanish coal,
To burn, and sweeten a room: but the arcana
Of ladies cabinets——
Fitz. Should be elsewhere trusted. [ladies,
You are much about the truth.—Sweet honour'd
Let me fall in with you: I have my female wit,
As well as my male; and I do know what suits
A lady of spirit, or a woman of fashion.
Wit. And you would have your wife such?
Fitz. Yes, madam, airy,
Light; not to plain dishonesty, I mean:
But somewhat o' this side.
Wit. I take you, sir:—
He has reason, ladies. I'll not give this rush
For any lady that cannot be honest
Within a thread.
Lady T. Yes, madam, and yet venture
As far for the other, in her fame——
Wit. As can be:
Coach it to Pimlico, dance the saraband,
Hear and talk bawdy, laugh as loud as a larum,
Squeak, spring, do any thing.
Lady E. In young company, madam.
Lady T. Or afore gallants. If they be brave,
A woman is engaged. [or lords,
Fitz. I say so, ladies.
It is civility to deny us nothing.
Pug. You talk of a university! why, hell is
A grammar-school to this! [*Aside.*
Lady E. But then
She must not lose a look on stuffs or cloth, madam.
Lady T. Nor no coarse fellow.
Wit. She must be guided, madam,
By the clothes he wears, and company he is in,
Whom to salute, how far——
Fitz. I have told her this;
And how that bawdry too, upon the point,
Is in itself as civil a discourse——
Wit. As any other affair of flesh whatever.
Fitz. But she will ne'er be capable, she is not
So much as coming, madam; I know not how
She loses all her opportunities,
With hoping to be forced. I have entertain'd
A gentleman, a younger brother, here,
Whom I would fain breed up her escudero,
Against some expectations that I have,
And she'll not countenance him.
Wit. What's his name?
Fitz. Devil of Derbyshire.
Lady E. Bless us from him!
Lady T. Devil!
Call him De-vile, sweet madam.
Mrs. Fitz. What you please, ladies.
Lady T. De-vile's a prettier name.
Lady E. And sounds, methinks,
As it came in with the conqueror——
Man. Over smocks!
What things they are! that nature should be at
leisure
Ever to make them! My wooing is at an end.
[*Aside, and exit with indignation.*

Wit. What can he do?
Lady E. Let's hear him.
Lady T. Can he manage?
Fitz. Please you to try him, ladies.—Stand forth, Devil.
Pug. Was all this but the preface to my torment? [*Aside.*
Fitz. Come, let their ladyships see your honours
Lady E. O,
He makes a wicked leg.
Lady T. As ever I saw.
Wit. Fit for a devil.
Lady T. Good madam, call him De-vile.
Wit. De-vile, what property is there most required,
In your conceit now, in the escudero? [quired,
Fitz. Why do you not speak?
Pug. A settled discreet pace, madam.
Wit. I think, a barren head, sir, mountain-like,
To be exposed to the cruelty of weathers——
Fitz. Ay, for his valley is beneath the waist,
And to be fruitful there, it is sufficient. [madam,
Dullness upon you! could not you hit this? [*Strikes him.*
Pug. Good sir——
Wit. He then had had no barren head:
You draw him too much in troth, sir.
Fitz. I must walk
With the French stick, like an old verger, for you.
Pug. O chief, call me to hell again, and free me! [*Aside.*
Fitz. Do you murmur now?
Pug. Not I, sir.
Wit. What do you take,
Master De-vile, the height of your employment,
In the true perfect escudero?
Fitz. When!
What do you answer?
Pug. To be able, madam,
First to enquire, then report the working
Of any lady's physic, in sweet phrase.
Wit. Yes, that's an act of elegance and important-
But what above? [tance:
Fitz. O, that I had a goad for him.
Pug. To find out a good corn-cutter.
Lady T. Out on him!
Lady E. Most barbarous!
Fitz. Why did you do this now?
Of purpose to discredit me, you damn'd devil!
Pug. Sure, if I be not yet, I shall be.—All
My days in hell were holidays, to this! [*Aside.*
Lady T. 'Tis labour lost, madam.
Lady E. He is a dull fellow,
Of no capacity.
Lady T. Of no discourse,
O, if my Ambler had been here!
Lady E. Ay, madam,
You talk of a man; where is there such another?
Wit. Master De-vile, put case one of my ladies here
Had a fine brach, and would employ you forth
To treat 'bout a convenient match for her;
What would you observe?
Pug. The colour and the size, madam.
Wit. And nothing else?
Fitz. The moon, you calf, the moon!
Wit. Ay, and the sign.
Lady T. Yes, and receipts for proneness.
Wit. Then when the puppies came, what would you do?
Pug. Get their nativities cast.
Wit. This is well. What more?
Pug. Consult the almanac-man which would be least,
Which cleanliest. [be least,
Wit. And which silent'st? This is well, madam.
And while she were with puppy?
Pug. Walk her out,
And air her every morning.
Wit. Very good!
And be industrious to kill her fleas?
Pug. Yes.
Wit. He will make a pretty proficient.
Pug. Who,
Coming from hell, could look for such a catechising?
The Devil is an Ass, I do acknowledge it. [*Aside.*
Fitz. The top of woman! all her sex in abstract!
I love her, to each syllable falls from her.
[*Aside, and looking at* WITTIPOL.
Lady T. Good madam, give me leave to go
And try him a little. [aside with him,
Wit. Do, and I'll withdraw, madam,
With this fair lady, read to her the while.
Lady T. Come, sir.
Pug. Dear chief, relieve me, or I perish! [*Aside.*
Wit. Lady, we'll follow.—You are not jealous, sir?
Fitz. O, madam, you shall see.—Stay, wife;—
I give her up here absolutely to you; [behold,
She is your own, do with her what you will:
Melt, cast, and form her as you shall think good;
Set any stamp on: I'll receive her from you
As a new thing, by your own standard. [*Exit.*
Wit. Well, sir!

[*Exeunt* WITTIPOL *with* MRS. FITZ. *and* TAILBUSH *and* EITHERSIDE, *with* PUG.

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter MEERCRAFT *and* FITZDOTTREL.

Meer. But what have you done in your dependence since?
Fitz. O, it goes on; I met your cousin, the master—
Meer. You did not acquaint him, sir?
Fitz. Faith but I did, sir,
And, upon better thought, not without reason.
He being chief officer might have taken it ill else,
As a contempt against his place, and that
In time, sir, have drawn on another dependence:
No, I did find him in good terms, and ready
To do me any service.
Meer. So he said to you!
But, sir, you do not know him.
Fitz. Why, I presumed,
Because this bus'ness of my wife's required me,
I could not have done better: and he told
Me, that he would go presently to your counsel,
A knight here in the lane——
Meer. Yes, justice Eitherside.
Fitz. And get the feoffment drawn, with a letter of attorney,
For livery and seisin. [of attorney,
Meer. That I know's the course.
But, sir, you mean not to make him feoffee
Fitz. Nay, that I'll pause on.

Enter PITFALL.

Meer. How now, little Pitfall!
Pit. Your cousin, master Everill, would come in—
But he would know if master Manly were here.

Meer. No, tell him; if he were, I have made his peace.— [*Exit* PITFALL.
He's one, sir, has no state, and a man knows not
How such a trust may tempt him.
Fitz. I conceive you.
Enter EVERILL *and* PLUTARCHUS.
Ever. Sir, this same deed is done here.
Meer. Pretty Plutarchus!
Art thou come with it? and has sir Paul view'd it?
Plu. His hand is to the draught.
Meer. Will you step in, sir,
And read it?
Fitz. Yes.
Ever. I pray you, a word with you.
[*Aside to* FITZ.
Sir Paul Eitherside will'd me give you caution
Whom you did make feoffee; for 'tis the trust
Of your whole state; and though my cousin here
Be a worthy gentleman, yet his valour has
At the tall board been question'd; and we hold
Any man so impeach'd of doubtful honesty.
I will not justify this, but give it you
To make your profit of it; if you utter it,
I can forswear it.
Fitz. I believe you, and thank you, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter WITTIPOL *and* MRS. FITZDOTTREL.

Wit. Be not afraid, sweet lady; you are trusted
To love, not violence, here: I am no ravisher,
But one whom you by your fair trust again
May of a servant make a most true friend.

MANLY *enters behind.*

Mrs. Fitz. And such a one I need, but not this way.
Sir, I confess me to you, the mere manner
Of your attempting me this morning, took me;
And I did hold my invention, and my manners,
Were both engaged to give it a requital,
But not unto your ends: my hope was then,
Though interrupted ere it could be utter'd,
That whom I found the master of such language,
That brain and spirit for such an enterprize,
Could not, but if those succours were demanded
To a right use, employ them virtuously,
And make that profit of his noble parts
Which they would yield. Sir, you have now the
To exercise them in: I am a woman [ground
That cannot speak more wretchedness of myself,
Than you can read; match'd to a mass of folly,
That every day makes haste to his own ruin;
The wealthy portion that I brought him, spent,
And, through my friends' neglect, no jointure made me.
My fortunes standing in this precipice,
'Tis counsel that I want, and honest aids;
And in this name I need you for a friend;
Never in any other; for his ill
Must not make me, sir, worse.
Manly [*comes forward.*] O, friend, forsake not
The brave occasion virtue offers you
To keep you innocent: I have fear'd for both,
And watch'd you, to prevent the ill I fear'd.
But since the weaker side hath so assured me,
Let not the stronger fall by his own vice,
Or be the less a friend, 'cause virtue needs him.
Wit. Virtue shall never ask my succours twice;
Most friend, most man, your counsels are commands.—
Lady, I can love goodness in you, more
Than I did beauty; and do here intitle
Your virtue to the power upon a life
You shall engage in any fruitful service,
Even to forfeit.

Enter MEERCRAFT.

Meer. Madam;——Do you hear, sir?
[*Aside to* WITTIPOL.
We have another leg strain'd for this Dottrel.
He has a quarrel to carry, and has caused
A deed of feoffment of his whole estate
To be drawn yonder: he has't within; and you
Only he means to make feoffee. He is fallen
So desperately enamour'd on you, and talks
Most like a madman: you did never hear
A phrenetic so in love with his own favour!
Now you do know, 'tis of no validity
In your name, as you stand: therefore advise him
To put in me!—

Enter FITZDOTTREL, EVERILL, *and* PLUTARCHUS.

He's come here. You shall share, sir.
Fitz. Madam, I have a suit to you; and aforehand
I do bespeak you; you must not deny me,
I will be granted.
Wit. Sir, I must know it, though.
Fitz. No, lady, you must not know it: yet you must too,
For the trust of it, and the fame indeed,
Which else were lost me. I would use your name,
But in a feoffment, make my whole estate
Over unto you: a trifle, a thing of nothing,
Some eighteen hundred.
Wit. Alas! I understand not
Those things, sir; I am a woman, and most loth
To embark myself——
Fitz. You will not slight me, madam?
Wit. Nor you'll not quarrel me?
Fitz. No, sweet madam. I have
Already a dependence; for which cause
I do this: let me put you in, dear madam,
I may be fairly kill'd.
Wit. You have your friends, sir,
About you here for choice.
Ever. She tells you right, sir.
Fitz. Death, if she do, what do I care for that?
Say, I would have her tell me wrong!
Wit. Why, sir,
If for the trust you'll let me have the honour
To name you one.
Fitz. Nay, you do me the honour, madam.
Who is't?
Wit. This gentleman. [*Pointing to* MANLY.
Fitz. O no, sweet madam.
He's friend to him with whom I have the depen- [dence.
Wit. Who might he be? [dence.
Fitz. One Wittipol, do you know him?
Wit. Alas, sir, he! a boy: this gentleman
A friend to him! no more than I am, sir.
Fitz. But will your ladyship undertake that, madam?
Wit. Yes, and what else, for him, you will
Fitz. What is his name? [engage me.
Wit. His name is Eustace Manly.
Fitz. Whence does he write himself?
Wit. Of Middlesex, esquire.

Fitz. Say nothing, madam.—Clerk, come hither;
[*To* PLUTARCHUS.
Write Eustace Manly, squire of Middlesex.
Meer. What have you done, sir? [*Aside to* WIT.
Wit. Named a gentleman,
That I'll be answerable for to you, sir:
Had I named you, it might have been suspected;
This way 'tis safe.
Fitz. Come, gentlemen, your hands
For witness.
Man. What is this?
Ever. You have made election
Of a most worthy gentleman!
Man. Would one of worth
Had spoke it! but now whence it comes, it is
Rather a shame unto me than a praise.
Ever. Sir, I will give you any satisfaction.
Man. Be silent then: Falsehood commends
not truth.
Plu. You do deliver this, sir, as your deed,
To the use of master Manly?
Fitz. Yes: and sir—— [*To* MANLY.
When did you see young Wittipol? I am ready
For process now: sir, this is publication.
He shall hear from me; he would needs be court-
My wife, sir. [ing
Man. Yes; so witnesseth his cloke there.
Fitz. Nay, good sir—Madam, you did under-
Wit. What? [take—
Fitz. That he was not Wittipol's friend.
Wit. I hear,
Sir, no confession of it.
Fitz. O, she knows not;
Now I remember.—Madam, this young Wittipol
Would have debauch'd my wife, and made me
cuckold
Thorough a casement; he did fly her home
To mine own window; but, I think, I sous'd him,
And ravish'd her away out of his pounces.
I have sworn to have him by the ears: I fear
The toy will not do me right.
Wit. No! that were pity:
What right do you ask, sir? here he is will do't
you. [*Discovers himself.*
Fitz. Ha! Wittipol!
Wit. Ay, sir; no more lady now,
Nor Spaniard.
Man. No indeed, 'tis Wittipol.
Fitz. Am I the thing I fear'd?
Wit. A cuckold! No, sir;
But you were late in possibility,
I'll tell you so much.
Man. But your wife's too virtuous.
Wit. We'll see her, sir, at home, and leave you
here,
To be made duke of Snoreditch with a project.
Fitz. Thieves! ravishers!
Wit. Cry but another note, sir,
I'll mar the tune of your pipe.
Fitz. Give me my deed then.
Wit. Neither: that shall be kept for your wife's
Who will know better how to use it. [good,
Fitz. Ha!
To feast you with my land?
Wit. Sir, be you quiet,
Or I shall gag you ere I go; consult
Your master of dependences, how to make this
A second business, you have time, sir.
[*Baffles him, and exit with* MANLY.
Fitz. Oh!
What will the ghost of my wise grandfather,
My learned father, with my worshipful mother,
Think of me now, that left me in this world
In state to be their heir? that am become
A cuckold, and an ass, and my wife's ward;
Likely to lose my land, have my throat cut;
All by her practice!
Meer. Sir, we are all abused.
Fitz. And be so still! who hinders you, I pray
you?
Let me alone, I would enjoy myself,
And be the duke of Drown'd-land you have made
me.
Meer. Sir, we must play an after-game of this.
Fitz. But I am not in case to be a gamester,
I tell you once again——
Meer. You must be ruled,
And take some counsel.
Fitz. Sir, I do hate counsel,
As I do hate my wife, my wicked wife!
Meer. But we may think how to recover all,
If you will act.
Fitz. I will not think, nor act,
Nor yet recover; do not talk to me:
I'll run out of my wits, rather than hear;
I will be what I am, Fabian Fitzdottrel,
Though all the world say nay to't. [*Exit.*
Meer. Let us follow him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* TAILBUSH'S *House.*

Enter AMBLER *and* PITFALL.

Amb. But has my lady miss'd me?
Pit. Beyond telling.
Here has been that infinity of strangers!
And then she would have had you, to have sampled
you
With one within, that they are now a teaching,
And does pretend to your rank.
Amb. Good fellow Pitfall,
Tell master Meercraft I entreat a word with him.
[*Exit* PITFALL.
This most unlucky accident will go near
be the loss of my place, I am in doubt.

Enter MEERCRAFT.

Meer. With me!—What say you, master Ambler?
Amb. Sir,
I would beseech your worship, stand between
Me and my lady's displeasure, for my absence.
Meer. O, is that all! I warrant you.
Amb. I would tell you, sir,
But how it happen'd.
Meer. Brief, good master Ambler,
Put yourself to your rack; for I have task
Of more importance.
Amb. Sir, you'll laugh at me:
But (so is truth) a very friend of mine,
Finding by conference with me, that I lived
Too chaste for my complexion, and indeed

Too honest for my place, sir, did advise me,
If I did love myself,—as that I do,
I must confess—
Meer. Spare your parenthesis.
Amb. To give my body a little evacuation——
Meer. Well, and you went to a whore?
Amb. No, sir, I durst not
(For fear it might arrive at somebody's ear
It should not) trust myself to a common house;
[*Tells this with extraordinary speed.*
But got the gentlewoman to go with me,
And carry her bedding to a conduit-head,
Hard by the place toward Tyburn, which they call
My Lord Mayor's banqueting-house. Now, sir, this morning
Was execution; and I never dreamt on't,
Till I heard the noise of the people, and the horses;
And neither I, nor the poor gentlewoman,
Durst stir, till all was done and past: so that,
In the interim, we fell asleep again. [*He flags.*
Meer. Nay, if you fall from your gallop, I am gone, sir.
Amb. But when I waked, to put on my clothes,
I made new for the action, it was gone, [a suit
And all my money, with my purse, my seals,
My hard-wax, and my table-books, my studies,
And a fine new device I had to carry
My pen and ink, my civet, and my tooth-picks,
All under one. But that which grieved me, was
The gentlewoman's shoes, (with a pair of roses,
And garters, I had given her for the business,)
So as that made us stay till it was dark:
For I was fain to lend her mine, and walk
In a rug, by her, barefoot, to St. Giles's.
Meer. A kind of Irish penance! Is this all, sir?
Amb. To satisfy my lady.
Meer. I will promise you, sir.
Amb. I have told the true disaster.
Meer. I cannot stay with you,
Sir, to condole; but gratulate your return. [*Exit.*
Amb. An honest gentleman; but he's never at leisure
To be himself, he has such tides of business. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter PUG.

Pug. O call me home again, dear chief, and put
To yoking foxes, milking of he-goats, [me
Pounding of water in a mortar, laving
The sea dry with a nut-shell, gathering all
The leaves are fallen this autumn, drawing farts
Out of dead bodies, making ropes of sand,
Catching the winds together in a net,
Mustering of ants, and numbering atoms; all
That hell and you thought exquisite torments, rather
Than stay me here a thought more: I would sooner
Keep fleas within a circle, and be accomptant
A thousand year, which of them, and how far,
Out-leap'd the other, than endure a minute
Such as I have within. There is no hell
To a lady of fashion; all your tortures there
Are pastimes to it! 'Twould be a refreshing
For me, to be in the fire again, from hence—

Enter AMBLER, *and surveys him.*

Amb. This is my suit, and those the shoes and roses! [*Aside.*
Pug. They have such impertinent vexations,
A general council of devils could not hit——
Ha! [*sees* AMBLER.] this is he I took asleep with his wench,
And borrow'd his clothes. What might I do to balk him? [*Aside.*
Amb. Do you hear, sir?
Pug. Answer him, but not to the purpose. [*Aside.*
Amb. What is your name, I pray you, sir?
Pug. Is't so late, sir?
Amb. I ask not of the time, but of your name, sir.
Pug. I thank you, sir: yes, it does hold, sir, certain.
Amb. Hold, sir! what holds? I must both hold,
About these clothes. [and talk to you.
Pug. A very pretty lace;
But the tailor cozen'd me.
Amb. No, I am cozen'd
By you; robb'd.
Pug. Why, when you please, sir; I am,
For three-penny gleek, your man.
Amb. Pox o' your gleek,
And three-pence! give me an answer.
Pug. Sir,
My master is the best at it.
Amb. Your master!
Who is your master?
Pug. Let it be Friday night.
Amb. What should be then?
Pug. Your best song's *Tom o' Bethlem.*
Amb. I think you are he.—Does he mock me trow, from purpose,
Or do not I speak to him what I mean?—
Good sir, your name.
Pug. Only a couple of cocks, sir;
If we can get a widgeon, 'tis in season.
Amb. He hopes to make one of these sciptics of me,
(I think I name them right,) and does not fly me;
I wonder at that: 'tis a strange confidence!
I'll prove another way, to draw his answer.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* FITZDOTTREL'S *House.*

Enter MEERCRAFT, FITZDOTTREL, *and* EVERILL.

Meer. It is the easiest thing, sir, to be done,
As plain as fizzling: roll but with your eyes,
And foam at the mouth. A little castle-soap
Will do't, to rub your lips; and then a nut-shell,
With tow, and touch-wood in it, to spit fire.
Did you ne'er read, sir, little Darrel's tricks
With the boy of Burton, and the seven in Lancashire,
Somers at Nottingham? all these do teach it.
And we'll give out, sir, that your wife has bewitch'd you.
Ever. And practis'd with those two as sorcerers.
Meer. And gave you potions, by which means you were
Not *compos mentis*, when you made your feoffment.
There's no recovery of your state but this;
This, sir, will sting.
Ever. And move in a court of equity.
Meer. For it is more than manifest, that this was
A plot of your wife's, to get your land.
Fitz. I think it.
Ever. Sir, it appears.
Meer. Nay, and my cousin has known
These gallants in these shapes—

Ever. To have done strange things, sir,
One as the lady, the other as the squire.
Meer. How a man's honesty may be fool'd! I
A very lady. [thought him
Fitz. So did I; renounce me else.
Meer. But this way, sir, you'll be revenged at
Ever. Upon them all. [height.
Meer. Yes, faith, and since your wife
Has run the way of woman thus, e'en give her—
Fitz. Lost, by this hand, to me; dead to all joys
Of her dear Dottrel; I shall never pity her,
That could [not] pity herself.
Meer. Princely resolv'd, sir,
And like yourself still, *in potentiâ.*

Enter GILTHEAD, PLUTARCHUS, SLEDGE, *and* Serjeants.

Meer. Gilthead! what news?
Fitz. O, sir, my hundred pieces!
Let me have them yet.
Gilt. Yes, sir.—Officers,
Arrest him.
Fitz. Me!
1 *Serj.* I arrest you.
Sledge. Keep the peace,
I charge you, gentlemen.
Fitz. Arrest me! why?
Gilt. For better security, sir. My son Plutarchus
Assures me, you are not worth a groat.
Plu. Pardon me, father,
I said his worship had no foot of land left:
And that I'll justify, for I writ the deed.
Fitz. Have you these tricks in the city?
Gilt. Yes, and more:
Arrest this gallant too, here, at my suit.
[*Points to* MEERCRAFT.
Sledge. Ay, and at mine: he owes me for his
Two year and a quarter. [lodging
Meer. Why, master Gilthead,—landlord,
Thou art not mad, though thou art constable,
Puft up with the pride of the place. Do you hear,
Have I deserv'd this from you two, for all [sirs,
My pains at court, to get you each a patent?
Gilt. For what?
Meer. Upon my project of the forks.
Sledge. Forks! what be they?
Meer. The laudable use of forks,
Brought into custom here, as they are in Italy,
To the sparing of napkins: that, that should have made
Your bellows go at the forge, as his at the furnace.
I have procured it, have the signet for it,
Dealt with the linen-drapers on my private,
Because I fear'd they were the likeliest ever
To stir against, to cross it: for 'twill be
A mighty saver of linen through the kingdom,
As that is one o' my grounds, and to spare washing.
Now, on you two had I laid all the profits:
Gilthead to have the making of all those
Of gold and silver, for the better personages;
And you, of those of steel for the common sort:
And both by patent. I had brought you your seals in,
But now you have prevented me, and I thank you.
Sledge. Sir, I will bail you, at mine own apperil.
Meer. Nay, choose.
Plu. Do you so too, good father.
Gilt. I like the fashion of the project well,
The forks! it may be a lucky one! and is
Not intricate, as one would say, but fit for
Plain heads, as ours, to deal in.—Do you hear,
Officers, we discharge you. [*Exeunt* Serjeants.

Meer. Why, this shews
A little good-nature in you, I confess;
But do not tempt your friends thus.—Little Gilthead,
Advise your sire, great Gilthead, from these courses:
And, here, to trouble a great man in reversion,
For a matter of fifty, in a false alarm!
Away, it shews not well. Let him get the pieces
And bring them: you'll hear more else.
Plu. Father. [*Exeunt* GILT. *and* PLUT.

Enter AMBLER, *dragging in* PUG.

Amb. O, master Sledge, are you here? I have been to seek you.
You are the constable, they say. Here's one
That I do charge with felony, for the suit
He wears, sir.
Meer. Who? master Fitzdottrel's man!
Ware what you do, master Ambler.

Enter FITZDOTTREL.

Amb. Sir, these clothes
I'll swear are mine; and the shoes the gentlewoman's
I told you of: and have him afore a justice
I will.
Pug. My master, sir, will pass his word for me
Amb. O, can you speak to purpose now?
Fitz. Not I,
If you be such a one, sir, I will leave you
To your godfathers in law: let twelve men work.
Pug. Do you hear, sir, pray, in private.
[*Takes him aside.*
Fitz. Well, what say you?
Brief, for I have no time to lose.
Pug. Truth is, sir,
I am the very Devil, and had leave
To take this body I am in to serve you;
Which was a cut-purse's, and hang'd this morning;
And it is likewise true, I stole this suit [ing;
To clothe me with; but, sir, let me not go
To prison for it. I have hitherto
Lost time, done nothing; shown, indeed, no part
Of my devil's nature: now, I will so help
Your malice, 'gainst these parties; so advance
The business that you have in hand, of witchcraft,
And your possession, as myself were in you;
Teach you such tricks to make your belly swell,
And your eyes turn, to foam, to stare, to gnash
Your teeth together, and to beat yourself,
Laugh loud, and feign six voices——
Fitz. Out, you rogue!
You most infernal counterfeit wretch, avaunt!
Do you think to gull me with your Æsop's fables?
Here, take him to you, I have no part in him.
Pug. Sir—
Fitz. Away! I do disclaim, I will not hear you.
[*Exit* SLEDGE *with* PUG.
Meer. What said he to you, sir?
Fitz. Like a lying rascal,
Told me he was the Devil.
Meer. How! a good jest.
Fitz. And that he would teach me such fine devil's tricks
For our new resolution. [
Ever. O, pox on him!
'Twas excellent wisely done, sir, not to trust him.
Meer. Why, if he were the Devil, we shall not need him,
If you'll be ruled. Go throw yourself on a bed, sir,
And feign you ill. We'll not be seen with you

Till after, that you have a fit; and all
Confirm'd within. Keep you with the two ladies,
[*To* EVERILL.
And persuade them. I will to justice Eitherside,
And possess him with all. Trains shall seek out Engine,
And they two fill the town with't; every cable
Is to be veer'd. We must employ out all
Our emissaries now. Sir, I will send you
Bladders and bellows. Sir, be confident,
'Tis no hard thing t'outdo the Devil in;
A boy of thirteen year old made him an ass,
But t'other day.

Fitz. Well, I'll begin to practise,
And scape the imputation of being cuckold,
By mine own act.

Meer. You are right. [*Exit* FITZ.

Ever. Come, you have put
Yourself to a simple coil here, and your friends,
By dealing with new agents, in new plots.

Meer. No more of that, sweet cousin.

Ever. What had you
To do with this same Wittipol, for a lady?

Meer. Question not that; 'tis done.

Ever. You had some strain
Bove *e-la*?

Meer. I had indeed.

Ever. And now you crack for't.

Meer. Do not upbraid me.

Ever. Come, you must be told on't;
You are so covetous still to embrace
More than you can, that you lose all.

Meer. 'Tis right:
What would you more than guilty? Now, your succours. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Cell in Newgate.*

Enter SHACKLES, *with* PUG *in chains.*

Sha. Here you are lodged, sir; you must send your garnish,
If you'll be private. [*Exit* SHACKLES.

Pug. There it is, sir: leave me.
To Newgate brought! how is the name of devil
Discredited in me! what a lost fiend
Shall I be on return! my chief will roar
In triumph, now, that I have been on earth
A day, and done no noted thing, but brought
That body back here, was hang'd out this morning.
Well! would it once were midnight, that I knew
My utmost. I think Time be drunk and sleeps,
He is so still, and moves not! I do glory
Now in my torment. Neither can I expect it,
I have it with my fact.

Enter INIQUITY.

Iniq. Child of hell, be thou merry:
Put a look on as round, boy, and red as a cherry.
Cast care at thy posterns, and firk in thy fetters:
They are ornaments, baby, have graced thy betters:
Look upon me, and hearken. Our chief doth salute thee,
And lest the cold iron should chance to confute thee,
He hath sent thee grant-parole by me, to stay longer
A month here on earth, against cold, child, or hunger.

Pug. How! longer here a month?

Iniq. Yes, boy, till the session,
That so thou mayst have a triumphal egression.

Pug. In a cart to be hang'd!

Iniq. No, child, in a car,
The chariot of triumph, which most of them are.
And in the meantime, to be greasy, and bouzy,
And nasty, and filthy, and ragged, and lousy,
With damn me! renounce me! and all the fine phrases,
That bring unto Tyburn the plentiful gazes.

Pug. He is a devil, and may be our chief,
The great superior devil, for his malice!
Arch-devil! I acknowledge him. He knew
What I would suffer, when he tied me up thus
In a rogue's body; and he has, I thank him,
His tyrannous pleasure on me, to confine me
To the unlucky carcase of a cut-purse,
Wherein I could do nothing.

Enter SATAN.

Sat. Impudent fiend,
Stop thy lewd mouth. Dost thou not shame and tremble
To lay thine own dull, damn'd defects upon
An innocent case there? Why, thou heavy slave!
The spirit that did possess that flesh before,
Put more true life in a finger and a thumb,
Than thou in the whole mass: yet thou rebell'st
And murmur'st! What one proffer hast thou made.
Wicked enough, this day, that might be call'd
Worthy thine own, much less the name that sent thee?
First, thou didst help thyself into a beating,
Promptly, and with't endangered'st too thy tongue:
A devil, and could not keep a body entire
One day! that, for our credit: and to vindicate it,
Hinder'dst, for aught thou know'st, a deed of darkness:
Which was an act of that egregious folly,
As no one, toward the devil, could have thought on.
This for your acting.—But, for suffering!—why
Thou hast been cheated on, with a false beard,
And a turn'd cloke: faith, would your predecessor
The cut-purse, think you, have been so? Out upon thee!
The hurt thou hast done, to let men know their strength,
And that they are able to outdo a devil
Put in a body, will for ever be
A scar upon our name? Whom hast thou dealt with,
Woman or man, this day, but have outgone thee
Some way, and most have proved the better fiends?
Yet you would be employ'd! yes; hell shall make you
Provincial of the cheaters, or bawd-ledger,
For this side of the town! no doubt, you'll render
A rare account of things! Bane of your itch,
And scratching for employment! I'll have brimstone
To allay it sure, and fire to singe your nails off.—
But that I would not such a damn'd dishonour
Stick on our state, as that the devil were hang'd,
And could not save a body, that he took
From Tyburn, but it must come thither again;
You should e'en ride. But up, away with him—
[INIQUITY *takes him on his back.*

Iniq. Mount, dearling of darkness, my shoulders are broad:
He that carries the fiend is sure of his load.
The devil was wont to carry away the Evil,
But now the Evil outcarries the devil. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SHACKLES, *and the* Under-keepers, *affrighted.*

Shack. O me!
1 *Keep.* What's this?
2 *Keep.* A piece of Justice-hall
Is broken down.
3 *Keep.* Fough! what a steam of brimstone
Is here!
4 *Keep.* The prisoner's dead, came in but now.
Shack. Ha! where?
4 *Keep.* Look here.
1 *Keep.* 'Slid, I should know his countenance:
It is Gill Cutpurse, was hang'd out this morning.
Shack. 'Tis he!
2 *Keep.* The devil sure has a hand in this!
3 *Keep.* What shall we do?
Shack. Carry the news of it
Unto the sheriffs.
1 *Keep.* And to the justices.
4 *Keep.* This is strange.
3 *Keep.* And savours of the devil strongly.
2 *Keep.* I have the sulphur of hell-coal in my
1 *Keep.* Fough! [nose.
Shack. Carry him in.
1 *Keep.* Away.
2 *Keep.* How rank it is! [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* FITZDOTTREL'S *House.*

FITZDOTTREL *discovered in bed;* Lady EITHERSIDE, TAILBUSH, AMBLER, TRAINS, *and* PITFALL, *standing by him.*

Enter Sir PAUL EITHERSIDE, MEERCRAFT, *and* EVERILL.

Sir P. Eith. This was the notablest conspiracy
That e'er I heard of.
Meer. Sir, they had given him potions,
That did enamour him on the counterfeit lady—
Ever. Just to the time o' delivery of the deed.
Meer. And then the witchcraft 'gan to appear,
He fell into his fit. [for straight
Ever. Of rage at first, sir,
Which since has so increased.
Lady T. Good sir Paul, see him,
And punish the impostors.
Sir P. Eith. Therefore I come, madam.
Lady E. Let master Eitherside alone, madam.
Sir P. Eith. Do you hear?
Call in the constable, I will have him by;
He's the king's officer: and some citizens
Of credit; I'll discharge my conscience clearly.
Meer. Yes, sir, and send for his wife.
Ever. And the two sorcerers,
By any means. [*Exit* AMBLER.
Lady T. I thought one a true lady,
I should be sworn: so did you, Eitherside.
Lady E. Yes, by that light, would I might
ne'er stir else, Tailbush.
Lady T. And the other, a civil gentleman.
Ever. But, madam,
You know what I told your ladyship.
Lady T. I now see it.
I was providing of a banquet for them,
After I had done instructing of the fellow,
De-vile, the gentleman's man.
Meer. Who is found a thief, madam,
And to have robb'd your usher, master Ambler,
This morning.
Lady T. How!
Meer. I'll tell you more anon.
Fitz. *Give me some garlic, garlic, garlic, garlic!*
[*He begins his fit.*
Meer. Hark, the poor gentleman, how he is
tormented!
Fitz. *My wife is a whore, I'll kiss her no more:*
and why?
May'st not thou be a cuckold as well as I?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Sir P. Eith. That is the devil speaks and laughs
Meer. Do you think so, sir? [in him.
Sir P. Eith. I discharge my conscience.
Fitz. *And is not the devil good company? yes,*
Ever. How he changes, sir, his voice! [*wis.*
Fitz. *And a cuckold is,*
Wherever he put his head, with a wannion,
If his horns be forth, the devil's companion.
Look, look, look, else!
Meer. How he foams!
Ever. And swells!
Lady T. O me, what's that there rises in his
belly?
Lady E. A strange thing: hold it down.
Tra. Pit. We cannot, madam.
Sir P. Eith. 'Tis too apparent this!
Fitz. *Wittipol, Wittipol!*

Enter WITTIPOL, MANLY, *and* Mrs. FITZDOTTREL.

Wit. How now! what play have we here?
Man. What fine new matters?
Wit. The cockscomb and the coverlet.
Meer. O strange impudence,
That these should come to face their sin!
Ever. And outface
Justice! they are the parties, sir.
Sir P. Eith. Say, nothing.
Meer. Did you mark, sir, upon their coming
How he call'd Wittipol? [in,
Ever. And never saw them.
Sir P. Eith. I warrant you did I: let them play
Fitz. *Buz, buz, buz, buz!* [awhile.
Lady T. 'Las, poor gentleman,
How he is tortured!
Mrs. Fitz. [*goes to him.*] Fie, master Fitz-
What do you mean to counterfeit thus? [dottrel
Fitz. *O, O!*
She comes with a needle, and thrusts it in,
She pulls out that, and she puts in a pin,
And now, and now, I do not know how, nor where,
But she pricks me here, and she pricks me there:
Sir P. Eith. Woman, forbear. [*Oh, oh!*
Wit. What, sir?
Sir P. Eith. A practice foul
For one so fair.
Wit. Hath this, then, credit with you?
Man. Do you believe in't?
Sir P. Eith. Gentlemen, I'll discharge
My conscience: 'tis a clear conspiracy,
A dark and devilish practice! I detest it.
Wit. The justice sure will prove the merrier
Man. This is most strange, sir. [man.
Sir P. Eith. Come not to confront
Authority with impudence; I tell you,
I do detest it.—

Re-enter AMBLER, *with* SLEDGE *and* GILTHEAD.

Here comes the king's constable,
And with him a right worshipful commoner,
My good friend, master Gilthead. I am glad
I can, before such witnesses, profess
My conscience, and my detestation of it.
Horrible! most unnatural! abominable!
Ever. You do not tumble enough.
Meer. Wallow, gnash. [*They whisper him.*

Lady T. O, how he is vexed!
Sir P. Eith. 'Tis too manifest.
Ever. Give him more soap to foam with. [*To* MEER.] Now lie still.
Meer. And act a little.
Lady T. What does he now, sir?
Sir P. Eith. Shew
The taking of tobacco, with which the devil
Is so delighted.
Fitz. *Hum!*
Sir P. Eith. And calls for hum.
You takers of strong waters and tobacco,
Mark this.
Fitz. *Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow!*
Sir P. Eith. That's starch! the devil's idol of that colour.
He ratifies it with clapping of his hands;
The proofs are pregnant.
Gilt. How the devil can act!
Sir P. Eith. He is the master of players, master Gilthead,
And poets too: you heard him talk in rhyme,
I had forgot to observe it to you, erewhile!
Lady T. See, he spits fire!
Sir P. Eith. O no, he plays at figgum;
The devil is the author of wicked figgum.
Man. Why speak you not unto him?
Wit. If I had
All innocence of man to be endanger'd,
And he could save or ruin it, I'd not breathe
A syllable in request, to such a fool
He makes himself.
Fitz. *O they whisper, whisper, whisper,*
We shall have more of devils a score,
To come to dinner, in me the sinner.
Lady E. Alas, poor gentleman!
Sir P. Eith. Put them asunder;
Keep them one from the other.
Man. Are you phrenetic, sir?
Or what grave dotage moves you to take part
With so much villainy? we are not afraid
Either of law or trial; let us be
Examined what our ends were, what the means
To work by, and possibility of those means:
Do not conclude against us ere you hear us.
Sir P. Eith. I will not hear you, yet I will conclude
Out of the circumstances.
Man. Will you so, sir?
Sir P. Eith. Yes, they are palpable.
Man. Not as your folly.
Sir P. Eith. I will discharge my conscience,
To the meridian of justice.
Gilt. You do well, sir.
Fitz. *Provide me to eat, three or four dishes o' good meat,*
I'll feast them and their trains, a justice head
Shall be the first.—
Sir P. Eith. The devil loves not justice,
There you may see.
Fitz. *A spare rib of my wife,*
And a whore's purtenance; a Gilthead whote
Sir. P. Eith. Be not you troubled, sir, the devil speaks it.
Fitz. *Yes, wis, knight, shite, Poul, joul, owl, foul, troul, boul!*
Sir P. Eith. Crambo! another of the devil's games.
Meer. Speak, sir, some Greek, if you can. [*Aside to* FITZ.] Is not the justice
A solemn gamester?
Ever. Peace.
Fitz. Οἰ μοὶ, κακοδαίμων,
Καὶ τρισκακοδαίμων, καὶ τετράκις, καὶ πεντάκις,
Καὶ δωδεκάκις καὶ μυριάκις.
Sir P. Eith. He curses
In Greek, I think.
Ever. Your Spanish, that I taught you. [*Aside to* FITZ.
Fitz. *Quebrémos el ojo de burlas.*
Ever. How!—your rest——
Let's break his neck in jest, the devil says.
Fitz. *Di gratia, signòr mio, se havete denari fataméne parte.*
Meer. What! would the devil borrow money?
Fitz. *Ouy, ouy, monsieur, un pauvre diable, diabletin.*
Sir P. Eith. It is the devil, by his several languages.

Enter SHACKLES, *with the things found on the body of the* Cut-purse.

Shack. Where's sir Paul Eitherside?
Sir P. Eith. Here; what's the matter?
Shack. O, such an accident fallen out at Newgate, sir:
A great piece of the prison is rent down!
The devil has been there, sir, in the body
Of the young cut-purse, was hang'd out this morning,
But in new clothes, sir; every one of us know him.
These things were found in his pocket.
Amb. Those are mine, sir.
Shack. I think he was committed on your charge, sir,
For a new felony.
Amb. Yes.
Shack. He's gone, sir, now,
And left us the dead body; but withal, sir,
Such an infernal stink and steam behind,
You cannot see St. Pulchre's steeple yet:
They smell't as far as Ware, as the wind lies,
By this time, sure.
Fitz. [*starts up.*] Is this upon your credit, friend?
Shack. Sir, you may see, and satisfy yourself.
Fitz. Nay then, 'tis time to leave off counterfeiting.——
Sir, I am not bewitch'd, nor have a devil,
No more than you; I do defy him, I,
And did abuse you: these two gentlemen
Put me upon it. (I have faith against him.)
They taught me all my tricks. I will tell truth,
And shame the fiend. See here, sir, are my bellows,
And my false belly, and my mouse, and all
That should have come forth.
Man. Sir, are you not ashamed
Now of your solemn, serious vanity?
Sir P. Eith. I will make honourable amends to truth.
Fitz. And so will I. But these are cozeners still,
And have my land, as plotters, with my wife;
Who, though she be not a witch, is worse, a whore.
Man. Sir, you belie her: she is chaste and virtuous,
And we are honest. I do know no glory
A man should hope, by venting his own follies;
But you'll still be an ass in spite of providence.
Please you go in, sir, and hear truths, then judge 'em,
And make amends for your late rashness: when
You shall but hear the pains, and care was taken
To save this fool from ruin, his Grace of Drown'd-land—
Fitz. My land is drown'd indeed——
Sir P. Eith. Peace.

Man. And how much
His modest and too worthy wife hath suffer'd
By misconstruction from him, you will blush,
First, for your own belief, more for his actions.
His land is his; and never by my friend,
Or by myself, meant to another use,
But for her succours, who hath equal right
If any other had worse counsels in it,
(I know I speak to those can apprehend me)
Let them repent them, and be not detected.——
It is not manly to take joy or pride
In human errors: we do all ill things;
They do them worst that love them, and dwell there,
Till the plague comes. The few that have the seeds
Of goodness left, will sooner make their way
To a true life, by shame, than punishment.

[*He comes forward for the Epilogue.*

Thus the projector here is overthrown;
But I have now a project of mine own,
If it may pass, that no man would invite
The poet from us, to sup forth to-night,
If the play please. If it displeasant be,
We do presume that no man will, nor we.

[Exeunt.

THE STAPLE OF NEWS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TWNNYBOY, *the Son, the Heir and Suitor.*
PENNYBOY, *the Father, the Canter.*
PENNYBOY, *Richer, the Uncle, the Usurer.*
CYMBAL, *Master of the Staple, and Prime Jeerer.*
FITTON, *Emissary Court, and Jeerer.*
ALMANAC, *Doctor in Physic, and Jeerer.*
SHUNFIELD, *Sea Captain, and Jeerer.*
MADRIGAL, *Poetaster, and Jeerer.*
PICKLOCK, *Man o' Law, and Emissary Westminster.*
PIEDMANTLE, *Pursuivant at Arms, and Heraldet.*
REGISTER, *of the Staple, or Office.*
NATHANIEL, *First Clerk of the Office.*
THOMAS, *Barber, Second Clerk of the Office.*
BROKER, *Secretary, and Gentleman-Usher to* PECUNIA.
LICKFINGER, *Master-Cook, and Parcel-Poet.*
FASHIONER, *the Tailor of the times.*
LEATHERLEG, *Shoemaker.*
Linener.
Haberdasher.
Spurrier.
Customers, *Male and Female.*
Porter.
Block *and* Lollard, *two Dogs.*
BUZ, AMBLER, *Grooms;* Fiddlers, Singing-Boy, Attendants, *&c.*
INTERMEAN *or* CHORUS.
Gossips — MIRTH, TATTLE, EXPECTATION, *and* CENSURE.

PECUNIA, *Infanta of the Mines.*
MORTGAGE, *her Nurse.*
STATUTE, *First Woman.*
BAND, *Second Woman.*
WAX (Rose), *Chambermaid.*

SCENE,—LONDON.

THE INDUCTION.

THE STAGE.

Enter PROLOGUE.

Pro. *For your own sakes, not his——*

Enter Gossip MIRTH, Gossip TATTLE, Gossip EXPECTATION, *and* Gossip CENSURE, *four Gentlewomen, lady-like attired.*

Mirth. *Come, gossip, be not ashamed. The play is* THE STAPLE OF NEWS, *and you are the mistress and lady of Tattle,—let's have your opinion of it.—Do you hear, gentleman? what are you, gentleman-usher to the play? Pray you help us to some stools here.*

Pro. *Where? on the stage, ladies!*

Mirth. *Yes, on the stage; we are persons of quality, I assure you, and women of fashion, and come to see and to be seen. My gossip Tattle here, and gossip Expectation, and my gossip Censure, and I am Mirth, the daughter of Christmas, and spirit of Shrovetide. They say,* It's merry when gossips meet; *I hope your play will be a merry one.*

Pro. *Or you will make it such, ladies. Bring a form here.* [A bench is brought in.] *But what will the noblemen think, or the grave wits here, to see you seated on the bench thus?*

Mirth. *Why, what should they think, but that they had mothers as we had; and those mothers had gossips (if their children were christened) as we are; and such as had a longing to see plays, and sit upon them, as we do, and arraign both them and their poets?*

Pro. *O, is that your purpose! Why, mistress Mirth and madam Tattle, enjoy your delights freely.*

Tat. *Look your* News *be new and fresh, master Prologue, and untainted; I shall find them else, if they be stale or fly-blown, quickly.*

Pro. *We ask no favour from you; only we would entreat of madam Expectation——*

Expect. *What, master Prologue?*

Pro. *That your ladyship would expect no more than you understand.*

Expect. *Sir, I can expect enough.*

Pro. *I fear, too much, lady; and teach others to do the like.*

Expect. *I can do that too, if I have cause.*

Pro. *Cry you mercy,* you never did wrong, but with just cause. *What's this, lady?*

Mirth. *Curiosity, my lady Censure.*

Pro. *O, Curiosity! you come to see who wears the new suit to-day; whose clothes are best penn'd, whatever the part be; which actor has the best leg and foot; what king plays without cuffs, and his queen without gloves; who rides post in stockings, and dances in boots.*

Cen. *Yes, and which amorous prince makes love in drink, or does over-act prodigiously in beaten satin, and having got the trick on't, will be monstrous still, in despite of counsel.*

Book-holder. [within.] *Mend your lights, gentlemen.—Master Prologue, begin.*

Enter the TIRE-MEN *to mend the lights.*

Tat. *Ah me!*

Expect. *Who's that?*

Pro. *Nay, start not, ladies; these carry no fire-works to fright you, but a torch in their hands, to give light to the business. The truth is, there are a set of gamesters within, in travail of a thing*

called a play, and would fain be deliver'd of it: and they have entreated me to be their man-midwife, the prologue; for they are like to have a hard labour on't.

Tat. *Then the poet has abused himself, like an ass as he is.*

Mirth. *No, his actors will abuse him enough, or I am deceived. Yonder he is within (I was in the tiring-house awhile to see the actors drest) rolling himself up and down like a tun in the midst of them, and purges, never did vessel of wort or wine work so! his sweating put me in mind of a good Shroving-dish (and I believe would be taken up for a service of state somewhere, an't were known), a stewed poet! he doth sit like an unbraced drum, with one of his heads beaten out; for that you must note, a poet hath two heads, as a drum has; one for making, the other repeating! and his repeating head is all to pieces; they may gather it up in the tiring-house; for he hath torn the book in a poetical fury, and put himself to silence in dead sack, which, were there no other vexation, were sufficient to make him the most miserable emblem of patience.*

Cen. *The Prologue, peace.*

PROLOGUE.

(FOR THE STAGE.)

For your own sakes, not his, he bad me say,
Would you were come to hear, not see a play.
Though we his actors, must provide for those
Who are our guests here, in the way of shows,
The maker hath not so; he'd have you wise,
Much rather by your ears, than by your eyes;
And prays you'll not prejudge his play for ill,
Because you mark it not, and sit not still;
But have a longing to salute, or talk
With such a female, and from her to walk
With your discourse, to what is done, and where,
How, and by whom, in all the town, but here.
Alas! what is it to his scene, to know
How many coaches in Hyde-park did show
Last spring, what fare to-day at Medley's was,
If Dunstan or the Phœnix best wine has?
They are things—but yet the stage might stand as well,
If it did neither hear these things, nor tell.
Great noble wits, be good unto yourselves,
And make a difference 'twixt poetic elves,
And poets: all that dabble in the ink,
And defile quills, are not those few can think,
Conceive, express, and steer the souls of men,
As with a rudder, round thus, with their pen.
He must be one that can instruct your youth,
And keep your acme in the state of truth,
Must enterprise this work: mark but his ways,
What flight he makes, how new: and then he says,
If that not like you, that he sends to-night,
'Tis you have left to judge, not he to write.

PROLOGUE.

(FOR THE COURT.)

A work not smelling of the lamp, to-night,
But fitted for your Majesty's disport,
And writ to the meridian of your court,
We bring; and hope it may produce delight,
The rather being offered as a rite,
To scholars, that can judge, and fair report
The sense they hear, above the vulgar sort
Of nut-crackers, that only come for sight.
Wherein although our title, sir, be News,
We yet adventure here to tell you none,
But shew you common follies, and so known,
That though they are not truths, the innocent Muse,
Hath made so like, as phant'sy could them state,
Or poetry, without scandal, imitate.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Lodgings of* PENNYBOY, *jun.*

Enter PENNYBOY, *jun. and* LEATHERLEG *with a new pair of boots.*

P. jun. [LEATH. *pulls on his boots.*] Gramercy, Leatherleg: get me the spurrier,
And thou hast fitted me.

Leath. I'll do it presently. [*Exit.*

P. jun. [*walks up and down in his gown, waistcoat, and trowses, expecting his tailor.*]
Look to me, wit, and look to my wit, land,
That is, look on me, and with all thine eyes,
Male, female, yea, hermaphroditic eyes,
And those bring all your helps and perspicils,
To see me at best advantage and augment
My form as I come forth; for I do feel
I will be one worth looking after shortly;
Now, by and by, that's shortly,—[*draws forth his watch, and sets it on the table.*] It strikes! one, two,
Three, four, five, six. Enough, enough, dear watch,
Thy pulse hath beat enough. Now sleep and rest;
Would thou couldst make the time to do so too:
I'll wind thee up no more. The hour is come
So long expected! there, there, drop my wardship,
[*Throws off his gown.*
My pupillage and vassalage together.——
And, Liberty, come throw thyself about me,
In a rich suit cloke, hat and band, for now

I'll sue out no man's livery, but mine own ;
I stand on my own feet, so much a year,
Right round and sound, the lord of mine own ground.
And (to rhyme to it) threescore thousand pound !
Not come ? not yet ?—[*Goes to the door and looks.*]
Tailor, thou art a vermin,
Worse than the same thou prosecut'st, and prick'st
In subtle seam—Go to, I say no more——
Thus to retard my longings, on the day
I do write man, to beat thee ! One and twenty
Since the clock struck, complete ! and thou wilt feel it,
Thou foolish animal !——I could pity him,
An I were not heartily angry with him now,
For this one piece of folly he bears about him,
To dare to tempt the fury of an heir
T' above two thousand a year, yet hope his custom !
Well, master Fashioner, there's some must break—
A head, for this your breaking.—

Enter FASHIONER.

Are you come, sir ?

Fash. God give your worship joy !

P. jun. What ! of your staying,
And leaving me to stalk here in my trowses,
Like a tame her'nsew for you ?

Fash. I but waited
Below, till the clock struck.

P. jun. Why, if you had come
Before a quarter, would it so have hurt you,
In reputation, to have waited here ?

Fash. No, but your worship might have pleaded nonage,
If you had got them on, ere I could make
Just affidavit of the time.

P. jun. That jest
Has gain'd thy pardon, thou hadst lived condemn'd
To thine own hell else, never to have wrought
Stitch more for me, or any Pennyboy,
I could have hinder'd thee : but now thou art mine.
For one and twenty years, or for three lives,
Choose which thou wilt, I'll make thee a copyholder,
And thy first bill unquestion'd. Help me on.

Fash. Presently, sir : [*says his suit.*] I am bound unto your worship.

P. jun. Thou shalt be, when I have seal'd thee a lease of my custom.

Fash. Your worship's barber is without.

P. jun. Who ? Tom !—
Come in, Tom.

Enter THOMAS, *Barber.*

Set thy things upon the board,
And spread thy cloths, lay all forth in *procinctu*,
And tell's what news ?

Tho. O sir, a STAPLE OF NEWS !
Or the New Staple, which you please.

P. jun. What's that ?

Fash. An office, sir, a brave young office set up :
I had forgot to tell your worship.

P. jun. For what ?

Tho. To enter all the News, sir, of the time.

Fash. And vent it as occasion serves : a place
Of huge commèrce it will be !

P. jun. Pray thee, peace ;
I cannot abide a talking tailor : let Tom
(He is a barber) by his place relate it.
What is't, an office, Tom ?

Tho. Newly erected
Here in the house, almost on the same floor,
Where all the news of all sorts shall be brought,
And there be examined, and then register'd,
And so be issued under the seal of the office,
As Staple News ; no other news be current.

P. jun. 'Fore me, thou speak'st of a brave business, Tom.

Fash. Nay, if you knew the brain that hatch'd it, sir—

P. jun. I know thee well enough : give him a loaf, Tom ;
Quiet his mouth, that oven will be venting else.
Proceed——

Tho. He tells you true, sir ; master Cymbal
Is master of the office, he projected it,
He lies here, in the house ; and the great rooms
He has taken for the office, and set up
His desks and classes, tables and his shelves.

Fash. He is my customer, and a wit, sir, too.
But he has brave wits under him——

Tho. Yes, four emissaries.

P. jun. Emissaries ? stay, there's a fine new word, Tom ?
Pray God it signify any thing ! what are emissaries ?

Tho. Men employ'd outward, that are sent abroad
To fetch in the commodity.

Fash. From all regions
Where the best news are made.

Tho. Or vented forth.

Fash. By way of exchange, or trade.

P. jun. Nay, thou wilt speak——

Fash. My share, sir, there's enough for both.

P. jun. Go on then,
Speak all thou canst : methinks the ordinaries
Should help them much.

Fash. Sir, they have ordinaries,
And extraordinaries, as many changes,
And variations, as there are points in the compass.

Tho. But the four cardinal quarters.

P. jun. Ay those, Tom——

Tho. The Court, sir, Paul's, Exchange, and Westminster-hall.

P. jun. Who is the chief ? which hath precedency ?

Tho. The governor of the Staple, master Cymbal,
He is the chief ; and after him the emissaries :
First emissary Court, one master Fitton,
He is a jeerer too.

P. jun. What's that ?

Fash. A wit.

Tho. Or half a wit, some of them are half-wits,
Two to a wit, there are a set of them.
Then master Ambler, emissary Paul's,
A fine-paced gentleman, as you shall see walk
The middle aisle : and then my froy Hans Buz,
A Dutchman ; he is emissary Exchange.

Fash. I had thought master Burst, the merchant [had had it.

Tho. No,
He has a rupture, he has sprung a leak.
Emissary Westminster's undisposed of yet ;
Then the examiner, register, and two clerks,
They manage all at home, and sort, and file,
And seal the news, and issue them.

P. jun. Tom, dear Tom,
What may my means do for thee ? ask and have it,
I'd fain be doing some good : it is my birthday.
And I would do it betimes, I feel a grudging

Of bounty, and I would not long lie fallow.
I pray thee think and speak, or wish for something.
Tho. I would I had but one of the clerks' places
In this News-office.
P. jun. Thou shalt have it, Tom,
If silver or gold will fetch it; what's the rate?
At what is it set in the market?
Tho. Fifty pound, sir.
P. jun. An 'twere a hundred, Tom, thou shalt not want it.
Fash. O noble master! [*Leaps and embraces him.*
P. jun. How now, Æsop's ass!
Because I play with Tom, must I needs run
Into your rude embraces? stand you still, sir;
Clowns' fawnings are a horse's salutations.——
How dost thou like my suit, Tom?
Tho. Master Fashioner
Has hit your measures, sir, he has moulded you,
And made you, as they say.
Fash. No, no, not I,
I am an *ass*, old *Æsop's ass.*
P. jun. Nay, Fashioner,
I can do thee a good turn too; be not musty,
Though thou hast moulded me, as little Tom says:
—I think thou hast put me in mouldy pockets.
[*Draws out his pockets.*
Fash. As good,
Right Spanish perfume, the lady Estifania's;—
They cost twelve pound a pair.
P. jun. Thy bill will say so.
I pray thee tell me, Fashioner, what authors
Thou read'st to help thy invention: Italian prints?
Or arras hangings? they are tailors' libraries.
Fash. I scorn such helps.
P. jun. O! though thou art a silkworm,
And deal'st in satins and velvets, and rich plushes,
Thou canst not spin all forms out of thyself;
They are quite other things: I think this suit
Has made me wittier than I was.
Fash. Believe it, sir,
That clothes do much upon the wit, as weather
Does on the brain; and thence [sir] comes your proverb,
The tailor makes the man: I speak by experience
Of my own customers. I have had gallants,
Both court and country, would have fool'd you up
In a new suit, with the best wits in being,
And kept their speed as long as their clothes lasted
Handsome and neat; but then as they grew out
At the elbows again, or had a stain or spot,
They have sunk most wretchedly.
P. jun. What thou report'st,
Is but the common calamity, and seen daily;
And therefore you've another answering proverb,
A broken sleeve keeps the arm back.
Fash. 'Tis true, sir.
And thence we say, that such a one plays at *peep-arm.*
P. jun. Do you so? it is wittily said. I wonder, gentlemen
And men of means will not maintain themselves
Fresher in wit, I mean in clothes, to the highest:
For he that's out of clothes is out of fashion,
And out of fashion is out of countenance,
And out of countenance is out of wit.
Is not rogue haberdasher come?
Enter Haberdasher, Linener, *and* Hatter *and* Shoemaker.
Hab. Yes, here, sir,
I have been without this half hour.
P. jun. Give me my hat.
Put on my girdle, rascal: fits my ruff well?
Lin. In print.
P. jun. Slave!
Lin. See yourself.
P. jun. Is this same hat
Of the block-passant? Do not answer me,
I cannot stay for an answer. I do feel
The powers of one and twenty, like a tide,
Flow in upon me, and perceive an heir
Can conjure up all spirits in all circles.
Rogue! rascal! slave! give tradesmen their true
And they appear to him presently. [names,
Lin. For profit.
P. jun. Come, cast my cloke about me, I'll go see
This office, Tom, and be trimm'd afterwards.
I'll put thee in possession, my prime work!
Enter Spurrier.
Ods so, my spurrier! put them on, boy, quickly;
I had like to have lost my spurs with too much speed.
Enter Pennyboy Canter, *in a patched and ragged cloke, singing.*
P. Can. *Good morning to my joy! my jolly Pennyboy!*
The lord, and the prince of plenty!
I come to see what riches, thou bearest in thy breeches,
The first of thy one and twenty.
What, do thy pockets jingle? or shall we need to mingle
Our strength both of foot and of horses!
These fellows look so eager, as if they would beleaguer
An heir in the midst of his forces!
I hope they be no serjeants, that hang upon thy margents—
This rogue has the joul of a jailor!
P. jun. [answers in tune.] *O founder, no such matter, my spurrier, and my hatter,*
My linen-man, and my tailor.
Thou should'st have been brought in too, shoemaker,
If the time had been longer, and Tom Barber.
How dost thou like my company, old Canter?
Do I not muster a brave troop, all bill-men?
Present your arms before my founder here,
This is my Founder, this same learned Canter!
He brought me the first news of my father's death,
I thank him, and ever since I call him founder.
Worship him, boys; I'll read only the sums,
And pass them straight.
Sho. Now ale——
Rest. And strong ale bless him.
P. jun. Ods so, some ale and sugar for my founder!
Good bills, sufficient bills, these bills may pass.
[*Puts them in his pockets.*
P. Can. I do not like these paper-squibs, good master.
They may undo your store, I mean, of credit,
And fire your arsenal, if case you do not
In time make good those outer-works, your pockets,
And take a garrison in of some two hundred,
To beat those pioneers off, that carry a mine
Would blow you up, at last. Secure your casamates.

Here, master Picklock, sir, your man of law,
And learn'd attorney, has sent you a bag of mu-
P. jun. [*takes the bag.*] What is't? [nition.
P. Can. Three hundred pieces.
P. jun. I'll dispatch them.
P. Can. Do; I would have your strengths
lined, and perfumed
With gold, as well as amber.
P. jun. God-a-mercy,
Come, *ad solvendum*, boys! there, there, and
there,
I look on nothing but *totalis.* [*Pays all their bills.*
P. Can. See!
The difference 'twixt the covetous and the pro-
digal!
The covetous man never has money, and
The prodigal will have none shortly! [*Aside.*
P. jun. Ha,
What says my founder? [*They make legs to him.*]
I thank you, I thank you, sirs.
All. God bless your worship, and your worship's
Canter!
[*Exeunt* Shoemaker, Linener, Haber. *and* Hatter.
P. Can. I say 'tis nobly done, to cherish shop-
keepers,
And pay their bills, without examining thus.
P. jun. Alas! they have had a pitiful hard
time on't,
A long vacation from their cozening.
Poor rascals! I do it out of charity:
I would advance their trade again, and have them
Haste to be rich, swear and forswear wealthily.
What do you stay for, sirrah? [*To the* Spurrier.
Spur. To my box, sir.
P. jun. Your box! why, there's an angel; if
my spurs
Be not right Rippon——
Spur. Give me never a penny
If I strike not thorough your bounty with the
rowels. [*Exit.*
P. jun. Dost thou want any money, founder?
P. Can. Who, sir, I?
Did I not tell you I was bred in the mines,
Under sir Bevis Bullion.
P. jun. That is true,
I quite forgot, you mine-men want no money,
Your streets are pav'd with't: there the molten
Runs out like cream on cakes of gold. [silver
P. Can. And rubies
Do grow like strawberries.
P. jun. 'Twere brave being there!—
Come, Tom, we'll go to the office now.
P. Can. What office?
P. jun. News-office, the New Staple; thou shalt
go too;
'Tis here in the house, on the same floor, Tom
says:
Come founder, let us trade in ale and nutmegs.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same. An outer Room of the Office.*

Enter Register *and* NATHANIEL.

Reg. What, are those desks fit now? Set forth
the table,
The carpet and the chair; where are the news
That were examined last? have you filed them up?
Nath. Not yet, I had no time.
Reg. Are those news registered
That emissary Buz sent in last night,
Of Spinola and his eggs?
Nath. Yes, sir, and filed.
Reg. What are you now upon?
Nath. That our new emissary
Westminster gave us, of the golden heir.
Reg. Dispatch; that's news indeed, and of
importance.—

Enter a Countrywoman.

What would you have, good woman?
Wom. I would have, sir,
A groatsworth of any news, I care not what,
To carry down this Saturday to our vicar.
Reg. O! you are a butter-woman; ask Nathaniel,
The clerk there.
Nath. Sir, I tell her she must stay
Till emissary Exchange, or Paul's send in,
And then I'll fit her.
Reg. Do, good woman, have patience;
It is not now, as when the captain lived.
Nath. You'll blast the reputation of the office
Now in the bud, if you dispatch these groats
So soon: let them attend, in the name of policy.

Enter CYMBAL *and* FITTON, *introducing* PENNYBOY, *jun.*

P. jun. In troth they are dainty rooms; what
place is this?
Cym. This is the outer room, where my clerks
sit,
And keep their sides, the register in the midst;
The examiner, he sits private there, within;
And here I have my several rolls and files
Of news by the alphabet, and all put up
Under their heads.
P. jun. But those too subdivided?
Cym. Into authentical, and apocryphal——
Fit. Or news of doubtful credit, as barbers
news—
Cym. And tailors' news, porters' and water-
men's news.
Fit. Whereto, besides the Coranti, and Gazetti—
Cym. I have the news of the season—
Fit. As vacation-news,
Term-news, and christmas-news.
Cym. And news of the faction.
Fit. As the reformed-news; Protestant-news;—
Cym. And pontificial-news; of all which several,
The day-books, characters, precedents are kept,
Together with the names of special friends——
Fit. And men of correspondence in the coun-
try—
Cym. Yes, of all ranks, and all religions.——
Fit. Factors and agents——
Cym. Liegers, that lie out
Through all the shires of the kingdom.
P. jun. This is fine,
And bears a brave relation! But what says
Mercurius Britannicus to this?
Cym. O sir, he gains by't half in half.
Fit. Nay more,
I'll stand to't. For where he was wont to get
In hungry captains, obscure statesmen——
Cym. Fellows
To drink with him in a dark room in a tavern,
And eat a sausage——
Fit. We have seen it.
Cym. As fain to keep so many politic pens
Going, to feed the press——
Fit. And dish out news,
Were't true or false——

Cym. Now all that charge is saved.
The public chronicler—
Fit. How do you call him there?
Cym. And gentle reader—
Fit. He that has the maidenhead
Of all the books.
Cym. Yes, dedicated to him—
Fit. Or rather prostituted—
P. jun. You are right, sir.
Cym. No more shall be abused; nor country
Of the inquisition, nor busy justices [parsons
Trouble the peace, and both torment themselves,
And their poor ignorant neighbours, with enquiries
After the many and most innocent monsters,
That never came in the counties they were charged with.
P. jun. Why, methinks, sir, if the honest common people
Will be abused, why should not they have their pleasure,
In the believing lies are made for them;
As you in the office, making them yourselves?
Fit. O, sir! it is the printing we oppose.
Cym. We not forbid that any news be made,
But that it be printed; for when news is printed,
It leaves, sir, to be news; while 'tis but written—
Fit. Tho' it be ne'er so false, it runs news still.
P. jun. See divers men's opinions! unto some
The very printing of 'em makes them news;
That have not the heart to believe anything,
But what they see in print.
Fit. Ay, that's an error
Has abused many; but we shall reform it,
As many things beside, (we have a hope,)
Are crept among the popular abuses.
Cym. Nor shall the stationer cheat upon the time,
By buttering o'er again——
Fit. Once in seven years,
As the age doats——
Cym. And grows forgetful of them,
His antiquated pamphlets with new dates:
But all shall come from the mint.
Fit. Fresh and new-stamp'd.
Cym. With the office-seal, staple commodity.
Fit. And if a man will insure his news, he may;
Two-pence a sheet he shall be warranted,
And have a policy for it.
P. jun. Sir I admire
The method of your place: all things within't
Are so digested, fitted, and composed,
As it shews Wit had married Order.
Fit. Sir.
Cym. The best we could to invite the times.
Fit. It has
Cost sweat and freezing.
Cym. And some broken sleeps,
Before it came to this.
P. jun. I easily think it.
Fit. But now it has the shape——
Cym. And is come forth—
P. jun. A most polite neat thing, with all the
As sense can taste! [limbs,
Cym. It is, sir, though I say it,
As well begotten a business, and as fairly
Help'd to the world.
P. jun. You must be a midwife, sir,
Or else the son of a midwife (pray you pardon me)
Have help'd it forth so happily!—What news have you?
News of this morning? I would fain hear some,
Fresh from the forge; as new as day, as they say.
Cym. And such we have, sir.
Reg. Shew him the last roll,
Of emissary Westminster's, *The heir.*

Enter Barber.

P. jun. Come nearer, Tom!
Nath. *There is a brave young heir*
Is come of age this morning, master Pennyboy.
P. jun. That's I? [*Aside.*
Nath. *His father died on this day seven-night.*
P. jun. True! [*Aside.*
Nath. *At six o' the clock in the morning, just a*
Ere he was one and twenty. [*week*
P. jun. I am here, Tom!—
Proceed, I pray thee.
Nath. *An old canting beggar*
Brought him first news, whom he has entertain'd
To follow him since.
P. jun. Why, you shall see him;—Founder!
Come in—

Enter Pennyboy *Canter.*

No follower, but companion:
I pray thee put him in, friend; [*to* Nath.] there's an angel——
Thou dost not know, he is a wise old fellow,
Though he seem patch'd thus, and made up of pieces. [*Exit* Nath.
Founder, we are in here, in, i' the News-office!
In this day's roll already!—I do muse
How you came by us, sirs.
Cym. One master Picklock,
A lawyer that hath purchased here a place
This morning of an emissary under me—
Fit. Emissary Westminster.
Cym. Gave it into the office.
Fit. For his essay, his piece.
P. jun. My man of law!
He's my attorney and solicitor too!
A fine pragmatic! what is his place worth?
Cym. A *nemo-scit*, sir.
Fit. 'Tis as news come in.
Cym. And as they are issued. I have the just
For my part: then the other moiety [moiety
Is parted into seven: the four emissaries,
Whereof my cousin Fitton here's for Court,
Ambler for Paul's, and Buz for the Exchange,
Picklock for Westminster, with the examiner,
And register, they have full parts: and then one
Is under-parted to a couple of clerks. [part
And there's the just division of the profits.
P. jun. Have you those clerks, sir?
Cym. There is one desk empty,
But it has many suitors.
P. jun. Sir, may I
Present one more, and carry it, if his parts
Or gifts, which you will call them—
Cym. Be sufficient, sir.
P. jun. What are your present clerk's abilities?
How is he qualified?
Cym. A decay'd stationer
He was, but knows news well, can sort and rank
Fit. And for a need can make them. [them.
Cym. True Paul's, bred
In the church-yard.
P. jun. And this at the west-door
On the other side; he is my barber, Tom,
A pretty scholar, and a master of arts
Was made, or went out master of arts in a throng
At the university; as before, one Christmas,

He got into a masque at court, by his wit,
And the good means of his cittern, holding up thus
For one of the music: he's a nimble fellow,
And alike skill'd in every liberal science,
As having certain snaps of all; a neat
Quick vein in forging news too: I do love him,
And promised him a good turn, and I would do it.
What is your price? the value?

Cym. Fifty pounds, sir.

P. jun. Get in, Tom, take possession, I instal thee.
Here, tell your money. Give thee joy, good Tom!
And let me hear from thee every minute of news,
While the New Staple stands, or the office lasts,
Which I do wish may ne'er be less, for thy sake.

Re-enter NATHANIEL.

Nath. The emissaries, sir, would speak with you
And master Fitton; they have brought in news,
Three bale together.

Cym. Sir, you are welcome here.

Fit. So is your creature.

Cym. Business calls us off, sir,
That may concern the office.

P. jun. Keep me fair, sir,
Still in your staple; I am here your friend,
On the same floor.

Fit. We shall be your servants.

[*Exeunt all but* P. jun. *and* P. Cant.

P. jun. How dost thou like it, founder?

P. Can. All is well,
But that your man of law, methinks, appears not
In his due time. O! here comes master's worship.

Enter PICKLOCK.

Pick. How does the heir, bright master Pennyboy?
Is he awake yet in his one and twenty? ——
Why, this is better far, than to wear cypress,
Dull smutting gloves, or melancholy blacks,
And have a pair of twelve-penny broad ribands,
Laid out like labels.

P. jun. I should have made shift
To have laugh'd as heartily in my mourner's hood,
As in this suit, if it had pleased my father
To have been buried with the trumpeters.

Pick. The heralds of arms, you mean.

P. jun. I mean,
All noise that is superfluous!

Pick. All that idle pomp,
And vanity of a tombstone, your wise father
Did by his will prevent. Your worship had—

P. jun. A loving and obedient father of him,
I know it [I]; a right kind-natured man,
To die so opportunely.

Pick. And to settle
All things so well! compounded for your wardship
The week afore, and left your state entire,
Without any charge upon't.

P. jun. I must needs say,
I lost an officer of him, a good bailiff,
And I shall want him: but all peace be with him!
I will not wish him alive again, not I,
For all my fortune. Give your worship joy
Of your new place, your emissaryship
In the News-office!

Pick. Know you why I bought it, sir?

P. jun. Not I.

Pick. To work for you, and carry a mine
Against the master of it, master Cymbal,
Who hath a plot, upon a gentlewoman
Was once design'd for you, sir.

P. jun. Me?

Pick. Your father,
Old master Pennyboy, of happy memory,
And wisdom too, as any in the county,
Careful to find out a fit match for you,
In his own life-time, (but he was prevented,)
Left it in writing in a schedule here,
To be annexed to his will, that you,
His only son, upon his charge and blessing,
Should take due notice of a gentlewoman
Sojourning with your uncle, Richer Pennyboy.

P. jun. A Cornish gentlewoman; I do know her,
Mistress Pecunia Do-all.

Pick. A great lady,
Indeed, she is, and not of mortal race,
Infanta of the mines; her grace's grandfather
Was duke, and cousin to the king of Ophyr,
The Subterranean. Let that pass. Her name is,
Or rather her three names are (for such she is)
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, a great princess,
Of mighty power, though she live in private,
With a contracted family! Her secretary——

P. Can. Who is her gentleman usher too.

Pick. One Broker;
And then two gentlewomen, mistress Statute
And mistress Band, with Wax the chambermaid,
And mother Mortgage the old nurse, two grooms,
Pawn and his fellow: you have not many to bribe,
The work is feasible, and the approaches easy, [sir.
By your own kindred. Now, sir, Cymbal thinks,
The master here, and governor of the Staple,
By his fine arts, and pomp of his great place,
To draw her! He concludes, she is a woman,
And that so soon as she hears of the new office,
She'll come to visit it, as they all have longings,
After new sights and motions! But your bounty,
Person, and bravery, must achieve her.

P. Can. She is
The talk o' the time! the adventure of the age!

Pick. You cannot put yourself upon an action
Of more importance.

P. Can. All the world are suitors to her.

Pick. All sorts of men, and all professions.

P. Can. You shall have stall-fed doctors, cramm'd divines,
Make love to her, and with those studied
And perfumed flatteries, as no room can stink
More elegant, than where they are.

Pick. Well chanted,
Old Canter! thou sing'st true.

P. Can. And, by your leave,
Good master's worship, some of your velvet coat
Make corpulent curt'sies to her, till they crack for't.

Pick. There's doctor Almanac woos her, one of
A fine physician. [the jeerers,

P. Can. Your sea-captain, Shunfield,
Gives out, he'll go upon the cannon for her.

Pick. Though his loud mouthing get him little credit.

P. Can. Young master Piedmantle, the fine
Professes to derive her through all ages, [herald,
From all the kings and queens that ever were.

Pick. And master Madrigal, the crowned poet
Of these our times, doth offer at her praises
As fair as any, when it shall please Apollo
That wit and rhyme may meet both in one subject.

P. Can. And you to bear her from all these, it will be—

Pick. A work of fame.

P. Can. Of honour.

Pick. Celebration.
P. Can. Worthy your name.
Pick. The Pennyboys to live in't.
P. Can. It is an action you were built for, sir.
Pick. And none but you can do it.
P. jun. I'll undertake it.
P. Can. And carry it.
P. jun. Fear me not; for since I came
Of mature age, I have had a certain itch
In my right eye, this corner here, do you see?
To do some work, and worthy of a chronicle.
[*Exeunt.*

Mirth. *How now, gossip! how does the play please you?*

Cen. *Very scurvily, methinks, and sufficiently naught.*

Expect. *As a body would wish: here's nothing but a young prodigal come of age, who makes much of the barber, buys him a place in a new office, in the air, I know not where; and his man of law to follow him, with a beggar to boot, and they two help him to a wife.*

Mirth. *Ay, she is a proper piece! that such creatures can broke for.*

Tat. *I cannot abide that nasty fellow, the beggar; if he had been a court-beggar in good clothes, a beggar in velvet, as they say, I could have endured him.*

Mirth. *Or a begging scholar in black, or one of these beggarly poets, gossip, that could hang upon a young heir like a horseleech.*

Expect. *Or a threadbare doctor of physic, a poor quacksalver.*

Cen. *Or a sea-captain half starved.*

Mirth. *Ay, these were tolerable beggars, beggars of fashion! you shall see some such anon.*

Tat. *I would fain see the fool, gossip; the fool is the finest man in the company, they say, and has all the wit: he is the very justice o' peace of the play, and can commit whom he will, and what he will, error, absurdity, as the toy takes him, and no man say black is his eye, but laugh at him.*

Mirth. *But they have no fool in this play, I am afraid, gossip.*

Tat. *It is a wise play, then!*

Expect. *They are all fools, the rather, in that.*

Cen. *Like enough.*

Tat. *My husband, Timothy Tattle, God rest his poor soul! was wont to say, there was no play without a fool and a devil in't; he was for the devil still, God bless him! The devil for his money, would he say, I would fain see the devil. And why would you so fain see the devil? would I say. Because he has horns, wife, and may be a cuckold as well as a devil, he would answer. You are e'en such another! husband, quoth I. Was the devil ever married? Where do you read, the devil was ever so honourable to commit matrimony? The play will tell us that, says he, we'll go see it to-morrow,* The Devil is an Ass. *He is an errant learned man that made it, and can write, they say, and I am foully deceived but he can read too.*

Mirth. *I remember it, gossip, I went with you: by the same token Mistress Trouble-truth dissuaded us, and told us he was a profane poet, and all his plays had devils in them; that he kept school upon the stage, could conjure there, above the school of Westminster, and doctor Lamb too: not a play he made but had a devil in it; and that he would learn us all to make our husbands cuckolds at plays: by another token, that a young married wife in the company said, she could find in her heart to steal thither, and see a little of the vanity through her mask, and come practise at home.*

Tat. *O, it was mistress——*

Mirth. *Nay, gossip, I name nobody: It may be 'twas myself.*

Expect. *But was the devil a proper man, gossip?*

Mirth. *As fine a gentleman of his inches as ever I saw trusted to the stage, or any where else; and loved the commonwealth as well as ever a patriot of them all: he would carry away the Vice on his back, quick to hell, in every play where he came, and reform abuses.*

Expect. *There was the Devil of Edmonton, no such man, I warrant you.*

Cen. *The conjuror cozened him with a candle's end; he was an ass.*

Mirth. *But there was one Smug, a smith, would have made a horse laugh, and broke his halter, as they say.*

Tat. *O, but the poor man had got a shrewd mischance one day.*

Expect. *How, gossip?*

Tat. *He had drest a rogue jade in the morning, that had the staggers, and had got such a spice of them himself by noon, as they would not away all the play-time, do what he could for his heart.*

Mirth. *'Twas his part, gossip; he was to be drunk by his part.*

Tat. *Say you so? I understood not so much.*

Expect. *Would we had such another part, and such a man in this play! I fear 'twill be an excellent dull thing.*

Cen. *Expect, intend it.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* PENNYBOY senior's *House.*

Enter PENNYBOY sen. PECUNIA, MORTGAGE, STATUTE, BAND, *and* BROKER.

P. sen. Your grace is sad, methinks, and melancholy,
You do not look upon me with that face
As you were wont, my goddess, bright Pecunia!
Altho' you grace be fallen off two in the hundred,
In vulgar estimation; yet am I
Your grace's servant still: and teach this body
To bend, and these my aged knees to buckle,
In adoration, and just worship of you.
Indeed, I do confess, I have no shape
To make a minion of, but I am your martyr,
Your grace's martyr. I can hear the rogues,
As I do walk the streets, whisper and point,
"There goes old Pennyboy, the slave of money,
Rich Pennyboy, lady Pecunia's drudge,
A sordid rascal, one that never made
Good meal in his sleep, but sells the acates are sent him,

Fish, fowl, and venison, and preserves himself,
Like an old hoary rat, with mouldy pie-crust!"
This I do hear, rejoicing I can suffer
This, and much more for your good grace's sake.
Pec. Why do you so, my guardian? I not bid
Cannot my grace be gotten, and held too, [you:
Without your self-tormentings and your watches,
Your macerating of your body thus,
With cares and scantings of your diet and rest?
P. sen. O no, your services, my princely lady,
Cannot with too much zeal of rites be done,
They are so sacred.
Pec. But my reputation
May suffer, and the worship of my family,
When by so servile means they both are sought.
P. sen. You are a noble, young, free, gracious lady,
And would be every body's in your bounty,
But you must not be so. They are a few
That know your merit, lady, and can value it.
Yourself scarce understands your proper powers,
They are all-mighty, and that we, your servants,
That have the honour here to stand so near you,
Know and can use too. All this nether world
Is yours, you command it, and do sway it;
The honour of it, and the honesty,
The reputation, ay, and the religion,
(I was about to say, and had not err'd,)
Is queen Pecunia's: for that style is yours,
If mortals knew your grace, or their own good.
Mor. Please your grace to retire.
Band. I fear your grace
Hath ta'en too much of the sharp air.
Pec. O, no!
I could endure to take a great deal more,
(And with my constitution,) were it left
Unto my choice; what think you of it, Statute?
Sta. A little now and then does well, and keeps
Your grace in your complexion.
Band. And true temper.
Mor. But too much, madam, may increase cold rheums,
Nourish catarrhs, green sicknesses, and agues,
And put you in consumption.
P. sen. Best to take
Advice of your grave women, noble madam,
They know the state of your body, and have studied
Your grace's health.
Band. And honour. Here'll be visitants,
Or suitors by and by; and 'tis not fit
They find you here.
Sta. 'Twill make your grace too cheap
To give them audience presently.
Mor. Leave your secretary
To answer them.
Pec. Wait you here, broker.
Bro. I shall, madam, [*Exeunt all but* Broker.
And do your grace's trusts with diligence.

Enter PIEDMANTLE.

Pie. What luck is this? I am come an inch too late!
Do you hear, sir? is your worship of the family
Unto the lady Pecunia?
Bro. I serve her grace, sir,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the Infanta.
Pie. Has she all those titles, and her grace besides!
I must correct that ignorance and oversight,
Before I do present. Sir, I have drawn
A pedigree for her grace, though yet a novice
In that so noble study.
Bro. A herald at arms?
Pie. No, sir, a pursuivant, my name is Pied-
Bro. Good master Piedmantle. [mantle.
Pie. I have deduced her——
Bro. From all the Spanish mines in the West Indies,
I hope; for she comes that way by her mother,
But by her grandmother she is duchess of mines.
Pie. From man's creation I have brought her.
Bro. No farther!
Before, sir, long before, you have done nothing else;
Your mines were before Adam, search your office,
Roll five and twenty, you will find it so.
I see you are but a novice, master Piedmantle,
If you had not told me so.
Pie. Sir, an apprentice
In armory. I have read the Elements,
And Accidence, and all the leading books;
And I have now upon me a great ambition
How to be brought to her grace, to kiss her hands.
Bro. Why, if you have acquaintance with mistress Statute,
Or mistress Band, my lady's gentlewomen,
They can induce you. One is a judge's daughter,
But somewhat stately; the other mistress Band,
Her father's but a scrivener, but she can
Almost as much with my lady as the other,
Especially if Rose Wax the chambermaid
Be willing. Do you not know her sir, neither?
Pie. No, in troth, sir.
Bro. She's a good pliant wench,
And easy to be wrought, sir; but the nurse,
Old mother Mortgage, if you have a tenement,
Or such a morsel, though she have no teeth,
She loves a sweetmeat, any thing that melts
In her warm gums, she could command it for you
On such a trifle, a toy. Sir, you may see
How for your love, and this so pure complexion,
(A perfect sanguine) I have ventur'd thus,
The straining of a ward, opening a door
Into the secrets of our family.
Pie. I pray you let me know, sir, unto whom
I am so much beholden; but your name.
Bro. My name is Broker; I am secretary
And usher to her grace.
Pie. Good master Broker!
Bro. Good master Piedmantle!
Pie. Why, you could do me,
If you would, now, this favour of yourself.
Bro. Truly I think I could; but if I would,
I hardly should, without, or mistress Band,
Or mistress Statute, please to appear in it;
Or the good nurse I told you of, mistress Mort-
We know our places here, we mingle not [gage,
One in another's sphere, but all move orderly
In our own orbs; yet we are all concentrics.
Pie. Well, sir, I'll wait a better season.
Bro. Do, [*Makes a mouth at him.*
And study the right means; get mistress Band
To urge on your behalf, or little Wax.
Pie. I have a hope, sir, that I may, by chance,
Light on her grace, as she is taking the air.
Bro. That air of hope has blasted many an aiery
Of castrils like yourself, good master Piedmantie.
[*Exit* PIEDMANTLE
P. sen. [*springs forward.*] Well said, master secretary, I stood behind

And heard thee all. I honour thy dispatches.
If they be rude, untrained in our method
And have not studied the rule, dismiss them quickly.
Where's Lickfinger, my cook, that unctuous rascal?
He'll never keep his hour, that vessel of kitchen-stuff!

Enter LICKFINGER.

Bro. Here he is come, sir.
P. sen. Pox upon him, kidney,
Always too late!
Lick. To wish them you, I confess,
That have them already.
P. sen. What?
Lick. The pox!
P. sen. The piles,
The plague, and all diseases light on him
Knows not to keep his word! I'd keep my word sure;
I hate that man that will not keep his word.
When did I break my word?
Lick. Or I, till now?
And 'tis but half an hour.
P. sen. Half a year,
To me, that stand upon a minute of time:
I am a just man, I love still to be just.
Lick. Why, you think I can run like light-foot Ralph,
Or keep a wheel-barrow with a sail in town here,
To whirl me to you. I have lost two stone
Of suet in the service, posting hither:
You might have followed me like a watering-pot,
And seen the knots I made along the street;
My face dropt like the skimmer in a fritter-pan,
And my whole body is yet, to say the truth,
A roasted pound of butter, with grated bread in't!
P. sen. Believe you he that list; you staid of purpose
To have my venison stink, and my fowl mortified,
That you might have them——
Lick. A shilling or two cheaper!
That is your jealousy.
P. sen. Perhaps it is.
Will you go in, and view, and value all?
Yonder is venison sent me, fowl, and fish,
In such abundance, I am sick to see it;
I wonder what they mean! I have told them of it!
To burden a weak stomach, and provoke
A dying appetite! thrust a sin upon me
I ne'er was guilty of! nothing but gluttony,
Gross gluttony, that will undo this land!
Lick. And bating two in the hundred.
P. sen. Ay, that same's
A crying sin, a fearful damn'd device,
Eats up the poor, devours them——
Lick. Sir, take heed
What you give out.
P. sen. Against your grave great Solons,
Numæ Pompilii, they that made that law,
To take away the poor's inheritance!
It was their portion, I will stand to it;
And they have robb'd them of it, plainly robb'd them.
I still am a just man, I tell the truth.
When moneys went at ten in the hundred, I,
And such as I, the servants of Pecunia,
Could spare the poor two out of ten, and did it:
How say you, Broker?
Lick. Ask your echo!
Bro. You did it.
P. sen. I am for justice; when did I leave justice?
We knew 'twas theirs, they had right and title to't:
Now——
Lick. You can spare them nothing.
P. sen. Very little.
Lick. As good as nothing.
P. sen. They have bound our hands
With their wise solemn act, shorten'd our arms.
Lick. Beware those worshipful ears, sir, be not shorten'd,
And you play Crop in the Fleet, if you use this license.
P. sen. What license, knave, informer?
Lick. I am Lickfinger,
Your cook.
P. sen. A saucy Jack you are, that's once.
What said I, Broker?
Bro. Nothing that I heard, sir.
Lick. I know his gift, he can be deaf when he list.
P. sen. Have you provided me my bushel of eggs
I did bespeak? I do not care how stale
Or stinking that they be; let 'em be rotten:
For ammunition here to pelt the boys
That break my windows.
Lick. Yes, sir, I have spared them
Out of the custard-politic for you, the mayor's.
P. sen. 'Tis well; go in, take hence all that excess,
Make what you can of it, your best; and when
I have friends that I invite at home, provide me
Such, such, and such a dish, as I bespeak;
One at a time, no superfluity.
Or if you have it not, return me money:
You know my ways.
Lick. They are a little crooked.
P. sen. How knave?
Lick. Because you do indent.
P. sen. 'Tis true, sir,
I do indent you shall return me money.
Lick. Rather than meat, I know it; you are just still.
P. sen. I love it still; and therefore if you spend
The red-deer pies in your house, or sell them forth,
Cast so, that I may have their coffins all [sir,
Return'd here, and piled up: I would be thought
To keep some kind of house.
Lick. By the mouldy signs!
P. sen. And then remember meat for my two dogs;
Fat flaps of mutton, kidneys, rumps of veal,
Good plenteous scraps; my maid shall eat the relics.
Lick. When you and your dogs have dined! a sweet reversion.
P. sen. Who's here? my courtier, and my little doctor?
My muster-master? And what plover's that
They have brought to pull?
Bro. I know not, some green plover.
I'll find him out.

Enter FITTON, ALMANAC, SHUNFIELD, *and* MADRIGAL.

P. sen. Do, for I know the rest:
They are the jeerers, mocking, flouting Jacks.
Fit. How now, old Moneybawd! We are come—
P. sen. To jeer me,
As you were wont; I know you.
Alm. No, to give thee
Some good security, and see Pecunia.

P. sen. What is't?
Fit. Ourselves.
Alm. We'll be one bound for another.
Fit. This noble doctor here.
Alm. This worthy courtier.
Fit. This man of war, he was our muster-master.
Alm. But a sea-captain now, brave captain Shunfield. [P. sen. *holds up his nose.*
Shun. You snuff the air now, has the scent displeased you?
Fit. Thou need'st not fear him, man, his credit is sound.
Alm. And season'd too, since he took salt at sea.
P. sen. I do not love pickled security;
Would I had one good fresh man in for all;
For truth is, you three stink.
Shun. You are a rogue.
P. sen. I think I am; but I will lend no money
On that security, captain.
Alm. Here's a gentleman,
A fresh-man in the world, one master Madrigal.
Fit. Of an untainted credit; what say you to him? [*Exit* MADRIGAL *with* BROKER.
Shun. He's gone, methinks; where is he?—Madrigal!
P. sen. He has an odd singing name; is he an
Fit. An heir to a fair fortune. [heir?
Alm. And full hopes:
A dainty scholar, and a pretty poet!
P. sen. You have said enough. I have no money, gentlemen,
An he go to't in rhyme once, not a penny.
[*He snuffs again.*
Shun. Why, he's of years, though he have little beard.
P. sen. His beard has time to grow: I have no money.
Let him still dabble in poetry. No Pecunia
Is to be seen.
Alm. Come, thou lov'st to be costive
Still in thy courtesy; but I have a pill,
A golden pill, to purge away this melancholy.
Shun. 'Tis nothing but his keeping of the house
With his two drowsy dogs. [here
Fit. A drench of sack
At a good tavern, and a fine fresh pullet,
Would cure him.
Lick. Nothing but a young heir in white-broth;
I know his diet better than the doctor.
Shun. What, Lickfinger, mine old host of Ram-
You have some market here. [alley!
Alm. Some dosser of fish
Or fowl, to fetch off.
Fit. An odd bargain of venison
To drive.
P. sen. Will you go in, knave?
Lick. I must needs,
You see who drives me, gentlemen.
[P. sen. *thrusts him in.*
Alm. Not the devil.
Fit. He may in time, he is his agent now.
P. sen. You are all cogging Jacks, a covey of wits,
The jeerers, that still call together at meals,
Or rather an aiery; for you are birds of prey,
And fly at all; nothing's too big or high for you;
And are so truly fear'd, but not beloved
One of another, as no one dares break
Company from the rest, lest they should fall
Upon him absent
Alm. O, the only oracle
That ever peep'd or spake out of a doublet!
Shun. How the rogue stinks! worse than a fish-
Fit. Or currier's hands. [monger's sleeves.
Shun. And such a parboil'd visage!
Fit. His face looks like a dyer's apron, just.
Alm. A sodden head, and his whole brain a posset-curd.
P. sen. Ay, now you jeer, jeer on; I have no money.
Alm. I wonder what religion he is of.
Fit. No certain species sure: a kind of mule,
That's half an ethnic, half a Christian!
P. sen. I have no money, gentlemen.
Shun. This stock,
He has no sense of any virtue, honour,
Gentry, or merit.
P. sen. You say very right,
My meritorious captain, as I take it,
Merit will keep no house, nor pay no house-rent.
Will mistress Merit go to market, think you,
Set on the pot, or feed the family?
Will gentry clear with the butcher, or the baker,
Fetch in a pheasant, or a brace of partridges,
From good-wife poulter, for my lady's supper?
Fit. See this pure rogue!
P. sen. This rogue has money though;
My worshipful brave courtier has no money;
No, nor my valiant captain.
Shun. Hang you, rascal.
P. sen. Nor you, my learned doctor. I loved you
While you did hold your practice, and kill tripe-wives,
And kept you to your urinal; but since you thumbs
Have greased the Ephemerides, casting figures,
And turning over for your candle-rents,
And your twelve houses in the zodiac,
With your almutens, alma-cantaras,
Troth you shall cant alone for Pennyboy.
Shun. I told you what we should find him, a
Fit. A rogue, a cheater. [mere bawd.
P. sen. What you please, gentlemen:
I am of that humble nature and condition,
Never to mind your worships, or take notice
Of what you throw away thus. I keep house here,
Like a lame cobler, never out of doors,
With my two dogs, my friends: and, as you say,
Drive a quick pretty trade, still. I get money:
And as for titles, be they rogue or rascal,
Or what your worships fancy, let them pass,
As transitory things; they are mine to-day,
And yours to-morrow.
Alm. Hang thee, dog!
Shun. Thou cur!
P. sen. You see how I do blush, and am ashamed
Of these large attributes! yet you have no money.
Alm. Well, wolf, hyena, you old pocky rascal,
You will have the hernia fall down again
Into your scrotum, and I shall be sent for:
I will remember then, that, and your fistula
In ano, I cured you of.
P. sen. Thank your dog-leech craft!
They were wholesome piles afore you meddled with them.
Alm. What an ungrateful wretch is this!
Shun. He minds
A courtesy no more than London bridge
What arch was mended last. c c

Fit. He never thinks,
More than a log, of any grace at court
A man may do him; or that such a lord
Reach'd him his hand.
P. sen. O yes! if grace would strike
The brewer's tally, or my good lord's hand
Would quit the scores: but, sir, they will not do it;
Here is a piece, my good lord Piece doth all;
Goes to the butcher's, fetches in a mutton;
Then to the baker's, brings in bread, makes fires,
Gets wine, and does more real courtesies
Than all my lords I know: my sweet lord Piece!
[*Holds up a piece of gold.*
You are my lord, the rest are cogging Jacks,
Under the rose.
Shun. Rogue, I could beat you now.
P. sen. True, captain, if you durst beat any other,
I should believe you; but indeed you are hungry;
You are not angry, captain, if I know you
Aright, good captain. No Pecunia
Is to be seen, though mistress Band would speak,
Or little blushet Wax be ne'er so easy;
I'll stop mine ears with her, against the Syrens,
Court, and philosophy. God be wi' you, gentlemen!
Provide you better names, Pecunia is for you.
[*Exit.*
Fit. What a damn'd harpy it is! Where's [Madrigal?
Is he sneak'd hence?
Shun. Here he comes with Broker,
Pecunia's secretary.

Re-enter MADRIGAL *and* BROKER.

Alm. He may do some good
With him perhaps.—Where have you been, Madrigal?
Mad. Above, with my lady's women, reading verses.
Fit. That was a favour.—Good morrow, master Secretary!
Shun. Good morrow, master Usher!
Alm. Sir, by both
Your worshipful titles, and your name, mas Broker,
Good morrow!
Mad. I did ask him if he were
Amphibion Broker.
Shun. Why?
Mad. A creature of two natures,
Because he has two offices.
Bro. You may jeer,
You have the wits, young gentlemen: but your [hope
Of Helicon will never carry it here,
With our fat family; we have the dullest,
Most unbored ears for verse amongst our females!
I grieved you read so long, sir; old nurse Mortgage
She snored in the chair, and Statute, if you mark'd her,
Fell fast asleep, and mistress Band she nodded,
But not with any consent to what you read.
They must have somewhat else to chink than rhymes.
If you could make an epitaph on your land,
(Imagine it on departure,) such a poem
Would wake them, and bring Wax to her true [temper.
Mad. I'faith, sir, and I'll try.
Bro. It is but earth,
Fit to make bricks and tiles of.
Shun. Pox upon't,
'Tis but for pots, or pipkins at the best.
If it would keep us in good tobacco-pipes—
Bro. It were worth keeping.
Fit. Or in porcelain dishes,
There were some hope.
Alm. But this is a hungry soil,
And must be help'd.
Fit. Who would hold any land,
To have the trouble to marle it?
Shun. Not a gentleman.
Bro. Let clowns and hinds affect it, that love ploughs,
And carts and harrows, and are busy still
In vexing the dull element.
Alm. Our sweet songster
Shall rarify't into air.
Fit. And you, mas Broker,
Shall have a feeling.
Bro. So it supple, sir,
The nerves.
Mad. O, it shall be palpable,
Make thee run thorough a hoop, or a thumb-ring,
The nose of a tobacco-pipe, and draw
Thy ductile bones out like a knitting-needle,
To serve my subtile turns.
Bro. I shall obey, sir,
And run a thread, like an hour-glass.

Re-enter PENNYBOY sen.

P. sen. Where is Broker?
Are not these flies gone yet? Pray quit my house,
I'll smoke you out else.
Fit. O the prodigal!
Will you be at so much charge with us, and loss?
Mad. I've heard you have offer'd, sir, to lock up smoke,
And calk your windows, spar up all your doors,
Thinking to keep it a close prisoner with you,
And wept when it went out, sir, at your chimney.
Fit. And yet his eyes were drier than a pumice.
Shun. A wretched rascal, that will bind about
The nose of his bellows, lest the wind get out
When he's abroad.
Alm. Sweeps down no cobwebs here,
But sells them for cut fingers; and the spiders,
As creatures rear'd of dust, and cost him nothing,
To fat old ladies' monkeys.
Fit. He has offer'd
To gather up spilt water, and preserve
Each hair falls from him, to stop balls withal.
Shun. A slave, and an idolater to Pecunia!
P. sen. You all have happy memories, gentlemen,
In rocking my poor cradle. I remember too,
When you had lands and credit, worship, friends,
Ay, and could give security: now you have none,
Or will have none right shortly. This can time,
And the vicissitude of things! I have
All these, and money too, and do possess them,
And am right heartily glad of all our memories,
And both the changes.
Fit. Let us leave the viper.
[*Exeunt all but* P. sen. *and* BROKER.
P. sen. He's glad he is rid of his torture, and so soon.—
Broker, come hither: up, and tell your lady,
She must be ready presently, and Statute,
Band, Mortgage, Wax: my prodigal young kinsman
Will straight be here to see her; top of our house,

The flourishing and flaunting Pennyboy!
We were but three of us in all the world,
My brother Francis, whom they call'd Frank Pennyboy,
Father to this; he's dead: this Pennyboy
Is now the heir! I, Richer Pennyboy,
Not Richard, but old Harry Pennyboy,
And, to make rhyme, close, wary Pennyboy,
I shall have all at last, my hopes do tell me.
Go, see all ready; and where my dogs have faulted,
Remove it with a broom, and sweeten all
With a slice of juniper, not too much, but sparing,
We may be faulty ourselves else, and turn prodigal,
In entertaining of the prodigal. [*Exit* BROKER.
Here he is, and with him — what? a clapper-dudgeon!
That's a good sign, to have the beggar follow him
So near, at his first entry into fortune.

Enter PENNYBOY jun. PENNYBOY Canter, *and* PICKLOCK.

P. jun. How now, old uncle! I am come to see thee,
And the brave lady here, the daughter of Ophir,
They say thou keep'st.
P. sen. Sweet nephew, if she were
The daughter of the Sun, she's at your service,
And so am I, and the whole family,
Worshipful nephew.
P. jun. Say'st thou so, dear uncle!
Welcome my friends then: here is dominie Pick-lock,
My man of law, solicits all my causes,
Follows my business, makes and compounds my quarrels
Between my tenants and me; sows all my strifes,
And reaps them too; troubles the country for me,
And vexes any neighbour that I please.
P. sen. But with commission?
P. jun. Under my hand and seal.
P. sen. A worshipful place!
Pick. I thank his worship for it.
P. sen. But what is this old gentleman?
P. Can. A rogue,
A very canter, I sir, one that maunds
Upon the pad: we should be brothers though;
For you are near as wretched as myself,
You dare not use your money, and I have none.
P. sen. Not use my money, cogging Jack! who uses it
At better rates, lets it for more in the hundred
Than I do, sirrah?
P. jun. Be not angry, uncle.
P. sen. What! to disgrace me, with my queen,
I did not know her value.
P. Can. Sir, I meant,
You durst not to enjoy it.
P. sen. Hold your peace,
You are a Jack.
P. jun. Uncle, he shall be a John,
An you go to that; as good a man as you are:
And I can make him so, a better man;
Perhaps I will too. Come, let us go. [*Going.*
P. sen. Nay, kinsman,
My worshipful kinsman, and the top of our house,
Do not your penitent uncle that affront,
For a rash word, to leave his joyful threshold,
Before you see the lady that you long for,
The Venus of the time and state, Pecunia!
I do perceive your bounty loves the man,
For some concealed virtue that he hides
Under those rags.
P. Can. I owe my happiness to him,
The waiting on his worship, since I brought him
The happy news welcome to all young heirs.
P. jun. Thou didst indeed, for which I thank thee yet.
Your fortunate princess, uncle, is long a coming.
P. Can. She is not rigg'd, sir; setting forth some lady
Will cost as much as furnishing a fleet.—
Here she is come at last, and like a galley
Gilt in the prow.

Enter PECUNIA *in state, attended by* BROKER, STATUTE, BAND, WAX, *and* MORTGAGE.

P. jun. Is this Pecunia?
P. sen. Vouchsafe my toward kinsman, gracious madam,
The favour of your hand.
Pec. Nay, of my lips, sir, [*Kisses him.*
To him.
P. jun. She kisses like a mortal creature. [*Aside.*
Almighty madam, I have long'd to see you.
Pec. And I have my desire, sir, to behold
That youth and shape, which in my dreams and wakes
I have so oft contemplated, and felt
Warm in my veins, and native as my blood.
When I was told of your arrival here,
I felt my heart beat, as it would leap out
In speech; and all my face it was a flame:
But how it came to pass, I do not know.
P. jun. O, beauty loves to be more proud than nature,
That made you blush. I cannot satisfy
My curious eyes, by which alone I am happy,
In my beholding you. [*Kisses her.*
P. Can. They pass the compliment
Prettily well.
Pick. Ay, he does kiss her, I like him.
P. jun. My passion was clear contrary, and doubtful,
I shook for fear, and yet I danced for joy,
I had such motions as the sun-beams make
Against a wall, or playing on a water,
Or trembling vapour of a boiling pot——
P. sen. That's not so good; it should have been a crucible
With molten metal, she had understood it.
P. jun. I cannot talk, but I can love you, madam:
Are these your gentlewomen? I love them too.
[*Kisses them.*
And which is mistress Statute? mistress Band?
They all kiss close, the last stuck to my lips.
Bro. It was my lady's chambermaid, soft Wax.
P. jun. Soft lips she has, I am sure on't. Mother Mortgage
I'll owe a kiss, till she be younger. Statute,
Sweet mistress Band, and honey little Wax,
We must be better acquainted. [*Kisses them again.*
Sta. We are but servants, sir.
Band. But whom her grace is so content to grace,
We shall observe.
Wax. And with all fit respect.
Mor. In our poor places.
Wax. Being her grace's shadows.
P. jun. A fine, well-spoken family!—What's thy name?
Bro. Broker.
P. jun. Methinks my uncle should not need thee,
Who is a crafty knave enough, believe it. [*Aside to* BROKER.
Art thou her grace's steward?

Bro. No, her usher, sir.
P. jun. What, of the hall? thou hast a sweeping
Thy beard is like a broom. [face,
Bro. No barren chin, sir.
I am no eunuch, though a gentleman-usher.
P. jun. Thou shalt go with us.—Uncle, I must
My princess forth to-day. [have
P. sen. Whither you please, sir;
You shall command her.
Pec. I will do all grace
To my new servant.
P. sen. Thanks unto your bounty;
He is my nephew and my chief, the point,
Tip, top, and tuft of all our family!—
But, sir, condition'd always you return
Statute and Band home, with my sweet soft Wax,
And my good nurse, here, Mortgage.
P. jun. O, what else?
P. sen. By Broker.
P. jun. Do not fear.
P. sen. She shall go with you,
Whither you please, sir, any where.
P. Can. I see
A money-bawd is lightly a flesh-bawd too.
Pick. Are you advised? Now, on my faith, this Canter
Would make a good grave burgess in some barn.
P. jun. Come, thou shalt go with us, uncle.
P. sen. By no means, sir.
P. jun. We'll have both sack and fidlers.
P. sen. I'll not draw
That charge upon your worship.
P. Can. He speaks modestly,
And like an uncle.
P. sen. But mas Broker here,
He shall attend you, nephew; her grace's usher.
And what you fancy to bestow on him,
Be not too lavish, use a temperate bounty,
I'll take it to myself.
P. jun. I will be princely,
While I possess my princess, my Pecunia.
P. sen. Where is't you eat?
P. jun. Hard by, at Picklock's lodging,
Old Lickfinger's the cook, here in Ram-alley.
P. sen. He has good cheer; perhaps I'll come and see you.
P. Can. O fie! an alley, and a cook's shop, gross!
'Twill savour, sir, most rankly of them both:
Let your meat rather follow you to a tavern.
[*To* P. jun.
Pick. A tavern's as unfit too for a princess.
P. Can. No, I have known a princess, and a great
Come forth of a tavern. [one,
Pick. Not go in, sir, though.
P. Can. She must go in, if she came forth: the
Pokahontas, as the historian calls her, [blessed
And great king's daughter of Virginia,
Hath been in womb of tavern;—and besides,
Your nasty uncle will spoil all your mirth,
And be as noisome.—
Pick. That is true.
P. Can. No 'faith,
Dine in Apollo with Pecunia,
At brave duke Wadloe's, have your friends about
And make a day on't. [you,
P. jun. Content, i'faith;
Our meat shall be brought thither: Simon the king
Will bid us welcome.
Pick. Patron, I have a suit.
P. jun. What's that?
Pick. That you will carry the Infanta
To see the Staple; her grace will be a grace
To all the members of it.
P. jun. I will do it,
And have her arms set up there, with her titles,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the Infanta,
And in Apollo! Come, sweet princess, go.
P. sen. Broker, be careful of your charge.
Bro. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

Cen. *Why this is duller and duller: intolerable, scurvy, neither devil nor fool in this play! pray God some on us be not a witch, gossip, to forespeak the matter thus.*

Mirth. *I fear we are all such, an we were old enough: but we are not all old enough to make one witch. How like you the Vice in the play?*

Expect. *Which is he?*

Mirth. *Three or four: Old Covetousness, the sordid Penny-boy, the Money-bawd, who is a flesh-bawd too, they say.*

Tat. *But here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides, he has never a wooden dagger! I would not give a rush for a Vice, that has not a wooden dagger to snap at every body he meets.*

Mirth. *That was the old way, gossip, when Iniquity came in like Hokos Pokos, in a juggler's jerkin, with false skirts, like the knave of clubs; but now they are attired like men and women of the time, the vices male and female. Prodigality, like a young heir, and his mistress Money, (whose favours he scatters like counters,) pranked up like a prime lady, the Infanta of the mines.*

Cent. *Ay, therein they abuse an honourable princess, it is thought.*

Mirth. *By whom is it so thought? or where lies the abuse?*

Cen. *Plain in the styling her Infanta, and giving her three names.*

Mirth. *Take heed it lie not in the vice of your interpretation; what have Aurelia, Clara, Pecunia, to do with any person? do they any more but express the property of Money, which is the daughter of Earth, and drawn out of the mines? Is there nothing to be call'd Infanta, but what is subject to exception? why not the infanta of the beggars, or infanta of the gypsies, as well as king of beggars, and king of gypsies?*

Cen. *Well, an there were no wiser than I, I would sew him in a sack, and send him by sea to his princess.*

Mirth. *Faith, an he heard you, Censure, he would go near to stick the ass's ears to your high dressing, and perhaps to all ours for hearkening to you.*

Tat. *By'r Lady, but he should not to mine; I would hearken, and hearken, and censure, if I saw cause, for the other princess' sake Pokahontas, surnamed the Blessed, whom he has abused indeed, and I do censure him, and will censure him:—To say she came forth of a tavern, was said like a paltry poet.*

Mirth. *That's but one gossip's opinion, and my gossip Tattle's too! but what says Expectation here? She sits sullen and silent.*

Expect. *Troth, I expect their office, their great office, the Staple, what it will be! they have talk'd on't, but we see it not open yet.—Would Butter would come in, and spread itself a little to us!*

Mirth. *Or the butter-box, Buz, the emissary.*
Tat. *When it is churn'd and dish'd we shall hear of it.*
Expect. *If it be fresh and sweet butter; but say it be sour and wheyish?*
Mirth. *Then it is worth nothing, mere pot butter, fit to be spent in suppositories, or greasing coach-wheels, stale stinking butter, and such, I fear, it is, by the being barrelled up so long.*
Expect. *Or rank Irish butter.*
Cen. *Have patience, gossip; say that, contrary to our expectation, it prove right, seasonable, salt butter?*
Mirth. *Or to the time of year, in Lent, delicate almond butter! I have a sweet tooth yet, and I will hope the best, and sit down as quiet and calm as butter, look smooth and soft as butter, be merry and melt like butter, laugh and be fat like butter: so butter answer my expectation, and be not mad butter;*

——————————— *"if it be,*
It shall both July and December see!"

I say no more, but——Dixi.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Office of the Staple.*

Enter FITTON, CYMBAL, Register, Clerk, *and* THO. Barber.

Fit. You hunt upon a wrong scent still, and think
The air of things will carry them; but it must
Be reason and proportion, not fine sounds,
My cousin Cymbal, must get you this lady.
You have entertain'd a pettyfogger here,
Picklock, with trust of an emissary's place,
And he is all for the young prodigal;
You see he has left us.
Cym. Come, you do not know him,
That thus speak of him: he will have a trick
To open us a gap by a trap-door,
When they least dream on't. Here he comes.

Enter PICKLOCK.

What news?
Pick. Where is my brother Buz, my brother Ambler?
The register, examiner, and the clerks?
Appear, and let us muster all in pomp,
For here will be the rich Infanta presently,
To make her visit. Pennyboy the heir,
My patron, has got leave for her to play
With all her train, of the old churl her guardian.
Now is your time to make all court unto her,
That she may first but know, then love the place,
And shew it by her frequent visits here:
And afterwards get her to sojourn with you.
She will be weary of the prodigal quickly.
Cym. Excellent news!
Fit. And counsel of an oracle!
Cym. How say you, cousin Fitton?
Fit. Brother Picklock,
I shall adore thee for this parcel of tidings,
It will cry up the credit of our office
Eternally, and make our Staple immortal!
Pick. Look your addresses then be fair and fit,
And entertain her and her creatures too,
With all the migniardise, and quaint caresses
You can put on them.
Fit. Thou seem'st by thy language,
No less a courtier than a man of law.
I must embrace thee.
Pick. Tut, I am Vertumnus,
On every change, or chance, upon occasion,
A true camelion, I can colour for it.
I move upon my axle like a turnpike,
Fit my face to the parties, and become
Straight one of them.

Enter NATHANIEL, THO. Barber, *and* Register.

Cym. Sirs, up into your desks
And spread the rolls upon the table,—so!
Is the examiner set?
Reg. Yes, sir.
Cym. Ambler and Buz
Are both abroad now.
Pick. We'll sustain their parts.
No matter, let them ply the affairs without,
Let us alone within, I like that well.
On with the cloke, and you with the Staple gown,
[FIT. *puts on the office cloke, and* CYM. *the gown.*
And keep your state, stoop only to the Infanta;
We'll have a flight at Mortgage, Statute, Band,
And hard but we'll bring Wax to the retrieve:
Each know his several province, and discharge it.
[*They take their seats.*
Fit. I do admire this nimble engine, Picklock.
Cym. Coz, what did I say?
Fit. You have rectified my error.

Enter PENNYBOY jun., P. Canter, PECUNIA, STATUTE, BAND, MORTGAGE, WAX, *and* BROKER.

P. jun. By your leave, gentlemen, what news? good, good still,
In your new office? Princess, here's the Staple!
This is the governor, kiss him, noble princess,
For my sake.—Tom, how is it, honest Tom?
How does thy place, and thou?—my creature, princess,
This is my creature, give him your hand to kiss,
He was my barber, now he writes clericus!
I bought this place for him, and gave it him.
P. Can. He should have spoke of that, sir, and
Two do not do one office well. [not you:
P. jun. 'Tis true,
But I am loth to lose my courtesies.
P. Can. So are all they that do them to vain ends;
And yet you do lose when you pay yourselves.
P. jun. No more of your sentences, Canter, they are stale;
We come for news, remember where you are.
I pray thee let my princess hear some news,
Good master Cymbal.
Cym. What news would she hear?
Or of what kind, sir?
P. jun. Any, any kind,
So it be news, the newest that thou hast,
Some news of state for a princess.
Cym. Read from Rome there.
Tho. *They write, the king of Spain is chosen* [*pope.*
P. jun. How!
Tho. *And emperor too, the thirtieth of February.*
P. jun. Is the emperor dead?

Cym. No, but he has resign'd,
And trails a pike now under Tilly.
Fit. For penance.
P. jun. These will beget strange turns in Christendom!
Tho. *And Spinola is made general of the Jesuits.*
P. jun. Stranger!
Fit. Sir, all are alike true and certain.
Cym. All the pretence to the fifth monarchy
Was held but vain, until the ecclesiastic
And secular powers were united thus,
Both in one person.
Fit. It has been long the aim
Of the house of Austria.
Cym. See but Maximilian
His letters to the baron of Bouttersheim.
Or Scheiter-huyssen.
Fit. No, of Leichtenstein,
Lord Paul, I think.
P. jun. I have heard of some such thing.
Don Spinola made general of the Jesuits!
A priest!
Cym. O, no, he is dispens'd withal——
And the whole society, who do now appear
The only enginers of Christendom.
P. jun. They have been thought so long, and rightly too.
Fit. Witness the engine that they have presented him,
To wind himself with up into the moon.
And thence make all his discoveries!
Cym. Read on.
Tho. *And Vitellesco, he that was last general,*
Being now turn'd cook to the society,
Has drest his excellence such a dish of eggs——
P. jun. What, potch'd?
Tho. No, powder'd.
Cym. All the yolk is wild-fire,
As he shall need beleaguer no more towns,
But throw his egg in.
Fit. It shall clear consume
Palace and place: demolish and bear down
All strengths before it!
Cym. Never be extinguish'd,
Till all become one ruin!
Fit. And from Florence.
Tho. *They write was found in Galilæo's study,*
A burning glass, which they have sent him too,
To fire any fleet that's out at sea.——
Cym. By moonshine, is't not so?
Tho. Yes, sir, in the water.
P. jun. His strengths will be unresistible, if this hold.
Have you no news against him on the contrary?
Nath. Yes, sir. *They write here, one Cornelius-*
Hath made the Hollanders an invisible eel [*Son,*
To swim the haven at Dunkirk, and sink all
The shipping there.
P. jun. Why have not you this, Tom?
Cym. Because he keeps the pontificial side.
P. jun. How! Change sides, Tom, 'twas never in my thought
To put thee up against ourselves. Come down,
Quickly.
Cym. Why, sir?
P. jun. I ventured not my money
Upon those terms: if he may change, why so!
I'll have him keep his own side, sure.
Fit. Why, let him,
It is but writing so much over again.
P. jun. For that I'll bear the charges: there's two pieces.
Fit. Come, do not stick with the gentleman.
Cym. I'll take none, sir,
And yet he shall have the place.
P. jun. They shall be ten then.
Up, Tom, and the office shall take them. Keep your side, Tom. [Tho. *changes his side.*
Know your own side, do not forsake your side, Tom.
Cym. Read.
Tho. *They write here one Cornelius-Son*
Hath made the Hollanders an invisible eel
To swim the haven at Dunkirk, and sink all
The shipping there.
P. jun. But how is't done?
Cym. I'll shew you, sir.
It is an automa, runs under water,
With a snug nose, and has a nimble tail
Made like an auger, with which tail she wriggles
Betwixt the costs of a ship, and sinks it straight.
P. jun. Whence have you this news?
Fit. From a right hand, I assure you,
The eel boats here, that lie before Queen-hythe,
Came out of Holland.
P. jun. A most brave device,
To murder their flat bottoms.
Fit. I do grant you:
But what if Spinola have a new project,
To bring an army over in cork-shoes,
And land them here at Harwich? all his horse
Are shod with cork, and fourscore pieces of ordnance,
Mounted upon cork carriages, with bladders
Instead of wheels, to run the passage over
At a spring tide.
P. jun. Is't true?
Fit. As true as the rest.
P. jun. He'll never leave his engines: I would hear now
Some curious news.
Cym. As what?
P. jun. Magic or alchemy,
Or flying in the air, I care not what.
Nath. *They write from Libtzig* (reverence to your ears)
The art of drawing farts out of dead bodies,
Is by the brotherhood of the Rosie Cross
Produced unto perfection, in so sweet
And rich a tincture——
Fit. As there is no princess
But may perfume her chamber with the extraction.
P. jun. There's for you, princess!
P. Can. What, a fart for her?
P. jun. I mean the spirit.
P. Can. Beware how she resents it.
P. jun. And what hast thou, Tom?
Tho. *The perpetual motion,*
Is here found out by an ale-wife in Saint-Kathe-
At the sign of the Dancing Bears. [*rine's,*
P. jun. What, from her tap?
I'll go see that, or else I'll send old Canter:
He can make that discovery.
P. Can. Yes, in ale. [*Noise without.*
P. jun. Let me have all this news made up and seal'd. [sir,
Reg. The people press upon us. Please you,
Withdraw with your fair princess: there's a room
Within, sir, to retire to.
P. jun. No, good register,
We'll stand it out here, and observe your office;
What news it issues.

Reg. 'Tis the House of Fame, sir,
Where both the curious and the negligent,
The scrupulous and careless, wild and stay'd,
The idle and laborious, all do meet,
To taste the cornu-copiæ of her rumours,
Which she, the mother of sport, pleaseth to scatter
Among the vulgar: baits, sir, for the people!
And they will bite like fishes.

Enter a crowd of Customers.

P. jun. Let us see it.

1 *Cust.* Have you in your profane shop any
Of the saints at Amsterdam? [news

Reg. Yes; how much would you?

2 *Cust.* Six penny-worth.

Reg. Lay your money down.—Read, Thomas.

Tho. *The saints do write, they expect a prophet*
The prophet Baal, to be sent over to them, [*shortly,*
To calculate a time, and half a time,
And the whole time, according to Naometry.

P. jun. What's that?

Tho. The measuring of the temple; a cabal
Found out but lately, and set out by Archie,
Or some such head, of whose long coat they have
And, being black, desire it. [heard,

1 *Cust.* Peace be with them!

Reg. So there had need, for they are still by the
One with another. [ears

1 *Cust.* It is their zeal.

Reg. Most likely.

1 *Cust.* Have you no other of that species?

Reg. Yes,
But dearer; it will cost you a shilling.

1 *Cust.* Verily,
There is a nine pence, I will shed no more.

Reg. Not to the good of the saints?

1 *Cust.* I am not sure
That man is good.

Reg. Read from Constantinople
Nine penn'orth.

Tho. *They give out here, the grand signior*
Is certainly turn'd Christian; and to clear
The controversy 'twixt the pope and him,
Which is the Antichrist, he means to visit
The church at Amsterdam this very summer
And quit all marks of the beast.

1 *Cust.* Now joyful tidings!
Who brought in this! which emissary?

Reg. Buz,
Your countryman.

1 *Cust.* Now, blessed be the man,
And his whole family, with the nation!

Reg. Yes, for Amboyna, and the justice there!
This is a Dopper, a she Anabaptist!
Seal and deliver her her news, dispatch.

2 *Cust.* Have you any news from the Indies? any miracle
Done in Japan by the Jesuits, or in China?

Nath. No, but *we hear of a colony of cooks*
To be set ashore on the coast of America,
For the conversion of the cannibals,
And making them good eating Christians.
Here comes the colonel that undertakes it.

Enter Lickfinger.

3 *Cust.* Who, captain Lickfinger?

Lick. News, news, my boys
I am to furnish a great feast to-day,
And I would have what news the office affords.

Nath. We were venting some of you, of your new project.

Reg. Afore 'twas paid for! you were somewhat too hasty.

P. jun. What, Lickfinger! wilt thou convert
With spit and pan divinity? [the cannibals

Lick. Sir, for that
I will not urge, but for the fire and zeal
To the true cause; thus I have undertaken
With two lay brethren, to myself, no more
One of the broach, the other of the boiler,
In one six months, and by plain cookery,
No magic to it, but old Japhet's physic,
The father of the European arts,
To make such sauces for the savages,
And cook their meats with those enticing steams,
As it would make our cannibal-christians
Forbear the mutual eating one another,
Which they do do more cunningly than the wild
Anthropophági, that snatch only strangers,
Like my old patron's dogs there.

P. jun. O, my uncle's!
Is dinner ready, Lickfinger?

Lick. When you please, sir,
I was bespeaking but a parcel of news,
To strew out the long meal withal, but it seems
You are furnished here already.

P. jun. O, not half.

Lick. What court news is there? any proclama-
Or edicts to come forth? [tions

Tho. Yes, there is one,
That the king's barber has got, for aid of our trade,
Whereof there is a manifest decay.
A precept for the wearing of long hair,
To run to seed, to sow bald pates withal,
And the preserving fruitful heads and chins
To help a mystery almost antiquated.
Such as are bald and barren beyond hope,
Are to be separated and set by
For ushers to old countesses: and coachmen
To mount their boxes reverently, and drive
Like lapwings, with a shell upon their heads
Thorough the streets.

Lick. Have you no news of the stage?
They'll ask me about new plays at dinner-time,
And I should be as dumb as a fish.

Tho. O, yes.
There is a legacy left to the king's players,
Both for their various shifting of their scene,
And dextrous change of their persons to all shapes
And all disguises, by the right reverend
Archbishop of Spalato.

Lick. He is dead
That play'd him!

Tho. Then he has lost his share of the legacy.

Lick. What news of Gondomar?

Tho. *A second fistula,*
Or an excoriation, at the least,
For putting the poor English play, was writ of
To such a sordid use, as, is said, he did, [*him.*
Of cleansing his posteriors.

Lick. Justice! justice!

Tho. *Since when, he lives condemn'd to his share at Bruxels*
And there sits filing certain politic hinges,
To hang the states on he has heaved off the hooks.

Lick. What must you have for these?

P. jun. Thou shalt pay nothing,
But reckon them in the bill. [*Exit* Lick.] There's twenty pieces,
Her grace bestows upon the office, Tom:
Write thou that down for news.

Reg. We may well do't,
We have not many such.
P. jun. There's twenty more,
If you say so; my princess is a princess!
And put that too under the office seal.
Cym. [*Takes* PECUNIA *aside, while* FITTON *courts the* Waiting-women.] If it will please your grace to sojourn here,
And take my roof for covert, you shall know
The rites belonging to your blood and birth,
Which few can apprehend: these sordid servants,
Which rather are your keepers, than attendants,
Should not come near your presence. I would have
You waited on by ladies, and your train
Born up by persons of quality and honour;
Your meat should be served in with curious dances,
And set upon the board with virgin hands,
Tuned to their voices; not a dish removed,
But to the music, nor a drop of wine
Mixt with his water, without harmony.
Pec. You are a courtier, sir, or somewhat more,
That have this tempting language.
Cym. I am your servant,
Excellent princess, and would have you appear
That which you are: come forth the state and wonder
Of these our times, dazzle the vulgar eyes,
And strike the people blind with admiration.
P. Can. Why that's the end of wealth! thrust riches outward,
And remain beggars within; contemplate nothing
But the vile sordid things of time, place, money,
And let the noble and the precious go:
Virtue and honesty; hang them, poor thin membranes
Of honour! who respects them? O, the fates,
How hath all just true reputation fallen,
Since money, this base money 'gan to have any!
[*Aside.*
Band. Pity the gentleman is not immortal.
Wax. As he gives out the place is by description.
Fit. A very paradise, if you saw all, lady.
Wax. I am the chamber-maid, sir, you mistake,
My lady may see all.
Fit. Sweet mistress Statute, gentle mistress Band,
And mother Mortgage, do but get her grace
To sojourn here.
Pick. I thank you, gentle Wax.
Mor. If it were a chattel, I would try my credit.
Pick. So it is, for term of life, we count it so.
Sta. She means inheritance to him and his heirs:
Or that he could assure a state of years;
I'll be his Statute staple, Statute-merchant,
Or what he please.
Pick. He can expect no more.
Band. His cousin, alderman Security,
That he did talk of so, e'en now——
Sta. Who is
The very brooch of the bench, gem of the city.
Band. He and his deputy, but assure his life
For one seven years—
Sta. And see what we'll do for him,
Upon his scarlet motion.
Band. And old chain,
That draws the city ears.
Wax. When he says nothing,
But twirls it thus.
Sta. A moving oratory!
Band. *Dumb rhetoric, and silent eloquence!*
As the fine poet says.
Fit. Come, they all scorn us:
Do you not see't? the family of scorn!
Bro. Do not believe him: gentle master Picklock,
They understood you not; the gentlewomen,
They thought you would have my lady sojourn with you,
And you desire but now and then a visit.
Pick. Yes, if she pleased, sir, it would much advance
Unto the office, her continual residence:
I speak but as a member.
Bro. 'Tis enough.
I apprehend you: and it shall go hard,
But I'll so work, as somebody shall work her.
Pick. Pray you change with our master but a word about it.
P. jun. Well, Lickfinger, see that our meat be ready.
Thou hast news enough.
Lick. Something of Bethlem Gabor,
And then I am gone.
Tho. *We hear he has devised*
A drum, to fill all Christendom with the sound:
But that he cannot draw his forces near it,
To march yet, for the violence of the noise.
And therefore he is fain, by a design,
To carry them in the air, and at some distance,
'Till he be married, then they shall appear.
Lick. Or never! well, God be wi' you! stay, who's there?
A little of the Duke of Bavier, and then—
Nath. *He has taken a grey habit, and is turn'd*
The church's miller, grinds the catholic grist
With every wind; and Tilly takes the toll.
4 *Cust.* Have you any news of the pageants to send down
Into the several counties? All the country
Expected from the city most brave speeches,
Now, at the coronation.
Lick. It expected
More than it understood; for they stand mute,
Poor innocent dumb things: they are but wood,
As is the bench, and blocks they were wrought on: yet
If May-day come, and the sun shine, perhaps,
They'll sing like Memnon's statue, and be vocal.
5 *Cust.* Have you any forest news?
Tho. None very wild, sir,
Some tame there is, out of the forest of fools.
A new park is a making there, to sever
Cuckolds of antler, from the rascals. Such
Whose wives are dead, and have since cast their heads,
Shall remain cuckolds poliard.
Lick. I'll have that news.
1 *Cust.* And I.
2 *Cust.* And I.
3 *Cust.* And I.
4 *Cust.* And I.
5 *Cust.* And I.
Cym. Sir, I desire to be excused; [*to* P. jun.] and, madam,
I cannot leave my office the first day.
My cousin Fitton here shall wait upon you,
And emissary Picklock.
P. jun. And Tom Clericus?
Cym. I cannot spare him yet, but he shall follow you,

When they have order'd the rolls. Shut up the
When you have done, till two o'clock. [office,
[*Exeunt all but* THOMAS *and* NATH.

Enter SHUNFIELD, ALMANAC, *and* MADRIGAL.

Shun. By your leave, clerks,
Where shall we dine to-day? do you know?
Nath. The jeerers
Alm. Where is my fellow Fitton?
Tho. New gone forth.
Shun. Cannot your office tell us, what brave fellows
Do eat together to-day, in town, and where?
Tho. Yes, there's a gentleman, the brave heir,
Dines in Apollo. [young Pennyboy,
Mad. Come, let's thither then,
I have supt in Apollo.
Alm. With the Muses?
Mad. No,
But with two gentlewomen, call'd the Graces.
Alm. They were ever three in *poetry*.
Mad. This was *truth*, sir.
Tho. Sir, master Fitton's there too.
Shun. All the better.
Alm. We may have a jeer, perhaps.
Shun. Yes, you'll drink, doctor,
If there be any good meat, as much good wine
As would lay up a Dutch Ambassador. [now,
Tho. If he dine there, he's sure to have good
For Lickfinger provides the dinner. [meat,
Alm. Who!
The glory of the kitchen! that holds cookery
A trade from Adam, quotes his broths and sallads,
And swears he is not dead yet, but translated
In some immortal crust, the paste of almonds!
Mad. The same. He holds no man can be a poet,
That is not a good cook, to know the palates,
And several tastes of the time. He draws all arts
Out of the kitchen, but the art of poetry,
Which he concludes the same with cookery.
Shun. Tut, he maintains more heresies than that.
He'll draw the magisterium from a minced-pie,
And prefer jellies to your julaps, doctor.
Alm. I was at an olla podrida of his making,
Was a brave piece of cookery: at a funeral!
But opening the pot-lid, he made us laugh,
Who had wept all day, and sent us such a tickling
Into our nostrils, as the funeral feast
Had been a wedding-dinner!
Shun. Give him allowance,
And that but a moderate, he will make a syren
Sing in the kettle, send in an Arion,
In a brave broth, and of a watery green,
Just the sea-colour, mounted on the back
Of a grown conger, but in such a posture,
As all the world would take him for a dolphin.
Mad. He's a rare fellow, without question! but
He holds some paradoxes.
Alm. Ay, and pseudodoxes.
Marry for most, he's orthodox in the kitchen.
Mad. And knows the clergy's taste!
Alm. Ay, and the laity's!
Shun. You think not of your time; we shall come too late,
If we go not presently.
Mad. Away then.
Shun. Sirs,
You must get of this news, to store your office,
Who dines and sups in the town; where, and with whom;
It will be beneficial: when you are stored,
And as we like our fare, we shall reward you.
Nath. A hungry trade, 'twill be.
Tho. Much like duke Humphry's,
But, now and then, as the wholesome proverb says,
'Twill *obsonare famem ambulando*.
Nath. Shut up the office, gentle brother Thomas,
Tho. Brother Nathaniel, I have the wine for you.
I hope to see us, one day, emissaries.
Nath. Why not? 'Slid, I despair not to be master! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* PENNYBOY senior's *House.*

Enter PENNYBOY sen. *and* BROKER, *at different doors.*

P. sen. How now! I think I was born under Hercules' star,
Nothing but trouble and tumult to oppress me!
Why come you back? where is your charge?
Bro. I have brought
A gentleman to speak with you.
P. sen. To speak with me!
You know 'tis death for me to speak with any man.
What is he? set me a chair.
Bro. He is the master
Of the great office.
P. sen. What?
Bro. The Staple of News,
A mighty thing, they talk six thousand a-year.
P. sen. Well, bring your six in. Where have you left Pecunia?
Bro. Sir, in Apollo, they are scarce set.
P. sen. Bring six.
[*Exit* BROKER, *and returns with* CYMBAL.
Bro. Here is the gentleman.
P. sen. He must pardon me,
I cannot rise, a diseased man.
Cym. By no means, sir;
Respect your health and ease.
P. sen. It is no pride in me,
But pain, pain: What's your errand, sir, to me?
Broker, return to your charge, be Argus-eyed,
Awake to the affair you have in hand,
Serve in Apollo, but take heed of Bacchus.
[*Exit* BROKER.
Go on, sir.
Cym. I am come to speak with you.
P. sen. 'Tis pain for me to speak, a very death;
But I will hear you.
Cym. Sir, you have a lady,
That sojourns with you.
P. sen. Ha! I am somewhat short
In my sense too———
Cym. Pecunia.
P. sen. O' that side
Very imperfect; on———
Cym. Whom I would draw
Oftener to a poor office, I am master of——
P. sen. My hearing is very dead, you must speak quicker.
Cym. Or, if it please you, sir, to let her sojourn,
In part with me; I have a moiety
We will divide, half of the profits.
P. sen. Ha!
I hear you better now. How come they in?
Is it a certain business, or a casual?
For I am loth to seek out doubtful courses

Run any hazardous paths ; I love straight ways,
A just and upright man ! now all trade totters;
The trade of money is fall'n two in the hundred:
That was a certain trade, while the age was thrifty,
And men good husbands, look'd unto their stocks,
Had their minds bounded ; now the public riot
Prostitutes all, scatters away in coaches,
In footmen's coats, and waiting women's gowns,
They must have velvet haunches, with a pox !
Now taken up, and yet not pay the use !
Bate of the use ! I am mad with this time's manners.
[*Vehemently and loud.*

Cym. You said e'en now, it was death for you to speak.

P. sen. Ay, but an anger, a just anger, as this
Puts life in man. Who can endure to see [is,
[*Starts from his chair.*
The fury of men's gullets, and their groins ?
What fires, what cooks, what kitchens might be spared ?
What stews, ponds, parks, coops, garners, magazines ?
What velvets, tissues, scarfs, embroideries,
And laces they might lack ? They covet things
Superfluous still ; when it were much more honour
They could want necessary : what need hath nature
Of silver dishes, or gold chamber-pots ?
Of perfumed napkins, or a numerous family
To see her eat ? poor, and wise, she requires
Meat only ; hunger is not ambitious :
Say, that you were the emperor of pleasures,
The great dictator of fashions, for all Europe,
And had the pomp of all the courts, and kingdoms,
Laid forth unto the shew, to make yourself
Gazed and admired at ; you must go to bed,
And take your natural rest : then all this vanisheth.
Your bravery was but shown ; 'twas not possest :
While it did boast itself, it was then perishing.

Cym. This man has healthful lungs. [*Aside.*

P. sen. All that excess
Appear'd as little yours, as the spectators:
It scarce fills up the expectation
Of a few hours, that entertains men's lives.

Cym. He has the monopoly of sole-speaking.
[*Aside.*

Why, good sir, you talk all.

P. sen. [*angrily.*] Why should I not?
Is it not under mine own roof, my ceiling ?

Cym. But I came here to talk with you.

P. sen. Why, an I will not
Talk with you, sir ! you are answer'd ; who sent

Cym. No body sent for me—— [for you ?

P. sen. But you came ; why then
Go as you came, here's no man holds you ; there,
There lies your way, you see the door.

Cym. This is strange !

P. sen. 'Tis my civility, when I do not relish
The party, or his business. Pray you be gone, sir,
I'll have no venture in your shop, the office,
Your bark of six, if 'twere sixteen, good sir.

Cym. You are a rogue.

P. sen. I think I am, sir, truly.

Cym. A rascal, and a money-bawd.

P. sen. My surnames.

Cym. A wretched rascal—

P. sen. You will overflow,
And spill all.

Cym. Caterpillar, moth,
Horse-leech, and dung-worm——

P. sen. Still you lose your labour.
I am a broken vessel, all runs out:
A shrunk old dryfat. Fare you well, good six!
[*Exeunt.*

Cen. *A notable tough rascal, this old Pennyboy ! right city-bred !*

Mirth. *In Silver-street, the region of money, a good seat for an usurer.*

Tat. *He has rich ingredients in him, I warrant you, if they were extracted ; a true receipt to make an alderman, an he were well wrought upon, according to art.*

Expect. *I would fain see an alderman in* chimia, *that is, a treatise of aldermanity truly written !*

Cen. *To shew how much it differs from urbanity.*

Mirth. *Ay, or humanity. Either would appear in this Pennyboy, an he were rightly distill'd. But how like you the news ? you are gone from that.*

Cen. *O, they are monstrous ! scurvy, and stale, and too exotic ! ill cook'd and ill-dish'd !*

Expect. *They were as good, yet, as butter could make them !*

Tat. *In a word, they were beastly buttered : he shall never come on my bread more, nor in my mouth, if I can help it. I have better news from the bake-house, by ten thousand parts, in a morning ; or the conduits in Westminster : all the news of Tuttle-street, and both the Alm'ries, the two Sanctuaries, long and round Wool-staple, with King's-street, and Canon-row to boot.*

Mirth. *Ay, my gossip Tattle knew what fine slips grew in Gardener's-lane ; who kist the butcher's wife with the cow's breath ; what matches were made in the Bowling-alley, and what 'bets were won and lost ; how much grist went to the mill, and what besides : who conjured in Tuttle-fields, and how many, when they never came there ; and which boy rode upon doctor Lamb in the likeness of a roaring lion, that run away with him in his teeth, and has not devour'd him yet.*

Tat. *Why, I had it from my maid Joan Hearsay ; and she had it from a limb o' the school, she says, a little limb of nine year old ; who told her, the master left out his conjuring book one day, and he found it, and so the fable came about. But whether it were true or no, we gossips are bound to believe it, an't be once out, and a-foot : how should we entertain the time else, or find ourselves in fashionable discourse, for all companies, if we do not credit all, and make more of it in the reporting ?*

Cen. *For my part, I believe it : an there were no wiser than I, I would have ne'er a cunning schoolmaster in England. I mean, a cunning man a schoolmaster ; that is, a conjurer, or a poet, or that had any acquaintance with a poet. They make all their scholars play-boys ! Is't not a fine sight, to see all our children made interluders ? Do we pay our money for this ? we send them to learn their grammar and their Terence, and they learn their play-books ! Well, they talk we shall have no more parliaments, God bless us ! but an we have, I hope, Zeal-of-the-land Busy and my gossip Rabbi Troubletruth will start up, and see we shall have painful good ministers to keep school, and catechise our youth, and not teach them to speak plays, and act fables of false news, in this manner, to the super-vexation of town and country with a wannion.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The* DEVIL TAVERN. *The Apollo.*

PENNYBOY jun. FITTON, SHUNFIELD, ALMANAC, MADRIGAL, PENNYBOY Canter, *and* PICKLOCK, *discovered at table.*

P. jun. Come, gentlemen, let's breathe from healths awhile.
This Lickfinger has made us a good dinner,
For our Pecunia: what shall's do with ourselves,
While the women water, and the fidlers eat?
Fit. Let's jeer a little.
P. jun. Jeer! what's that?
Shun. Expect, sir.
Alm. We first begin with ourselves, and then
Shun. A game we use. [at you.
Mad. We jeer all kind of persons
We meet withal, of any rank or quality,
And if we cannot jeer them, we jeer ourselves.
P. Can. A pretty sweet society, and a grateful!
Pick. Pray let's see some.
Shun. Have at you then, lawyer.
They say there was one of your coat in Bethlem lately.
Alm. I wonder all his clients were not there.
Mad. They were the madder sort.
Pick. Except, sir, one
Like you, and he made verses.
Fit. Madrigal,
A jeer!
Mad. I know.
Shun. But what did you do, lawyer,
When you made love to Mistress Band, at dinner?
Mad. Why, of an advocate, he grew the client.
P. jun. Well play'd, my poet.
Mad. And shew'd the law of nature
Was there above the common-law.
Shun. Quit, quit!
P. jun. Call you this jeering! I can play at this,
'Tis like a ball at tennis.
Fit. Very like;
But we were not well in.
Alm. It is indeed, sir,
When we do speak at volley, all the ill
We can one of another.
Shun. As this morning,
(I would you had heard us,) of the rogue your
Alm. That money-bawd. [uncle.
Mad. We call'd him a coat-card,
Of the last order.
P. jun. What is that, a knave?
Mad. Some readings have it so, my manuscript
Doth speak it varlet.
P. Can. And yourself a fool
Of the first rank, and one shall have the leading
Of the right-hand file, under this brave commander.
P. jun. What say'st thou, Canter.
P. Can. Sir, I say this is
A very wholesome exercise, and comely.
Like lepers shewing one another their scabs,
Or flies feeding on ulcers.
P. jun. What news, gentlemen,
Have you any news for after dinner? methinks
We should not spend our time unprofitably.
P. Can. They never lie, sir, between meals; 'gainst supper
You may have a bale or two brought in
Fit. This Canter
Is an old envious knave!
Alm. A very rascal!
Fit. I have mark'd him all this meal, he has done nothing
But mock, with scurvy faces, all we said.
Alm. A supercilious rogue! he looks as if
He were the patrico——
Mad. Or arch-priest of Canters.
Shun. He is some primate metropolitan rascal,
Our shot-clog makes so much of him.
Alm. The law,
And he does govern him.
P. jun. What say you, gentlemen?
Fit. We say, we wonder not, your man of law
Should be so gracious with you; but how it comes,
This rogue, this Canter—
P. jun. O, good words.
Fit. A fellow
That speaks no language——
Alm. But what jingling gypsies,
And pedlars trade in——
Fit. And no honest Christian
Can understand——
P. Can. Why, by that argument
You are all Canters, you, and you, and you:
All the whole world are Canters, I will prove it
In your professions.
P. jun. I would fain hear this:
But stay, my princess comes; provide the while
I'll call for it anon.

Enter LICKFINGER, PECUNIA, STATUTE, BAND, WAX, *and* MORTGAGE.

How fares your grace?
Lick. I hope the fare was good.
Pec. Yes, Lickfinger,
And we shall thank you for it, and reward you.
Mad. Nay, I'll not lose my argument, Lick-
Before these gentlewomen, I affirm, [finger;
The perfect and true strain of poetry
Is rather to be given the quick cellar,
Than the fat kitchen.
[P. jun. *takes* PECUNIA *aside and courts her.*
Lick. Heretic, I see
Thou art for the vain Oracle of the Bottle.
The hogshead, Trismegistus, is thy Pegasus.
Thence flows thy muse's spring, from that hard
Seduced poet, I do say to thee, [hoof.
A boiler, range, and dresser were the fountains
Of all the knowledge in the universe.
And they're the kitchens, where the master-cook——
Thou dost not know the man, nor canst thou know him,
Till thou hast serv'd some years in that deep school,
That's both the nurse and mother of the arts,
And hear'st him read, interpret and demonstrate—
A master-cook! why, he's the man of men,
For a professor! he designs, he draws,
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish,
Some he dry-dishes, some motes round with broths;
Mounts marrow bones, cuts fifty-angled custards,
Rears bulwark pies, and for his outer works,
He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust;
And teacheth all the tactics, at one dinner:
What ranks, what files, to put his dishes in;
The whole art military. Then he knows
The influence of the stars upon his meats,

And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,
And so to fit his relishes and sauces.
He has nature in a pot, 'bove all the chymists,
Or airy brethren of the Rosie-cross.
He is an architect, an engineer,
A soldier, a physician, a philosopher,
A general mathematician.

Mad. It is granted.

Lick. And that you may not doubt him for a poet—

Alm. This fury shews, if there were nothing else,
And 'tis divine! I shall for ever hereafter
Admire the wisdom of a cook.

Band. And we, sir.

P. jun. O, how my princess draws me with her
And hales me in, as eddies draw in boats, [looks,
Or strong Charybdis ships, that sail too near
The shelves of love! The tides of your two eyes,
Wind of your breath, are such as suck in all
That do approach you.

Pec. Who hath changed my servant?

P. jun. Yourself, who drink my blood up with your beams,
As doth the sun the sea! Pecunia shines
More in the world than he; and makes it spring
Where'er she favours! please her but to show
Her melting wrists, or bare her ivory hands,
She catches still! her smiles they are love's fetters!
Her breasts his apples! her teats strawberries!
Where Cupid, were he present now, would cry,
Farewell my mother's milk, here's sweeter nectar!
Help me to praise Pecunia, gentlemen;
She is your princess, lend your wits.

Fit. A lady
The Graces taught to move!

Alm. The Hours did nurse!

Fit. Whose lips are the instructions of all lovers.

Alm. Her eyes their lights, and rivals to the stars!

Fit. A voice, as if that harmony still spake!

Alm. And polish'd skin, whiter than Venus' foot!

Fit. Young Hebe's neck, or Juno's arms!

Alm. A hair,
Large as the morning's, and her breath as sweet
As meadows after rain, and but new mown!

Fit. Leda might yield unto her for a face!

Alm. Hermione for breasts!

Fit. Flora for cheeks!

Alm. And Helen for a mouth!

P. jun. Kiss, kiss 'em, princess.
[PECUNIA *kisses them.*

Fit. The pearl doth strive in whiteness with her neck—

Alm. But loseth by it: here the snow thaws
One frost resolves another. [snow;

Fit. O, she has
A front too slippery to be look'd upon!

Alm. And glances that beguile the seer's eyes!

P. jun. Kiss, kiss again. [PECUNIA *kisses* ALM. *and* FIT.] What says my man of war?

Shun. I say she 's more than fame can promise of her,
A theme that 's overcome with her own matter!
Praise is struck blind and deaf and dumb with her:
She doth astonish commendation!

P. jun. Well pump'd, i'faith, old sailor: kiss him too.
Though he be a slug. [*She kisses him.*] What says my poet-sucker?
He 's chewing his muse's cud, I do see by him.

Mad. I have almost done. I want but e'en 'o finish.

Fit. That's the ill luck of all his works still.

P. jun. What?

Fit. To begin many works but finish none.

P. jun. How does he do his mistress' work?

Fit. Imperfect.

Alm. I cannot think he finished that.

P. jun. Let 's hear.

Mad. It is a madrigal; I affect that kind
Of poem much.

P. jun. And thence you have the name.

Fit. It is his rose, he can make nothing else.

Mad. I made it to the tune the fiddlers play'd,
That we all liked so well.

P. jun. Good! read it, read it.

Mad. The sun is father of all metals, you know,
Silver and Gold.

P. jun. Ay, leave your prologues, say.

Mad. *As bright as is the sun her sire,*
Or earth, her mother, in her best attire,
Or Mint, the midwife, with her fire,
Comes forth her grace!

P. jun. That Mint, the midwife, does well.
The splendour of the wealthiest mines,
The stamp and strength of all imperial lines,
Both majesty and beauty shines,
In her sweet face!

Fit. That's fairly said of money.
Look how a torch of taper light,
Or of that torch's flame, a beacon bright;

P. jun. Good!

Mad. Now there, I want a line to finish, sir.

P. jun. *Or of that beacon's fire, moonlight.*

Mad. *So takes she place!*

Fit. 'Tis good.

Mad. And then I have a saraband——
She makes good cheer, she keeps full boards,
She holds a fair of knights and lords,
A market of all offices,
And shops of honours more or less.
According to Pecunia's grace,
The bride hath beauty, blood, and place,
The bridegroom virtue, valour, wit,
And wisdom as he stands for it.

P. jun. Call in the fiddlers.

Enter the Fiddlers *and* NICHOLAS.

Nick the boy shall sing it.
Sweet princess, kiss him, kiss them all, dear madam,
[PECUNIA *kisses them.*
And at the close vouchsafe to call them cousins.

Pec. Sweet cousin Madrigal, and cousin Fitton,
My cousin Shunfield, and my learned cousin—

Pick. Al-manach, though they call him Al-manac.

P. Can. Why, here 's the prodigal prostitutes his mistress! [*Aside.*

P. jun. And Picklock, he must be a kinsman
My man of law will teach us all to win, [too.
And keep our own.—Old founder!

P. Can. Nothing, I sir.
I am a wretch, a beggar: She the fortunate,
Can want no kindred; we the poor know none.

Fit. Nor none shall know by my consent.

Alm. Nor mine.

P. jun. Sing, boy, stand here.
Nich. [*sings.*] *As bright, &c.* [*Music.*
P. Can. Look, look, how all their eyes
Dance in their heads, observe, scatter'd with lust,
At sight of their brave idol! how they are tickled
With a light air, the bawdy saraband!
They are a kind of dancing engines all,
And set by nature, thus to run alone
To every sound! all things within, without them,
Move, but their brain, and that stands still! mere monsters,
Here in a chamber, of most subtile feet,
And make their legs in tune, passing the streets!
These are the gallant spirits of the age,
The miracles of the time! that can cry up
And down men's wits, and set what rate on things
Their half-brain'd fancies please! now, pox upon them!
See how solicitously he learns the jig,
As if it were a mystery of his faith. [*Aside.*
Shun. A dainty ditty!
Fit. O, he's a dainty poet,
When he sets to it!
P. jun. And a dainty scholar!
Alm. No, no great scholar; he writes like a gentleman.
Shun. Pox o' your scholar!
P. Can. Pox o' your distinction!
As if a scholar were no gentleman.
With these, to write like a gentleman, will in time
Become all one, as to write like an ass.
These gentlemen! these rascals; I am sick
Of indignation at them. [*Aside.*
P. jun. How do you like't, sir?
Fit. 'Tis excellent!
Alm. 'Twas excellently sung!
Fit. A dainty air!
P. jun. What says my Lickfinger?
Lick. I am telling mistress Band and mistress Statute,
What a brave gentleman you are, and Wax, here!
How much 'twere better, that my lady's grace
Would here take up, sir, and keep house with you.
P. jun. What say they?
Sta. We could consent, sir, willingly.
Band. Ay, if we knew her grace had the least liking.
Wax. We must obey her grace's will and pleasure.
P. jun. I thank you, gentlewomen.—Ply them,
Give mother Mortgage, there—— [Lickfinger.
Lick. Her dose of sack.
I have it for her, and her distance of hum.
Pec. Indeed therein, I must confess, dear cousin,
I am a most unfortunate princess. [*Alm.* And
You still will be so, when your grace may help it!
[*The gallants gather all about* PECUNIA.
Mad. Who'd lie in a room with a close-stool, and garlic,
And kennel with his dogs that had a prince,
Like this young Pennyboy, to sojourn with!
Shun. He'll let you have your liberty——
Alm. Go forth,
Whither you please, and to what company——
Mad. Scatter yourself amongst us——
P. jun. Hope of Parnassus!
Thy ivy shall not wither, nor thy bays;
Thou shalt be had into her grace's cellar,
And there know sack and claret, all December:
Thy vein is rich, and we must cherish it.
Poets and bees swarm now a-days; but yet
There are not those good taverns, for the one sort,
As there are flowery fields to feed the other.
Though bees be pleased with dew, ask little wax,
That brings the honey to her lady's hive:
The poet must have wine; and he shall have it.

Enter PENNYBOY sen. *hastily.*

P. sen. Broker! what, Broker!
P. jun. Who's that, my uncle?
P. sen. I am abused; where is my knave, my Broker?
Lick. Your Broker is laid out upon a bench, yonder;
Sack hath seized on him, in the shape of sleep.
Pick. He hath been dead to us almost this hour.
P. sen. This hour!
P. Can. Why sigh you, sir? 'cause he's at rest?
P. sen. It breeds my unrest.
Lick. Will you take a cup,
And try if you can sleep?
P. sen. No, cogging Jack,
Thou and thy cups too, perish.
[*Strikes the cup out of his hand.*
Shun. O, the sack!
Mad. The sack, the sack!
P. Can. A madrigal on sack!
Pick. Or rather an elegy, for the sack is gone.
Pec. Why do you this, sir? spill the wine, and rave,
For Broker's sleeping? [*P. sen.* What through sleep and sack,
My trust is wrong'd: but I am still awake,
To wait upon your grace, please you to quit
This strange lewd company, they are not for you.
Pec. No, guardian, I do like them very well.
P. sen. Your grace's pleasure be observ'd; but you,
Statute, and Band, and Wax will go with me?
Sta. Truly, we will not.
Band. We will stay, and wait here
Upon her grace, and this your noble kinsman.
P. sen. Noble! how noble! who hath made him noble?
P. jun. Why, my most noble Money hath, or shall,
My princess here; she that, had you but kept
And treated kindly, would have made you noble,
And wise too: nay, perhaps have done that for you,
An act of parliament could not, made you honest.
The truth is, uncle, that her grace dislikes
Her entertainment, 'specially her lodging.
Pec. Nay, say her jail! never unfortunate princess
Was used so by a jailor. Ask my women:
Band, you can tell, and Statute, how he has used me,
Kept me close prisoner, under twenty bolts——
Sta. And forty padlocks——
Band. All malicious engines
A wicked smith could forge out of his iron;
As locks and keys, shackles and manacles,
To torture a great lady.
Sta. He has abused
Your grace's body.
Pec. No, he would have done;
That lay not in his power: he had the use
Of our bodies, Band and Wax, and sometimes Statute's:
But once he would have smothered me in a chest,
And strangled me in leather, but that you
Came to my rescue then, and gave me air.

Sta. For which he cramm'd us up in a close box,
All three together, where we saw no sun
In one six months.
Wax. A cruel man he is!
Band. He has left my fellow Wax out in the cold—
Sta. Till she was stiff as any frost, and crumbled
Away to dust, and almost lost her form.
Wax. Much ado to recover me.
P. sen. Women jeerers!
Have you learn'd too the subtle faculty?
Come, I will shew you the way home, if drink
Or too full diet have disguised you.
Band. Troth,
We have not any mind, sir, of return——
Sta. To be bound back to back——
Band. And have our legs
Turn'd in, or writh'd about——
Wax. Or else display'd——
Sta. Be lodged with dust and fleas, as we were wont—
Band. And dieted with dogs-dung.
P. sen. Why, you whores,
My bawds, my instruments, what should I call you,
Man may think base enough for you?
P. jun. Hear you, uncle:
I must not hear this of my princess' servants,
And in Apollo, in Pecunia's room.
Go, get you down the stairs; home, to your kennel,
As swiftly as you can. Consult your dogs,
The Lares of your family; or believe it,
The fury of a footman and a drawer
Hangs over you.
Shun. Cudgel and pot do threaten
A kind of vengeance.
Mad. Barbers are at hand.
Alm. Washing and shaving will ensue.
Fit. The pump
Is not far off; if 'twere, the sink is near,
Or a good jordan.
Mad. You have now no money.
Shun. But are a rascal.
P. sen. I am cheated, robb'd,
Jeer'd by confederacy.
Fit. No, you are kick'd,
And used kindly, as you should be.
Shun. Spurn'd
From all commerce of men, who are a cur.
[*They kick him.*
Alm. A stinking dog in a doublet, with foul linen.
Mad. A snarling rascal, hence!
Shun. Out!
P. sen. Well, remember,
I am cozen'd by my cousin, and his whore.
Bane o' these meetings in Apollo!
Lick. Go, sir,
You will be tost like Block in a blanket, else.
P. jun. Down with him, Lickfinger.
P. sen. Saucy Jack, away:
Pecunia is a whore.
P. jun. Play him down, fidlers,
And drown his noise. [*Exeunt* P. sen. *and* LICKFINGER.]—Who's this?

Enter PIEDMANTLE *with* PECUNIA'S *pedigree.*

Fit. O, master Piedmantle!
Pie. By your leave, gentlemen.
Fit. Her grace's herald?
Alm. No herald yet, a heraldet.
P. jun. What's that?
P. Can. A canter.
P. jun. O, thou saidst thou'dst prove us all so!
P. Can. Sir, here is one will prove himself so, straight;
So shall the rest, in time.
Pec. My pedigree?
I tell you, friend, he must be a good scholar
Can my descent: I am of princely race;
And as good blood as any is in the mines
Runs through my veins. I am, every limb, a princess!
Dutchess of mines was my great-grandmother;
And by the father's side, I come from Sol:
My grandfather was duke of Or, and match'd
In the blood-royal of Ophir.
Pie. Here is his coat.
Pec. I know it, if I hear the blazon.
Pie. He bears
In a field azure, a sun proper, beamy,
Twelve of the second.
P. Can. How far is this from canting?
P. jun. Her grace doth understand it.
P. Can. She can cant, sir.
Pec. What be these, bezants?
Pie. Yes, an't please your grace.
Pec. That is our coat too, as we come from Or.
What line is this?
Pie. The rich mines of Potosi,
The Spanish mines in the West Indies.
Pec. This?
Pie. The mines of Hungary, this of Barbary.
Pec. But this, this little branch?
Pie. The Welsh mine that.
Pec. I have Welsh blood in me too; blaze, sir that coat.
Pie. She bears, an't please you, argent, three leeks vert,
In canton or, and tassell'd of the first.
P. Can. Is not this canting? do you understand him?
P. jun. Not I; but it sounds well, and the whole thing
Is rarely painted: I will have such a scroll,
Whate'er it cost me.
Pec. Well, at better leisure
We'll take a view of it, and so reward you.
P. jun. Kiss him, sweet princess, and style him a cousin.
Pec. I will, if you will have it.—Cousin Piedmantle. [*She kisses him.*
P. jun. I love all men of virtue, from my princess
Unto my beggar here, old Canter. On,
On to thy proof; whom prove you the next canter?
P. Can. The doctor here; I will proceed with
When he discourseth of dissection, the learned.
Or any point of anatomy; that he tells you
Of vena cava, and of vena porta,
The meseraics, and the mesenterium:
What does he else but cant? or if he run
To his judicial astrology,
And trowl the Trine, the Quartile, and the Sextile
Platic aspect, and Partile, with his Hyleg,
Or Alchochoden, Cuspes, and Horoscope;
Does not he cant? who here does understand him
Alm. This is no canter, though!
P. Can. Or when my muster-master
Talks of his tactics, and his ranks and files,
His bringers-up, his leaders-on, and cries
Faces about to the right hand, the left,
Now, *as you were;* then tells you of redoubts,
Of cats, and cortines; doth not he cant?

P. jun. Yes, faith.
P. Can. My egg-chin'd laureat here, when he comes forth
With dimeters, and trimeters, tetrameters,
Pentameters, hexameters, catalectics,
His hyper and his brachy-catalectics,
His pyrrhics, epitrites, and choriambics.
What is all this, but canting?
Mad. A rare fellow!
Shun. Some begging scholar!
Fit. A decay'd doctor, at least!
P. jun. Nay, I do cherish virtue, though in rags.
P. Can. And you, mas courtier— [*To* FITTON.
P. jun. Now he treats of you,
Stand forth to him fair.
P. Can. With all your fly-blown projects,
And looks-out of the politics, your shut faces,
And reserv'd questions and answers, that you game with; as,
Is't a clear business? will it manage well?
My name must not be used else. Here 'twill dash—
Your business has receiv'd a taint,—give off,
I may not prostitute myself. Tut, tut,
That little dust I can blow off at pleasure.—
Here's no such mountain, yet, in the whole work,
But a light purse may level.—I will tide
This affair for you; give it freight, and passage:—
And such mint phrase, as 'tis the worst of canting,
By how much it affects the sense it has not.
Fit. This is some other than he seems!
P. jun. How like you him?
Fit. This cannot be a canter!
P. jun. But he is, sir,
And shall be still, and so shall you be too:
We'll all be canters. Now I think of it,
A noble whimsy's come into my brain:
I'll build a college, I and my Pecunia,
And call it CANTERS COLLEGE: sounds it well?
Alm. Excellent!
P. jun. And here stands my father rector,
And you professors; you shall all profess
Something, and live there, with her grace and me,
Your founders: I'll endow it with lands and means,
And Lickfinger shall be my master-cook.
What, is he gone?
P. Can. And a professor?
P. jun. Yes.
P. Can. And read Apicius *de re culinaria*
To your brave doxy and you!
P. jun. You, cousin Fitton,
Shall, as a courtier, read the politics;
Doctor Almanac he shall read Astrology;
Shunfield shall read the military arts.
P. Can. As carving and assaulting the cold custard.
P. jun. And Horace here, the art of poetry.
His lyrics and his madrigals; fine songs,
Which we will have at dinner, steep'd in claret,
And against supper, soused in sack.
Mad. In troth,
A divine whimsy!
Shun. And a worthy work,
Fit for a chronicle!
P. jun. Is it not?
Shun. To all ages.
P. jun. And Piedmantle shall give us all our arms:
But Picklock, what wouldst thou be? thou canst cant too.

Pick. In all the languages in Westminster-hall
Pleas, Bench or Chancery. Fee-farm, fee-tail,
Tenant in dower, at will, for term of life,
By copy of court-roll, knights service, homage,
Fealty, escuage, soccage, or frank almoigne,
Grand serjeantry, or burgage.
P. jun. Thou appear'st,
Κατ' ἐξοχήν, a canter. Thou shalt read
All Littleton's Tenures to me, and indeed,
All my conveyances.
Pick. And make them too, sir:
Keep all your courts, be steward of your lands,
Let all your leases, keep your evidences.
But first, I must procure and pass your mortmain,
You must have license from above, sir.
P. jun. Fear not,
Pecunia's friends shall do it.
P. Can. But I shall stop it.
[*Throws off his patched cloke, &c. and discovers himself.*
Your worship's *loving and obedient father*,
Your *painful steward*, and *lost officer!*
Who have done this, to try how you would use
Pecunia when you had her; which since I see,
I will take home the lady to my charge,
And these her servants, and leave you my cloke,
To travel in to Beggars-bush! A seat
Is built already, furnish'd too, worth twenty
Of your imagined structures, Canters College.
Fit. It is his father!
Mad. He's alive, methinks.
Alm. I knew he was no rogue.
P. Can. Thou prodigal,
Was I so careful for thee, to procure
And plot with my learn'd counsel, master Picklock,
This noble match for thee, and dost thou prostitute,
Scatter thy mistress' favours, throw away
Her bounties, as they were red-burning coals.
Too hot for thee to handle, on such rascals,
Who are the scum and excrements of men!
If thou hadst sought out good and virtuous persons
Of these professions, I had loved thee and them:
For these shall never have that plea against me,
Or colour of advantage, that I hate
Their callings, but their manners and their vices.
A worthy courtier is the ornament
Of a king's palace, his great master's honour;
This is a moth, a rascal, a court-rat,
[*Points to* FITTON.
That gnaws the commonwealth with broking suits,
And eating grievances! so, a true soldier,
He is his country's strength, his sovereign's safety.
And to secure his peace, he makes himself
The heir of danger, nay the subject of it,
And runs those virtuous hazards that this scarecrow
Cannot endure to hear of.
Shun. You are pleasant, sir.
P. Can. With you I dare be! here is Piedmantle;
'Cause he's an ass, do not I love a herald,
Who is the pure preserver of descents,
The keeper fair of all nobility,
Without which all would run into confusion?
Were he a learned herald, I would tell him
He can give arms and marks, he cannot honour;
No more than money can make noble: it may
Give place, and rank, but it can give no virtue:
And he would thank me for this truth. This dog-leach,
You style him doctor, 'cause he can compile
An almanack, perhaps erect a scheme
For my great madam's monkey, when't has ta'en

A glyster, and bewray'd the Ephemerides.
Do I despise a learn'd physician,
In calling him a quacksalver? or blast
The ever-living garland, always green,
Of a good poet, when I say his wreath
Is pieced and patch'd of dirty wither'd flowers?—
Away! I am impatient of these ulcers,
That I not call you worse. There is no sore
Or plague but you to infect the times: I abhor
Your very scent.—Come, lady, since my prodigal
Knew not to entertain you to your worth,
I'll see if I have learn'd how to receive you,
With more respect to you, and your fair train here.
Farewell, my beggar in velvet, for to-day;
To-morrow you may put on that grave robe,
[*Points to his patch'd cloke.*
And enter your great work of *Canters College*,
Your work, and worthy of a chronicle! [*Exeunt.*

Tat. *Why, this was the worst of all, the catastrophe!*

Cen. *The matter began to be good but now; and he has spoil'd it all with his beggar there!*

Mirth. *A beggarly Jack it is, I warrant him, and akin to the poet.*

Tat. *Like enough, for he had the chiefest part in his play, if you mark it.*

Expect. *Absurdity on him, for a huge overgrown play-maker! why should he make him live again, when they and we all thought him dead? if he had left him to his rags, there had been an end of him.*

Tat. *Ay, but set a beggar on horseback, he'll never lin till he be a gallop.*

Cen. *The young heir grew a fine gentleman in this last act.*

Expect. *So he did, gossip, and kept the best company.*

Cen. *And feasted them and his mistress.*

Tat. *And shew'd her to them all: was not jealous!*

Mirth. *But very communicative and liberal, and began to be magnificent, if the churl his father would have let him alone.*

Cen. *It was spitefully done of the poet, to make the chuff take him off in his height, when he was going to do all his brave deeds.*

Expect. *To found an academy.*

Tat. *Erect a college.*

Expect. *Plant his professors, and water his lectures.*

Mirth. *With wine, gossips, as he meant to do;—and then to defraud his purposes!*

Expect. *Kill the hopes of so many towardly young spirits.—*

Tat. *As the doctors—*

Cen. *And the courtiers! I protest I was in love with master Fitton: he did wear all he had, from the hatband to the shoe-tie, so politically, and u ould stoop, and leer!*

Mirth. *And lie so in wait for a piece of wit, like a mouse-trap!*

Expect. *Indeed, gossip, so would the little doctor; all his behaviour was mere glyster. O' my conscience, he would make any party's physic in the world work with his discourse.*

Mirth. *I wonder they would suffer it; a foolish old fornicating father to ravish away his son's mistress.*

Cen. *And all her women at once, as he did.*

Tat. *I would have flown in his gypsy's face, i'faith.*

Mirth. *It was a plain piece of political incest, and worthy to be brought afore the high commission of wit. Suppose we were to censure him; you are the youngest voice, gossip Tattle, begin.*

Tat. *Marry, I would have the old coney-catcher cozen'd of all he has, in the young heir's defence, by his learned counsel, master Picklock!*

Cen. *I would rather the courtier had found out some trick to beg him for his estate!*

Expect. *Or the captain had courage enough to beat him!*

Cen. *Or the fine Madrigal-man in rhyme, to have run him out of the country, like an Irish rat.*

Tat. *No, I would have master Piedmantle, her grace's herald, to pluck down his hatchments, reverse his coat armour, and nullify him for no gentleman.*

Expect. *Nay, then, let master doctor dissect him, have him opened, and his tripes translated to Lick-finger, to make a probation-dish of.*

Cen. Tat. *Agreed, agreed!*

Mirth. *Faith, I would have him flat disinherited by a decree of court, bound to make restitution of the lady Pecunia, and the use of her body, to his son.*

Expect. *And her train to the gentlemen.*

Cen. *And both the poet, and himself, to ask them all forgiveness!*

Tat. *And us too.*

Cen. *In two large sheets of paper——*

Expect. *Or to stand in a skin of parchment, which the court please.*

Cen. *And those fill'd with news!*

Mirth. *And dedicated to the sustaining of the Staple!*

Expect. *Which their poet hath let fall most abruptly.*

Mirth. *Bankruptly indeed.*

Cen. *You say wittily, gossip; and therefore let a protest go out against him.*

Mirth. *A mournival of protests, or a gleek, at least.*

Expect. *In all our names.*

Cen. *For a decay'd wit——*

Expect. *Broken——*

Tat. *Non-solvent——*

Cen. *And for ever forfeit——*

Mirth. *To scorn of Mirth!*

Cen. *Censure!*

Expect. *Expectation!*

Tat. *Subsign'd, Tattle. Stay, they come again.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—PENNYBOY'S *Lodgings.*

Enter PENNYBOY jun. *in the patched and ragged cloke his father left him.*

P. jun. Nay, they are fit, as they had been made for me,
And I am now a thing worth looking at,
The same I said I would be in the morning!
No rogue, at a comitia of the canters,
Did ever there become his parent's robes
Better than I do these. Great fool and beggar!
Why do not all that are of those societies
Come forth, and gratulate me one of theirs?
Methinks I should be on every side saluted,
Dauphin of beggars, prince of prodigals!
That have so fallen under the ears, and eyes,
And tongues of all, the fable of the time,
Matter of scorn, and mark of reprehension!
I now begin to see my vanity
Shine in this glass, reflected by the foil!—
Where is my fashioner, my feather man,
My linener, perfumer, barber, all
That tail of riot follow'd me this morning?
Not one! but a dark solitude about me,
Worthy my cloke and patches; as I had
The epidemical disease upon me;
And I'll sit down with it. [*Seats himself on the floor.*

Enter THO. Barber.

Tho. My master, maker!
How do you? why do you sit thus on the ground,
Hear you the news? [sir?
P. jun. No, nor I care to hear none.
Would I could here sit still, and slip away
The other one and twenty, to have this
Forgotten, and the day razed out, expunged
In every ephemerides, or almanac!
Or if it must be in, that time and nature
Have decreed; still let it be a day
Of tickling prodigals about the gills,
Deluding gaping heirs, losing their loves,
And their discretions, falling from the favours
Of their best friends and parents, their own hopes,
And entering the society of canters.
Tho. A doleful day it is, and dismal times
Are come upon us! I am clear undone.
P. jun. How, Tom?
Tho. Why, broke, broke; wretchedly broke.
P. jun. Ha!
Tho. Our Staple is all to pieces, quite dissolv'd.
P. jun. Ha!
Tho. Shiver'd, as in an earthquake! heard you
The crack and ruins? we are all blown up! [not
Soon as they heard the Infanta was got from them,
Whom they had so devoured in their hopes,
To be their patroness, and sojourn with them,
Our emissaries, register, examiner,
Flew into vapour: our grave governor
Into a subtler air, and is return'd,
As we do hear, grand captain of the jeerers.
I and my fellow melted into butter,
And spoil'd our ink, and so the office vanish'd.
The last hum that it made, was, that your father
And Picklock are fall'n out, the man of law.
P. jun. [*starting up.*] How! this awakes me from my lethargy.
Tho. And a great suit is like to be between them:
Picklock denies the feoffment, and the trust,
Your father says he made of the whole estate
Unto him, as respecting his mortality,
When he first laid his late device, to try you.
P. jun. Has Picklock then a trust?
Tho. I cannot tell.
Here comes the worshipful——

[P. jun. *makes a sign to* THO., *who retires behind the hangings.*

Enter PICKLOCK.

Pick. What, my velvet heir
Turn'd beggar in mind, as robes!
P. jun. You see what case
Your, and my father's plots have brought me to.
Pick. Your father's, you may say, indeed, not mine.
He's a hard-hearted gentleman; I am sorry
To see his rigid resolution!
That any man should so put off affection,
And human nature, to destroy his own,
And triumph in a victory so cruel!
He's fallen out with me, for being yours,
And calls me knave, and traitor to his trust;
Says he will have me thrown over the bar——
P. jun. Have you deserv'd it?
Pick. O, good Heaven knows
My conscience, and the silly latitude of it;
A narrow-minded man! my thoughts do dwell
All in a lane, or line indeed; no turning,
Nor scarce obliquity in them. I still look
Right forward, to the intent and scope of that
Which he would go from now.
P. jun. Had you a trust then?
Pick. Sir, I had somewhat will keep you still lord
Of all the estate, if I be honest, as
I hope I shall. My tender scrupulous breast
Will not permit me see the heir defrauded,
And like an alien thrust out of the blood.
The laws forbid that I should give consent
To such a civil slaughter of a son!
P. jun. Where is the deed? hast thou it with [thee?
Pick. No.
It is a thing of greater consequence,
Than to be borne about in a black box,
Like a Low-Country vorloffe, or Welsh brief.
It is at Lickfinger's, under lock and key.
P. jun. O, fetch it hither.
Pick. I have bid him bring it,
That you might see it.
P. jun. Knows he what he brings?
Pick. No more than a gardener's ass, what roots he carries.
P. jun. I was a sending my father, like an ass,
A penitent epistle; but I am glad
I did not now.
Pick. Hang him, an austere grape,
That has no juice, but what is verjuice in him!
P. jun. I'll shew you my letter. [*Exit.*
Pick. Shew me a defiance!
If I can now commit father and son,
And make my profits out of both; commence
A suit with the old man for his whole state,
And go to law with the son's credit, undo
Both, both with their own money, it were a piece
Worthy my night-cap, and the gown I wear,
A Picklock's name in law.—Where are you, sir?
What do you do so long?

Re-enter PENNYBOY jun.

P. jun. I cannot find
Where I have laid it; but I have laid it safe.
Pick. No matter, sir; trust you unto my Trust,
'Tis that that shall secure you, an absolute deed!
And I confess it was in trust for you,
Lest any thing might have happen'd mortal to him:
But there must be a gratitude thought on,
And aid, sir, for the charges of the suit,
Which will be great, 'gainst such a mighty man
As is your father, and a man possest
Of so much land, Pecunia and her friends.
I am not able to wage law with him,
Yet must maintain the thing, as my own right,
Still for your good, and therefore must be bold
To use your credit for moneys.
P. jun. What thou wilt,
So we be safe, and the trust bear it.
Pick. Fear not,
'Tis he must pay arrearages in the end.
We'll milk him and Pecunia, draw their cream
Before he get the deed into his hands. [down,
My name is Picklock, but he'll find me a padlock.

Enter PENNYBOY Canter.

P. Can. How now! conferring with your learned counsel
Upon the cheat! Are you of the plot to cozen me?
P. jun. What plot?
P. Can. Your counsel knows there, master
Will you restore the trust yet? [Picklock,
Pick. Sir, take patience
And memory unto you, and bethink you,
What trust? where does't appear? I have your deed;
Doth your deed specify any trust? Is it not
A perfect act, and absolute in law,
Seal'd and deliver'd before witnesses,
The day and date emergent?
P. Can. But what conference,
What oaths and vows preceded?
Pick. I will tell you, sir,
Since I am urged of those; as I remember,
You told me you had got a grown estate,
By griping means, sinisterly——
P. Can. How!
Pick. And were
Even weary of it; if the parties lived
From whom you had wrested it——
P. Can. Ha!
Pick. You could be glad
To part with all, for satisfaction:
But since they had yielded to humanity,
And that just Heaven had sent you for a punishment,
You did acknowledge it, this riotous heir,
That would bring all to beggary in the end,
And daily sow'd consumption where he went—
P. Can. You would cozen both then? your confederate too?
Pick. After a long mature deliberation,
You could not think where better how to place
P. Can. Than on you, rascal? [it——
Pick. What you please, in your passion;
But with your reason, you will come about,
And think a faithful and a frugal friend
To be preferr'd.
P. Can. Before a son?
Pick. A prodigal,
A tub without a bottom, as you term'd him!
For which I might return you a vow or two,
And seal it with an oath of thankfulness,
I not repent it, neither have I cause; yet——
P. Can. Forehead of steel, and mouth of brass, hath impudence
Polish'd so gross a lie, and dar'st thou vent it?
Engine, composed of all mixt metals! hence,
I will not change a syllable with thee more.
Till I may meet thee at a bar in court,
Before thy judges.
Pick. Thither it must come,
Before I part with it to you, or you, sir.
P. Can. I will not hear thee.
P. jun. Sir, your ear to me though—
Not that I see through his perplexed plots,
And hidden ends; nor that my parts depend
Upon the unwinding this so knotted skean,
Do I beseech your patience. Unto me,
He hath confest the trust.
Pick. How! I confess it?
P. jun. Ay, thou false man.
P. Can. Stand up to him, and confront him.
Pick. Where, when, to whom?
P. jun. To me, even now, and here:
Canst thou deny it?
Pick. Can I eat or drink,
Sleep, wake, or dream, arise, sit, go, or stand,
Do any thing that's natural?
P. jun. Yes, lie
It seems thou canst, and perjure; that is natural.
Pick. O me, what times are these of frontless carriage!
An egg of the same nest! the father's bird!
It runs in a blood, I see.
P. jun. I'll stop your mouth.
Pick. With what?
P. jun. With truth.
Pick. With noise; I must have witness:
Where is your witness? you can produce witness?
P. jun. As if my testimony were not twenty,
Balanced with thine!
Pick. So say all prodigals,
Sick of self-love; but that's not law, young Scat-
I live by law. [tergood;
P. jun. Why, if thou hast a conscience,
That is a thousand witnesses.
Pick. No court
Grants out a writ of summons for the conscience,
That I know, nor subpœna, nor attachment.
I must have witness, and of your producing,
Ere this can come to hearing, and it must
Be heard on oath and witness.
P. jun. Come forth, Tom!

Re-enter THO. Barber.

Speak what thou heard'st, the truth, and the whole truth,
And nothing but the truth. What said this varlet?
Pick. A rat behind the hangings?
Tho. Sir, he said,
It was a trust! an act, the which your father
Had will to alter; but *his tender breast*
Would not permit to see the heir defrauded,
And, like an alien, thrust out of the blood.
The laws forbid that he should give consent
To such a civil slaughter of a son——
P. jun. And talk'd of a gratuity to be given,
And aid unto the charges of the suit;
Which he was to maintain in his own name,
But for my use, he said.
P. Can. It is enough.

Tho. And he *would milk Pecunia, and draw Her cream, before you got the trust again.* [*down*

P. Can. Your ears are in my pocket, knave, go
The little while you have them. [shake 'em

Pick. You do trust
To your great purse.

P. Can. I have you in a purse-net,
Good master Picklock, with your worming brain,
And wriggling engine-head of maintenance,
Which I shall see you hole with very shortly!
A fine round head, when those two lugs are off,
To trundle through a pillory! You are sure
You heard him speak this?

P. jun. Ay, and more.

Tho. Much more.

Pick. I'll prove yours maintenance and combi-
And sue you all. [nation,

P. Can. Do, do, my gowned vulture,
Crop in reversion! I shall see you quoited
Over the bar, as bargemen do their billets.

Pick. This 'tis, when men repent of their good deeds,
And would have 'em in again—They are almost mad:
But I forgive their *lucida intervalla.*

Enter LICKFINGER.

O, Lickfinger! come hither.

[*Comes forward with* LICKFINGER; *while* P. jun. *discovers the plot, aside, to his father, and that he is in possession of the deed.*

Where's my writing?

Lick. I sent it you, together with your keys.

Pick. How?

Lick. By the porter that came for it from you,
And by the token, you had given me the keys,
And bade me bring it.

Pick. And why did you not?

Lick. Why did you send a countermand?

Pick. Who, I?

Lick. You, or some other you, you put in trust.

Pick. In trust!

Lick. Your trust's another self, you know;
And without trust, and your trust, how should he
Take notice of your keys, or of my charge?

Pick. Know you the man?

Lick. I know he was a porter,
And a seal'd porter; for he bore the badge
On his breast, I am sure.

Pick. I am lost: a plot! I scent it.

Lick. Why, and I sent it by the man you sent,
Whom else I had not trusted.

Pick. Plague on your trust!
I am truss'd up among you—

P. jun. Or you may be.

Pick. In mine own halter; I have made the noose. [*Exit.*

P. jun. What was it, Lickfinger?

Lick. A writing, sir,
He sent for't by a token; I was bringing it,
But that he sent a porter, and he seem'd
A man of decent carriage.

P. Can. 'Twas good fortune!
To cheat the cheater, was no cheat, but justice.
Put off your rags, and be yourself again:
This act of piety and good affection
Hath partly reconciled me to you.

P. jun. Sir—

P. Can. No vows, no promises; too much protestation
Makes that suspected oft, we would persuade.

Lick. Hear you the news?

P. jun. The office is down, how should we?

Lick. But of your uncle?

P. jun. No.

Lick. He is run mad, sir.

P. Can. How, Lickfinger?

Lick. Stark staring mad, your brother,
He has almost kill'd his maid—

P. Can. Now heaven forbid!

Lick. But that she is cat-lived and squirrel-limb'd,
With throwing bed-staves at her: he has set wide
His outer doors, and now keeps open house
For all the passers by to see his justice.
First, he has apprehended his two dogs,
As being of the plot to cozen him;
And there he sits like an old worm of the peace,
Wrapp'd up in furs, at a square table, screwing,
Examining, and committing the poor curs
To two old cases of close-stools, as prisons:
The one of which he calls his Lollard's tower,
T'other his Block-house, 'cause his two dogs'
Are Block and Lollard. [names

P. jun. This would be brave matter
Unto the jeerers.

P. Can. Ay, if so the subject
Were not so wretched.

Lick. Sure I met them all,
I think, upon that quest.

P. Can. 'Faith, like enough:
The vicious still are swift to show their natures.
I'll thither too, but with another aim,
If all succeed well, and my simples take.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* PENNYBOY senior's *House.*

PENNYBOY sen. *discovered sitting at table with papers, &c. before him;* Porter, *and* Block *and* Lollard *(two dogs.)*

P. sen. Where are the prisoners?

Por. They are forth-coming, sir,
Or coming forth, at least.

P. sen. The rogue is drunk,
Since I committed them to his charge.—Come hither,
Near me, yet nearer; breathe upon me. [*He smells him.*] Wine!
Wine o' my worship! sack, Canary sack!
Could not your badge have been drunk with fulsom
Or beer, the porters element? but sack! [ale,

Por. I am not drunk; we had, sir, but one pint,
An honest carrier and myself.

P. sen. Who paid for't?

Por. Sir, I did give it him.

P. sen. What, and spend sixpence!
A frock spend sixpence! sixpence!

Por. Once in a year, sir.

P. sen. In seven years, varlet! know'st thou what thou hast done,
What a consumption thou hast made of a state?
It might please heav'n (a lusty knave and young)
To let thee live some seventy years longer,
Till thou art fourscore and ten, perhaps a hundred.
Say seventy years; how many times seven in seventy?
Why seven times ten, is ten times seven, mark me,
I will demonstrate to thee on my fingers.
Sixpence in seven year, use upon use,
Grows in that first seven year to be a twelve-pence;

That, in the next, two shillings; the third, four shillings;
The fourth seven year, eight shillings; the fifth, sixteen;
The sixth, two and thirty; the seventh, three pound four;
The eighth, six pound and eight; the ninth, twelve pound sixteen;
And the tenth seven, five and twenty pound
Twelve shillings. This thou art fall'n from by thy riot,
Should'st thou live seventy years, by spending sixpence
Once in the seven: but in a day to waste it!
There is a sum that number cannot reach!
Out of my house, thou pest of prodigality,
Seed of consumption, hence! a wicked keeper
Is oft worse than the prisoners. There's thy penny,
Four tokens for thee. Out, away! [*Exit* Por.] My dogs
May yet be innocent and honest: if not,
I have an entrapping question or two more,
To put unto them, a cross intergatory,
And I shall catch them. Lollard! Peace:
[*He calls forth Lollard.*
What whispering was that you had with Mortgage,
When you last lick'd her feet? the truth now. Ha!
Did you smell she was going? Put down that. *And not,*
Not to return? You are silent: good! And when
Leap'd you on Statute? *As she went forth?* Consent!
There was consent, as she was going forth.
'Twould have been fitter at her coming home,
But you knew *that she would not?* To your tower:
You are cunning, are you? I will meet your craft.
[*Commits him again.*
Block, show your face; leave your caresses: tell me,
[*Calls forth Block.*
And tell me truly, what affronts do you know
Were done Pecunia, that she left my house?
None, say you so? *not that you know?* or *will know?*
I fear me, I shall find you an obstinate cur.
Why did your fellow Lollard cry this morning?
'Cause Broker kick'd him? Why did Broker kick him?
Because he pist against my lady's gown?
Why, that was no affront, no, no distaste.
You knew of none? you are a dissembling tyke,
To your hole again, your Block-house. [*Commits him.*] Lollard, arise.
Where did you lift your leg up last, 'gainst what?
Are you struck dummerer now, and whine for mercy?
Whose kirtle was't you gnaw'd too, mistress Band's?
And Wax's stockings? Who? *Did Block bescumber*
Statute's white suit, with the parchment lace there;
And Broker's satin doublet? All will out,
They had offence, offence enough to quit me.
Appear, Block, foh! 'tis manifest; he shows it,
Should he forswear't, make all the affidavits
Against it, that he could afore the bench
And twenty juries, he would be convinced.
He bears an air about him doth confess it.

Enter CYMBAL, FITTON, SHUNFIELD, ALMANAC, *and* MADRIGAL *behind.*

To prison again, close prison. Not you, Lollard;
You may enjoy the liberty of the house:
And yet there is a quirk come in my head,
For which I must commit you too, and close.
Do not repine, it will be better for you—
Cym. This is enough to make the dogs mad too:
Let's in upon him. [*They come forward.*
P. sen. How now, what's the matter?
Come you to force the prisoners? make a rescue?
Fit. We come to bail your dogs.
P. sen. They are not bailable,
They stand committed without bail or mainprise,
Your bail cannot be taken.
Shun. Then the truth is,
We come to vex you.
Alm. Jeer you.
Mad. Bait you, rather.
Cym. A baited usurer will be good flesh.
Fit. And tender, we are told.
P. sen. Who is the butcher,
Amongst you, that is come to cut my throat?
Shun. You would die a calf's death fain; but
Is meant you. ['tis an ox's
Fit. To be fairly knock'd o' the head.
Shun. With a good jeer or two.
P. sen. And from your jaw-bone,
Don Assinigo?
Cym. Shunfield, a jeer; you have it.
Shun. I do confess, a swashing blow; but, Snarl,
You that might play the third dog, for your teeth
You have no money now?
Fit. No, nor no Mortgage.
Alm. Nor Band.
Mad. Nor Statute.
Cym. No, nor blushet Wax.
P. sen. Nor you no office, as I take it.
Shun. Cymbal,
A mighty jeer!
Fit. Pox o' these true jests, I say!
Mad. He'll turn the better jeerer.
Alm. Let's upon him,
And if we cannot jeer him down in wit——
Mad. Let's do't in noise.
Shun. Content.
Mad. Charge, man of war.
Alm. Lay him aboard.
Shun. We'll give him a broadside first.
Fit. Where is your venison now?
Cym. Your red-deer pies?
Shun. With your baked turkeys?
Alm. And your partridges?
Mad. Your pheasants and fat swans!
P. sen. Like you, turn'd geese.
Mad. But such as will not keep your Capitol.
Shun. You were wont to have your breams—
Alm. And trouts sent in.
Cym. Fat carps and salmons.
Fit. Ay, and now and then,
An emblem of yourself, an o'ergrown pike.
P. sen. You are a jack, sir.
Fit. You have made a shift
To swallow twenty such poor jacks ere now.
Alm. If he should come to feed upon poor John—
Mad. Or turn pure Jack-a-lent after all this?
Fit. Tut, he will live like a grasshopper——
Mad. On dew.
Shun. Or like a bear, with licking his own claws.
Cym. Ay, if his dogs were away.

Alm. He'll eat them first,
While they are fat.
Fit. Faith, and when they are gone,
Here's nothing to be seen beyond.
Cym. Except
His kindred spiders, natives of the soil.
Alm. Dust he will have enough here, to breed fleas.
Mad. But by that time he'll have no blood to rear them.
Shun. He will be as thin as a lanthorn, we shall see through him.
Alm. And his gut colon tell his *intestina*.
P. sen. Rogues! rascals!
[*The dogs bark.* (Bow, wow!)
Fit. He calls his dogs to his aid.
Alm. O, they but rise at mention of his tripes.
Cym. Let them alone, they do it not for him.
Mad. They bark *se defendendo*.
Shun. Or for custom,
As commonly curs do, one for another.

Enter LICKFINGER.

Lick. Arm, arm you, gentlemen jeerers! the old Canter
Is coming in upon you with his forces,
The gentleman that was the Canter.
Shun. Hence!
Fit. Away!
Cym. What is he?
Alm. Stay not to ask questions.
Fit. He is a flame.
Shun. A furnace.
Alm. A consumption,
Kills where he goes.
[CYM. FIT. MAD. ALM. *and* SHUN. *run off.*
Lick. See! the whole covey is scatter'd;
'Ware, 'ware the hawks! I love to see them fly.

Enter PENNYBOY Canter, PENNYBOY jun., PECUNIA, STATUTE, BAND, WAX, *and* MORTGAGE.

P. Can. You see by this amazement and distraction,
What your companions were, a poor, affrighted,
And guilty race of men, that dare to stand
No breath of truth; but conscious to themselves
Of their no-wit, or honesty, ran routed
At every panic terror themselves bred.
Where else, as confident as sounding brass,
Their tinkling captain, Cymbal, and the rest,
Dare put on any visor, to deride
The wretched, or with buffoon license jest
At whatsoe'er is serious, if not sacred.
P. sen. Who's this? my brother! and restored to life! [wits;
P. Can. Yes, and sent hither to restore your
If your short madness be not more than anger
Conceived for your loss! which I return you.
See here, your Mortgage, Statute, Band, and Wax,
Without your Broker, come to abide with you,
And vindicate the prodigal from stealing
Away the lady. Nay, Pecunia herself
Is come to free him fairly, and discharge
All ties, but those of love unto her person,
To use her like a friend, not like a slave,
Or like an idol. Superstition
Doth violate the deity it worships,
No less than scorn doth; and believe it, brother,
The use of things is all, and not the store:
Surfeit and fulness have kill'd more than famine.
The sparrow with his little plumage flies,
While the proud peacock, overcharg'd with pens,
Is fain to sweep the ground with his grown train,
And load of feathers.
P. sen. Wise and honour'd brother!
None but a brother, and sent from the dead,
As you are to me, could have alter'd me:
I thank my destiny, that is so gracious.
Are there no pains, no penalties decreed
From whence you come, to us that smother money
In chests, and strangle her in bags?
P. Can. O, mighty,
Intolerable fines, and mulcts imposed,
Of which I come to warn you: forfeitures
Of whole estates, if they be known and taken.
P. sen. I thank you, brother, for the light you have given me;
I will prevent them all. First, free my dogs,
Lest what I have done to them, and against law,
Be a præmunire; for by Magna Charta
They could not be committed as close prisoners,
My learned counsel tells me here, my cook:
And yet he shew'd me the way first.
Lick. Who did? I!
I trench the liberty of the subjects!
P. Can. Peace,
Picklock, your guest, that Stentor, hath infected you,
Whom I have safe enough in a wooden collar.
P. sen. Next, I restore these servants to their lady,
With freedom, heart of cheer, and countenance;
It is their year and day of jubilee.
Omnes. We thank you, sir.
P. sen. And lastly, to my nephew
I give my house, goods, lands, all but my vices,
And those I go to cleanse; kissing this lady,
Whom I do give him too, and join their hands.
P. Can. If the spectators will join theirs, we thank 'em.
P. jun. And wish they may, as I, enjoy Pecunia
Pec. And so Pecunia herself doth wish,
That she may still be aid unto their uses,
Not slave unto their pleasures, or a tyrant
Over their fair desires; but teach them all
The golden mean; the prodigal how to live;
The sordid and the covetous how to die:
That, with sound mind; this, safe frugality.
[*Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGUE.

Thus have you seen the maker's double scope,
To profit and delight; wherein our hope
Is, though the clout we do not always hit,
It will not be imputed to his wit:—
A tree so tried, and bent, as 'twill not start:
Nor doth he often crack a string of art;
Though there may other accidents as strange
Happen, the weather of your looks may change,
Or some high wind of misconceit arise,
To cause an alteration in our skies:
If so, we are sorry, that have so misspent
Our time and tackle; yet he's confident,
And vows, the next fair day he'll have us shoot
The same match o'er for him, if you'll come to't.

THE NEW INN; OR, THE LIGHT HEART.

TO THE READER.

If thou be such, I make thee my patron, and dedicate the piece to thee: if not so much, would I had been at the charge of thy better literature. Howsoever, if thou canst but spell, and join my sense, there is more hope of thee, than of a hundred fastidious impertinents, who were there present the first day, yet never made piece of their prospect the right way. What did they come for, then? thou wilt ask me. I will as punctually answer: To see, and to be seen: to make a general muster of themselves in their clothes of credit; and possess the stage against the play: to dislike all, but mark nothing. And by their confidence of rising between the acts, in oblique lines, make affidavit to the whole house, of their not understanding one scene. Armed with this prejudice, as the stage furniture, or arras-clothes, they were there, as spectators, away: for the faces in the hangings, and they, beheld alike. So I wish they may do ever; and do trust myself and my book, rather to thy rustic candour, than all the pomp of their pride, and solemn ignorance to boot. Fare thee well, and fall to. Read.

BEN JONSON.

But first,

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Lord Frampul, a noble gentleman, well educated, and bred a scholar in Oxford, was married young, to a virtuous gentlewoman, Sylly's daughter of the South, whose worth, though he truly enjoyed, he never could rightly value; but, as many green husbands, (given over to their extravagant delights, and some peccant humours of their own,) occasioned in his over-loving wife so deep a melancholy, by his leaving her in the time of her lying-in of her second daughter, she having brought him only two daughters, Frances and Lætitia: and (out of her hurt fancy) interpreting that to be a cause of her husband's coldness in affection, her not being blest with a son, took a resolution with herself, after her month's time, and thanksgiving rightly in the church, to quit her home, with a vow never to return, till by reducing her lord, she could bring a wished happiness to the family.

He in the mean time returning, and hearing of this departure of his lady, began, though over-late, to resent the injury he had done her: and out of his cock-brain'd resolution, entered into as solemn a quest of her. Since when, neither of them had been heard of. But the eldest daughter, Frances, by the title of Lady Frampul, enjoyed the estate her sister being lost young, and is the sole relict of the family. Here begins our Comedy.

ACT I.

This lady, being a brave, bountiful lady, and enjoying this free and plentiful estate, hath an ambitious disposition to be esteemed the mistress of many servants, but loves none. And hearing of a famous New-Inn, that is kept by a merry host, call'd Goodstock, in Barnet, invites some lords and gentlemen to wait on her thither, as well to see the fashions of the place, as to make themselves merry, with the accidents on the by. It happens there is a melancholy gentleman, one Master Lovel, hath been lodged there some days before in the inn, who (unwilling to be seen) is surprised by the lady, and invited by Prudence, the lady's chambermaid, who is elected governess of the sports in the inn for that day, and install'd their sovereign. Lovel is persuaded by the host, and yields to the lady's invitation, which concludes the first act. Having revealed his quality before to the host.

ACT II.

In this, Prudence and her lady express their anger conceiv'd at the tailor, who had promised to make Prudence a new suit, and bring it home, as on the eve, against this day. But he failing of his word, the lady had commanded a standard of her own best apparel to be brought down; and Prudence is so fitted. The lady being put in mind, that she is there alone without other company of women, borrows, by the advice of Prue, the host's son of the house, whom they dress, with the host's consent, like a lady, and send out the coachman with the empty coach, as for a kinswoman of her ladyship's, Mistress Lætitia Sylly, to bear her company: who attended with his nurse, an old charewoman in the inn, drest odly by the host's counsel, is believed to be a lady of quality, and so receiv'd, entertain'd, and love made to her by the young Lord Beaufort, &c. In the mean time the Fly of the Inn is discover'd to Colonel Glorious, with the Militia of the house, below the stairs, in the Drawer, Tapster, Chamberlain, and Hostler, inferior Officers; with the Coachman Trundle, Ferret, &c. And the preparation is made to the lady's design upon Lovel, his upon her, and the sovereign's upon both.

ACT III.

Here begins the Epitasis, or business of the Play.

Lovel, by the dexterity and wit of the sovereign of the sports, Prudence, having two hours assign'd him of free colloquy, and love-making to his mistress, one after dinner, the other after supper, the court being set, is demanded by the Lady Frampul, what love is: as doubting if there were any such power, or no. To whom he, first by definition, and after by argument, answers; proving and describing the effects of love so vively, as she who had derided the name of love before, hearing his discourse, is now so taken both with the man and his matter, as she confesseth herself enamour'd of him, and, but for the ambition she hath to enjoy the other hour, had presently declared herself: which gives both him and the spectators occasion to think she yet dissembles, notwithstanding the payment of her kiss, which he celebrates. And the court dissolves, upon news brought of a new lady, a newer coach, and a new coachman call'd Barnaby.

ACT IV.

The house being put into a noise, with the rumour of this new lady, and there being drinking below in the court, the colonel, Sir Glorious, with Bat Burst, a broken citizen, and Hodge Huffle, his champion; she falls into their hands, and being attended but with one footman, is uncivilly entreated by them, and a quarrel commenced, but is rescued by the valour of Lovel; which beheld by the Lady Frampul, from the window, she is invited up for safety, where coming, and conducted by the host, her gown is first discovered to be the same with the whole

suit, which was bespoken for Prue, and she herself, upon examination, found to be Pinnacia Stuff, the tailor's wife, who was wont to be pre-occupied in all his customers' best clothes, by the footman her husband. They are both condemned and censured, she stript like a doxy, and sent home a-foot. In the interim, the second hour goes on, and the question, at suit of the Lady Frampul, is changed from love to valour; which ended, he receives his second kiss, and, by the rigour of the sovereign, falls into a fit of melancholy, worse, or more desperate than the first.

ACT V.

Is the catastrophe, or knitting up of all, where Fly brings word to the host of the Lord Beaufort's being married privately in the New Stable, to the supposed lady, his son; which the host receives as an omen of mirth; but complains that Lovel is gone to bed melancholic, when Prudence appears drest in the new suit, applauded by her lady, and employed to retrieve Lovel. The host encounters them, with this relation of Lord Beaufort's marriage, which is seconded by the Lord Latimer, and all the servants of the house. In this while, Lord Beaufort comes in, and professes it, calls for his bed and bride-bowl to be made ready; the host forbids both, shews whom he hath married, and discovers him to be his son, a boy. The lord bridegroom confounded, the nurse enters like a frantic bedlamite, cries out on Fly, says she is undone in her daughter, who is confessed to be the Lord Frampul's child, sister to the other lady, the host to be their father, she his wife. He finding his children, bestows them one on Lovel, the other on the Lord Beaufort, the Inn upon Fly, who had been a gypsy with him; offers a portion with Prudence, for her wit, which is refused; and she taken by the Lord Latimer, to wife; for the crown of her virtue and goodness. And all are contented.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WITH SOME SHORT CHARACTERISM OF THE CHIEF ACTORS.

GOODSTOCK, *the Host, (play'd well,) alias the* Lord FRAMPUL. *He pretends to be a gentleman and a scholar, neglected by the times, turns host, and keeps an Inn, the sign of the Light-Heart, in Barnet: is supposed to have one only son, but is found to have none, but two daughters,* FRANCES, *and* LÆTITIA, *who was lost young, &c.*

LOVEL, *a complete Gentleman, a soldier and a scholar, is a melancholy guest in the Inn: first quarrell'd, after much honoured and beloved by the host. He is known to have been Page to the old* Lord BEAUFORT, *follow'd him in the French wars, after a companion of his studies, and left guardian to his son. He is assisted in his love to the* Lady FRAMPUL, *by the host and the chambermaid* PRUDENCE. *He was one that acted well too.*

FERRET, *who is called* STOTE *and* VERMIN, *is* LOVEL'S *Servant, a fellow of a quick, nimble wit, knows the manners and affections of people, and can make profitable and timely discoveries of them.*

FRANK, *supposed a boy, and the host's son, borrowed to be drest for a lady, and set up as a stale by* PRUDENCE, *to catch* BEAUFORT *or* LATIMER, *proves to be* LÆTITIA, *sister to* FRANCES, *and* Lord FRAMPUL'S *younger daughter, stolen by a beggar woman, shorn, put into boy's apparel, sold to the host, and brought up by him as his son.*

NURSE, *a poor Chare-Woman in the Inn, with one eye, that tends the boy, is thought the Irish beggar that sold him, but is truly the* Lady FRAMPUL, *who left her home melancholic, and jealous that her lord loved her not, because she brought him none but daughters; and lives unknown to her husband, as he to her.*

FRANCES, *supposed the* Lady FRAMPUL, *being reputed his sole daughter and heir, the barony descending upon her, is a lady of great fortune, and beauty, but phantastical; thinks nothing a felicity, but to have a multitude of servants, and be call'd mistress by them, comes to the Inn to be merry, with a chambermaid only, and her servants her guests, &c.*

PRUDENCE, *the Chambermaid, is elected sovereign of the sports in the Inn, governs all, commands, and so orders, as the* Lord LATIMER *is exceedingly taken with her, and takes her to his wife, in conclusion.*

LORD LATIMER, *and* LORD BEAUFORT, *are a pair of young lords, servants and guests to the* Lady FRAMPUL; *but as* LATIMER *falls enamour'd of* PRUDENCE, *so doth* BEAUFORT *on the boy, the host's son, set up for* LÆTITIA, *the younger sister, which she proves to be indeed.*

SIR GLORIOUS TIPTO, *a Knight, and Colonel, hath the luck to think well of himself, without a rival, talks gloriously of any thing, but very seldom is in the right. He is the lady's guest, and her servant too; but this day utterly neglects his service, or that him. For he is so enamour'd on the Fly of the Inn, and the Militia below stairs, with* HODGE HUFFLE *and* BAT BURST, *guests that come in, and* TRUNDLE, BARNABY, *&c. as no other society relisheth with him.*

FLY, *is the Parasite of the Inn, visitor-general of the house, one that had been a strolling gypsy, but now is reclaim'd, to be inflamer of the reckonings.*

PIERCE, *the Drawer, knighted by the* Colonel, *styled* Sir PIERCE, *and* YOUNG ANON, *one of the chief of the infantry.*

JORDAN, *the Chamberlain, another of the Militia, and an Officer, commands the tertia of the beds.*

JUG, *the Tapster, a thoroughfare of news.*

PECK, *the Hostler.*

BAT BURST, *a broken Citizen, an in-and-in man.*

HODGE HUFFLE, *a Cheater, his Champion.*

NICK STUFF, *the Ladies' Tailor.*

PINNACIA STUFF, *his Wife.*

TRUNDLE, *a Coachman.*

BARNABY, *a hired Coachman.*

STAGGERS, *the Smith,* TREE, *the Sadler,* } *only talked on.*

SCENE,—BARNET.

THE PROLOGUE.

You are welcome, welcome all to the New Inn:
Though the old house, we hope our cheer will win
Your acceptation: we have the same cook
Still, and the fat, who says, you shall not look
Long for your bill of fare, but every dish
Be serv'd in i' the time, and to your wish:
any thing be set to a wrong taste,
'Tis not the meat there, but the mouth's displaced,
Remove but that sick palate, all is well.
For this the secure dresser bade me tell,
Nothing more hurts just meetings, than a crowd;
Or, when the expectation's grown too loud:
That the nice stomach would have this or that,
And being ask'd, or urged, it knows not what

When sharp or sweet, have been too much a feast,
And both outlived the palate of the guest.
Beware to bring such appetites to the stage,
They do confess a weak, sick, queasy age;
And a shrewd grudging too of ignorance,
When clothes and faces 'bove the men advance:
Hear for your health, then, but at any hand,
Before you judge, vouchsafe to understand,
Concoct, digest: if then, it do not hit,
Some are in a consumption of wit,
Deep he dares say, he will not think, that all—
For hectics are not epidemical.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Inn.*

Enter Host, *followed by* Ferret.

Host. I am not pleased, indeed, you are in the right;
Nor is my house pleased, if my sign could speak,
The sign of the Light Heart. There you may
So may your master too, if he look on it. [read it;
A heart weigh'd with a feather, and outweigh'd too:
A brain-child of my own, and I am proud on't!
And if his worship think, here, to be melancholy,
In spite of me or my wit, he is deceived;
I will maintain the rebus against all humours,
And all complexions in the body of man,
That is my word, or in the isle of Britain!
Fer. You have reason, good mine host.
Host. Sir, I have rhyme too.
Whether it be by chance or art,
A heavy purse makes a light heart.
There 'tis exprest: first, by a purse of gold,
A heavy purse, and then two turtles, makes,
A heart with a light stuck in it, a Light Heart.
Old abbot Islip could not invent better,
Or prior Bolton with his bolt and ton.
I am an inn-keeper, and know my grounds,
And study them; brain o' man! I study them.
I must have jovial guests to drive my ploughs,
And whistling boys to bring my harvest home,
Or I shall hear no flails thwack. Here, your master
And you have been this fortnight, drawing fleas
Out of my mats, and pounding them in cages
Cut out of cards, and those roped round with pack thread
Drawn thorough birdlime, a fine subtility!
Or poring through a multiplying-glass,
Upon a captived crab-louse, or a cheese-mite
To be dissected, as the sports of nature,
With a neat Spanish needle! speculations
That do become the age, I do confess!
As measuring an ant's eggs with the silk-worm's,
By a phantastic instrument of thread,
Shall give you their just difference to a hair!
Or else recovering of dead flies with crumbs,
Another quaint conclusion in the physics,
Which I have seen you busy at, through the key-hole——
But never had the fate to see a fly

Enter Lovel.

Alive in your cups, or once heard, *Drink, mine host!*
Or such a cheerful chirping charm come from you.
Lov. What's that, what's that?
Fer. A buzzing of mine host
About a fly; a murmur that he has.
Host. Sir, I am telling your Stote here, monsieur Ferret,
For that I hear's his name, and dare tell you, sir,
If you have a mind to be melancholy, and musty,
There's Footman's inn at the town's end, the stocks,
Or Carrier's place, at sign of the Broken Wain,
Mansions of state! take up your harbour there,
There are both flies and fleas, and all variety
Of vermin, for inspection or dissection.
Lov. We have set our rest up here, sir, in your Heart.
Host. Sir, set your heart at rest, you shall not
Unless you can be jovial. Brain of man! [do it,
Be jovial first, and drink, and dance, and drink.
Your lodging here, and with your daily dumps,
Is a mere libel 'gain my house and me;
And, then, your scandalous commons—
Lov. How, mine host!
Host. Sir, they do scandal me upon the road
A poor quotidian rack of mutton, roasted [here
Dry to be grated! and that driven down
With beer and butter-milk, mingled together,
Or clarified whey instead of claret!
It is against my freehold, my inheritance,
My Magna Charta, *cor lætificat*,
To drink such balderdash, or bonny-clabber!
Give me good wine, or catholic, or christian,
Wine is the word that glads the heart of man:
And mine's the house of wine: Sack, says my bush,
Be merry, and *drink sherry*; that's my posie!
For I shall never joy in my light heart,
So long as I conceive a sullen guest,
Or any thing that's earthy.
Lov. Humorous host!
Host. I care not if I be.
Lov. But airy also!
Not to defraud you of your rights, or trench
Upon your privileges, or great charter,
For those are every hostler's language now,
Say, you were born beneath those smiling stars,
Have made you lord and owner of the Heart,
Of the Light Heart in Barnet: suffer us
Who are more saturnine, to enjoy the shade
Of your round roof yet.
Host. Sir, I keep no shades
Nor shelters, I, for either owls or rere-mice.

Enter Frank.

Fer. He'll make you a bird of night, sir.
Host. Bless you child!— [*Aside to* Frank
You'll make yourselves such.
Lov. That your son, mine host?
Host. He's all the sons I have, sir.
Lov. Pretty boy!
Goes he to school?
Fer. O lord, sir, he prates Latin,
An it were a parrot, or a play-boy.
Lov. Thou
Commend'st him fitly!
Fer. To the pitch he flies, sir.
He'll tell you what is Latin for a looking-glass,
A beard-brush, rubber, or quick-warming pan.

Lov. What's that?
Fer. A wench, in the inn-phrase, is all these;
A looking-glass in her eye,
A beard-brush with her lips,
A rubber with her hand,
And a warming-pan with her hips.
Host. This, in your scurril dialect: but my inn
Knows no such language.
Fer. That's because, mine host,
You do profess the teaching him yourself.
Host. Sir, I do teach him somewhat: by degrees,
And with a funnel, I make shift to fill
The narrow vessel; he is but yet a bottle.
Lov. O let him lose no time though.
Host. Sir, he does not.
Lov. And less his manners.
Host. I provide for those too.—
Come hither, Frank, speak to the gentleman
In Latin; he is melancholy: say,
I long to see him merry, and so would treat him.
Fra. *Subtristis visu' es esse aliquantulùm patri, qui te lautè excipere, etiam ac tractare gestit.*
Lov. *Pulchrè.*
Host. Tell him, I fear it bodes us some ill luck,
His too reservedness.
Fra. *Veretur pater, ne quid nobis mali ominis apportet iste nimis præclusus vultus.*
Lov. *Bellè.* A fine child!
You will not part with him, mine host?
Host. Who told you
I would not?
Lov. I but ask you.
Host. And I answer
To whom? for what?
Lov. To me, to be my page.
Host. I know no mischief yet the child hath
To deserve such a destiny. [done,
Lov. Why?
Host. Go down, boy,
And get your breakfast. [*Exeunt* FRANK *and* FERRET.]—Trust me, I had rather
Take a fair halter, wash my hands, and hang him
Myself, make a clean riddance of him, than——
Lov. What?
Host. Than damn him to that desperate course of life.
Lov. Call you that desperate, which by a line
Of institution, from our ancestors,
Hath been derived down to us, and received
In a succession, for the noblest way
Of breeding up our youth, in letters, arms,
Fair mein, discourses, civil exercise,
And all the blazon of a gentleman?
Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,
To move his body gracefuller, to speak
His language purer, or to tune his mind,
Or manners, more to the harmony of nature,
Than in these nurseries of nobility?
Host. Ay, that was when the nursery's self was
And only virtue made it, not the market, [noble,
That titles were not vented at the drum,
Or common out-cry; goodness gave the greatness,
And greatness worship: every house became
An academy of honour, and those parts——
We see departed, in the practice now
Quite from the institution.
Lov. Why do you say so,
Or think so enviously? do they not still
Learn there the Centaur's skill, the art of Thrace,
To ride? or Pollux' mystery, to fence?
The Pyrrhic gestures, both to dance and spring
In armour, to be active for the wars?
To study figures, numbers, and proportions,
May yield them great in counsels, and the arts
Grave Nestor and the wise Ulysses practised,
To make their English sweet upon their tongue,
As reverend Chaucer says?
Host. Sir, you mistake;
To play sir Pandarus, my copy hath it,
And carry messages to madam Cressid,
Instead of backing the brave steed, o' mornings,
To mount the chambermaid; and for a leap
Of the vaulting-horse, to ply the vaulting-house:
For exercise of arms, a bale of dice,
Or two or three packs of cards to shew the cheat,
And nimbleness of hand; mistake a cloak
From my lord's back, and pawn it; ease his pockets
Of a superfluous watch, or geld a jewel
Of an odd stone or so; twinge three or four buttons
From off my lady's gown: these are the arts,
Or seven liberal deadly sciences
Of pagery, or rather paganism,
As the tides run! to which, if he apply him
He may, perhaps, take a degree at Tyburn,
A year the earlier; come, to read a lecture
Upon Aquinas at St. Thomas à Waterings,
And so go forth a laureat in hemp circle!
Lov. You are tart, mine host, and talk above your seasoning,
O'er what you seem: it should not come, methinks,
Under your cap, this vein of salt and sharpness,
These strikings upon learning, now and then.
How long have you, if your dull guest may ask it,
Drove this quick trade, of keeping the Light Heart,
Your mansion, palace, here, or hostelry?
Host. Troth, I was born to somewhat, sir, above it.
Lov. I easily suspect that: mine host, your name?
Host. They call me Goodstock.
Lov. Sir, and you confess it,
Both in your language, treaty, and your bearing.
Host. Yet all, sir, are not sons of the white hen:
Nor can we, as the songster says, come all
To be wrapt soft and warm in fortune's smock.
When she is pleas'd to trick or tromp mankind,
Some may be coats, as in the cards; but, then,
Some must be knaves, some varlets, bawds, and
As aces, duces, cards of ten, to face it [ostlers.
Out in the game, which all the world is.—
Lov. But,
It being in your free-will (as 'twas) to choose
What parts you would sustain, methinks a man
Of your sagacity, and clear nostril, should
Have made another choice, than of a place
So sordid, as the keeping of an inn:
Where every jovial tinker, for his chink,
May cry, Mine host, to crambe! *Give us drink; And do not slink, but skink,* or *else you stink.*
Rogue, bawd, and cheater, call you by the surnames,
And known synonyma of your profession.
Host. But if I be no such, who then's the rogue,
In understanding, sir, I mean? who errs,
Who tinkles then, or personates Tom Tinker?
Your weazel here may tell you I talk bawdy,
And teach my boy it; and you may believe him;
But, sir, at your own peril, if I do not;
And at his too, if he do lie, and affirm it,
No slander strikes, less hurts, the innocent.
If I be honest, and that all the cheat

Be of myself, in keeping this Light Heart,
Where, I imagine all the world's a play;
The state, and men's affairs, all passages
Of life, to spring new scenes; come in, go out,
And shift, and vanish; and if I have got
A seat to sit at ease here, in mine inn,
To see the comedy; and laugh, and chuck
At the variety and throng of humours
And dispositions, that come justling in
And out still, as they one drove hence another;
Why will you envy me my happiness?
Because you are sad and lumpish; carry a load-
stone
In your pocket, to hang knives on; or jet rings,
To entice young straws to leap at them; are not
With the alacrities of an host! 'Tis more, [taken
And justlier, sir, my wonder, why you took
My house up, Fidlers-hall, the seat of noise,
And mirth, an inn here, to be drowsy in,
And lodge your lethargy in the Light Heart:
As if some cloud from court had been your
harbinger,
Or Cheapside debt-books, or some mistress' charge,
Seeing your love grow corpulent, gave it a diet,
By absence, some such mouldy passion!

Lov. 'Tis guess'd unhappily. [*Aside.*

Re-enter FERRET.

Fer. Mine host, you're call'd.

Host. I come, boys. [*Exit.*

Lov. Ferret, have not you been ploughing
With this mad ox, mine host, nor he with you?

Fer. For what, sir?

Lov. Why, to find my riddle out.

Fer. I hope you do believe, sir, I can find
Other discourse to be at, than my master,
With hosts and hostlers,

Lov. If you can, 'tis well:
Go down, and see, who they are come in, what
guests;
And bring me word. [*Exit* FERRET.

Lov. O love, what passion art thou!
So tyrannous and treacherous! first to enslave,
And then betray all that in truth do serve thee!
That not the wisest, nor the wariest creature,
Can more dissemble thee, than he can bear
Hot burning coals, in his bare palm, or bosom:
And less conceal, or hide thee, than a flash
Of enflamed powder, whose whole light doth lay it
Open to all discovery, even of those
Who have but half an eye, and less of nose.
An host, to find me! who is, commonly,
The log, a little of this side the sign-post;
Or at the best some round-grown thing, a jug
Faced with a beard, that fills out to the guests,
And takes in from the fragments of their jests!
But I may wrong this out of sullenness,
Or my mistaking humour: pray thee, phant'sy,
Be laid again: and, gentle melancholy,
Do not oppress me; I will be as silent
As the tame lover should be, and as foolish.

Re-enter HOST.

Host. My guest, my guest, be jovial, I beseech
thee.
I have fresh golden guests, guests of the game,
Three coachful! lords! and ladies! new come in;
And I will cry them to thee, and thee to them,
So I can spring a smile but in this brow,
That, like the rugged Roman alderman,
Old master Gross, surnam'd 'Αγέλαστος,
Was never seen to laugh, but at an ass.

Re-enter FERRET.

Fer. Sir, here's the lady Frampul.

Lov. How!

Fer. And her train,
Lord Beaufort, and lord Latimer, the colonel
Tipto, with mistress Prue, the chambermaid,
Trundle, the coachman——

Lov. Stop—discharge the house,
And get my horses ready; bid the groom
Bring them to the back gate. [*Exit* FERRET.

Host. What mean you, sir?

Lov. To take fair leave, mine host.

Host. I hope, my guest,
Though I have talk'd somewhat above my share,
At large, and been in the altitudes, the extrava-
gants,
Neither my self nor any of mine have given you
The cause to quit my house thus on the sudden.

Lov. No, I affirm it on my faith Excuse me
From such a rudeness; I was now beginning
To taste and love you: and am heartily sorry,
Any occasion should be so compelling,
To urge my abrupt departure thus. But——
Necessity's a tyrant, and commands it.

Host. She shall command me first to fire my
bush;
Then break up house: or, if that will not serve,
To break with all the world; turn country bankrupt
In mine own town, upon the market-day,
And be protested for my butter and eggs,
To the last bodge of oats, and bottle of hay.
Ere you shall leave me I will break my Heart;
Coach and coach-horses, lords and ladies pack:
All my fresh guests shall stink. I'll pull my sign
down,
Convert mine Inn to an alms-house, or a spittle
For lazars, or switch-sellers; turn it to
An academy of rogues; or give it away
For a free-school to breed up beggars in,
And send them to the canting universities,
Before you leave me!

Lov. Troth, and I confess
I am loth, mine host, to leave you: your expres-
sions
Both take and hold me. But, in case I stay,
I must enjoin you and your whole family
To privacy, and to conceal me; for
The secret is, I would not willingly
See, or be seen, to any of this ging,
Especially the lady.

Host. Brain o' man!
What monster is she, or cockatrice in velvet,
That kills thus?

Lov. O good words, mine host. She is
A noble lady, great in blood and fortune,
Fair, and a wit! but of so bent a phant'sy,
As she thinks nought a happiness, but to have
A multitude of servants; and to get them,
Though she be very honest, yet she ventures
Upon these precipices, that would make her
Not seem so, to some prying narrow natures.
We call her, sir, the lady Frances Frampul,
Daughter and heir to the lord Frampul.

Host. Who!
He that did live in Oxford, first a student,
And after, married with the daughter of——

Lov. Sylly.

Host. Right.
Of whom the tale went, to turn puppet-master.
Lov. And travel with young Goose, the motion-man.
Host. And lie and live with the gipsies half a year
Together, from his wife.
Lov. The very same:
The mad lord Frampul! and this same is his daughter,
But as cock-brain'd as e'er the father was!
There were two of them, Frances and Lætitia,
But Lætitia was lost young; and, as the rumour
Flew then, the mother upon it lost herself;
A fond weak woman, went away in a melancholy.
Because she brought him none but girls, she thought
Her husband loved her not: and he as foolish,
Too late resenting the cause given, went after,
In quest of her, and was not heard of since.
Host. A strange division of a family!
Lov. And scattered as in the great confusion!
Host. But yet the lady, the heir, enjoys the land?
Lov. And takes all lordly ways how to consume it
As nobly as she can: if clothes, and feasting,
And the authorised means of riot will do it.
Host. She shews her extract, and I honour her for it.

Re-enter FERRET.

Fer. Your horses, sir, are ready; and the house Dis——
Lov. —Pleased, thou think'st?
Fer. I cannot tell; discharged
I am sure it is.
Lov. Charge it again, good Ferret,
And make unready the horses; thou know'st how.
Chalk, and renew the rondels, I am now
Resolved to stay.
Fer. I easily thought so,
When you should hear what's purposed.
Lov. What?
Fer. To throw
The house out of the window.
Host. Brain o' man,
I shall have the worst of that! will they not throw
My household stuff out first, cushions and carpet,
Chairs, stools, and bedding? is not their sport my ruin?
Lov. Fear not, mine host, I am not of the fellowship.
Fer. I cannot see, sir, how you will avoid it;
They know already, all, you are in the house.
Lov. Who know?
Fer. The lords: they have seen me, and enquired [it.
Lov. Why were you seen?
Fer. Because indeed I had
No medicine, sir, to go invisible:
No fern-seed in my pocket; nor an opal
Wrapt in bay-leaf, in my left fist, to charm
Their eyes with.
Host. He does give you reasons, [sir,]
As round as Gyges' ring; which, say the ancients,
Was a hoop ring; and that is, round as a hoop.
Lov. You will have your rebus still, mine host.
Host. I must.
Fer. My lady too look'd out of the window, and call'd me.
And see where secretary Prue comes from her,
Employ'd upon some embassy unto you.
Host. I'll meet her if she come upon employment:—

Enter PRUDENCE.

Fair lady, welcome, as your host can make you!
Pru. Forbear, sir; I am first to have mine audience,
Before the compliment. This gentleman
Is my address to.
Host. And it is in state.
Pru. My lady, sir, is glad of the encounter
To find a servant here, and such a servant,
Whom she so values; with her best respects,
Desires to be remember'd; and invites
Your nobleness to be a part, to-day,
Of the society, and mirth intended
By her, and the young lords, your fellow-servants.
Who are alike ambitious of enjoying
The fair request; and to that end have sent
Me, their imperfect orator, to obtain it.
Which if I may, they have elected me,
And crown'd me, with the title of a sovereign
Of the day's sports devised in the inn,
So you be pleased to add your suffrage to it.
Lov. So I be pleased, my gentle mistress Prudence!
You cannot think me of that coarse disposition,
To envy you any thing.
Host. That's nobly said,
And like my guest!
Lov. I gratulate your honour,
And should, with cheer, lay hold on any handle
That could advance it: but for me to think,
I can be any rag or particle
Of your lady's care, more than to fill her list,
She being the lady, that professeth still
To love no soul or body, but for ends,
Which are her sports; and is not nice to speak this,
But doth proclaim it, in all companies—
Her ladyship must pardon my weak counsels,
And weaker will, if I decline to obey her.
Pru. O, master Lovel, you must not give credit
To all that ladies publicly profess,
Or talk o' the volée, unto their servants.
Their tongues and thoughts oft-times lie far asunder.
Yet when they please, they have their cabinet-counsels,
And reserv'd thoughts, and can retire themselves
As well as others.
Host. Ay, the subtlest of us.
All that is born within a lady's lips——
Pru. Is not the issue of their hearts, mine host
Host. Or kiss, or drink afore me.
Pru. Stay, excuse me;
Mine errand is not done. Yet, if her ladyship's
Slighting, or disesteem, sir, of your service,
Hath formerly begot any distaste,
Which I not know of; here I vow unto you,
Upon a chambermaid's simplicity,
Reserving still the honour of my lady,
I will be bold to hold the glass up to her,
To shew her ladyship where she hath err'd,
And how to tender satisfaction;
So you vouchsafe to prove but the day's venture.
Host. What say you, sir? where are you, are you within? [*Strikes* LOVEL *on the breast.*
Lov. Yes, I will wait upon her and the company.

Host. It is enough, queen Prudence; I will bring him:
And on this kiss.—[*Kisses her. Exit* PRUDENCE.]
I long'd to kiss a queen.
Lov. There is no life on earth, but being in love!
There are no studies, no delights, no business,
No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul,
But what is love! I was the laziest creature,
The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love!
And now, I can outwake the nightingale,
Out-watch an usurer, and out-walk him too;
Stalk like a ghost, that haunted 'bout a treasure,
And all that phant'sied treasure, it is love.
Host. But is your name Love-ill, sir, or Love-well?
I would know that.
Lov. I do not know't myself,
Whether it is; but it is love hath been
The hereditary passion of our house,
My gentle host, and, as I guess, my friend:
The truth is, I have loved this lady long,
And impotently, with desire enough,
But no success: for I have still forborne
To express it, in my person, to her.
Host. How then?
Lov. I have sent her toys, verses, and anagrams,
Trials of wit, mere trifles she has commended,
But knew not whence they came, nor could she guess.
Host. This was a pretty riddling way of wooing!
Lov. I oft have been too in her company;
And look'd upon her a whole day; admired her;
Loved her, and did not tell her so; loved still,
Look'd still, and loved; and loved, and look'd, and sigh'd:
But, as a man neglected, I came off,
And unregarded——
Host. Could you blame her, sir,
When you were silent, and not said a word?
Lov. O but I loved the more; and she might
Best in my silence, had she been—— [read it
Host. As melancholic.
As you are! Pray you, why would you stand mute, sir?
Lov. O, thereon hangs a history, mine host.
Did you e'er know, or hear of the lord Beaufort,
Who serv'd so bravely in France? I was his page,
And ere he died, his friend: I follow'd him,
First, in the wars, and, in the times of peace,
I waited on his studies; which were right.
He had no Arthurs, nor no Rosicleers,
No knights o' the sun, nor Amadis de Gauls,
Primalions, Pantagruels, public nothings;
Abortives of the fabulous dark cloyster,
Sent out to poison courts and infest manners:
But great Achilles, Agamemnon's acts,
Sage Nestor's counsels, and Ulysses' slights,
Tydides' fortitude, as Homer wrought them
In his immortal phant'sy, for examples
Of the heroic virtue. Or, as Virgil,
That master of the epic poem, limn'd
Pious Æneas, his religious prince,
Bearing his aged parent on his shoulders,
Rapt from the flames of Troy, with his young son:
And these he brought to practice, and to use.
He gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge,
Then shower'd his bounties on me, like the Hours,
That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men! But then
The trust committed to me at his death,
Was above all, and left so strong a tie
On all my powers, as time shall not dissolve,
Till it dissolve itself, and bury all!
The care of his brave heir, and only son:
Who being a virtuous, sweet, young, hopeful lord,
Hath cast his first affections on this lady.
And though I know, and may presume her such,
As, out of humour, will return no love;
And therefore might indifferently be made
The courting-stock, for all to practice on,
As she doth practice on all us, to scorn:
Yet, out of a religion to my charge,
And debt profess'd, I have made a self-decree,
Ne'er to express my person, though my passion
Burn me to cinders.
Host. Then you are not so subtle
Or half so read in love-craft as I took you;
Come, come, you are no phœnix; an you were,
I should expect no miracle from your ashes.
Take some advice. Be still that rag of love,
You are: burn on till you turn tinder.
This chambermaid may hap to prove the steel,
To strike a sparkle out of the flint, your mistress,
May beget bonfires yet; you do not know,
What light may be forced out, and from what darkness.
Lov. Nay, I am so resolv'd, as still I'll love,
Though not confess it.
Host. That's, sir, as it chances;
We'll throw the dice for it: cheer up.
Lov. I do. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Inn.*

Enter Lady FRAMPUL, *and* PRUDENCE *pinning on her lady's gown.*

Lady F. Come, wench, this suit will serve;—dispatch, make ready;
It was a great deal with the biggest for me,
Which made me leave it off after once wearing.
How does it fit? will it come together?
Pru. Hardly.
Lady F. Thou must make shift with it; pride feels no pain.
Girt thee hard, Prue. Pox o' this errant tailor,
He angers me beyond all mark of patience!
These base mechanics never keep their word,
In any thing they promise.
Pru. 'Tis their trade, madam,
To swear and break; they all grow rich by breaking
More than their words; their honesties and credits,
Are still the first commodity they put off.
Lady F. And worst, it seems; which makes them do it so often.

If he had but broke with me, I had not cared,
But with the company! the body politic!——
Pru. Frustrate our whole design, having that time,
And the materials in, so long before!
Lady F. And he to fail in all, and disappoint us!
The rogue deserves a torture———
Pru. To be cropp'd
With his own scissors.
Lady F. Let's devise him one.
Pru. And have the stumps sear'd up with his own searing candle.
Lady F. Close to his head, to trundle on his pillow.—
I'll have the lease of his house cut out in measures.
Pru. And he be strangled with them.
Lady F. No, no life
I would have touch'd, but stretch'd on his own yard
He should be a little, have the strappado—
Pru. Or an ell of taffata
Drawn through his guts, by way of glyster, and fired
With aqua vitæ.
Lady F. Burning in the hand
With the pressing-iron, cannot save him.
Pru. Yes,
Now I have got this on; I do forgive him,
What robes he should have brought.
Lady F. Thou art not cruel,
Although strait-laced, I see, Prue.
Pru. This is well.
Lady F. 'Tis rich enough, but 'tis not what I meant thee
I would have had thee braver than myself,
And brighter far. 'Twill fit the players yet,
When thou hast done with it, and yield thee somewhat.
Pru. That were illiberal, madam, and mere sordid
In me, to let a suit of yours come there.
Lady F. Tut, all are players, and but serve the scene, Prue:
Dispatch; I fear thou dost not like the province,
Thou art so long a fitting thyself for it.
Here is a scarf to make thee a knot finer.
Pru. You send me a-feasting, madam.
Lady F. Wear it, wench.
Pru. Yes; but with leave of your ladyship, I would tell you,
This can but bear the face of an odd journey.
Lady F. Why, Prue?
Pru. A lady of your rank and quality,
To come to a public inn, so many men,
Young lords and others, in your company,
And not a woman but myself, a chamber-maid!
Lady F. Thou doubt'st to be o'erlaid, Prue, fear it not,
I'll bear my part, and share with thee in the venture.
Pru. O but the censure, madam, is the main.
What will they say of you, or judge of me,
To be translated thus, above all the bound
Of fitness or decorum?
Lady F. How now, Prue!
Turn'd fool upon the sudden, and talk idly
In thy best clothes! shoot bolts and sentences
To affright babies with! as if I lived
To any other scale than what's my own,
Or sought myself, without myself, from home!
Pru. Your ladyship will pardon me my fault;
If I have over-shot, I'll shoot no more.
Lady F. Yes, shoot again, good Prue; I'll have thee shoot,
And aim, and hit; I know 'tis love in thee,
And so I do interpret it.
Pru. Then, madam,
I'd crave a farther leave.
Lady F. Be it to license,
It shall not want an ear, Prue. Say, what is it?
Pru. A toy I have, to raise a little mirth
To the design in hand.
Lady F. Out with it, Prue,
If it but chime of mirth.
Pru. Mine host has, madam,
A pretty boy in the house, a dainty child,
His son, and is of your ladyship's name, too, Francis,
Whom if your ladyship would borrow of him,
And give me leave to dress him as I would,
Should make the finest lady and kinswoman,
To keep you company, and deceive my lords,
Upon the matter, with a fountain of sport.
Lady F. I apprehend thee, and the source of mirth
That it may breed; but is he bold enough,
The child, and well assured?
Pru. As I am, madam:
Have him in no suspicion, more than me.
Here comes mine host; will you but please to ask him.
Or let me make the motion? [him.
Lady F. Which thou wilt, Prue.

Enter Host.

Host. Your ladyship, and all your train are welcome.
Lady F. I thank my hearty host.
Host. So is your sovereignty,
Madam, I wish you joy of your new gown.
Lady F. It should have been, my host; but Stuff, our tailor,
Has broke with us; you shall be of the counsel.
Pru. He will deserve it, madam. My lady has heard
You have a pretty son, mine host, she'll see him.
Lady F. Ay, very fain; I pray thee let me see him, host.
Host. Your ladyship shall presently.—
[*Goes to the door.*
Bid Frank come hither anon, unto my lady.—
It is a bashful child, homely brought up,
In a rude hostelry: but the Light Heart
Is now his father's, and it may be his.
Here he comes.—

Enter FRANK.

Frank, salute my lady.
Frank. I do
What, madam, I am design'd to do, by my birthright,
As heir of the Light Heart, bid you most welcome.
Lady F. And I believe your *most*, my pretty boy,
Being so emphased by you.
Frank. Your ladyship, madam,
If you believe it such, are sure to make it.
Lady F. Prettily answered! Is your name Francis?
Frank. Yes, madam.
Lady F. I love mine own the better.
Frank. If I knew yours,
I should make haste to do so too, good madam.
Lady F. It is the same with yours.
Frank. Mine then acknowledges
The lustre it receives, by being named after.
Lady F. You will win upon me in compliment.
Frank. By silence.

Lady F. A modest and a fair well-spoken child.
Host. Her ladyship shall have him, sovereign
Or what I have beside; divide my Heart [Prue,
Between you and your lady: make your use of it:
My house is yours, my son is yours. Behold,
I tender him to your service; Frank, become
What these brave ladies would have you. Only this,
There is a chare-woman in the house, his nurse,
An Irish woman, I took in a beggar,
That waits upon him, a poor, silly fool,
But an impertinent and sedulous one
As ever was; will vex you on all occasions,
Never be off, or from you, but in her sleep;
Or drink which makes it: she doth love him so,
Or rather doat on him. Now, for her, a shape,
And we may dress her, and I'll help to fit her,
With a tuft-taffata cloke, an old French hood,
And other pieces, heterogene enough.
Pru. We have brought a standard of apparel
Because this tailor fail'd us in the main. [down,
Host. She shall advance the game.
Pru. About it then,
And send but Trundle hither, the coachman, to me.
Host. I shall: but, Prue, let Lovel have fair quarter. [*Aside.*
Pru. The best. [*Exit* Host.
Lady F. Our host, methinks, is very gamesome.
Pru. How like you the boy?
Lady F. A miracle!
Pru. Good madam,
But take him in, and sort a suit for him.
I'll give our Trundle his instructions;
And wait upon your ladyship in the instant.
Lady F. But, Prue, what shall we call him, when we have drest him?
Pru. My lady Nobody, any thing, what you will.
Lady F. Call him Lætitia, by my sister's name,
And so 'twill mend our mirth too we have in hand.
[*Exit.*

Enter TRUNDLE.

Pru. Good Trundle, you must straight make ready the coach,
And lead the horses out but half a mile,
Into the fields, whither you will, and then
Drive in again, with the coach-leaves put down,
At the back gate, and so to the back stairs,
As if you brought in somebody to my lady,
A kinswoman that she sent for. Make that answer,
If you be ask'd; and give it out in the house so.
Trun. What trick is this, good mistress secretary,
You'd put upon us? [
Pru. Us! do you speak plural?
Trun. Me and my mares are us.
Pru. If you so join them,
Elegant Trundle, you may use your figures:
I can but urge, it is my lady's service.
Trun. Good mistress Prudence, you can urge
I know you are secretary to my lady, [enough;
And mistress steward.
Pru. You will still be trundling,
And have your wages stopt now at the audit.
Trun. 'Tis true, you are gentlewoman o' the horse too;
Or what you will beside, Prue. I do think it
My best t' obey you.
Pru. And I think so too, Trundle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Lord BEAUFORT *and* Lord LATIMER.

Lord B. Why, here's return enough of both our ventures,
If we do make no more discovery. [
Lord L. What?
Than of this parasite?
Lord B. O he's a dainty one!
The parasite of the house.
Lord L. Here comes mine host.

Enter Host.

Host. My lords, you both are welcome to the Heart.
Lord B. To the Light Heart, we hope. [
Lord L. And merry, I swear.
We never yet felt such a fit of laughter,
As your glad Heart hath offered us since we enter'd.
Lord B. How came you by this property?
Host. Who, my Fly?
Lord B. Your Fly, if you call him so.
Host. Nay, he is that,
And will be still.
Lord B. In every dish and pot?
Host. In every cup and company, my lords,
A creature of all liquors, all complexions,
Be the drink what it will, he'll have his sip.
Lord L. He's fitted with a name.
Host. And he joys in it.
I had him when I came to take the Inn here,
Assigned me over in the inventory,
As an old implement, a piece of household stuff,
And so he doth remain.
Lord B. Just such a thing
We thought him.
Lord L. Is he a scholar?
Host. Nothing less;
But colours for it as you see; wears black,
And speaks a little tainted, fly-blown Latin,
After the school.
Lord B. Of Stratford o' the Bow:
For Lillie's Latin is to him unknown.
Lord L. What calling has he?
Host. Only to call in still,
Enflame the reckoning, bold to charge a bill,
Bring up the shot in the rear, as his own word is.
Lord B. And does it in the discipline of the house,
As corporal of the field, maestro del campo?
Host. And visiter general of all the rooms:
He has form'd a fine militia for the Inn too.
Lord B. And means to publish it?
Host. With all his titles;
Some call him deacon Fly, some doctor Fly;
Some captain, some lieutenant: but my folks
Do call him quarter-master Fly, which he is.

Enter Colonel TIPTO *and* FLY.

Tip. Come, quarter-master Fly.
Host. Here's one already
Hath got his titles.
Tip. Doctor.
Fly. Noble colonel,
No doctor, yet a poor professor of ceremony,
Here in the Inn, retainer to the host,
I discipline the house.
Tip. Thou read'st a lecture
Unto the family here: when is the day?
Fly. This is the day.
Tip. I'll hear thee, and I'll have thee a doctor,
Thou shalt be one, thou hast a doctor's look,
A face disputative, of Salamanca.

Host. Who's this?
Lord L. The glorious colonel Tipto, host.
Lord B. One talks upon his tiptoes, if you'll hear him.
Tip. Thou hast good learning in thee; *macte*,
Fly. And I say *macte* to my colonel. [Fly.
Host. Well *macted* of them both.
Lord B. They are match'd, i' faith.
Tip. But, Fly, why *macte?*
Fly. *Quasi magis aucte*,
My honourable colonel.
Tip. What a critic!
Host. There is another accession, critic Fly.
Lord L. I fear a taint here in the mathematics.
They say, lines parallel do never meet;
He has met his parallel in wit and school-craft.
Lord B. They side, not meet, man; mend your metaphor,
And save the credit of your mathematics.
Tip. But Fly, how cam'st thou to be here, committed
Unto this Inn? [
Fly. Upon suspicion of drink, sir.
I was taken late one night here with the tapster,
And the under officers, and so deposited.
Tip. I will redeem thee, Fly, and place thee better,
With a fair lady. [
Fly. A lady, sweet sir Glorious!
Tip. A sovereign lady. Thou shalt be the bird
To sovereign Prue, queen of our sports, her Fly,
The Fly in household and in ordinary;
Bird of her ear, and she shall wear thee there,
A Fly of gold, enamell'd, and a school-fly.
Host. The school then, are my stables, or the cellar,
Where he doth study deeply, at his hours,
Cases of cups, I do not know how spiced
With conscience, for the tapster and the hostler; as
Whose horses may be cosen'd, or what jugs
Fill'd up with froth? that is his way of learning.
Tip. What antiquated feather's that that talks?
Fly. The worshipful host, my patron, master Goodstock,
A merry Greek, and cants in Latin comely,
Spins like the parish top.
Tip. I'll set him up then.—
Art thou the Dominus?
Host. Fac-totum here, sir.
Tip. Host real of the house, and cap of maintenance?
Host. The lord of the Light Heart, sir, capa-pie;
Whereof the feather is the emblem, colonel,
Put up with the ace of hearts.
Tip. But why in cuerpo?
I hate to see an host, and old, in cuerpo.
Host. Cuerpo! what's that?
Tip. Light-skipping hose and doublet,
The horse-boy's garb! poor blank and half blank
They relish not the gravity of an host, cuerpo,
Who should be king at arms, and ceremonies,
In his own house; know all, to the gold weights.
Lord B. Why, that his Fly doth for him here, your bird.
Tip. But I would do it myself were I my host,
I would not speak unto a cook of quality,
Your lordship's footman, or my lady's Trundle,
In cuerpo: if a dog but stay'd below,
That were a dog of fashion, and well nosed,
And could present himself; I would put on
The Savoy chain about my neck, the ruff
And cuffs of Flanders, then the Naples hat,
With the Rome hatband, and the Florentine agat,
The Milan sword, the cloke of Genoa, set
With Brabant buttons; all my given pieces,
Except my gloves, the natives of Madrid,
To entertain him in; and compliment
With a tame coney, as with a prince that sent it.
Host. The same deeds, though, become not every man;
That fits a colonel will not fit an host.
Tip. Your Spanish host is never seen in cuerpo,
Without his paramentos, cloke and sword.
Fly. Sir,
He has the father of swords within, a long sword;
Blade Cornish styled of sir Rud Hughdebras.
Tip. And why a long sword, bully bird? thy sense?
Fly. To note him a tall man, and a master of fence.
Tip. But doth he teach the Spanish way of don Lewis?
Fly. No, the Greek master he. [
Tip. What call you him?
Fly. Euclid.
Tip. Fart upon Euclid, he is stale and antic!
Give me the moderns.
Fly. Sir, he minds no moderns,
Go by, Hieronimo!
Tip. What was he?
Fly. The Italian,
That play'd with abbot Antony in the Friars,
And Blinkinsops the bold.
Tip. Ay, marry, those
Had fencing names; What is become of them?
Host. They had their times, and we can say, they were.
So had Caranza his; so had don Lewis.
Tip. Don Lewis of Madrid is the sole master
Now of the world.
Host. But this of the other world,
Euclid demonstrates. He! he is for all:
The only fencer of name, now in Elysium.
Fly. He does it all by lines and angles, colonel;
By parallels and sections, has his diagrams.
Lord B. Wilt thou be flying, Fly?
Lord L. At all, why not?
The air's as free for a fly as for an eagle.
Lord B. A buzzard! he is in his contemplation.
Tip. Euclid a fencer, and in the Elysium!
Host. He play'd a prize last week with Archimedes,
And beat him, I assure you. [
Tip. Do you assure me?
For what?
Host. For four i' the hundred. Give me five,
And I assure you again.
Tip. Host peremptory,
You may be ta'en. But where, whence had you this?
Host. Upon the road. A post that came from thence,
Three days ago, here, left it with the tapster.
Fly. Who is indeed a thoroughfare of news,
Jack Jug with the broken belly, a witty fellow!
Host. Your bird here heard him.
Tip. Did you hear him, bird?
Host. Speak in the faith of a Fly. [*Exit.*
Fly. Yes, and he told us
Of one that was the prince of Orange' fencer.
Tip. Stevinus?
Fly. Sir, the same had challenged Euclid
At thirty weapons more than Archimedes
E'er saw, and engines; most of his own invention.

Tip. This may have credit, and chimes reason,
If any man endanger Euclid, bird, [this!
Observe, that had the honour to quit Europe
This forty year, 'tis he. He put down Scaliger.
Fly. And he was a great master.
Lord B. Not of fence, Fly.
Tip. Excuse him, lord, he went on the same grounds.
Lord B. On the same earth, I think, with other mortals.
Tip. I mean, sweet lord, the mathematics. Basta!
When thou know'st more, thou wilt take less green honour.
He had his circles, semicircles, quadrants—
Fly. He writ a book of the quadrature of the
Tip. Cyclometria, I read—— [circle—
Lord B. The title only.
Lord L. And indice.
Lord B. If it had one; of that, quære?—
What insolent, half-witted things these are!
Lord L. So are all smatterers, insolent and
Lord B. They lightly go together. [impudent.
Lord L. 'Tis my wonder
Two animals should hawk at all discourse thus,
Fly every subject to the mark, or retrieve——
Lord B. And never have the luck to be in the
Lord L. 'Tis some folks fortune. [right!
Lord B. Fortune is a bawd,
And a blind beggar; 'tis their vanity,
And shews most vilely.
Tip. I could take the heart now
To write unto don Lewis into Spain,
To make a progress to the Elysian fields
Next summer——
Lord B. And persuade him die for fame,
Of fencing with a shadow! Where's mine host?
I would he had heard this bubble break, i'faith.

Re-enter Host, *with* PRUDENCE *richly dressed*, FRANK *as a lady*, Nurse, *and* Lady FRAMPUL.

Host. Make place, stand by, for the queen-regent, gentlemen!
Tip. This is thy queen that shall be, bird, our
Lord B. Translated Prudence! [sovereign.
Pru. Sweet my lord, hand off:
It is not now, as when plain Prudence lived,
And reach'd her ladyship——
Host. The chamber pot.
Pru. The looking-glass, mine host: lose your house metaphor!
You have a negligent memory indeed.
Speak the host's language. Here is a young lord
Will make't a precedent else.
Lord L. Well acted, Prue.
Host. First minute of her reign! What will she
Forty years hence, God bless her! [do
Pru. If you'll kiss,
Or compliment, my lord, behold a lady,
A stranger, and my lady's kinswoman.
Lord B. I do confess my rudeness, that had
To have mine eye directed to this beauty. [need
Frank. It was so little, as it ask'd a perspicil.
Lord B. Lady, your name?
Frank. My lord, it is Lætitia.
Lord B. Lætitia! a fair omen, and I take it:
Let me have still such Lettice for my lips.
But that of your family, lady?
Frank. Sylly, sir.
Lord B. My lady's kinswoman?
Frank. I am so honour'd.
Host. Already it takes. [*Aside to* Lady F.
Lady F. An excellent fine boy.
Nurse. He is descended of a right good stock,
Lord B. What's this, an antiquary? [sir.
Host. An antiquity,
By the dress, you'd swear! an old Welsh herald's widow:
She's a wild Irish born, sir, and a hybride,
That lives with this young lady a mile off here,
And studies Vincent against York.
Lord B. She'll conquer
If she read Vincent. Let me study her.
Host. She's perfect in most pedigrees, most descents.
Lord B. A bawd, I hope, and knows to blaze a coat. [*Aside.*
Host. And judgeth all things with a single eye.
Fly, come you hither! no discovery
Of what you see, to your colonel Toe, or Tip, here,
But keep all close; though you stand in the way o' preferment,
Seek it off from the road; no flattery for't,
No lick-foot, pain of losing your proboscis,
My liquorish fly. [*Aside to* FLY.
Tip. What says old velvet-head?
Fly. He will present me himself, sir, if you will not.
Tip. Who, he present! what? whom? an host, a groom,
Divide the thanks with me? share in my glories?
Lay up: I say no more.
Host. Then silence, sir,
And hear the sovereign.
Tip. Hostlers to usurp
Upon my Sparta or province, as they say!
No broom but mine!
Host. Still, colonel, you mutter.
Tip. I dare speak out, as cuerpo.
Fly. Noble colonel——
Tip. And carry what I ask——
Host. Ask what you can, sir,
So it be in the house.
Tip. I ask my rights and privileges;
And though for form I please to call't a suit,
I have not been accustomed to repulse.
Pru. No, sweet sir Glorious, you may still command—
Host. And go without.
Pru. But yet, sir, being the first,
And call'd a suit, you'll look it shall be such
As we may grant.
Lady F. It else denies itself.
Pru. You hear the opinion of the court.
Tip I mind no court opinions.
Pru 'Tis my lady's, though.
Tip My lady is a spinster at the law,
And my petition is of right.
Pru. What is it?
Tip. It is for this poor learned bird.
Host. The fly.
Tip. Professor in the Inn, here, of small mat-
Lord L. How he commends him! [ters
Host. As to save himself in him.
Lady F. So do all politics in their commendations.
Host. This is a state-bird, and the verier fly.
Tip. Hear him problematize.
Pru. Bless us, what's that?
Tip. Or syllogize, elenchize.

Lady F. Sure, petards
To blow us up.
Lord L. Some enginous strong words.
Host. He means to erect a castle in the air,
And make his fly an elephant to carry it.
Tip. Bird of the arts he is, and Fly by name.
Pru. Buz!
Host. Blow him off, good Prue, they'll mar all else.
Tip. The sovereign's honour is to cherish learn-
Pru. What in a fly? [ing.
Tip. In any thing industrious.
Pru. But flies are busy.
Lady F. Nothing more troublesome,
Or importune.
Tip. There's nothing more domestic,
Tame or familiar, than your fly in cuerpo.
Host. That is when his wings are cut, he is tame indeed, else
Nothing more impudent and greedy; licking—
Lady F. Or saucy, good sir Glorious.
Pru. Leave your advocateship,
Except that we shall call you orator Fly,
And send you down to the dresser and the dishes.
Host. A good flap that!
Pru. Commit you to the steam.
Lady F. Or else condemn you to the bottles.
Pru. And pots.
There is his quarry.
Host. He will chirp far better,
Your bird, below.
Lady F. And make you finer music.
Pru. His buz will there become him.
Tip. Come away,
Buz, in their faces: give them all the buz,
Dor in their ears and eyes, hum, dor, and buz!
I will statuminate and under-prop thee.
If they scorn us, let us scorn them—We'll find
The thoroughfare below, and quære him;
Leave these relicts, buz: they shall see that I,
Spite of their jeers, dare drink, and with a fly.
[*Exeunt* TIPTO *and* FLY.
Lord L. A fair remove at once of two impertinents!
Excellent Prue, I love thee for thy wit,
No less than state.
Pru. One must preserve the other.

Enter LOVEL.

Lady F. Who's here?
Pru. O Lovel, madam, your sad servant.
Lady F. Sad! he is sullen still, and wears a cloud
About his brows; I know not how to approach him.
Pru. I will instruct you, madam, if that be all;
Go to him, and kiss him.
Lady F. How, Prue!
Pru. Go, and kiss him,
I do command it.
Lady F. Thou art not wild, wench.
Pru. No,
me, and exceeding tame, but still your sovereign.
Lady F. Hath too much bravery made thee mad?
Pru. Nor proud.
Do what I do enjoin you. No disputing
Of my prerogative, with a front, or frown;
Do not detract; you know the authority
Is mine, and I will exercise it swiftly,
If you provoke me.
Lady F. I have woven a net
To snare myself in!—[*To* LOVEL.] Sir, I am en-
To tender you a kiss: but do not know [join'd
Why, or wherefore, only the pleasure royal
Will have it so, and urges——Do not you
Triumph on my obedience, seeing it forced thus.
There 'tis. [*Kisses him.*
Lov. And welcome.—Was there ever kiss
That relish'd thus! or had a sting like this,
Of so much nectar, but with aloes mixt! [*Aside.*
Pru. No murmuring nor repining, I am fixt.
Lov. It had, methinks, a quintessence of either,
But that which was the better, drown'd the bitter.
How soon it pass'd away, how unrecover'd!
The distillation of another soul
Was not so sweet; and till I meet again
That kiss, those lips, like relish, and this taste,
Let me turn all consumption, and here waste.
[*Aside.*
Pru. The royal assent is past and cannot alter.
Lady F. You'll turn a tyrant.
Pru. Be not you a rebel.
It is a name is alike odious.
Lady F. You'll hear me?
Pru. No, not on this argument.
Would you make laws, and be the first that break
The example is pernicious in a subject, [them?
And of your quality, most.
Lord L. Excellent princess!
Host. Just queen!
Lord L. Brave sovereign!
Host. A she Trajan, this!
Lord B. What is't? proceed, incomparable Prue;
I am glad I am scarce at leisure to applaud thee.
Lord L. It's well for you, you have so happy expressions.
Lady F. Yes, cry her up with acclamations, do,
And cry me down; run all with sovereignty:
Prince Power will never want her parasites——
Pru. Nor murmur her pretences: master Lovel,
For so your libel here, or bill of complaint,
Exhibited, in our high court of sovereignty,
At this first hour of our reign, declares
Against this noble lady, a disrespect
You have conceived, if not received, from her.
Host. Received; so the charge lies in our bill.
Pru. We see it, his learned counsel, leave your
We that do love our justice above all [planing.
Our other attributes, and have the nearness,
To know your extraordinary merit,
As also to discern this lady's goodness,
And find how loth she'd be to lose the honour
And reputation she hath had, in having
So worthy a servant, tho' but for few minutes;
Do here enjoin—
Host. Good!
Pru. Charge, will, and command
Her ladyship, pain of our high displeasure,
And the committing an extreme contempt
Unto the court, our crown, and dignity—
Host. Excellent sovereign, and egregious Prue!
Pru. To entertain you for a pair of hours,
Choose, when you please, this day, with all respects,
And valuation of a principal servant,
To give you all the titles, all the privileges,
The freedoms, favours, rights, she can bestow—
Host. Large ample words, of a brave latitude!
Pru. Or can be expected, from a lady of honour
Or quality, in discourse, access, address—
Host. Good!
Pru. Not to give ear, or admit conference

With any person but yourself: nor there,
Of any other argument but LOVE,
And the companion of it, gentle courtship.
For which your two hours' service, you shall take
Two kisses.
Host. Noble!
Pru. For each hour a kiss,
To be ta'en freely, fully, and legally,
Before us; in the court here, and our presence.
Host. Rare!
Pru. But those hours past, and the two kisses
The binding caution is, never to hope [paid,
Renewing of the time, or of the suit,
On any circumstance.
Host. A hard condition!
Lord L. Had it been easier, I should have
The sovereign's justice. [suspected
Host. O you are [a] servant,
My lord, unto the lady, and a rival:
In point of law, my lord, you may be challenged.
Lord L. I am not jealous.
Host. Of so short a time
Your lordship needs not, and being done *in foro.*
Pru. What is the answer?
Host. He craves respite, madam,
To advise with his learned council.
Pru. Be you he,
And go together quickly.
[LOVEL *and* HOST *walk aside.*
Lady F. You are no tyrant!
Pru. If I be, madam, you were best appeal me.
Lord L. Beaufort——
Lord B. I am busy, prithee let me alone;
I have a cause in hearing too.
Lord L. At what bar?
Lord B. Love's court of Requests.
Lord L. Bring it into the sovereignty,
It is the nobler court, afore judge Prue;
The only learned mother of the law,
And lady of conscience, too!
Lord B. 'Tis well enough
Before this mistress of requests, where it is.
Host. Let them not scorn you: bear up, master Lovel,
And take your hours and kisses, they are a fortune.
Lov. Which I cannot approve, and less make use of. [use of?
Host. Still in this cloud! why cannot you make
Lov. Who would be rich to be so soon undone?
The beggar's best is wealth he doth not know;
And, but to shew it him, inflames his want.
Host. Two hours at height!
Lov. That joy is too, too narrow,
Would bound a love so infinite as mine;
And being past, leaves an eternal loss.
Who so prodigiously affects a feast,
To forfeit health and appetite, to see it?
Or but to taste a spoonful, would forego
All gust of delicacy ever after?
Host. These, yet, are hours of hope.
Lov. But all hours following
Years of despair, ages of misery!
Nor can so short a happiness, but spring
A world of fear, with thought of losing it;
Better be never happy, than to feel
A little of it, and then lose it ever.
Host. I do confess, it is a strict injunction;
But then the hope is, it may not be kept.
A thousand things may intervene; we see
The wind shift often, thrice a day sometimes:
Decrees may alter upon better motion,
And riper hearing. The best bow may start,
And the hand vary. Prue may be a sage
In law, and yet not sour; sweet Prue, smooth Prue,
Soft, debonaire, and amiable Prue,
May do as well as rough and rigid Prue;
And yet maintain her, venerable Prue,
Majestic Prue, and serenissimous Prue.
Try but one hour first, and as you like
The loose of that, draw home and prove the other.
Lov. If one hour could the other happy make,
I should attempt it.
Host. Put it on; and do.
Lov. Or in the blest attempt that I might die!
Host. Ay, marry, there were happiness indeed!
Transcendent to the melancholy, meant.
It were a fate above a monument,
And all inscription, to die so! A death
For emperors to enjoy, and the kings
Of the rich East to pawn their regions for;
To sow their treasure, open all their mines,
Spend all their spices to embalm their corps,
And wrap the inches up in sheets of gold,
That fell by such a noble destiny!
And for the wrong to your friend, that fear's away,
He rather wrongs himself, following fresh light,
New eyes to swear by. If lord Beaufort change,
It is no crime in you to remain constant,
And upon these conditions, at a game
So urg'd upon you.
Pru. Sir, your resolution?
Host. How is the lady affected?
Pru. Sovereigns use not
To ask their subjects' suffrage where 'tis due,
But where conditional.
Host. A royal sovereign!
Lord L. And a rare stateswoman! I admire her
In her new regiment. [bearing
Host. Come, choose your hours,
Better be happy for a part of time,
Than not the whole; and a short part, than never.
Shall I appoint them, pronounce for you?
Lov. Your pleasure. [dinner;
Host. Then he designs his first hour after
His second after supper. Say ye, content?
Pru. Content.
Lady F. I am content.
Host. Content.
Frank. Content.
Lord B. What's that? I am content too.
Lord L. You have reason,
You had it on the bye, and we observed it.
Nur. Trot' I am not content: in fait' I am not. [nien?
Host. Why art not thou content, good Shelee-
Nurse. He tauk so desperate, and so debausht,
So baudy like a courtier and a lord,
God bless him, one that tak'th tobacco.
Host. Very well mixt!
What did he say?
Nurse. Nay, nothing to the purposh,
Or very little, nothing at all to purposh.
Host. Let him alone, Nurse.
Nurse. I did tell him of Serly
Was a great family come out of Ireland,
Descended of O Neal, Mac Con, Mac Dermot,
Mac Murrogh, but he mark'd not.
Host. Nor do I;
Good queen of heralds, ply the bottle, and sleep.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Lower Room in the Inn.*

Enter Col. TIPTO, FLY, *and* JUG.

Tip. I like the plot of your militia well.
It is a fine militia, and well order'd,
And the division's neat! 'twill be desired
Only, the expressions were a little more Spanish;
For there's the best militia of the world.
To call them tertias—tertia of the kitchen,
Tertia of the cellar, tertia of the chamber,
And tertia of the stables.
Fly. That I can, sir;
And find out very able, fit commanders
In every tertia.
Tip. Now you are in the right.
As in the tertia of the kitchen, yourself,
Being a person elegant in sauces,
There to command, as prime maestro del campo,
Chief master of the palate, for that tertia,
Or the cook under you; 'cause you are the marshal,
And the next officer in the field, to the host.
Then for the cellar, you have young Anon,
Is a rare fellow—what's his other name?
Fly. Pierce, sir.
Tip. Sir Pierce, I'll have him a cavalier.
Sir Pierce Anon will pierce us a new hogshead.
And then your thoroughfare, Jug here, his alfarez:
An able officer, give me thy beard, round Jug,
I take thee by this handle, and do love
One of thy inches. In the chambers, Jordan here;
He is the don del campo of the beds.
And for the stables, what's his name?
Fly. Old Peck.
Tip. Maestro del campo, Peck! his name is curt,
A monosyllable, but commands the horse well.
Fly. O, in an inn, sir, we have other horse,
Let those troops rest a while. Wine is the horse,
That we must charge with here.
Tip. Bring up the troops,
Or call, sweet Fly; 'tis an exact militia,
And thou an exact professor; Lipsius Fly
Thou shalt be call'd, and Jouse:—

Enter FERRET *and* TRUNDLE.

Jack Ferret, welcome.
Old trench-master, and colonel of the pioneers,
What canst thou bolt us now; a coney or two
Out of Tom Trundle's burrow, here, the coach?
This is the master of the carriages.
How is thy driving, Tom, good, as it was?
Trun. It serves my lady, and our officer Prue.
Twelve miles an hour! Tom has the old trundle still.
Tip. I am taken with the family here, fine
Viewing the muster-roll. [fellows!
Trun. They are brave men.
Fer. And of the Fly-blown discipline all, the quarter-master.
Tip. The Fly is a rare bird in his profession.
Let's sip a private pint with him: I would have him
Quit this light sign of the Light Heart, my bird,
And lighter house. It is not for his tall
And growing gravity, so cedar-like,
To be the second to an host in cuerpo,
That knows no elegances: use his own
Dictamen, and his genius: I would have him
Fly high, and strike at all.—

Enter PIERCE.

Here's young Anon too.
Pierce. What wine is't, gentlemen, white or
Tip. White, [claret?
My brisk Anon.
Pierce. I'll draw you Juno's milk
That dyed the lilies, colonel. [*Exit.*
Tip. Do so, Pierce.

Enter PECK.

Peck. A plague of all jades, what a clap he has
Fly. Why, how now, cousin? [gi'en me!
Tip. Who's that?
Fer. The hostler.
Fly. What ail'st thou, cousin Peck?
[*Takes him aside.*
Peck. O me, my hanches!
As sure as you live, sir, he knew perfectly
I meant to cozen him. He did leer so on me,
And then he sneer'd, as who would say, take heed, sirrah;
And when he saw our half-peck, which you know
Was but an old court-dish, lord, how he stamp'd,
I thought 't had been for joy: when suddenly
He cuts me a back-caper with his heels,
And takes me just o' the crupper. Down come I
And my whole ounce of oats! Then he neigh'd out,
As if he had a mare by the tail.
Fly. Troth, cousin,
You are to blame to use the poor dumb Christians
So cruelly, defraud 'em of their *dimensum*.
Yonder's the colonel's horse (there I look'd in)
Keeping our Lady's eve! the devil a bit
He has got, since he came in yet! there he stands
And looks and looks, but 'tis your pleasure, coz,
He should look lean enough.
Peck. He has hay before him.
Fly. Yes, but as gross as hemp, and as soon will choke him,
Unless he eat it butter'd. He had four shoes,
And good ones, when he came in: it is a wonder,
With standing still, he should cast three.
Peck. Troth, quarter-master,
This trade is a kind of mystery, that corrupts
Our standing manners quickly: once a week,
I meet with such a brush to mollify me,
Sometimes a brace, to awake my conscience,
Yet still I sleep securely.
Fly. Cousin Peck,
You must use better dealing, faith, you must.
Peck. Troth, to give good example to my successors,
I could be well content to steal but two girths,
And now and then a saddle-cloth, change a bridle,
For exercise; and stay there.
Fly. If you could,
There were some hope on you, coz: but the fate is,
You are drunk so early, you mistake whole saddles;
Sometimes a horse.
Peck. Ay, there's——

Re-enter PIERCE *with wine.*

Fly. The wine! come, coz,
I'll talk with you anon. [*They come forward*

Peck. Do, lose no time,
Good quarter-master.
Tip. There are the horse, come, Fly.
Fly. Charge, in boys, in—

Enter JORDAN.

Lieutenant of the ordnance,
Tobacco and pipes.
Tip. Who's that? Old Jordan! good.
A comely vessel, and a necessary.
New scour'd he is: Here's to thee, marshal Fly;
In milk, my young Anon says. [*Drinks.*
Pierce. Cream of the grape,
That dropt from Juno's breasts and sprung the lily!
I can recite your fables, Fly. Here is, too,
The blood of Venus, mother of the rose!
[*Music within.*
Jor. The dinner is gone up.
Jug. I hear the whistle.
Jor. Ay, and the fidlers: We must all go wait.
Pierce. Pox o' this waiting, quarter-master Fly.
Fly. When chambermaids are sovereigns, wait their ladies;
Fly scorns to breathe.—
Peck. Or blow upon them, he.
Pierce. Old parcel Peck, art thou there? how now, lame!
Peck. Yes faith: it is ill halting afore cripples;
I have got a dash of a jade here, will stick by me.
Pierce. O you have had some phant'sy, fellow Peck,
Some revelation—— [
Peck. What?
Pierce. To steal the hay
Out of the racks again.
Fly. I told him so,
When the guests' backs were turn'd.
Pierce. Or bring his peck,
The bottom upwards, heap'd with oats; and cry,
Here's the best measure upon all the road! when,
You know, the guest put in his hand to feel,
And smell to the oats, that grated all his fingers
Upon the wood——
Peck. Mum!
Pierce. And found out your cheat.
Peck. I have been in the cellar, Pierce.
Pierce. You were then there,
Upon your knees, I do remember it,
To have the fact conceal'd. I could tell more,
Soaping of saddles, cutting of horse-tails,
And cropping—pranks of ale, and hostelry——
Fly. Which he cannot forget, he says, young knight,
No more than you can other deeds of darkness,
Done in the cellar.
Tip. Well said, bold professor.
Fer. We shall have some truth explain'd.
Pierce. We are all mortal,
And have our visions.
Peck. Truly, it seems to me,
That every horse has his whole peck, and tumbles
Up to the ears in litter.
Fly. When, indeed,
There's no such matter, not a smell of provender.
Fer. Not so much straw as would tie up a horse-tail.
Fly. Nor anything in the rack but two old cobwebs,
And so much rotten hay as had been a hen's nest.
Trun. And yet he's ever apt to sweep the mangers!
Fer. But puts in nothing. [
Pierce. These are fits and fancies,
Which you must leave, good Peck.
Fly. And you must pray
It may be reveal'd to you at some times,
Whose horse you ought to cozen; with what conscience;
The how, and when: a parson's horse may suffer—
Pierce. Whose master's double beneficed; put in that.
Fly. A little greasing in the teeth; 'tis whole-some;
And keeps him in a sober shuffle. [
Pierce. His saddle too
May want a stirrup.
Fly. And, it may be sworn,
His learning lay o' one side, and so broke it.
Peck. They have ever oats in their cloke-bags, to affront us.
Fly. And therefore 'tis an office meritorious,
To tithe such soundly.
Pierce. And a grazier's may——
Fer. O, they are pinching puckfists!
Trun. And suspicious.
Pierce. Suffer before the master's face, sometimes.
Fly. He shall think he sees his horse eat half a bushel—
Pierce. When the slight is, rubbing his gums with salt
Till all the skin come off, he shall but mumble,
Like an old woman that were chewing brawn,
And drop them out again.
Tip. Well argued, cavalier.
Fly. It may do well; and go for an example.
But, coz, have a care of understanding horses,
Horses with angry heels, nobility horses,
Horses that know the world; let them have meat
Till their teeth ake, and rubbing till their ribs
Shine like a wench's forehead: they are devils else,
Will look into your dealings.
Peck. For mine own part,
The next I cozen of the pamper'd breed,
I wish he may be foundred.
Fly. Foun-der-ed.
Prolate it right.
Peck. And of all four, I wish it,
I love no crupper-compliments.
Pierce. Whose horse was it?
Peck. Why, master Burst's.
Pierce. Is Bat Burst come?
Peck. An hour
He has been here.
Tip. What Burst?
Pierce. Mas Bartolmew Burst.
One that hath been a citizen, since a courtier,
And now a gamester: hath had all his whirls,
And bouts of fortune, as a man would say,
Once a bat and ever a bat! a rere-mouse,
And bird of twilight, he has broken thrice.
Tip. Your better man, the Genoway proverb says:
Men are not made of steel. [
Pierce. Nor are they bound
Always to hold.
Fly. Thrice honourable colonel,
Hinges will crack.
Tip. Though they be Spanish iron.
Pierce. He is a merchant still, adventurer,
At in-and-in; and is our thoroughfare's friend.
Tip. Who, Jug's?

Pierce. The same: and a fine gentleman
Was with him.
Peck. Master Huffle.
Pierce. Who, Hodge Huffle!
Tip. What's he?
Pierce. A cheater, and another fine gentleman,
A friend o' the chamberlain's, Jordan's. Master
He's Burst's protection. [Huffle,
Fly. Fights and vapours for him.
Pierce. He will be drunk so civilly—
Fly. So discreetly—
Pierce. And punctually! just at this hour.
Fly. And then
Call for his Jordan with that hum and state,
As if he piss'd the politics.
Pierce. And sup
With his tuft-taffata night gear, here, so silently!
Fly. Nothing but music.
Pierce. A dozen of bawdy songs.
Tip. And knows the general this?
Fly. O no, sir; *dormit,*
Dormit patronus still, the master sleeps,
They'll steal to bed.
Pierce. In private, sir, and pay
The fidlers with that modesty, next morning.
Fly. Take a *dejeune* of muskadel and eggs.
Pierce. And pack away in their trundling cheats, like gipsies.
Trun. Mysteries, mysteries, Ferret.
Fer. Ay, we see, Trundle,
What the great officers in an inn may do;
I do not say the officers of the Crown,
But the Light Heart.
Tip. I'll see the Bat and Huffle.
Fer. I have some business, sir, I crave your [pardon—
Tip. What?
Fer. To be sober. [*Exit.*
Tip. Pox, go get you gone then.
Trundle shall stay.
Trun. No, I beseech you, colonel.
Your lordship has a mind to be drunk private,
With these brave gallants; I will step aside
Into the stables, and salute my mares. [*Exit.*
Pierce. Yes, do, and sleep with them.—Let him go, base whip-stock;
He is as drunk as a fish now, almost as dead.
Tip. Come, I will see the flicker-mouse, my Fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same, furnished as a Tribunal, &c.*

Music. Enter the Host, *ushering* PRUDENCE, *who takes her seat of judicature, assisted by* lord BEAUFORT, *and* lord LATIMER; *the* Nurse, FRANK, JUG, JORDAN, TRUNDLE, *and* FERRET.

Pru. Here set the hour; but first produce the parties;
And clear the court: the time is now of price.
Host. Jug, get you down, and, Trundle, get you
You shall be crier; Ferret here, the clerk. [up,
Jordan, smell you without, till the ladies call you;
Take down the fidlers too, silence that noise,
Deep in the cellar, safe.
[*Exeunt* JUG, JORDAN, *and* Musicians.
Pru. Who keeps the watch?
Host. Old Sheelinin, here, is the madam Tell-clock.
Nurse. No fait' and trot', sweet maister, I shall
I' fait'. I shall. [sleep;
Lord B. I prithee do then, screech-owl.
She brings to mind the fable of the dragon,
That kept the Hesperian fruit. Would I could charm her!
Host. Trundle will do it with his hum. Come,
Precede him Ferret, in the form. [Trundle:
Fer. Oyez, oyez, oyez.
Trun. Oyez, oyez, oyez.
Fer. Whereas there hath been awarded.——
Trun. Whereas there hath, &c.
[*As* FERRET *proclaims,* TRUNDLE *repeats after him, at the breaks here, and through the rest of this scene.*
Fer. By the queen regent of love,——
In this high court of sovereignty,——
Two special hours of address,——
To Herbert Lovel, appellant,——
Against the lady Frampul, defendant.——
Herbert Lovel come into the court,——
Make challenge to thy first hour,——
And save thee and thy bail,——
Trun. And save thee, &c.

Enter LOVEL, *and ranges himself on the one side.*

Host. Lo, louting, where he comes into the court!
Clerk of the sovereignty, take his appearance,
And how accoutred, how design'd he comes!
Fer. 'Tis done. Now, crier, call the lady Frampul,
And by the name of
Frances, lady Frampul, defendant,——
Trun. Frances, lady Frampul, &c.
Fer. Come into the court.——
Make answer to the award,——
And save thee and thy bail,——
Trun. And save thee, &c.

Enter Lady FRAMPUL, *and takes her place on the other side*

Host. She makes a noble and a just appearance.
Set it down likewise, and how arm'd she comes.
Pru. Usher of Love's court, give them [both] their oath,
According to the form, upon Love's missal.
Host. Arise, and lay your hands upon the book.

Herbert Lovel, appellant, and lady Frances Frampul, defendant, you shall swear upon the liturgy of Love, *Ovid de arte amandi,* that you neither have, ne will have, nor in any wise bear about you, thing or things, pointed, or blunt, within these lists, other than what are natural and allow'd by the court: no inchanted arms, or weapons, stones of virtue, herb of grace, charm, character, spell, philtre, or other power than Love's only, and the justness of your cause. So help you Love, his mother, and the contents of this book: kiss it. [Lov. *kisses the book.*

Return unto your seats.—Crier, bid silence.
Trun. Oyez, oyez, oyez, oyez.
Fer. In the name of the sovereign of Love,—
Trun. In the name of thee, &c.
Fer. Notice is given by the court,——
To the appellant, and defendant,——
That the first hour of address proceeds,——
And Love save the sovereign,——
Trun. And Love save, &c.
Every man or woman keep silence, pain of imprisonment.
Pru. Do your endeavours in the name of Love.
Lov. To make my first approaches, then, in love.
Lady F. Tell us what love is, that we may be sure
There's such a thing, and that it is in nature.
Lov. Excellent lady, I did not expect

To meet an infidel, much less an atheist,
Here in Love's list! of so much unbelief
To raise a question of his being!
Host. Well charged!
Lov. I rather thought, and with religion think,
Had all the characters of love been lost,
His lines, dimensions, and whole signature
Razed and defaced, with dull humanity,
That both his nature, and his essence, might
Have found their mighty instauration here;
Here, where the confluence of fair and good
Meets to make up all beauty. For what else
Is love, but the most noble, pure affection
Of what is truly beautiful and fair,
Desire of union with the thing beloved?
Lord B. Have the assistants of the court their votes,
And writ of privilege, to speak them freely?
Pru. Yes, to assist, but not to interrupt.
Lord B. Then I have read somewhere, that man and woman
Were, in the first creation, both one piece,
And being cleft asunder, ever since
Love was an appetite to be rejoin'd.
As for example—— [*Kisses* FRANK.
Nurse. Cramo-cree! what mean'sh tou?
Lord B. Only to kiss and part.
Host. So much is lawful.
Lord L. And stands with the prerogative of Love's court.
Lov. It is a fable of Plato's, in his banquet,
And utter'd there by Aristophanes.
Host. 'Tis well remember'd here, and to good use.
But on with your description, what love is:
Desire of union with the thing beloved.
Lov. I meant a definition. For I make
The efficient cause, what's beautiful and fair;
The formal cause, the appetite of union:
The final cause, the union itself.
But larger if you'll have it; by description,
It is a flame and ardour of the mind,
Dead, in the proper corps, quick in another's;
Transfers the lover into the be-loved.
The he or she that loves, engraves or stamps
The idea of what they love, first in themselves:
Or like to glasses, so their minds take in
The forms of their beloved, and then reflect.
It is the likeness of affections,
Is both the parent and the nurse of love.
Love is a spiritual coupling of two souls,
So much more excellent, as it least relates
Unto the body; circular, eternal,
Not feign'd, or made, but born; and then so precious,
As nought can value it but itself; so free,
As nothing can command it but itself;
And in itself so round and liberal,
As where it favours it bestows itself.
Lord B. And that do I; here my whole self I
According to the practice of the court. [tender,
[*To* FRANK.
Nurse. Ay, 'tish a naughty practish, a lewd practish,
Be quiet man, dou shalt not leip her here.
Lord B. Leap her! I lip her, foolish queen at arms,
Thy blazon's false: wilt thou blaspheme thine office?
Lov. But we must take and understand this love,
Along still, as a name of dignity;
Not pleasure.
Host. Mark you that, my light young lord?
[*To* Lord B
Lov. True love hath no unworthy thought, no
Loose, unbecoming appetite, or strain, [light
But fixed, constant, pure, immutable.
Lord B. I relish not these philosophical feasts;
Give me a banquet of sense, like that of Ovid:
A form to take the eye; a voice mine ear;
Pure aromatic to my scent: a soft,
Smooth, dainty hand to touch; and for my taste,
Ambrosiac kisses to melt down the palate.
Lov. They are the earthly, lower form of lovers,
Are only taken with what strikes the senses;
And love by that loose scale. Although I grant,
We like what's fair and graceful in an object,
And, true, would use it, in the all we tend to,
Both of our civil and domestic deeds;
In ordering of an army, in our style,
Apparel, gesture, building, or what not:
All arts and actions do affect their beauty.
But put the case, in travel I may meet
Some gorgeous structure, a brave frontispiece,
Shall I stay captive in the outer court,
Surprised with that, and not advance to know
Who dwells there, and inhabiteth the house?
There is my friendship to be made, within,
With what can love me again: not with the walls,
Doors, windows, architraves, the frieze, and cornice.
My end is lost in loving of a face,
An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot, or other part,
Whose all is but a statue, if the mind
Move not, which only can make the return.
The end of love, is to have two made one
In will, and in affection, that the minds
Be first inoculated, not the bodies.
Lord B. Give me the body, if it be a good one.
[*Kisses* FRANK.
Frank. Nay, sweet, my lord, I must appeal the sovereign
For better quarter, if you hold your practice.
Trun. Silence, pain of imprisonment! hear the court.
Lov. The body's love is frail, subject to change,
And alters still with it; the mind's is firm,
One and the same, proceedeth first from weighing,
And well examining what is fair and good;
Then what is like in reason, fit in manners;
That breeds good-will: good-will desire of union.
So knowledge first begets benevolence,
Benevolence breeds friendship, friendship love:
And where it starts or steps aside from this,
It is a mere degenerous appetite,
A lost, oblique, depraved affection,
And bears no mark or character of love.
Lady F. How am I changed! by what alchemy
Of love, or language, am I thus translated!
His tongue is tipt with the philosopher's stone,
And that hath touched me through every vein!
I feel that transmutation of my blood,
As I were quite become another creature,
And all he speaks it is projection.
Prue. Well feign'd, my lady: now her parts
Lord L. And she will act them subtily. [begin.
Pru. She fails me else.
Lov. Nor do they trespass within bounds of pardon,
That giving way, and license to their love,
Divest him of his noblest ornaments,

Which are his modesty and shamefacedness:
And so they do, that have unfit designs
Upon the parties they pretend to love.
For what's more monstrous, more a prodigy,
Than to hear me protest truth of affection
Unto a person that I would dishonour?
And what's a more dishonour, than defacing
Another's good with forfeiting mine own;
And drawing on a fellowship of sin?
From note of which, though for a while, we may
Be both kept safe by caution, yet the conscience
Cannot be cleans'd: for what was hitherto
Call'd by the name of love, becomes destroy'd
Then, with the fact; the innocency lost,
The bateing of affection soon will follow;
And love is never true that is not lasting:
No more than any can be pure or perfect,
That entertains more than one object. *Dixi.*

Lady F. O speak, and speak for ever! let mine
Be feasted still, and filled with this banquet! [ear
No sense can ever surfeit on such truth,
It is the marrow of all lovers' tenets!
Who hath read Plato, Heliodore, or Tatius,
Sidney, D'Urfé, or all Love's fathers, like him?
He's there the Master of the Sentences,
Their school, their commentary, text, and gloss,
And breathes the true divinity of love!

Pru. Excellent actor, how she hits this passion!

Lady F. Where have I lived, in heresy, so long
Out of the congregation of Love,
And stood irregular, by all his canons?

Lord L. But do you think she plays?

Pru. Upon my sovereignty;
Mark her anon.

Lord L. I shake, and am half jealous.

Lady F. What penance shall I do to be received,
And reconciled to the church of Love?
Go on procession, barefoot, to his image,
And say some hundred penitential verses,
There, out of Chaucer's Troilus and Cressid?
Or to his mother's shrine, vow a wax-candle
As large as the town May-pole is, and pay it?
Enjoin me any thing this court thinks fit,
For I have trespass'd, and blasphemed Love:
I have, indeed, despised his deity,
Whom (till this miracle wrought on me) I knew
Now I adore Love, and would kiss the rushes [not.
That bear this reverend gentleman, his priest,
If that would expiate——but I fear it will not.
For, though he be somewhat struck in years, and
Enough to be my father, he is wise, [old
And only wise men love, the other covet.
I could begin to be in love with him,
But will not tell him yet, because I hope
To enjoy the other hour with more delight,
And prove him farther.

Pru. Most Socratic lady,
Or, if you will ironic! give you joy
Of your Platonic love here, master Lovel!
But pay him his first kiss yet, in the court,
Which is a debt, and due: for the hour's run.

Lady F. How swift is time, and slily steals away
From them would hug it, value it, embrace it!
I should have thought it scarce had run ten minutes,
When the whole hour is fled. Here, take your kiss, sir,
Which I most willingly tender you in court.
[*Kisses* Lov.

Lord B. And we do imitate. [*Kisses* Frank.

Lady F. And I could wish,
It had been twenty—so the sovereign's
Poor narrow nature had decreed it so——
But that is past, irrevocable, now:
She did her kind, according to her latitude——

Pru. Beware you do not conjure up a spirit
You cannot lay.

Lady F. I dare you, do your worst:
Shew me but such an injustice; I would thank you
To alter your award.

Lord L. Sure she is serious!
I shall have another fit of jealousy,
I feel a grudging.

Host. Cheer up, noble guest,
We cannot guess what this may come to yet;
The brain of man or woman is uncertain.

Lov. Tut, she dissembles; all is personated,
And counterfeit comes from her! if it were not,
The Spanish monarchy, with both the Indies,
Could not buy off the treasure of this kiss,
Or half give balance for my happiness.

Host. Why, as it is yet, it glads my Light Heart
To see you rouzed thus from a sleepy humour
Of drowsy, accidental melancholy;
And all those brave parts of your soul awake,
That did before seem drown'd, and buried in you.
That you express yourself as you had back'd
The Muses' horse, or got Bellerophon's arms—

Enter Fly.

What news with Fly?

Fly. News of a newer lady,
A finer, fresher, braver, bonnier beauty,
A very bona-roba, and a bouncer,
In yellow, glistering, golden satin.

Lady F. Prue,
Adjourn the court.

Pru. Cry, Trundle.

Trun. Oyez,
Any man, or woman, that hath any personal attendance
To give unto the court; keep the second hour,
And Love save the sovereign! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Inn.*

Enter Jug, Barnaby, *and* Jordan.

Jug. O Barnaby!

Jor. Welcome, Barnaby! where hast thou been?

Bar. In the foul weather.

Jug. Which has wet thee, Barnaby.

Bar. As dry as a chip. Good Jug, a cast of thy name,
As well as thy office: two jugs. [

Jug. By and by. [*Exit.*

Jor. What lady's this thou hast brought here?

Bar. A great lady!
I know no more; one that will try you, Jordan;
She'll find your gage, your circle, your capacity.
How does old Staggers the smith, and Tree the sadler?
Keep they their penny club still? [

Jor. And the old catch too,
Of *Whoop-Barnaby!*

Bar. Do they sing at me?
Jor. They are reeling at it in the parlour now.
Re-enter Jug *with wine.*
Bar. I'll to them: give me a drink first. [*Drinks*
Jor. Where's thy hat?
Bar. I lost it by the way—Give me another.
Jug. A hat!
Bar. A drink. [*Drinks.*
Jug. Take heed of taking cold, Bar——
Bar. The wind blew't off at Highgate, and my
Would not endure me light to take it up; [lady
But made me drive bareheaded in the rain.
Jor. That she might be mistaken for a countess?
Bar. Troth, like enough: she might be an
For aught I know. [o'ergrown dutchess,
Jug. What, with one man!
Bar. At a time,
They carry no more, the best of them.
Jor. Nor the bravest.
Bar. And she is very brave.
Jor. A stately gown
And petticoat, she has on!
Bar. Have you spied that, Jordan?
You are a notable peerer, an old rabbi,
At a smock's hem, boy.
Jug. As he is chamberlain,
He may do that by his place.
Jor. What is her squire?
Bar. A toy, that she allows eight-pence a-day,
A slight mannet, to port her up and down:
Come, shew me to my play-fellows, old Staggers,
And father Tree.
Jor. Here, this way, Barnaby. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Court of the Inn.*

Enter Tipto, Burst, Huffle, *and* Fly.

Tip. Come, let us take in fresco, here, one
quart. [stinted.
Burst. Two quarts, my man of war, let's not be
Huf. Advance three Jordans, varlet of the
house.
Tip. I do not like your Burst, bird; he is saucy:
Some shop-keeper he was?
Fly. Yes, sir.
Tip. I knew it,
A broke-wing'd shop-keeper? I nose them straight.
He had no father, I warrant him, that durst own
him;
Some foundling in a stall, or the church-porch;
Brought up in the hospital; and so bound prentice;
Then master of a shop; then one o' the inquest;
Then breaks out bankrupt, or starts alderman:
The original of both is a church-porch——
Fly. Of some, my colonel.
Tip. Good faith, of most
Of your shop citizens: they are rude animals!
And let them get but ten mile out of town,
They out-swagger all the wapentake.
Fly. What's that?
Tip. A Saxon word to signify the hundred.
Burst. Come, let us drink, sir Glorious, some
Upon our tip-toes. [brave health
Tip. To the health of the Bursts.
Burst. Why Bursts?
Tip. Why Tiptos?
Burst. O, I cry you mercy!
Tip. It is sufficient.
Huf. What is so sufficient?
Tip. To drink to you is sufficient.
Huf. On what terms?
Tip. That you shall give security to pledge me.
Huf. So you will name no Spaniard, I will
pledge you. [ever,
Tip. I rather choose to thirst, and will thirst
Than leave that cream of nations uncried up.
Perish all wine, and gust of wine!
[*Throws the wine at him.*
Huf. How! spill it?
Spill it at me?
Tip. I reck not; but I spilt it.
Fly. Nay, pray you be quiet, noble bloods.
Burst. No Spaniards,
I cry, with my cousin Huffle.
Huf. Spaniards! pilchers. [sleeps,
Tip. Do not provoke my patient blade; it
And would not hear thee: Huffle, thou art rude,
And dost not know the Spanish composition.
Burst. What is the recipe? name the ingre-
Tip. Valour. [dients.
Burst. Two ounces!
Tip. Prudence.
Burst. Half a dram!
Tip. Justice.
Burst. A pennyweight!
Tip. Religion.
Burst. Three scruples!
Tip. And of gravidàd.
Burst. A face-full.
Tip. He carries such a dose of it in his looks,
Actions and gestures, as it breeds respect
To him from savages, and reputation
With all the sons of men.
Burst. Will it give him credit
With gamesters, courtiers, citizens, or tradesmen?
Tip. He'll borrow money on the stroke of his
Or turn of his mustaccio! his mere cuello, [beard,
Or ruff about his neck, is a bill of exchange
In any bank in Europe: not a merchant
That sees his gait, but straight will furnish him
Upon his pace.
Huf. I have heard the Spanish name
Is terrible to children in some countries;
And used to make them eat their bread and butter,
Or take their worm-seed.
Tip. Huffle, you do shuffle.

Enter Stuff, *and* Pinnacia *his wife richly habited.*

Burst. 'Slid, here's a lady!
Huf. *And a lady gay!*
Tip. A well-trimm'd lady!
Huf. Let us lay her aboard.
Burst. Let's hail her first.
Tip. By your sweet favour, lady.
Stuff. Good gentlemen be civil, we are strangers.
Burst. An you were Flemings, sir—
Huf. Or Spaniards—
Tip. They are here, have been at Sevil in their
And at Madrid too. [days
Pin. He is a foolish fellow,
I pray you mind him not, he is my Protection.
Tip. In your protection he is safe, sweet lady.
So shall you be in mine.
Huf. A share, good colonel.
Tip. Of what?
Huf. Of your fine lady: I am Hodge,
My name is Huffle.
Tip. Huffling Hodge, be quiet.
Burst. And I pray you, be you so, glorious
Hodge Huffle shall be quiet. [colonel

Huf. [singing.] *A lady gay, gay:* [*gay.*
For she is a lady gay, gay, gay. For she is a lady
Tip. Bird of the vespers, vespertilio Burst,
You are a gentleman of the first head;
But that head may be broke, as all the body is—
Burst, if you tie not up your Huffle quickly.
Huf. Tie dogs, not men.
Burst. Nay, pray thee, Hodge, be still. [vain.
Tip. This steel here rides not on this thigh in
Huf. Shew'st thou thy steel and thigh, thou glorious dirt!
Then Hodge sings Samson, and no ties shall hold.
[*They fight.*

Enter PIERCE, JUG, *and* JORDAN.

Pierce. Keep the peace, gentlemen: what do you mean?
Tip. I will not discompose myself for Huffle.
[*Exeunt all (but* STUFF *and* PIN.*) fighting.*
Pin. You see what your entreaty and pressure
Of gentlemen, to be civil, doth bring on: [still
A quarrel, and perhaps man-slaughter. You
Will carry your goose about you still, your planing-iron!
Your tongue to smooth all! is not here fine
Stuff. Why, wife? [stuff!
Pin. Your wife! have not I forbidden you that?
Do you think I'll call you husband in this gown,
Or any thing, in that jacket, but protection?
Here, tie my shoe, and shew my velvet petticoat,
And my silk stocking. Why do you make me a
If I may not do like a lady in fine clothes? [lady,
Stuff. Sweet heart, you may do what you will with me.
Pin. Ay, I knew that at home; what to do with you;
But why was I brought hither? to see fashions?
Stuff. And wear them too, sweet heart; but this wild company——
Pin. Why do you bring me in wild company?
You'd have me tame and civil in wild company!
I hope I know wild company are fine company,
And in fine company, where I am fine myself,
A lady may do any thing, deny nothing
To a fine party, I have heard you say it.

Re-enter PIERCE.

Pierce. There are a company of ladies above
Desire your ladyship's company, and to take
The surety of their lodgings from the affront
Of these half beasts were here e'en now, the
Pin. Are they fine ladies? [Centaurs.
Pierce. Some very fine ladies.
Pin. As fine as I?
Pierce. I dare use no comparisons,
Being a servant, sent——
Pin. Spoke like a fine fellow!
I would thou wert one; I'd not then deny thee:
But, thank thy lady. [*Exit* PIERCE.

Enter Host.

Host. Madam, I must crave you
To afford a lady a visit, would excuse
Some harshness of the house, you have received
From the brute guests.
Pin. This is a fine old man!
I'd go with him an he were a little finer.
Stuff. You may, sweetheart, it is mine host.
Pin. Mine host!
Host. Yes, madam, I must bid you welcome.
Pin. Do, then
Stuff. But do not stay.
Pin. I'll be advised by you! yes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter Lord LATIMER, Lord BEAUFORT, Lady FRAMPUL, PRUDENCE, FRANK, *and* NURSE.

Lord L. What more than Thracian barbarism was this?
Lord B. The battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithes!
Lady F. There is no taming of the monster, drink.
Lord L. But what a glorious beast our Tipto shew'd!
He would not discompose himself, the don!
Your Spaniard ne'er doth discompose himself.
Lord B. Yet, how he talk'd, and roar'd in the beginning!
Pru. And ran as fast as a knock'd marrow-bone.
Lord B. So they did at last, when Lovel went
And chased them 'bout the court. [down,
Lord L. For all's don Lewis,
Or fencing after Euclid.
Lady F. I ne'er saw
A lightning shoot so, as my servant did,
His rapier was a meteor, and he waved it
Over them, like a comet, as they fled him.
I mark'd his manhood! every stoop he made
Was like an eagle's at a flight of cranes:
As I have read somewhere.
Lord B. Bravely exprest.
Lord L. And like a lover.
Lady F. Of his valour, I am.
He seem'd a body rarified to air;
Or that his sword, and arm were of a piece,
They went together so!—Here comes the lady.

Enter Host, *with* PINNACIA.

Lord B. A bouncing bona-roba! as the Fly said.
Frank. She is some giantess: I will stand off,
For fear she swallow me.
Lady F. Is not this our gown, Prue,
That I bespoke of Stuff?
Pru. It is the fashion.
Lady F. Ay, and the silk; feel: sure it is the same!
Pru. And the same petticoat, lace and all!
Lady F. I'll swear it.
How came it hither? make a bill of enquiry.
Pru. You have a fine suit on, madam, and a
Lady F. And of a curious making. [rich one.
Pru. And a new.
Pin. As new as day.
Lord L. She answers like a fish-wife.
Pin. I put it on since noon, I do assure you.
Pru. Who is your tailor?
Lady F. Pray you, your fashioner's name?
Pin. My fashioner is a certain man of mine own;
He is in the house: no matter for his name.
Host. O, but to satisfy this bevy of ladies,
Of which a brace, here, long'd to bid you welcome.
Pin. He is one, in truth, I title my Protection:
Bid him come up.
Host. [*calls.*] Our new lady's Protection!
What is your ladyship's style?
Pin. Countess Pinnacia.
Host. Countess Pinnacia's man, come to your lady!

Enter STUFF.

Pru. Your ladyship's tailor! master Stuff!
Lady F. How, Stuff!
He the Protection!
Host. Stuff looks like a remnant.
Stuff. I am undone, discover'd.
[*Falls on his knees.*
Pru. 'Tis the suit, madam,
Now, without scruple: and this some device
To bring it home with.
Pin. Why upon your knees?
Is this your lady godmother?
Stuff. Mum, Pinnacia.
It is the lady Frampul; my best customer.
Lady F. What shew is this that you present us with?
Stuff. I do beseech your ladyship, forgive me;
She did but say the suit on.
Lady F. Who? which she?
Stuff. My wife, forsooth.
Lady F. How! mistress Stuff, your wife!
Is that the riddle?
Pru. We all look'd for a lady,
A dutchess, or a countess at the least.
Stuff. She's my own lawfully begotten wife,
In wedlock: we have been coupled now seven years.
Lady F. And why thus mask'd? you like a foot-man, ha!
And she your countess!
Pin. To make a fool of himself,
And of me too.
Stuff. I pray thee, Pinnace, peace.
Pin. Nay, it shall out, since you have call'd me wife,
And openly dis-ladied me: Though I am dis-countess'd
I am not yet dis-countenanced. These shall see.
Host. Silence!
Pin. It is a foolish trick, madam, he has;
For though he be your tailor, he is my beast:
I may be bold with him, and tell his story.
When he makes any fine garment will fit me,
Or any rich thing that he thinks of price,
Then must I put it on, and be his countess,
Before he carry it home unto the owners.
A coach is hired, and four horse; he runs
In his velvet jacket thus, to Rumford, Croydon,
Hounslow, or Barnet, the next bawdy road:
And takes me out, carries me up, and throws me
Upon a bed—
Lady F. Peace, thou immodest woman!—
She glories in the bravery of the vice.
Lord L. It is a quaint one.
Lord B. A fine species
Of fornicating with a man's own wife,
Found out by—what's his name?
Lord L. Master Nic. Stuff.
Host. The very figure of pre-occupation
In all his customers' best clothes.
Lord L. He lies
With his own succuba, in all your names.
Lord B. And all your credits.
Host. Ay, and at all their costs.
Lord L. This gown was then bespoken for the sovereign.
Lord B. Ay, marry was it.
Lord L. And a main offence
Committed 'gainst the sovereignty; being not brought
Home in the time: beside, the profanation
Which may call on the censure of the court.
Host. Let him be blanketted. Call up the quarter-master.
Deliver him o'er to Fly.

Enter FLY.

Stuff. O good, my lord.
Host. Pillage the Pinnace.
Lady F. Let his wife be stript.
Lord B. Blow off her upper deck.
Lord L. Tear all her tackle.
Lady F. Pluck the polluted robes over her ears;
Or cut them all to pieces, make a fire of them.
Pru. To rags and cinders burn th' idolatrous vestures.
Host. Fly, and your fellows, see that the whole censure
Be thoroughly executed.
Fly. We'll toss him bravely,
Till the stuff stink again.
Host. And send her home,
Divested to her flannel, in a cart.
Lord L. And let her footman beat the bason afore her.
Fly. The court shall be obey'd.
Host. Fly, and his officers,
Will do it fiercely.
Stuff. Merciful queen Prue!
Pru. I cannot help you.
[*Exit* FLY, *with* STUFF *and* PINNACIA.
Lord B. Go thy ways, Nic. Stuff,
Thou hast nickt it for a fashioner of venery.
Lord L. For his own hell! though he run ten mile for it.
Pru. O, here comes Lovel, for his second hour.
Lord B. And after him the type of Spanish valour.

Enter LOVEL *with a Paper, followed by* TIPTO.

Lady F. Servant, what have you there?
Lov. A meditation,
Or rather a vision, madam, and of beauty,
Our former subject.
Lady F. Pray you let us hear it.

Lov. *It was a beauty that I saw,*
So pure, so perfect, as the frame
Of all the universe was lame,
To that one figure, could I draw,
Or give least line of it a law!

A skein of silk without a knot,
A fair march made without a halt,
A curious form without a fault,
A printed book without a blot,
All beauty, and without a spot!

Lady F. They are gentle words, and would deserve a note,
Set to them, as gentle.
Lov. I have tried my skill,
To close the second hour, if you will hear them;
My boy by that time will have got it perfect.
Lady F. Yes, gentle servant. In what calm he speaks,
After this noise and tumult, so unmoved,
With that serenity of countenance,
As if his thoughts did acquiesce in that
Which is the object of the second hour,
And nothing else.
Pru. Well then, summon the court.
Lady F. I have a suit to the sovereign of Love,
If it may stand with the honour of the court,
To change the question but from love to valour
To hear it said, but what true valour is,
Which oft begets true love.
Lord L. It is a question

Fit for the court to take true knowledge of,
And hath my just assent.
Pru. Content.
Lord B. Content.
Frank. Content. I am content, give him his oath.

Host. *Herbert Lovel, Thou shalt swear upon the Testament of Love, to make answer to this question propounded to thee by the court, What true valour is? and therein to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help thee Love, and thy bright sword at need.*

Lov. So help me, Love, and my good sword at need.
It is the greatest virtue, and the safety
Of all mankind, the object of it is danger.
A certain mean 'twixt fear and confidence:
No inconsiderate rashness or vain appetite
Of false encountering formidable things;
But a true science of distinguishing
What's good or evil. It springs out of reason,
And tends to perfect honesty, the scope
Is always honour, and the public good:
It is no valour for a private cause.
Lord B. No! not for reputation?
Lov. That's man's idol,
Set up 'gainst God, the maker of all laws,
Who hath commanded us we should not kill;
And yet we say, we must for reputation.
What honest man can either fear his own,
Or else will hurt another's reputation?
Fear to do base unworthy things is valour;
If they be done to us, to suffer them,
Is valour too. The office of a man
That's truly valiant, is considerable,
Three ways: the first is in respect of matter,
Which still is danger; in respect of form,
Wherein he must preserve his dignity;
And in the end, which must be ever lawful.
Lord L. But men, when they are heated, and in passion,
Cannot consider.
Lov. Then it is not valour.
I never thought an angry person valiant:
Virtue is never aided by a vice.
What need is there of anger and of tumult;
When reason can do the same things, or more?
Lord B. O yes, 'tis profitable, and of use;
It makes us fierce, and fit to undertake.
Lov. Why, so will drink make us both bold and rash,
Or phrensy if you will: do these make valiant?
They are poor helps, and virtue needs them not.
No man is valianter by being angry,
But he that could not valiant be without:
So that it comes not in the aid of virtue,
But in the stead of it.
Lord L. He holds the right.
Lov. And 'tis an odious kind of remedy,
To owe our health to a disease.
Tip. If man
Should follow the *dictamen* of his passion,
He could not 'scape——
Lord B. To discompose himself.
Lord L. According to don Lewis!
Host. Or Caranza!
Lov. Good colonel Glorious, whilst we treat of valour,
Dismiss yourself.
Lord L. You are not concern'd.
Lov. Go drink,
And congregate the hostlers and the tapsters,
The under-officers of your regiment;
Compose with them, and be not angry valiant.
[*Exit* TIPTO.
Lord B. How does that differ from true valour?
Lov. Thus.
In the efficient, or that which makes it:
For it proceeds from passion, not from judgment:
Then brute beasts have it, wicked persons; there
It differs in the subject; in the form,
'Tis carried rashly, and with violence:
Then in the end, where it respects not truth,
Or public honesty, but mere revenge.
Now confident, and undertaking valour,
Sways from the true, two other ways, as being
A trust in our own faculties, skill, or strength,
And not the right, or conscience of the cause,
That works it: then in the end, which is the victory,
And not the honour.
Lord B. But the ignorant valour,
That knows not why it undertakes, but doth it
To escape the infamy merely——
Lov. Is worst of all:
That valour lies in the eyes o' the lookers on;
And is called valour with a witness.
Lord B. Right.
Lov. The things true valour's exercised about,
Are poverty, restraint, captivity,
Banishment, loss of children, long disease:
The least is death. Here valour is beheld,
Properly seen; about these it is present:
Not trivial things, which but require our confidence.
And yet to those we must object ourselves,
Only for honesty; if any other
Respects be mixt, we quite put out her light.
And as all knowledge, when it is removed,
Or separate from justice, is call'd craft,
Rather than wisdom; so a mind affecting,
Or undertaking dangers, for ambition,
Or any self-pretext not for the public,
Deserves the name of daring, not of valour.
And over-daring is as great a vice,
As over-fearing.
Lord L. Yes, and often greater.
Lov. But as it is not the mere punishment,
But cause that makes a martyr, so it is not
Fighting or dying, but the manner of it,
Renders a man himself. A valiant man
Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected ways:
He undertakes with reason, not by chance.
His valour is the salt to his other virtues,
They are all unseasoned without it. The waiting-maids,
Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,
His magnanimity, his confidence,
His constancy, security, and quiet;
He can assure himself against all rumour,
Despairs of nothing, laughs at contumelies,
As knowing himself advanced in a height
Where injury cannot reach him, nor aspersion
Touch him with soil!
Lady F. Most manly utter'd all!
As if Achilles had the chair in valour,
And Hercules were but a lecturer.
Who would not hang upon those lips for ever,
That strike such music! I could run on them;
But modesty is such a school-mistress
To keep our sex in awe—
Pru. Or you can feign;
My subtle and dissembling lady mistress.

Lord L. I fear she means it, Prue, in too good earnest.

Lov. The purpose of an injury 'tis to vex
And trouble me; now nothing can do that
To him that's valiant. He that is affected
With the least injury, is less than it.
It is but reasonable to conclude
That should be stronger still which hurts, than that
Which is hurt. Now no wickedness is stronger
Than what opposeth it: not Fortune's self,
When she encounters virtue, but comes off
Both lame and less! why should a wise man then
Confess himself the weaker, by the feeling
Of a fool's wrong? There may an injury
Be meant me. I may choose, if I will take it.
But we are now come to that delicacy,
And tenderness of sense, we think an insolence
Worse than an injury, bear words worse than deeds;
We are not so much troubled with the wrong,
As with the opinion of the wrong; like children,
We are made afraid with visors: such poor sounds
As is the lie or common words of spite,
Wise laws thought never worthy a revenge;
And 'tis the narrowness of human nature,
Our poverty, and beggary of spirit,
To take exception at these things. He laugh'd at
He broke a jest! a third took place of me! [me!
How most ridiculous quarrels are all these?
Notes of a queasy and sick stomach, labouring
With want of a true injury: the main part
Of the wrong, is our vice of taking it.

Lord L. Or our interpreting it to be such.

Lov. You take it rightly. If a woman, or child
Give me the lie, would I be angry? no,
Not if I were in my wits, sure, I should think it
No spice of a disgrace. No more is theirs,
If I will think it, who are to be held
In as contemptible a rank, or worse.
I am kept out a masque, sometime thrust out,
Made wait a day, two, three, for a great word,
Which, when it comes forth, is all frown and forehead:
What laughter should this breed, rather than anger!
Out of the tumult of so many errors,
To feel with contemplation, mine own quiet!
If a great person do me an affront,
A giant of the time, sure I will bear it
Or out of patience, or necessity:
Shall I do more for fear, than for my judgment?
For me now to be angry with Hodge Huffle,
Or Burst, his broken charge, if he be saucy,
Or our own type of Spanish valour, Tipto,
Who were he now necessited to beg,
Would ask an alms, like Conde Olivares,
Were just to make myself such a vain animal
As one of them. If light wrongs touch me not,
No more shall great; if not a few, not many.
There's nought so sacred with us but may find
A sacrilegious person, yet the thing is
No less divine, 'cause the profane can reach it.
He is shot free, in battle, is not hurt,
Not he that is not hit: so he is valiant,
That yields not unto wrongs; not he that 'scapes them.
They that do pull down churches, and deface
The holiest altars, cannot hurt the Godhead.
A calm wise man may shew as much true valour,
Amidst these popular provocations,
As can an able captain shew security
By his brave conduct, through an enemy's country.
A wise man never goes the people's way:
But as the planets still move contrary
To the world's motion; so doth he, to opinion.
He will examine, if those accidents
Which common fame calls injuries, happen to him
Deservedly or no? Come they deservedly,
They are no wrongs then, but his punishments:
If undeservedly, and he not guilty,
The doer of them, first, should blush, not he.

Lord L. Excellent!

Lord B. Truth, and right!

Frank. An oracle
Could not have spoken more!

Lady F. Been more believed!

Pru. The whole court runs into your sentence,
And see your second hour is almost ended. [sir:

Lady F. It cannot be! O clip the wings of time,
Good Prue, or make him stand still with a charm.
Distil the gout into it, cramps, all diseases
To arrest him in the foot, and fix him here:
O, for an engine, to keep back all clocks,
Or make the sun forget his motion!—
If I but knew what drink the time now loved,
To set my Trundle at him, mine own Barnaby!

Prue. Why, I'll consult our Shelee-nien Thomas.
[*Shakes her.*

Nurse. *Er grae Chreest.*

Lord B. Wake her not.

Nurse. *Tower een cuppaw*
D'usque-bagh, doone.

Pru. Usquebaugh's her drink,
But 'twill not make the time drunk.

Host. As it hath her.
Away with her, my lord, but marry her first.
[*Exit* Lord B. *with* Frank

Pru. Ay,
That will be sport anon too for my lady,
But she hath other game to fly at yet.—
The hour is come, your kiss.

Lady F. My servant's song, first.

Pru. I say the kiss, first; and I so enjoin'd it:
At your own peril, do, make the contempt.

Lady F. Well, sir, you must be pay'd, and legally. [*Kisses* Lovel.

Pru. Nay, nothing, sir, beyond.

Lov. One more——I except.
This was but half a kiss, and I would change it.

Pru. The court's dissolv'd, removed, and the play ended,
No sound, or air of love more, I decree it.

Lov. From what a happiness hath that one word
Thrown me into the gulph of misery!
To what a bottomless despair! how like
A court removing, or an ended play,
Shews my abrupt precipitate estate,
By how much more my vain hopes were increased
By these false hours of conversation!
Did not I prophesy this of myself,
And gave the true prognostics? O my brain,
How art thou turned! and my blood congeal'd,
My sinews slacken'd, and my marrow melted,
That I remember not where I have been,
Or what I am! only my tongue's on fire;
And burning downward, hurls forth coals and cinders,
To tell, this temple of love will soon be ashes!
Come, indignation, now, and be my mistress.
No more of Love's ungrateful tyranny;
His wheel of torture, and his pits of birdlime,
His nets of nooses, whirlpools of vexation,

His mills to grind his servants into powder—
I will go catch the wind first in a sieve,
Weigh smoak, and measure shadows: plough the water,
And sow my hopes there, ere I stay in love.
Lord L. My jealousy is off, I am now secure.
[*Aside and exit.*
Lov. Farewell the craft of crocodiles, women's piety,
And practice of it, in this art of flattering,
And fooling men! I have not lost my reason,
Though I have lent myself out for two hours,
Thus to be baffled by a chambermaid,
And the good actor, her lady, afore mine host
Of the Light Heart, here, that hath laugh'd at
Host. Who, I? [all——
Lov. Laugh on, sir, I'll to bed and sleep,
And dream away the vapour of love, if the house
And your leer drunkards let me.
[*Exeunt all but* Lady F., PRUDENCE, *and* Nurse.
Lady F. Prue!
Pru. Sweet madam.
Lady F. Why would you let him go thus?
Pru. In whose power
Was it to stay him, properer than my lady's?
Lady F. Why in your lady's? are not you the sovereign?
Pru. Would you in conscience, madam, have
His patience more? [me vex
Lady F. Not, but apply the cure,
Now it is vext.
Pru. That's but one body's work;
Two cannot do the same thing handsomely.
Lady F. But had not you the authority absolute?
Pru. And were not you in rebellion, lady
From the beginning? [Frampul,
Lady F. I was somewhat froward,
I must confess, but frowardness, sometime
Becomes a beauty, being but a visor
Put on. You'll let a lady wear her mask, Prue!
Pru. But how do I know, when her ladyship is
To leave it off, except she tell me so? [pleased
Lady F. You might have known that by my looks, and language,
Had you been or regardant, or observant.
One woman reads another's character
Without the tedious trouble of deciphering,
If she but give her mind to't; you knew well,
It could not sort with any reputation
Of mine, to come in first, having stood out
So long, without conditions for mine honour.
Pru. I thought you did expect none, you so
And put him off with scorn. [jeer'd him,
Lady F. Who, I, with scorn?
I did express my love to idolatry rather,
And so am justly plagued, not understood.
Pru. I swear I thought you had dissembled, madam,
And doubt you do so yet.
Lady F. Dull, stupid wench!
Stay in thy state of ignorance still, be damn'd,
An idiot chambermaid! Hath all my care,
My breeding thee in fashion, thy rich clothes,
Honour, and titles wrought no brighter effects
On thy dark soul, than thus? Well! go thy ways;
Were not the tailor's wife to be demolish'd,
Ruin'd, uncased, thou should'st be she, I vow.
Pru. Why, take your spangled properties, your gown
And scarfs. [*Tearing off her gown.*
Lady F. Prue, Prue, what dost thou mean?
Pru. I will not buy this play-boy's bravery
At such a price, to be upbraided for it,
Thus, every minute.
Lady F. Take it not to heart so.
Pru. The tailor's wife! there was a word of scorn!
Lady F. It was a word fell from me, Prue, by chance.
Pru. Good madam, please to undeceive yourself,
I know when words do slip, and when they are darted
With all their bitterness: *uncased, demolish'd!*
An *idiot chambermaid, stupid* and *dull!*
Be *damn'd for ignorance!* I will be so;
And think I do deserve it, that, and more,
Much more I do.
Lady F. Here comes mine host: no crying,
Good Prue!—

Re-enter Host.

Where is my servant Lovel, host?
Host. You have sent him up to bed, would you would follow him,
And make my house amends!
Lady F. Would you advise it?
Host. I would I could command it! My light
Should leap till midnight. [heart
Lady F. Pray thee be not sullen,
I yet must have thy counsel. Thou shalt wear,
The new gown yet. [Prue,
Pru. After the tailor's wife!
Lady F. Come, be not angry or grieved: I have a project. [*Exeunt* Lady F. *and* PRU.
Host. Wake Shelee-nien Thomas! Is this your heraldry,
And keeping of records to lose the main?
Where is your charge?
Nurse. *Grae Chreest!*
Host. Go ask the oracle
Of the bottle, at your girdle, there you lost it:
You are a sober setter of the watch! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Inn.*

Enter Host *and* FLY.

Host. Come, Fly and Legacy, the bird o' the Heart:
Prime insect of the Inn, professor, quarter-master,
As ever thou deserved'st thy daily drink,
Padling in sack, and licking in the same,
Now shew thyself an implement of price,
And help to raise a nap to us out of nothing.—
Thou saw'st them married?
Fly. I do think I did,
And heard the words, *I Philip, take thee Lætice.*
I gave her too, was then the father Fly,
And heard the priest do his part, far as five nobles
Would lead him in the lines of matrimony.
Host. Where were they married?
Fly. In the new stable.

Host. Ominous!
I have known many a church been made a stable,
But not a stable made a church till now:
I wish them joy. Fly, was he a full priest?
Fly. He belly'd for it, had his velvet sleeves,
And his branch'd cassock, a side sweeping gown,
All his formalities, a good cramm'd divine!
I went not far to fetch him, the next inn,
Where he was lodged, for the action.
Host. Had they a license?
Fly. License of love; I saw no other; and purse
To pay the duties both of church and house:
The angels flew about.
Host. Those birds send luck;
And mirth will follow. I had thought to have sacrificed
To merriment to-night in my Light Heart, Fly,
And like a noble poet, to have had
My last act best; but all fails in the plot.
Lovel is gone to bed; the lady Frampul
And sovereign Prue fall'n out: Tipto and his regiment
Of mine-men, all drunk dumb, from his whoop Barnaby,
To his hoop Trundle: they are his two tropics.
No project to rear laughter on, but this,
The marriage of lord Beaufort with Lætitia.
Stay, what is here? the satin gown redeem'd,
And Prue restored in't to her lady's grace!
Fly. She is set forth in't, rigg'd for some employ-
Host. An embassy at least. [ment!
Fly. Some treaty of state.
Host. 'Tis a fine tack about; and worth the observing. [*They stand aside.*

Enter Lady Frampul, *and* Prudence *magnificently dressed.*

Lady F. Sweet Prue, ay, now thou art a queen indeed!
These robes do royally, and thou becom'st them!
So they do thee! rich garments only fit
The parties they are made for; they shame others.
How did they shew on goody tailor's back?
Like a caparison for a sow, God save us!
Thy putting 'em on hath purged and hallow'd them
From all pollution meant by the mechanics.
Pru. Hang him, poor snip, a secular shop-wit!
He hath nought but his sheers to claim by, and his measures:
His prentice may as well put in for his needle,
And plead a stitch.
Lady F. They have no taint in them
Now of the tailor.
Pru. Yes, of his wife's hanches,
Thus thick of fat; I smell them, of the say.
Lady F. It is restorative, Prue: with thy but chafing it.
A barren hind's grease may work miracles.—
Find but his chamber-door, and he will rise
To thee; or if thou pleasest, feign to be
The wretched party herself, and com'st unto him
In forma pauperis, to crave the aid
Of his knight-errant valour, to the rescue
Of thy distressed robes: name but thy gown,
And he will rise to that.
Pru. I'll fire the charm first,
I had rather die in a ditch with mistress Shore,
Without a smock, as the pitiful matter has it,
Than owe my wit to clothes, or have it beholden.
Host. Still spirit of Prue!
Fly. And smelling of the sovereign!
Pru. No, I will tell him, as it is indeed;
I come from the fine, froward, frampul lady,
One was run mad with pride, wild with self-love,
But late encountering a wise man who scorn'd her,
And knew the way to his own bed, without
Borrowing her warming-pan, she hath recover'd
Part of her wits; so much as to consider
How far she hath trespass'd, upon whom, and how,
And now sits penitent and solitary,
Like the forsaken turtle, in the volary
Of the Light Heart, the cage, she hath abused,
Mourning her folly, weeping at the height
She measures with her eyes, from whence she is fall'n,
Since she did branch it on the top o' the wood.
Lady F. I prithee, Prue, abuse me enough, that's use me
As thou think'st fit, any coarse way, to humble me,
Or bring me home again, or Lovel on:
Thou dost not know my sufferings, what I feel,
My fires and fears are met; I burn and freeze,
My liver's one great coal, my heart shrunk up
With all the fibres, and the mass of blood
Within me, is a standing lake of fire,
Curl'd with the cold wind of my gelid sighs,
That drive a drift of sleet through all my body,
And shoot a February through my veins.
Until I see him, I am drunk with thirst,
And surfeited with hunger of his presence.
I know not whêr I am, or no; or speak,
Or whether thou dost hear me.
Pru. Spare expressions.
I'll once more venture for your ladyship,
So you will use your fortunes reverently.
Lady F. Religiously, dear Prue: Love and his mother,
I'll build them several churches, shrines, and altars,
And over head, I'll have, in the glass windows,
The story of this day be painted, round,
For the poor laity of love to read:
I'll make myself their book, nay, their example,
To bid them take occasion by the forelock,
And play no after-games of love hereafter.
Host. [*coming forward with* Fly.] And here your host and's Fly witness your vows,
And like two lucky birds, bring the presage
Of a loud jest; Lord Beaufort's married.
Lady F. Ha!
Fly. All to-be-married.
Pru. To whom, not your son?
Host. The same, Prue. If her ladyship could take truce
A little with her passion, and give way
To their mirth now running—
Lady F. Runs it mirth! let it come,
It shall be well received, and much made of it.
Pru. We must of this, it was our own conception.

Enter Lord Latimer.

Lord L. Room for green rushes, raise the fiddlers, chamberlain,
Call up the house in arms!
Host. This will rouse Lovel.
Fly. And bring him on too.
Lord L. Sheelee-nien Thomas
Runs like a heifer bitten with the brize,
About the court, crying on Fly, and cursing.

Fly. For what, my lord?
Lord L. You were best hear that from her,
It is no office, Fly, fits my relation.
Here come the happy couple!—

Enter Lord BEAUFORT, FRANK, FERRET, JORDAN, *and* JUG, Fiddlers, Servants, *&c.*

Joy, lord Beaufort!
Fly. And my young lady too.
Host. Much joy, my lord!
Lord B. I thank you all; I thank thee, father
Madam, my cousin, you look discomposed. [Fly.
I have been bold with a sallad after supper,
Of your own lettice here.
Lady F. You have, my lord:
But laws of hospitality, and fair rites,
Would have made me acquainted.
Lord B. In your own house,
I do acknowledge; else I much had trespass'd.
But in an inn, and public, where there is license
Of all community; a pardon of course
May be sued out.
Lord L. It will, my lord, and carry it.
I do not see, how any storm or tempest
Can help it now.
Pru. The thing being done and past,
You bear it wisely, and like a lady of judgment.
Lord B. She is that, secretary Prue.
Pru. Why secretary,
My wise lord? is your brain [too] lately married!
Lord B. Your reign is ended, Prue, no sovereign now:
Your date is out, and dignity expired.
Pru. I am annull'd; how can I treat with Lovel,
Without a new commission?
Lady F. Thy gown's commission.
Host. Have patience, Prue, expect, bid the lord joy.
Pru. And this brave lady too. I wish them joy!
Pierce. Joy!
Jor. Joy!
Jug. All joy!
Host. Ay, the house full of joy.
Fly. Play the bells, fiddlers, crack your strings with joy. [*Music.*
Pru. But, lady Lætice, you shew'd a neglect
Un-to-be-pardon'd, to'ards my lady, your kins-woman,
Not to advise with her.
Lord B. Good politic Prue,
Urge not your state-advice, your after-wit;
'Tis near upbraiding. Get our bed ready, chamberlain,
And host, a bride-cup; you have rare conceits,
And good ingredients; ever an old host,
Upon the road, has his provocative drinks.
Lord L. He is either a good bawd, or a physician.
Lord B. 'Twas well he heard you not, his back was turn'd.
A bed, the genial bed! a brace of boys,
To-night, I play for.
Pru. Give us points, my lord.
Lord B. Here take them, Prue, my cod-piece point, and all.
I have clasps, my Lætice' arms; here take them, boys. [*Throws off his doublet, &c.*
What, is the chamber ready? Speak, why stare
On one another. [you
Jor. No, sir.
Lord B. And why no?
Jor. My master has forbid it: he yet doubts,
That you are married.
Lord B. Ask his vicar-general,
His Fly, here.
Fly. I must make that good; they are married.
Host. But I must make it bad, my hot young lord.—
Give him his doublet again, the air is piercing;
You may take cold, my lord. See whom you have
Your host's son, and a boy! [married,
[*Pulls off* FRANK'S *head-dress.*
Fly. You are abused.
Lady F. Much joy, my lord!
Pru. If this be your Lætitia,
She'll prove a counterfeit mirth, and a clipp'd lady.
Ser. A boy, a boy, my lord has married a boy!
Lord L. Raise all the house in shout and laughter, a boy!
Host. Stay, what is here! peace, rascals, stop your throats.—

Enter Nurse, *hastily.*

Nurse. That maggot, worm, that insect! O my child,
My daughter! where's that Fly? I'll fly in his face,
The vermin, let me come to him.
Fly. Why, nurse Sheelee?
Nurse. Hang thee, thou parasite, thou son of crumbs
And orts, thou hast undone me, and my child,
My daughter, my dear daughter!
Host. What means this?
Nurse. O, sir, my daughter, my dear child is ruin'd,
By this your Fly, here, married in a stable,
And sold unto a husband.
Host. Stint thy cry,
Harlot, if that be all; didst thou not sell him
To me for a boy, and brought'st him in boy's rags
Here to my door, to beg an alms of me?
Nurse. I did, good master, and I crave your pardon:
But 'tis my daughter, and a girl. [
Host. Why saidst thou
It was a boy, and sold'st him then to me
With such entreaty, for ten shillings, carlin?
Nurse. Because you were a charitable man,
I heard, good master, and would breed him well;
I would have given him you for nothing gladly.
Forgive the lie of my mouth, it was to save
The fruit of my womb. A parent's needs are urgent,
And few do know that tyrant o'er good natures:
But you relieved her, and me too, the mother,
And took me into your house to be the nurse,
For which heaven heap all blessings on your head,
Whilst there can one be added.
Host. Sure thou speak'st
Quite like another creature than thou hast lived
Here, in the house, a Sheelee-nien Thomas,
An Irish beggar.
Nurse. So I am, God help me.
Host. What art thou? tell: the match is a good match,
For aught I see; ring the bells once again. [*Music.*
Lord B. Stint, I say, fidlers.
Lady F. No going off, my lord.
Lord B. Nor coming on, sweet lady, things thus standing.
Fly. But what's the heinousness of my offence
Or the degrees of wrong you suffer'd by it?

In having your daughter match'd thus happily,
Into a noble house, a brave young blood,
And a prime peer of the realm?
Lord B. Was that your plot, Fly?
Give me a cloke, take her again among you.
I'll none of your Light Heart fosterlings, no inmates,
Supposititious fruits of an host's brain,
And his Fly's hatching, to be put upon me.
There is a royal court of the Star-chamber,
Will scatter all these mists, disperse these vapours,
And clear the truth: Let beggars match with beg-
That shall decide it; I will try it there. [gars—
Nurse. Nay then, my lord, it's not enough, I see,
You are licentious, but you will be wicked.
You are not alone content to take my daughter,
Against the law; but having taken her,
You would repudiate and cast her off,
Now at your pleasure, like a beast of power,
Without all cause, or colour of a cause,
That, or a noble, or an honest man,
Should dare to except against, her poverty;
Is poverty a vice?
Lord B. The age counts it so.
Nurse. God help your lordship, and your peers
that think so,
If any be; if not, God bless them all,
And help the number of the virtuous,
If poverty be a crime! You may object
Our beggary to us, as an accident,
But never deeper, no inherent baseness.
And I must tell you now, young lord of dirt,
As an incensed mother, she hath more,
And better blood, running in those small veins,
Than all the race of Beauforts have in mass,
Though they distil their drops from the left rib
Of John o' Gaunt.
Host. Old mother of records,
Thou know'st her pedigree then: whose daughter
is she?
Nurse. The daughter and co-heir to the lord
This lady's sister. [Frampul,
Lady F. Mine! what is her name?
Nurse. Lætitia.
Lady F. That was lost!
Nurse. The true Lætitia.
Lady F. Sister, O gladness! Then you are our
Nurse. I am, dear daughter. [mother?
Lady F. On my knees I bless
The light I see you by.
Nurse. And to the author
Of that blest light, I ope my other eye,
Which hath almost, now, seven years been shut,
Dark as my vow was, never to see light,
Till such a light restored it, as my children,
Or your dear father, who, I hear, is not.
Lord B. Give me my wife, I own her now, and
will have her.
Host. But you must ask my leave first, my
young lord.
Leave is but light.—Ferret, go bolt your master,
Here's gear will startle him. [*Exit* FERRET.]—I
cannot keep
The passion in me, I am e'en turn'd child,
And I must weep.—Fly, take away mine host,
[*Pulls off his disguise.*
My beard and cap here from me, and fetch my
lord.— [*Exit* FLY.
I am her father, sir, and you shall now
Ask my consent, before you have her.—Wife!
My dear and loving wife! my honour'd wife!
Who here hath gain'd but I? I am lord Frampul.
The cause of all this trouble; I am he
Have measured all the shires of England over,
Wales, and her mountains, seen those wilder nations
Of people in the Peak, and Lancashire;
Their pipers, fidlers, rushers, puppet-masters,
Jugglers, and gipsies, all the sorts of canters,
And colonies of beggars, tumblers, ape-carriers;
For to these savages I was addicted,
To search their natures, and make odd discoveries:
And here my wife, like a she-Mandevile,
Ventured in disquisition after me.

Re-enter FLY, *with* Lord FRAMPUL'S *robes.*

Nurse. I may look up, admire, I cannot speak
Yet to my lord.
Host. Take heart, and breathe, recover,
Thou hast recover'd me, who here had coffin'd
Myself alive, in a poor hostelry,
In penance of my wrongs done unto thee,
Whom I long since gave lost.
Nurse. So did I you,
Till stealing mine own daughter from her sister,
I lighted on this error hath cured all.
Lord B. And in that cure, include my trespass,
And father, for my wife—— [mother,
Host. No, the *Star-chamber.*
Lord B. Away with that, you sour the sweetest
Was ever tasted. [lettice
Host. Give you joy, my son;
Cast her not off again.—

Enter LOVEL.

O call me father,
Lovel, and this your mother, if you like.
But take your mistress, first, my child; I have
power
To give her now, with her consent; her sister
Is given already to your brother Beaufort.
Lov. Is this a dream now, after my first sleep,
Or are these phant'sies made in the Light Heart,
And sold in the New Inn?
Host. Best go to bed,
And dream it over all. Let's all go sleep,
Each with his turtle. Fly, provide us lodgings,
Get beds prepared; you are master now of the inn,
The lord of the Light Heart, I give it you.
Fly was my fellow-gipsy. All my family,
Indeed, were gipsies, tapsters, ostlers, chamberlains,
Reduced vessels of civility.—
But here stands Prue, neglected, best deserving
Of all that are in the house, or in my Heart,
Whom though I cannot help to a fit husband,
I'll help to that will bring one, a just portion:
I have two thousand pound in bank for Prue,
Call for it when she will.
Lord B. And I as much.
Host. There's somewhat yet, four thousand
pound! that's better,
Than sounds the proverb, *four bare legs in a bed.*
Lov. Me and her mistress, she hath power to
Up into what she will. [coin
Lady F. Indefinite Prue!
Lord L. But I must do the crowning act of
Host. What's that, my lord? [bounty
Lord L. Give her myself, which here
By all the holy vows of love I do.
Spare all your promised portions; she's a dowry
So all-sufficient in her virtue and manners,
That fortune cannot add to her.
Pru. My lord.

Your praises are instructions to mine ears,
Whence you have made your wife to live your servant.
Host. Lights! get us several lights!
Lov. Stay, let my mistress
But hear my vision sung, my dream of beauty,
Which I have brought, prepared, to bid us joy,
And light us all to bed, 'twill be instead
Of airing of the sheets with a sweet odour.
Host. 'Twill be an incense to our sacrifice
Of love to-night, where I will woo afresh,
And like Mæcenas, having but one wife,
I'll marry her every hour of life hereafter.
[Exeunt with a song.

EPILOGUE.

Plays in themselves have neither hopes nor fears;
Their fate is only in their hearers' ears:
If you expect more than you had to-night,
The maker is sick, and sad. But do him right:
He meant to please you: for he sent things fit,
In all the numbers both of sense and wit;
If they have not miscarried! if they have,
All that his faint and faltering tongue doth crave,
Is, that you not impute it to his brain,
That's yet unhurt, although, set round with pain,
It cannot long hold out. All strength must yield;
Yet judgment would the last be in the field,
With a true poet. He could have haled in
The drunkards, and the noises of the Inn,
In his last act; if he had thought it fit
To vent you vapours in the place of wit:
But better 'twas that they should sleep, or spue,
Than in the scene to offend or him or you.
This he did think; and this do you forgive:
Whene'er the carcass dies, this art will live.
And had he lived the care of king and queen,
His art in something more yet had been seen;
But mayors and shrieves may yearly fill the stage:
A king's, or poet's birth doth ask an age.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE THERE WAS, MADE FOR THE PLAY, IN THE POET'S DEFENCE, BUT THE PLAY LIVED NOT, IN OPINION, TO HAVE IT SPOKEN.

A jovial host, and lord of the New Inn,
'Clept the Light Heart, with all that past therein,
Hath been the subject of our play to-night,
To give the king, and queen, and court delight.
But then we mean the court above the stairs,
And past the guard; men that have more of ears,
Than eyes to judge us: such as will not hiss,
Because the chambermaid was named Cis.
We think it would have served our scene as true,
If, as it is, at first we had call'd her Prue,
For any mystery we there have found,
Or magic in the letters, or the sound.
She only meant was for a girl of wit,
To whom her lady did a province fit:
Which she would have discharg'd, and done as well,
Had she been christen'd Joyce, Grace, Doll, or Nell.

THE JUST INDIGNATION THE AUTHOR TOOK AT THE VULGAR CENSURE OF HIS PLAY, BY SOME MALICIOUS SPECTATORS, BEGAT THIS FOLLOWING

ODE
(TO HIMSELF).

Come leave the loathed stage,
And the more loathsome age;
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
Usurp the chair of wit!
Indicting and arraigning every day,
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
Commission of the brain
Run on and rage, sweat, censure and condemn;
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
And they will acorns eat;
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
On such as have no taste!
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,
Whose appetites are dead!
No, give them grains their fill,
Husks, draff to drink and swill:
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not, their palate's with the swine.

No doubt some mouldy tale,
Like Pericles, and stale
As the shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish—
Scraps, out of every dish
Thrown forth, and raked into the common tub,
May keep up the Play-club:
There, sweepings do as well
As the best-order'd meal;
For who the relish of these guests will fit,
Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit.

And much good do't you then:
Brave plush and velvet-men,
Can feed on orts; and, safe in your stage-clothes,
Dare quit, upon your oaths,
The stagers and the stage-wrights too, your peers,
Of larding your large ears
With their foul comic socks,
Wrought upon twenty blocks; [enough,
Which if they are torn, and turn'd, and patch'd
The gamesters share your gilt, and you their stuff.—

Leave things so prostitute,
And take the Alcaic lute;
Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre;
Warm thee by Pindar's fire:
And though thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be [cold
Ere years have made thee old,
Strike that disdainful heat
Throughout, to their defeat,
As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
May, blushing, swear no palsy's in thy brain.

But when they hear thee sing
The glories of thy king,
His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men:
They may, blood-shaken then,
Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers
As they shall cry "Like ours,
In sound of peace or wars,
No harp e'er hit the stars,
In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign;
And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his Wain."

AN ANSWER TO THE ODE,

"Come leave the loathed Stage," &c.

(BY OWEN FELTHAM.)

Come leave this saucy way
Of baiting those that pay
Dear for the sight of your declining wit:
'Tis known it is not fit,
That a sale poet, just contempt once thrown,
Should cry up thus his own.
I wonder by what dower,
Or patent, you had power
From all to rape a judgment. Let 't suffice,
Had you been modest, you'd been granted wise.

'Tis known you can do well,
And that you do excell,
As a Translator: But when things require
A genius, and fire,
Not kindled heretofore by others pains;
As oft you've wanted brains
And art to strike the white,
As you have levell'd right:
Yet if men vouch not things apocryphal,
You bellow, rave, and spatter round your gall.

Jug, Pierce, Peck, Fly, and all
Your jests so nominal,
Are things so far beneath an able brain,
As they do throw a stain
Through all th' unlikely plot, and do displease
As deep as Pericles,
Where, yet, there is not laid
Before a chambermaid
Discourse so weigh'd as might have serv'd of old
For schools, when they of love and valour told.

Why rage then! when the show
Should judgment be and knowledge, there are in plush who scorn to drudge
For stages, yet can judge
Not only poets looser lines, but wits,
And all their perquisits.
A gift as rich, as high
Is noble poesie:
Yet though in sport it be for kings a play,
'Tis next mechanics, when it works for pay.

Alcæus lute had none,
Nor loose Anacreon
Ere taught so bold assuming of the bays,
When they deserv'd no praise.
To rail men into approbation,
Is new to yours alone;
And prospers not: for know,
Fame is as coy, as you
Can be disdainful; and who dares to prove
A rape on her, shall gather scorn, not love.

Leave then this humour vain,
And this more humorous strain,
Where self-conceit, and choler of the blood
Eclipse what else is good:
Then if you please those raptures high to touch,
Whereof you boast so much;
And but forbear your crown,
Till the world puts it on:
No doubt from all you may amazement draw,
Since braver theme no Phœbus ever saw.

AN ANSWER TO BEN JONSON'S ODE,

TO PERSUADE HIM NOT TO LEAVE THE STAGE.

(BY T. RANDOLPH.)

Ben, do not leave the stage,
'Cause 'tis a loathsome age:
For pride and impudence will grow too bold,
When they shall hear it told
They frighted thee; stand high as is thy cause,
Their hiss is thy applause:
More just were thy disdain,
Had they approved thy vein:
So thou for them, and they for thee were born,
They to incense, and thou as much to scorn.

Will't thou engross thy store
Of wheat, and pour no more,
Because their bacon-brains have such a taste,
As more delight in mast:
No! set them forth a board of dainties, full
As thy best Muse can cull;
Whilst they the while do pine
And thirst, midst all their wine.
What greater plague can hell itself devise,
Than to be willing thus to tantalize?

Thou canst not find them stuff,
That will be bad enough
To please their palates: let 'em them refuse,
For some Pye-Corner Muse;
She is too fair an hostess, 'twere a sin
For them to like thine *Inn*:
'Twas made to entertain
Guests of a nobler strain;
Yet if they will have any of thy store,
Give them some scraps, and send them from thy door.

And let those things in plush,
Till they be taught to blush,
Like what they will, and more contented be
With what Brome swept from thee.
I know thy worth, and that thy lofty strains
Write not to clothes, but brains;
But thy great spleen doth rise,
'Cause moles will have no eyes:
This only in my Ben I faulty find,
He's angry, they'll not see him that are blind.

Why should the scene be mute,
'Cause thou canst touch thy lute,
And string thy Horace? let each Muse of nine
Claim thee, and say, Thou'rt mine.
'Twere fond to let all other flames expire,
To sit by Pindar's fire:
For by so strange neglect,
I should myself suspect,
The palsy were as well thy brain's disease,
If they could shake thy Muse which way they please.

And though thou well canst sing
The glories of thy King;
And on the wings of verse his chariot bear,
To heaven, and fix it there;
Yet let thy Muse as well some raptures raise,
To please him, as to praise.
I would not have thee choose
Only a treble Muse;
But have this envious, ignorant age to know,
Thou that canst sing so high, canst reach as low.

TO BEN JONSON,

UPON OCCASION OF HIS ODE OF DEFIANCE ANNEXED TO HIS PLAY OF THE NEW INN.

(BY T. CAREW.)

'Tis true, dear Ben, thy just chastizing hand
Hath fix'd upon the sotted age a brand
To their swoln pride, and empty scribbling due;
It can nor judge, nor write: and yet 'tis true,
Thy comic Muse from the exalted line
Touch'd by the Alchemist, doth since decline
From that her zenith, and foretels a red
And blushing evening, when she goes to bed;
Yet such, as shall outshine the glimmering light,
With which all stars shall gild the following night.
Nor think it much (since all thy eaglets may
Endure the sunny trial) if we say
This hath the stronger wing, or that doth shine,
Trick'd up in fairer plumes, since all are thine:
Who hath his flock of cackling geese compared
With thy tuned quire of swans? or else who dared
To call thy births deform'd? but if thou bind,
By city custom, or by gavel-kind,
In equal shares thy love on all thy race,
We may distinguish of their sex, and place;
Though one hand form them, and though one brain strike
Souls into all, they are not all alike.
Why should the follies then of this dull age
Draw from thy pen such an immodest rage,
As seems to blast thy else-immortal bays,
When thine own tongue proclaims thy itch of praise?
Such thirst will argue drought. No, let be hurl'd
Upon thy works, by the detracting world,
What malice can suggest: let the rout say,
"The running sands, that, ere thou make a play,
Count the slow minutes, might a Godwin frame,
To swallow, when thou hast done, thy shipwreck'd
Let them the dear expense of oil upbraid, [name."
Suck'd by thy watchful lamp, "that hath betray'd
To theft the blood of martyr'd authors, spilt
Into thy ink, whilst thou grow'st pale with guilt."
Repine not at the taper's thrifty waste,
That sleeks thy terser poems; nor is haste
Praise, but excuse; and if thou overcome
A knotty writer, bring the booty home:
Nor think it theft if the rich spoils, so torn
From conquer'd authors, be as trophies worn.
Let others glut on the extorted praise
Of vulgar breath, trust thou to after days:
Thy labour'd works shall live, when Time devours
The abortive offspring of their hasty hours.
Thou art not of their rank; the quarrel lies
Within thine own verge: then let this suffice,
The wiser world doth greater thee confess
Than all men else, than thyself only less.

ODE TO BEN JONSON,

UPON HIS ODE TO HIMSELF.

(BY J. CLEVELAND.)

PROCEED in thy brave rage,
Which hath rais'd up our stage
Unto that height, as Rome in all her state,
Or Greece might emulate;
Whose greatest senators did silent sit,
Hear and applaud the wit,
Which those more temperate times,
Used when it tax'd their crimes:
Socrates stood, and heard with true delight,
All that the sharp Athenian Muse could write

Against his supposed fault;
And did digest the salt
That from that full vein did so freely flow:
And though that we do know
The Graces jointly strove to make that breast
A temple for their rest,
We must not make thee less
Than Aristophanes:
He got the start of thee in time and place,
But thou hast gain'd the goal in art and grace.

But if thou make thy feasts
For the high-relish'd guests,
And that a cloud of shadows shall break in,
It were almost a sin
To think that thou shouldst equally delight
Each several appetite;
Though Art and Nature strive
Thy banquets to contrive:
Thou art our whole Menander, and dost look
Like the old Greek; think, then, but on his Cook.

If thou thy full cups bring
Out of the Muses' spring,
And there are some foul mouths had rather drink
Out of the common sink;
There let them seek to quench th' hydropic thirst,
Till the swoln humour burst.

Let him who daily steals
From thy most precious meals,
Since thy strange plenty finds no loss by it,
Feed himself with the fragments of thy wit.

And let those silken men
That know not how, or when
To spend their money, or their time, maintain
With their consumed no-brain,
Their barbarous feeding on such gross base stuff
As only serves to puff
Up the weak empty mind,
Like bubbles, full with wind,
And strive t' engage the scene with their damn'd oaths,
As they do with the privilege of their clothes.

Whilst thou tak'st that high spirit,
Well purchas'd by thy merit:
Great Prince of Poets, though thy head be gray,
Crown it with Delphic bay,
And from the chief [pin] in Apollo's quire,
Take down thy best tuned lyre,
Whose sound shall pierce so far
It shall strike out the star,
Which fabulous Greece durst fix in heaven, whilst thine,
With all due glory, here on earth shall shine.

Sing, English Horace, sing
The wonders of thy King;
Whilst his triumphant chariot runs his whole
Bright course about each pole:
Sing down the Roman harper; he shall rain
His bounties on thy vein;
And with his golden rays,
So gild thy glorious bays,
That Fame shall bear on her unwearied wing,
What the best Poet sung of the best King.

THE MAGNETIC LADY;

OR,

HUMOURS RECONCILED.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COMPASS, *a Scholar Mathematic.*
CAPTAIN IRONSIDE, *his Brother, a Soldier.*
PARSON PALATE, *Prelate of the Parish.*
RUT, *Physician to* Lady LOADSTONE.
TIM. ITEM, *his Apothecary.*
SIR DIAPHANOUS SILKWORM, *a Courtier.*
PRACTICE, *a Lawyer.*
SIR MOTH INTEREST, *an Usurer, or Money-Bawd.*
BIAS, *a Vi-Politic, or Sub-Secretary.*
NEEDLE, *the* Lady's *Steward and Tailor.*

LADY LOADSTONE, *the* MAGNETIC LADY.
POLISH, *her Gossip and She-Parasite.*
PLACENTIA, *her Niece.*
PLEASANCE, *her Waiting-Woman.*
KEEP, *the* Niece's *Nurse.*
CHAIR, *the Midwife.*

Servant *to* Sir MOTH, Serjeants, *&c.*

The Chorus (PROBEE, DAMPLAY, *and* BOY *of the house*) *by way of* Induction.

SCENE,—LONDON.

INDUCTION, OR CHORUS.

THE STAGE.

Enter Master PROBEE and Master DAMPLAY, met by a Boy of the house.

Boy. *What do you lack, gentlemen, what is't you lack? any fine fancies, figures, humours, characters, ideas, definitions of lords and ladies? Waiting-women, parasites, knights, captains, courtiers, lawyers? what do you lack?*

Pro. *A pretty prompt boy for the poetic shop!*

Dam. *And a bold! Where's one of your masters, sirrah, the poet?*

Boy. *Which of them, sir? we have divers that drive that trade, now; poets, poetaccios, poetasters, poetitos——*

Dam. *And all haberdashers of small wit, I presume; we would speak with the poet of the day, boy.*

Boy. *Sir, he is not here. But I have the dominion of the shop, for this time, under him, and can shew you all the variety the stage will afford for the present.*

Pro. *Therein you will express your own good parts, boy.*

Dam. *And tie us two to you for the gentle office.*

Pro. *We are a pair of public persons (this gentleman and myself) that are sent thus coupled unto you, upon state-business.*

Boy. *It concerns but the state of the stage, I hope.*

Dam. *O, you shall know that by degrees, boy. No man leaps into a business of state, without fording first the state of the business.*

Pro. *We are sent unto you, indeed, from the people.*

Boy. *The people! which side of the people?*

Dam. *The venison side, if you know it, boy.*

Boy. *That's the left side. I had rather they had been the right.*

Pro. *So they are. Not the fæces, or grounds of your people, that sit in the oblique caves and wedges of your house, your sinful sixpenny mechanics——*

Dam. *But the better and braver sort of your people, plush and velvet outsides! that stick your house round like so many eminences——*

Boy. *Of clothes, not understandings! they are at pawn. Well, I take these as a part of your people though; what bring you to me from these people?*

Dam. *You have heard, boy, the ancient poets had it in their purpose, still to please this people.*

Pro. *Ay, their chief aim was——*

Dam. Populo ut placerent: *if he understands so much.—*

Boy. Quas fecissent fabulas.—*I understand that since I learn'd Terence, in the third form at Westminster: go on, sir.*

Pro. *Now, these people have employed us to you, in all their names, to entreat an excellent play from you.*

Dam. *For they have had very mean ones from this shop of late, the stage as you call it.*

Boy. *Troth, gentlemen, I have no wares which I dare thrust upon the people with praise. But this, such as it is, I will venture with your people, your gay gallant people: so as you, again, will undertake for them, that they shall know a good play when they hear it; and will have the conscience and ingenuity beside to confess it.*

Pro. *We'll pass our words for that; you shall have a brace of us to engage ourselves.*

Boy. *You'll tender your names, gentlemen, to our book then?*

Dam. *Yes; here's master Probee, a man of most powerful speech, and parts to persuade.*

Pro. *And master Damplay will make good all he undertakes.*

Boy. *Good master Probee, and master Damplay! I like your securities: whence do you write yourselves?*

Pro. *Of London, gentlemen; but knights' brothers, and knights' friends, I assure you.*

Dam. *And knights' fellows too: every poet writes squire now.*

Boy. *You are good names! very good men, both of you; I accept you.*

Dam. *And what is the title of your play here,* The Magnetic Lady?

Boy. *Yes, sir, an attractive title the author has given it.*

Pro. A magnete, *I warrant you.*

Dam. *O no, from* magnus, magna, magnum.

Boy. *This gentleman hath found the true magnitude——*

Dam. *Of his portal or entry to the work, according to Vitruvius.*

Boy. *Sir, all our work is done without a portal, or Vitruvius.* In foro, *as a true comedy should be. And what is conceal'd within, is brought out, and made present by report.*

Dam. *We see not that always observed by your authors of these times; or scarce any other.*

Boy. *Where it is not at all known, how should it be observed? The most of those your people call authors, never dreamt of any decorum, or what was proper in the scene; but grope at it in the dark, and feel or fumble for it: I speak it, both with their leave, and the leave of your people.*

Dam. *But, why* Humours Reconciled, *I would fain know?*

Boy. *I can satisfy you there too, if you will. But perhaps you desire not to be satisfied.*

Dam. *No! why should you conceive so, boy?*

Boy. *My conceit is not ripe yet; I'll tell you that anon. The author beginning his studies of this kind, with* Every Man in his Humour; *and after* Every Man out of his Humour; *and since, continuing in all his plays, especially those of the comic thread, whereof the* New Inn *was the last, some recent humours still, or manners of men, that went along with the times; finding himself now near the close, or shutting up of his circle, hath fancied to himself, in idea, this Magnetic Mistress: a lady, a brave bountiful housekeeper, and a virtuous widow; who having a young niece, ripe for a man, and marriageable, he makes that his centre attractive, to draw thither a diversity of guests, all persons of different humours to make up his perimeter. And this he hath called* Humours Reconciled.

Pro. *A bold undertaking, and far greater than the reconciliation of both churches; the quarrel between humours having been much the ancienter, and, in my poor opinion, the root of all schism and faction both in church and commonwealth.*

Boy. *Such is the opinion of many wise men, that meet at this shop still; but how he will speed in it, we cannot tell, and he himself, it seems, less cares: for he will not be entreated by us, to give it a prologue. He has lost too much that way already, he says. He will not woo the gentle ignorance so much. But careless of all vulgar censure, as not depending on common approbation, he is confident it shall super-please judicious spectators, and to them he leaves it to work with the rest, by example or otherwise.*

Dam. *He may be deceived in that, boy: few follow examples now, especially if they be good.*

Boy. *The play is ready to begin, gentlemen; I tell you, lest you might defraud the expectation of the people, for whom you are delegates: please you take a couple of seats, and plant yourselves, here, as near my standing as you can: fly every thing you see to the mark, and censure it freely; so you interrupt not the series or thread of the argument, to break or pucker it, with unnecessary questions. For, I must tell you, (not out of mine own dictamen, but the author's,) a good play is like a skein of silk; which if you take by the right end, you may wind off at pleasure, on the bottom or card of your discourse, in a tale or so; how you will: but if you light on the wrong end, you will pull all into a knot or elf-lock; which nothing but the sheers, or a candle, will undo or separate.*

Dam. *Stay, who be these, I pray you?*

Boy. *Because it is your first question, and these be the prime persons, it would in civility require an answer: but I have heard the poet affirm, that to be the most unlucky scene in a play, which needs an interpreter; especially, when the auditory are awake: and such are you he presumes;* ergo——

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* Lady Loadstone's *House.*

Enter Compass, *and* Captain Ironside, *meeting.*

Com. Welcome, good captain Ironside, and brother;
You shall along with me. I am lodged hard by,
Here, at a noble lady's house in the street,
The lady Loadstone's, one will bid us welcome;
Where there are gentlewomen and male guests,
Of several humours, carriage, constitution,
Profession too; but so diametral
One to another, and so much opposed,
As if I can but hold them altogether,
And draw them to a sufferance of themselves,
But till the dissolution of the dinner,
I shall have just occasion to believe
My wit is magisterial; and ourselves
Take infinite delight in the success.

Iron. Troth, brother Compass, you shall pardon
I love not so to multiply acquaintance [me;
At a meal's cost; 'twill take off o' my freedom
So much; or bind me to the least observance.

Com. Why, Ironside, you know I am a scholar,
And part a soldier; I have been employ'd
By some the greatest statesmen of the kingdom,
These many years; and in my time convers'd
With sundry humours, suiting so myself
To company, as honest men and knaves,
Good-fellows, hypocrites, all sorts of people,
Though never so divided in themselves,
Have studied to agree still in the usage
And handling of me, which hath been fair too.

Iron. Sir, I confess you to be one well read

In men and manners; and that usually,
The most ungovern'd persons, you being present,
Rather subject themselves unto your censure,
Than give you least occasion of distaste,
By making you the subject of their mirth.
But, to deal plainly with you, as a brother,
Whenever I distrust in my own valour,
I'll never bear me on another's wit,
Or offer to bring off, or save myself,
On the opinion of your judgment, gravity,
Discretion, or what else. But, being away,
You are sure to have less wit-work, gentle brother,
My humour being as stubborn as the rest,
And as unmanageable.

Com. You do mistake.
My caract of your friendship all this while,
Or at what rate I reckon your assistance;
Knowing by long experience, to such animals,
Half-hearted creatures, as these are, your fox there,
Unkennell'd with a choleric, ghastly aspect,
On two or three comminatory terms,
Would run their fears to any hole of shelter,
Worth a day's laughter! I am for the sport;
For nothing else.

Iron. But, brother, I have seen
A coward meeting with a man as valiant
As our St. George, not knowing him to be such,
Or having least opinion that he was so,
Set to him roundly, ay, and swinge him soundly;
And in the virtue of that error, having
Once overcome, resolv'd for ever after
To err; and think no person, nor no creature
More valiant than himself.

Com. I think that too:
But, brother, could I over entreat you,
I have some little plot upon the rest,
If you would be contented to endure
A sliding reprehension at my hands,
To hear yourself or your profession glanced at
In a few slighting terms; it would beget
Me such a main authority, on the bye,
And do yourself no disrepute at all.

Iron. Compass, I know that universal causes
In nature produce nothing, but as meeting
Particular causes to determine those,
And specify their acts. This is a piece
Of Oxford science, stays with me e'er since
I left that place; and I have often found
The truth thereof, in my [own] private passions:
For I do never feel myself perturb'd
With any general words 'gainst my profession,
Unless by some smart stroke upon myself
They do awake, and stir me: else, to wise
And well experienced men, words do not signify;
They have no power, save with dull grammarians,
Whose souls are nought but a syntaxis of them.

Com. Here comes our parson, parson Palate
A venerable youth, (I must salute him,) [here,
And a great clerk! he's going to the ladies;
And though you see him thus, without his cope,
I do assure you he's our parish pope.—

Enter PALATE.

God save my reverend clergy, parson Palate!

Pal. The witty master Compass! how is't with you?

Com. My lady stays for you, and for your counsel,
Touching her niece, mistress Placentia Steel,
Who strikes the fire of full fourteen to-day,
Ripe for a husband!

Pal. Ay, she chimes, she chimes.
Saw you the doctor Rut, the house physician?
He's sent for too.

Com. To council! time you were there:
Make haste, and give it a round quick dispatch,
That we may go to dinner betimes, parson;
And drink a health or two more to the business.

[*Exit* PALATE.

Iron. This is a strange put off; *a reverend youth!*
You use him most surreverently methinks.
What call you him? Palate Please, or Parson Palate?

Com. All's one, but shorter. I can give you his character.

He is the prelate of the parish here,
And governs all the dames, appoints the cheer,
Writes down the bills of fare, pricks all the guests,
Makes all the matches and the marriage feasts
Within the ward; draws all the parish wills,
Designs the legacies, and strokes the gills
Of the chief mourners; and, whoever lacks,
Of all the kindred, he hath first his blacks.
Thus holds he weddings up, and burials,
As his main tithing; with the gossips stalls,
Their pews; he's top still, at the public mess:
Comforts the widow, and the fatherless,
In funeral sack; sits 'bove the alderman;
For of the wardmote quest, he better can
The mystery, than the Levitic law:
That piece of clerkship doth his vestry awe.
He is as he conceives himself, a fine
Well furnish'd, and apparelled divine.

Iron. Who made this epigram, you?

Com. No, a great clerk
As any is of his bulk, Ben Jonson, made it.

Iron. But what's the other character, doctor Rut?

Com. The same man made them both; but his is shorter,
And not in rhyme, but blanks: I'll tell you that, too.

Rut is a young physician to the family:
That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature
More than her share; licentious in discourse,
And in his life a profest voluptuary;
The slave of money, a buffoon in manners;
Obscene in language, which he vents for wit;
Is saucy in his logics, and disputing,
Is anything but civil, or a man——

Re-enter PALATE *with* RUT *and* Lady LOADSTONE, *in discourse.*

See here they are! and walking with my lady,
In consultation, afore the door;
We will slip in, as if we saw them not.

[IRON. *and* COM. *go into the house.*

Lady L. Ay, 'tis his fault she's not bestow'd,
My brother Interest's.

Pal. Who, old sir Moth?

Lady L. He keeps off all her suitors, keeps the portion
Still in his hands; and will not part withal,
On any terms.

Pal. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ:*
Thence flows the cause of the main grievance.

Rut. That!—
It is a main one; how much is the portion?
Lady L. No petty sum.
Pal. But sixteen thousand pound.
Rut. He should be forced, madam, to lay it down:
When is it payable?
Lady L. When she is married.
Pal. Marry her, marry her, madam.
Rut. Get her married.
Lose not a day, an hour——
Pal. Not a minute.
Pursue your project real, master Compass
Advised you to: he is the perfect instrument
Your ladyship should sail by.
Rut. Master Compass
Is a fine witty man: I saw him go in, now.
Lady L. Is he gone in?
Pal. Yes, and a feather with him;
He seems a soldier.
Rut. Some new suitor, madam.
Lady L. I am beholding to him; he brings ever
Variety of good persons to my table,
And I must thank him, though my brother Interest
Dislike of it a little.
Pal. He likes nothing
That runs your way.
Rut. Troth, and the other cares not.
He'll go his own way, if he think it right.
Lady L. He's a true friend: and there is master Practice,
The fine young man of law, comes to the house:
My brother brooks him not, because he thinks
He is by me assigned for my niece:
He will not hear of it.
Rut. Not of that ear;
But yet your ladyship doth wisely in it.
Pal. 'Twill make him to lay down the portion sooner,
If he but dream you'll match her with a lawyer.
Lady L. So master Compass says. It is between
The lawyer, and the courtier, which shall have her.
Pal. Who, sir Diaphanous Silkworm?
Rut. A fine gentleman,
Old master Silkworm's heir.
Pal. And a neat courtier,
Of a most elegant thread.
Lady L. And so my gossip
Polish assures me. Here she comes.—

Enter Mistress POLISH.

Good Polish,
Welcome in troth! how dost thou, gentle Polish?
Rut. Who's this? [*Aside to* PALATE.
Pal. Dame Polish, her she-parasite,
Her talking, soothing, sometime governing gossip.
Pol. Your ladyship is still the lady Loadstone,
That draws, and draws unto you, guests of all sorts;
The courtiers, and the soldiers, and the scholars,
The travellers, physicians, and divines,
As doctor Ridley wrote, and doctor Barlow:
They both have writ of you and master Compass.
Lady L. We mean they shall write more ere it be long.
Pol. Alas, they are both dead, an't please you! but
Your ladyship means well, and shall mean well,
So long as I live. How does your fine niece,
My charge, mistress Placentia Steel?
Lady L. She is not well.
Pol. Not well?
Lady L. Her doctor says so.
Rut. Not very well; she cannot shoot at butts,
Or manage a great horse; but she can cranch
A sack of small-coal, eat you lime, and hair,
Soap-ashes, loam, and has a dainty spice
Of the green sickness—
Pol. 'Od shield!
Rut. Or the dropsy:
A toy, a thing of nothing. But my lady, here,
Her noble aunt—
Pol. She is a noble aunt;
And a right worshipful lady, and a virtuous;
I know it well!
Rut. Well, if you know it, peace.
Pal. Good sister Polish, hear your betters speak.
Pol. Sir, I will speak, with my good lady's leave,
And speak, and speak again; I did bring up
My lady's niece, mistress Placentia Steel,
With my own daughter, who's Placentia too,
And waits upon my lady, is her woman:—
Her ladyship well knows, mistress Placentia
Steel, as I said, her curious niece, was left
A legacy to me, by father and mother,
With the nurse Keep that tended her: her mother
She died in child-bed of her, and her father
Lived not long after; for he loved her mother!
They were a godly couple; yet both died,
As we must all.—No creature is immortal,
I have heard our pastor say; no, not the faithful!
And they did die, as I said, both in one month—
Rut. Sure, she is not long-lived if she spend breath thus.
Pol. And did bequeath her to my care and hand,
To polish and bring up. I moulded her,
And fashion'd her, and form'd her; she had the sweat
Both of my brows and brains, my lady knows it,
Since she could write a quarter old.
Lady L. I know not
That she could write so early, my good gossip:
But I do know she was so long your care,
Till she was twelve year old; that I call'd for her,
And took her home; for which I thank you, Polish,
And am beholden to you.
Rut. I sure thought
She had a lease of talking for nine lives——
Pal. It may be she has.
Pol. Sir, sixteen thousand pound
Was then her portion, for she was, indeed,
Their only child: and this was to be paid
Upon her marriage, so she married still
With my good lady's liking here, her aunt:
I heard the will read. Master Steel, her father,
The world condemn'd him to be very rich,
And very hard; and he did stand condemn'd
With that vain world, till, as 'twas proved after,
He left almost as much more to good uses
In sir Moth Interest's hands, my lady's brother,
Whose sister he had married: he holds all
In his close gripe. But master Steel was liberal,
And a fine man; and she a dainty dame,
And a religious, and a bountiful——

Enter COMPASS, *and* IRONSIDE *from the house.*

You knew her, master Compass—
Com. Spare the torture,
I do confess without it.
Pol. And her husband,
What a fine couple they were, and how they lived—

Com. Yes.
Pol. And loved together like a pair of turtles—
Com. Yes.
Pol. And feasted all the neighbours?
Com. Take her off,
Somebody that hath mercy—
Rut. O he knows her,
It seems.
Com. Or any measure of compassion:
Doctors, if you be Christians, undertake
One for the soul, the other for the body.
Pol. She would dispute with the doctors of divinity,
At her own table; and the Spittle preachers:
And find out the Armenians.
Rut. The Arminians.
Pol. I say, the Armenians.
Com. Nay, I say so too.
Pol. So master Polish call'd them, the Armenians.
Com. And Medes and Persians, did he not?
Pol. Yes, he knew them,
And so did mistress Steel; she was his pupil.
The Armenians, he would say, were worse than papists:
And then the Persians were our Puritans,
Had the fine piercing wits.
Com. And who, the Medes?
Pol. The middle men, the luke-warm protes-
Rut. Out, out! [tants.
Pol. Sir, she would find them by their branching:
Their branching sleeves, branch'd cassocks, and
Beside their texts. [branch'd doctrine,
Rut. Stint, carline; I'll not hear.
Confute her, parson.
Pol. I respect no parsons,
Chaplains, or doctors, I will speak.
Lady L. Yes, so it be reason,
Let her.
Rut. Death, she cannot speak reason.
Com. Nor sense, if we be master of our senses.
Iron. What mad woman have they got here to bait?
Pol. Sir, I am mad in truth, and to the purpose;
And cannot but be mad, to hear my lady's
Dead sister slighted, witty mistress Steel.
Iron. If she had a wit, death has gone near to
Assure yourself. [spoil it,
Pol. She was both witty and zealous,
And lighted all the tinder of the truth
(As one said) of religion, in our parish;
She was too learned to live long with us!
She could the Bible in the holy tongue,
And read it without pricks; had all her Masoreth,
Knew Burton and his Bull, and scribe Prynne gent.
Præsto-be-gone, and all the Pharisees.
Lady L. Dear gossip,
Be you gone, at this time, too, and vouchsafe
To see your charge, my niece.
Pol. I shall obey
If your wise ladyship think fit: I know
To yield to my superiors. [*Exit.*
Lady L. A good woman!
But when she is impertinent, grows earnest,
A little troublesome, and out of season:
Her love and zeal transport her.
Com. I am glad
That any thing could port her hence: we now
Have hope of dinner, after her long grace.
I have brought your ladyship an hungry guest here,
A soldier, and my brother, captain Ironside;
Who being by custom grown a sanguinary,
The solemn and adopted son of slaughter,
Is more delighted in the chase of an enemy,
An execution of three days and nights,
Than all the hope of numerous succession,
Or happiness of issue could bring to him.
Rut. He is no suitor then! [*Aside to* PAL.
Pal. So it should seem.
Com. And if he can get pardon at heaven's hand
For all his murthers, is in as good case
As a new christen'd infant: his employments
Continued to him, without interruption,
And not allowing him or time or place
To commit any other sin, but those.—
Please you to make him welcome for a meal, madam?
Lady L. The nobleness of his profession makes
His welcome perfect; though your coarse descrip- [tion
Would seem to sully it.
Iron. Never, where a beam
Of so much favour doth illustrate it,
Right knowing lady.
Pal. She hath cured all well.
Rut. And he hath fitted well the compliment.

Enter Sir DIAPHANOUS SILKWORM *and* PRACTICE.

Com. No, here they come; the prime magnetic guests
Our lady Loadstone so respects: the Arctic,
And the Antarctic! sir Diaphanous Silkworm,
A courtier extraordinary; who by diet
Of meats and drinks, his temperate exercise,
Choice music, frequent baths, his horary shifts
Of shirts and waistcoats, means to immortalize
Mortality itself, and makes the essence
Of his whole happiness the trim of court.
Sir Dia. I thank you, master Compass, for your
Encomiastic. [short
Rut. It is much in little, sir.
Pal. Concise and quick; the true style of an orator.
Com. But master Practice here, my lady's lawyer,
Or man of law, (for that is the true writing,)
A man so dedicate to his profession,
And the preferments go along with it,
As scarce the thundering bruit of an invasion,
Another eighty-eight, threatening his country
With ruin, would no more work upon him,
Than Syracusa's sack on Archimede;
So much he loves that night-cap! the bench-gown,
With the broad gard on the back! these shew a man
Betroth'd unto the study of our laws.
Prac. Which you but think the crafty impositions
Of subtile clerks, feats of fine understanding,
To abuse clots and clowns with, master Compass;
Having no ground in nature to sustain it,
Or light, from those clear causes, to the inquiry
And search of which, your mathematical head
Hath so devow'd itself.
Com. Tut, all men are
Philosophers, to their inches. There's within
Sir Interest, as able a philosopher,
In buying and selling! has reduced his thrift
To certain principles, and in that method,
As he will tell you instantly, by logarithms,
The utmost profit of a stock employed;
Be the commodity what it will: the place,
Or time, but causing very very little.

Or, I may say, no parallax at all,
In his pecuniary observations!
He has brought your niece's portion with him, madam;
At least, the man that must receive it: here
They come negociating the affair;
You may perceive the contract in their faces,
And read the indenture. If you'll sign them, so!

Enter Sir MOTH INTEREST *and* BIAS.

Pal. What is he, master Compass?
Com. A vi-politic,
Or a sub-aiding instrument of state:
A kind of a laborious secretary
To a great man, and likely to come on;
Full of attendance, and of such a stride
In business politic or economic,
As well his lord may stoop to advise with him;
And be prescribed by him in affairs
Of highest consequence, when he is dull'd,
Or wearied with the less.
Sir Dia. 'Tis master Bias,
Lord Whach'um's politic.
Com. You know the man.
Sir Dia. I have seen him wait at court, there,
Of papers and petitions. [with his maniples
Prac. He is one
That over-rules though, by his authority
Of living there; and cares for no man else:
Neglects the sacred letter of the law;
And holds it all to be but a dead heap
Of civil institutions: the rest only
Of common men, and their causes, a farrago,
Or a made dish in court; a thing of nothing.
Com. And that's your quarrel at him! a just plea.
Sir Moth. I tell you, sister Loadstone——
Com. Hang your ears
This way, and hear his praises: now Moth opens. [*Aside.*
Sir Moth. I have brought you here the very man, the jewel
Of all the court, close master Bias, sister!
Apply him to your side: or you may wear him
Here on your breast, or hang him in your ear,
He's a fit pendant for a lady's tip!
A chrysolite, a gem, the very agate
Of state and policy, cut from the quar
Of Machiavel; a true Cornelian
As Tacitus himself, and to be made
The brooch to any true state-cap in Europe!
Lady L. You praise him, brother, as you had hope to sell him.
Com. No, madam, as he had hope to sell your
Unto him. [niece
Lady L. 'Ware your true jests, master Compass;
They will not relish.
Sir Moth. I will tell you, sister,
I cannot cry his caract up enough;
He is unvaluable: all the lords
Have him in that esteem for his relations,
Corants, avisos, correspondences
With this ambassador, and that agent! he
Will screw you out a secret from a statist——
Com. So easy, as some cobler worms a dog.
Sir Moth. And lock it in the cabinet of his memory——
Com. Till it turn a politic insect or a fly,
Thus long!
Sir Moth. You may be merry, master Compass;
But though you have the reversion of an office,
You are not in it, sir.
Bias. Remember that.
Com. Why should that fright me, master Bi—,
Whose—ass you are? [from telling
Sir Moth. Sir, he is one can do
His turns there, and deliver too his letters
As punctually, and in as good a fashion,
As e'er a secretary can in court.
Iron. Why, is it any matter in what fashion
A man deliver his letters, so he not open them?
Bias. Yes, we have certain precedents in court,
From which we never swerve once in an age:
And (whatsoe'er he thinks) I know the arts
And sciences do not directlier make
A graduate in our universities,
Than an habitual gravity prefers
A man in court.
Com. Which, by the truer style,
Some call a formal flat servility.
Bias. Sir, you may call it what you please; but we
That tread the path of public businesses,
Know what a tacit shrug is, or a shrink;
The wearing the callot, the politic hood,
And twenty other parerga, on the bye,
You seculars understand not: I shall trick him,
If his reversion come in my lord's way.
Sir Dia. What is that, master Practice? you
Master Compasses reversion? [sure know;
Prac. A fine place,
Surveyor of the projects general;
I would I had it.
Pal. What is't worth?
Prac. O sir,
A *nemo scit.*
Lady L. We'll think on't afore dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Boy. *Now, gentlemen, what censure you of our protasis, or first act?*

Pro. *Well, boy, it is a fair presentment of your actors; and a handsome promise of somewhat to come hereafter.*

Dam. *But there is nothing done in it, or concluded: therefore I say, no act.*

Boy. *A fine piece of logic! do you look, master Damplay, for conclusions in a protasis? I thought the law of comedy had reserved* [*them*] *to the catastrophe; and that the epitasis, as we are taught, and the catastasis, had been intervening parts, to have been expected. But you would have all come together, it seems: the clock should strike five at once, with the acts.*

Dam. *Why, if it could do so, it were well, boy.*

Boy. *Yes, if the nature of a clock were to speak, not strike. So, if a child could be born in a play, and grow up to a man, in the first scene, before he went off the stage: and then after to come forth a squire, and be made a knight: and that knight to travel between the acts, and do wonders in the Holy Land or elsewhere; kill Paynims, wild boars, dun cows, and other monsters; beget him a reputation and marry an emperor's daughter for his mistress: convert her father's country; and at last come home lame, and all-to-be laden with miracles.*

Dam. *These miracles would please, I assure you, and take the people: for there be of the people, that will expect miracles, and more than miracles from this pen.*

Boy. *Do they think this pen can juggle? I would we had Hokos-pokos for 'em then, your people; or Travitanto Tudesco.*

Dam. *Who's that, boy?*

Boy. *Another juggler, with a long name. Or that your expecters would be gone hence now, at the first act; or expect no more hereafter than they understand.*

Dam. *Why so, my peremptory Jack?*

Boy. *My name is John, indeed——Because, who expect what is impossible or beyond nature, defraud themselves.*

Pro. *Nay, there the boy said well; they do defraud themselves, indeed.*

Boy. *And therefore, master Damplay, unless, like a solemn justice of wit, you will damn our play unheard or unexamined, I shall entreat your mistress, madam Expectation, if she be among these ladies, to have patience but a pissing while: give our springs leave to open a little, by degrees; a source of ridiculous matter may break forth anon, that shall steep their temples, and bathe their brains in laughter, to the fomenting of stupidity itself, and the awaking any velvet lethargy in the house.*

Pro. *Why do you maintain your poet's quarrel so with velvet and good clothes, boy? we have seen him in indifferent good clothes ere now.*

Boy. *And may do in better, if it please the king his master to say Amen to it, and allow it, to whom he acknowledgeth all. But his clothes shall never be the best thing about him, though; he will have somewhat beside, either of human letters, or severe honesty, shall speak him a man, though he went naked.*

Pro. *He is beholden to you, if you can make this good, boy.*

Boy. *Himself hath done that already, against envy.*

Dam. *What is your name, sir, or your country?*

Boy. *John Try-gust my name; a Cornish youth, and the poet's servant.*

Dam. *West country breed I thought, you were so bold.*

Boy. *Or rather saucy; to find out your palate, master Damplay. 'Faith we do call a spade a spade, in Cornwall. If you dare damn our play in the wrong place, we shall take heart to tell you so!*

Pro. *Good boy.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Lady LOADSTONE'S *House.*

Enter Nurse KEEP, PLACENTIA, *and* PLEASANCE.

Keep. Sweet mistress, pray you be merry; you are sure
To have a husband now.
Pla. Ay, if the store
Hurt not the choice.
Plea. *Store is no sore,* young mistress,
My mother is wont to say.
Keep. And she'll say wisely
As any mouth in the parish. Fix on one,
Fix upon one, good mistress.
Pla. At this call too,
Here's master Practice who is call'd to the bench
Of purpose.
Keep. Yes, and by my lady's means.
Plea. 'Tis thought to be the man.
Keep. A lawyer's wife.
Plea. And a fine lawyer's wife.
Keep. Is a brave calling.
Plea. Sweet mistress Practice!
Keep. Gentle mistress Practice!
Plea. Fair, open mistress Practice!
Keep. Ay, and close,
And cunning mistress Practice!
Pla. I not like that;
The courtier's is the neater calling.
Plea. Yes,
My lady Silkworm.
Keep. And to shine in plush.
Plea. Like a young night-crow, a Diaphanous Silkworm.
Keep. Lady Diaphanous sounds most delicate.
Plea. Which would you choose now, mistress?
Pla. 'Cannot tell.
The copy does confound one.
Plea. Here's my mother.

Enter POLISH.

Pol. How now, my dainty charge, and diligent nurse?
What were you chanting on? [PLEASANCE *kneels.*]
God bless you, maiden.
Peep. We are inchanting all; wishing a husband
For my young mistress here: a man to please her.
Pol. She shall have a man, good nurse, and must have a man,
A man and a half, if we can choose him out;
We are all in council within, and sit about it:
The doctors and the scholars, and my lady,
Who's wiser than all us.—Where's master Needle?
Her ladyship so lacks him to prick out
The man! [*Exit* PLEASANCE.] How does my sweet young mistress?
You look not well, methinks; how do you, dear charge?
You must have a husband, and you shall have a husband,
There's two put out to making for you; a third
Your uncle promises: but you must still
Be ruled by your aunt, according to the will
Of your dead father and mother, who are in heaven.
Your lady-aunt has choice in the house for you:
We do not trust your uncle: he would keep you
A batchelor still, by keeping of your portion;
And keep you not alone without a husband,
But in a sickness; ay, and the green sickness,
The maiden's malady; which is a sickness:
A kind of a disease, I can assure you,
And like the fish our mariners call *remora*——
Keep. A remora, mistress!
Pol. How now, goody nurse,
Dame Keep of Katerns? what! have you an oar
In the cock-boat, 'cause you are a sailor's wife,
And come from Shadwell?

Enter NEEDLE.

I say a remora,
For it will stay a ship that's under sail;
And stays are long and tedious things to maids!
And maidens are young ships that would be sailing
When they be rigg'd; wherefore is all their trim else?

Nee. True; and for them to be staid——

Pol. The stay is dangerous:
You know it, master Needle.

Nee. I know somewhat;
And can assure you from the doctor's mouth,
She has a dropsy, and must change the air,
Before she can recover.

Pol. Say you so, sir?

Nee. The doctor says so.

Pol. Says his worship so?
I warrant them he says true then; they sometimes
Are soothsayers, and always cunning men.
Which doctor was it?

Nee. E'en my lady's doctor,
The neat house doctor; but a true stone doctor.

Pol. Why, hear you, nurse? how comes this geer to pass?
This is your fault in truth; it shall be your fault,
And must be your fault: why is your mistress sick?
She had her health the while she was with me.

Keep. Alas, good mistress Polish, I am no saint,
Much less my lady, to be urged give health,
Or sickness, at my will: but to await
The stars' good pleasure, and to do my duty.

Pol. You must do more than your duty, foolish nurse:
You must do all you can, and more than you can,
More than is possible; when folks are sick,
Especially a mistress, a young mistress.

Keep. Here's master doctor himself cannot do that. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady LOADSTONE *and* RUT.

Pol. Doctor Do-all can do it; thence he's [call'd so.

Rut. Whence? what is he call'd?

Pol. Doctor, do all you can,
I pray you, and beseech you, for my charge here.

Lady L. She is my tendering gossip, loves my niece.

Pol. I know you can do all things, what you please, sir,
For a young damsel, my good lady's niece, here;
You can do what you list.

Rut. Peace, Tiffany.

Pol. Especially in this new case of the dropsy.
The gentlewoman, I do fear, is leaven'd.

Rut. Leaven'd! what's that?

Pol. Puft, blown, an't please your worship.

Rut. What! dark by darker? what is blown, [puft? speak English—

Pol. Tainted, an't please you, some do call it.
She swells, and so swells with it——

Rut. Give her vent,
If she do swell. A gimblet must be had;
It is a tympanites she is troubled with.
There are three kinds: the first is anasarca,
Under the flesh a tumour; that's not her's.
The second is ascites, or aquosus,
A watery humour; that is not her's neither.
But tympanites, which we call the drum,
A wind-bombs in her belly, must be unbraced,
And with a faucet or a peg, let out,
And she'll do well: get her a husband.

Pol. Yes,
I say so, master doctor, and betimes too.

Lady L. As soon as we can: let her bear up to-day,
Laugh and keep company at gleek or crimp.

Pol. Your ladyship says right, crimp sure will cure her.

Rut. Yes, and gleek too; peace, gossip Tittle-tattle.
She must to-morrow down into the country,
Some twenty miles; a coach and six brave horses:
Take the fresh air a month there, or five weeks;
And then return a bride up to the town,
For any husband in the hemisphere
To chuck at, when she has dropt her tympany.

Pol. Must she then drop it?

Rut. Thence 'tis call'd a dropsy.
The tympanites is one spice of it:
A toy, a thing of nothing, a mere vapour;
I'll blow't away.

Lady L. Needle, get you the coach
Ready, against to-morrow morning.

Nee. Yes, madam. [*Exit.*

Lady L. I'll down with her myself, and thank the doctor.

Pol. We all shall thank him: but, dear madam,
Resolve upon a man this day. [think,

Lady L. I have done it.
To tell you true, sweet gossip—here is none
But master doctor, he shall be of the council.—
The man I have design'd her to, indeed,
Is master Practice; he's a neat young man,
Forward, and growing up in a profession:
Like to be somebody, if the Hall stand,
And pleading hold! A prime young lawyer's wife,
Is a right happy fortune.

Rut. And she bringing
So plentiful a portion, they may live
Like king and queen at common law together:
Sway judges, guide the courts, command the clerks,
And fright the evidence; rule at their pleasures,
Like petty sovereigns in all cases.

Pol. O, that
Will be a work of time; she may be old
Before her husband rise to a chief judge,
And all her flower be gone. No, no, a lady
Of the first head I would have her, and in court,
The lady Silkworm, a Diaphanous lady:
And be a vicountess, to carry all
Before her, as we say, her gentleman-usher,
And cast off pages, bare, to bid her aunt
Welcome unto her honour, at her lodgings.

Rut. You say well, lady's gossip; if my lady
Could admit that, to have her niece precede her.

Lady L. For that, I must consult mine own ambition,
My zealous gossip. [

Pol. O, you shall precede her:
You shall be a countess, sir Diaphanous
Shall get you made a countess! here he comes
Has my voice, certain.

Enter behind Sir DIAPHANOUS SILKWORM *and* PALATE *in discourse.*

O fine courtier!
O blessed man! the bravery pick'd out,
To make my dainty charge a vicountess,
And my good lady, her aunt, countess at large!

Sir Dia. I tell thee, parson, if I get her, reckon
Thou hast a friend in court; and shalt command
A thousand pound, to go on any errand,
For any church-preferment thou hast a mind to.

Pal. I thank your worship; I will so work for you,
As you shall study all the ways to thank me: [Y'll work my lady, and my lady's friends;
Her gossip, and this doctor, and squire Needle,
And master Compass, who is all in all;
The very fly she moves by: he is one
That went to sea with her husband, sir John Loadstone,
And brought home the rich prizes; all that wealth
Is left her; for which service she respects him:
A dainty scholar in the mathematics;
And one she wholly employs. Now dominus Practice
Is yet the man, appointed by her ladyship;
But there's a trick to set his cap awry,
If I know any thing: he hath confest
To me in private that he loves another,
My lady's woman, mistress Pleasance; therefore
Secure you of rivalship.

Sir Dia. I thank thee,
My noble parson; there's five hundred pound
Waits on thee more for that.

Pal. Accost the niece,
Yonder she walks alone; I'll move the aunt:
But here's the gossip; she expects a morsel.
Have you ne'er a ring or toy to throw away?

Sir Dia. Yes, here's a diamond of some three-score pound,
I pray you give her that.

Pal. If she will take it.

Sir Dia. And there's an emerald for the doctor too:
Thou parson, thou shalt coin me; I am thine.

Pal. Here master Compass comes.

Enter COMPASS.

Do you see my lady,
And all the rest, how they do flutter about him?
He is the oracle of the house and family.
Now is your time; go nick it with the niece:

[*Exit* Sir DIA.

I will walk by, and hearken how the chimes go.

[*Walks aside.*

Com. Nay, parson, stand not off: you may approach;
This is no such hid point of state we handle,
But you may hear it; for we are all of counsel.
The gentle master Practice hath dealt clearly,
And nobly with you, madam.

Lady L. Have you talk'd with him,
And made the overture?

Com. Yes, first I moved
The business trusted to me by your ladyship,
In your own words, almost your very syllables,
Save where my memory trespass'd 'gainst their elegance,
For which I hope your pardon. Then I enlarged,
In my own homely style, the special goodness
And greatness of your bounty in your choice,
And free conferring of a benefit
So without ends, conditions, any tie
But his mere virtue, and the value of it,
To call him to your kindred, to your veins,
Insert him in your family, and to make him
A nephew by the offer of a niece,
With such a portion; which when he had heard,
And most maturely acknowledg'd (as his calling
Tends all unto maturity) he return'd
A thanks as ample as the courtesy,
In my opinion: said it was a grace
Too great to be rejected or accepted
By him: but as the terms stood with his fortune,
He was not to prevaricate with your ladyship,
But rather to require ingenuous leave,
He might with the same love that it was offer'd
Refuse it, since he could not with his honesty,
(Being he was engaged before,) receive it.

Pal. The same he said to me.

Com. And named the party?

Pal. He did and he did not.

Com. Come, leave your schemes,
And fine amphibolies, parson.

Pal. You'll hear more.

Pol. Why, now your ladyship is free to choose
The courtier sir Diaphanous: he shall do it,
I'll move it to him myself.

Lady L. What will you move to him?

Pol. The making you a countess.

Lady L. Stint fond woman.
Know you the party master Practice means?

Com. No, but your parson says he knows, madam.

Lady L. I fear he fables; parson, do you know
Where master Practice is engaged?

Pal. I'll tell you,
But under seal; her mother must not know:
'Tis with your Ladyship's woman, mistress Pleasance.

Com. How! [

Lady L. He is not mad?

Pal. O hide the hideous secret
From her; she'll trouble all else. You do hold
A cricket by the wing.

Com. Did he name Pleasance?
Are you sure, parson?

Lady L. O 'tis true, your mistress!
I find where your shoe wrings you, master Compass:
But you'll look to him there. [

Com. Yes; here's sir Moth,
Your brother, with his Bias, and the party
Deep in discourse; 'twill be a bargain and sale,
I see, by their close working of their heads,
And running them together so in counsel.

Enter at a distance, in discourse, Sir MOTH INTEREST, PRACTICE, *and* BIAS.

Lady L. Will master Practice be of counsel against us?

Com. He is a lawyer, and must speak for his fee,
Against his father and mother, all his kindred,
His brothers or his sisters; no exception
Lies at the common law. He must not alter
Nature for form, but go on in his path;
It may be, he'll be for us. Do not you
Offer to meddle, let them take their course.
Dispatch, and marry her off to any husband;
Be not you scrupulous; let who can have her:
So he lay down the portion, though he geld it,
It will maintain the suit against him, somewhat;
Something in hand is better than no birds;
He shall at last accompt for the utmost farthing,
If you can keep your hand from a discharge.

[*Exit* Lady L.

Pol. [*to* DIAPHANOUS.] Sir, do but make her worshipful aunt a countess,
And she is yours, her aunt has worlds to leave you:
The wealth of six East-Indian fleets at least.
Her husband, sir John Loadstone, was the governor
Of the company seven years.

Sir Dia. And came there home
Six fleets in seven years?

Pol. I cannot tell,
I must attend my gossip her good ladyship.

[*Exit.*

Pla. And will you make me a vicountess too,
How do they make a countess; in a chair, [sir?
Or on a bed?
SirDia. Both ways, sweet bird; I'll shew you.
[*Exeunt* Sir DIAPHANOUS *and* PLACENTIA.
Sir Moth. [*coming forward.*] The truth is, master Practice, now we are sure
That you are off, we dare come on the bolder;
The portion left was sixteen thousand pound,
I do confess it, as a just man should.
And call here master Compass, with these gentle-
To the relation; I will still be just. [men,
Now for the profits every way arising,
It was the donor's wisdom, those should pay
Me for my watch, and breaking of my sleeps;
It is no petty charge, you know, that sum,
To keep a man awake for fourteen year.
Prac. But, as you knew to use it in that time,
It would reward your waking.
Sir Moth. That's my industry,
As it might be your reading, study, and counsel,
And now your pleading; who denies it you?
I have my calling too. Well, sir, the contract
Is with this gentleman; ten thousand pound.
An ample portion for a younger brother,
With a soft, tender, delicate rib of man's flesh,
That he may work like wax, and print upon.—
He expects no more than that sum to be tender'd,
And he receive it; these are the conditions.
Prac. A direct bargain, and sale in open market.
Sir Moth. And what I have furnish'd him withal o' the by,
To appear or so; a matter of four hundred,
To be deduced upon the payment——
Bia. Right:
You deal like a just man still.
Sir Moth. Draw up this,
Good master Practice, for us, and be speedy.
Prac. But here's a mighty gain, sir, you have made
Of this one stock: the principal first doubled,
In the first seven year; and that redoubled
In the next seven! beside six thousand pound,
There's threescore thousand got in fourteen year,
After the usual rate of ten in the hundred,
And the ten thousand paid.
Sir Moth. I think it be.
Prac. How will you 'scape the clamour and the envy?
Sir Moth. Let them exclaim and envy, what care I?
Their murmurs raise no blisters in my flesh.
My monies are my blood, my parents, kindred;
And he that loves not these, he is unnatural.
I am persuaded that the love of money
Is not a virtue only in a subject,
But might befit a prince: and were there need,
I find me able to make good the assertion,
To any reasonable man's understanding,
And make him to confess it.
Com. Gentlemen,
Doctors, and scholars, you'll hear this, and look for
As much true secular wit, and deep lay-sense,
As can be shown on such a common place.
Sir Moth. First, we all know the soul of man is infinite
In what it covets. Who desireth knowledge,
Desires it infinitely; who covets honour,
Covets it infinitely: It will be then
No hard thing for a coveting man to prove,
Or to confess, he aims at infinite wealth.
Com. His soul lying that way.
Sir Moth. Next, every man
Is in the hope or possibility
Of a whole world; this present world being nothing,
But the dispersed issue of [the] first one.
And therefore I not see, but a just man
May, with just reason, and in office ought
Propound unto himself——
Com. An infinite wealth!
I'll bear the burden; go you on, sir Moth.
Sir Moth. Thirdly, if we consider man a member
But of the body politic, we know
By just experience, that the prince hath need
More of one wealthy, than ten fighting men.
Com. There you went out of the road, a little from us.
Sir Moth. And therefore, if the prince's aims be
It must be in that which makes all. [infinite,
Com. Infinite wealth!
Sir Moth. Fourthly, 'tis natural to all good subjects,
To set a price on money, more than fools
Ought on their mistress' picture; every piece,
From the penny to the twelve-pence, being the hieroglyphic,
And sacred sculpture of the sovereign.
Com. A manifest conclusion, and a safe one!
Sir Moth. Fifthly, wealth gives a man the leading voice
At all conventions; and displaceth worth,
With general allowance to all parties:
It makes a trade to take the wall of virtue,
And the mere issue of a shop right honourable.
Sixthly, it doth enable him that hath it,
To the performance of all real actions,
Referring him to himself still, and not binding
His will to any circumstance, without him.
It gives him precise knowledge of himself;
For, be he rich, he straight with evidence knows
Whether he have any compassion,
Or inclination unto virtue, or no;
Where the poor knave erroneously believes,
If he were rich, he would build churches, or
Do such mad things. Seventhly, your wise poor
Have ever been contented to observe [men
Rich fools, and so to serve their turns upon them;
Subjecting all their wit to the others wealth,
And become gentlemen parasites, squire bawds,
To feed their patron's honourable humours.
Eighthly, 'tis certain that a man may leave
His wealth, or to his children, or his friends;
His wit he cannot so dispose by legacy,
As they shall be a Harrington the better for't.

Enter Captain IRONSIDE.

Com. He may entail a jest upon his house,
Or leave a tale to his posterity,
To be told after him.
Iron. As you have done here?
To invite your friend and brother to a feast,
Where all the guests are so mere heterogene,
And strangers, no man knows another, or cares
If they be Christians, or Mahometans,
That here are met.
Com. Is't any thing to you, brother,
To know religions more than those you fight for?
Iron. Yes, and with whom I eat. I may dispute
And how shall I hold argument with such,

I neither know their humours, nor their heresies,
Which are religions now, and so received?
Here's no man among these that keeps a servant,
To inquire his master of; yet in the house
I hear it buzz'd there are a brace of doctors,
A fool, and a physician; with a courtier,
That feeds on mulberry leaves, like a true silk-
A lawyer, and a mighty money-bawd, [worm:
Sir Moth, has brought his politic Bias with him,
A man of a most animadverting humour;
Who, to endear himself unto his lord,
Will tell him, you and I, or any of us,
That here are met, are all pernicious spirits,
And men of pestilent purpose, meanly affected
Unto the state we live in; and beget
Himself a thanks with the great men of the time,
By breeding jealousies in them of us,
Shall cross our fortunes, frustrate our endeavours,
Twice seven years after: and this trick be call'd
Cutting of throats with a whispering, or a pen-knife.
I must cut his throat now: I am bound in honour,
And by the law of arms, to see it done;
I dare to do it, and I dare profess
The doing of it; being to such a rascal,
Who is the common offence grown of mankind,
And worthy to be torn up from society.

Com. You shall not do it here, sir.

Iron. Why, will you
Entreat yourself into a beating for him,
My courteous brother? If you will, have at you.
No man deserves it better, now I think on't,
Than you, that will keep consort with such fidlers,
Pragmatic flies, fools, publicans, and moths,
And leave your honest and adopted brother.

Sir Moth. Best raise the house upon him to secure us;
He'll kill us all! [*Exit.*

Pal. I love no blades in belts. [*Exit.*

Rut. Nor I. [*Exit.*

Bia. Would I were at my shop again,
In court, safe stow'd up with my politic bundles. [*Exit.*

Com. How they are scattered!

Iron. Run away like *cimici*,
Into the crannies of a rotten bed-stead.

Com. I told you, such a passage would disperse them,
Although the house were their fee-simple in law,
And they possest of all the blessings in it.

Iron. Pray heaven they be not frighted from their stomachs,
That so my lady's table be disfurnish'd
Of the provisions!

Com. No, the parson's calling,
By this time, all the covey again together.
Here comes good tidings—

Enter PLEASANCE.

Dinner's on the board.—[*Exit* IRONSIDE.
Stay, mistress Pleasance, I must ask you a
Have you any suits in law? [question:

Plea. I, master Compass!

Com. Answer me briefly, it is dinner-time.
They say you have retain'd brisk master Practice,
Here, of your counsel; and are to be join'd
A patentee with him.

Plea. In what? who says so?
You are disposed to jest.

Com. No, I am in earnest.
's is given out in the house so, I assure you;
But keep your right to yourself, and not acquaint
A common lawyer with your case: if he
Once find the gap, a thousand will leap after.
I'll tell you more anon. [*Exit.*

Plea. This riddle shews
A little like a love trick, o' one face,
If I could understand it. I will study it. [*Exit.*

Dam. *But whom doth your poet mean now by this master Bias? what lord's secretary doth he purpose to personate or perstringe?*

Boy. *You might as well ask me, what alderman, or alderman's mate, he meant by sir Moth Interest, or what eminent lawyer, by the ridiculous master Practice? who hath rather his name invented for laughter, than any offence or injury it can stick on the reverend professors of the law: and so the wise ones will think.*

Pro. *It is an insidious question, brother Damplay: iniquity itself would not have urged it. It is picking the lock of the scene, not opening it the fair way with a key. A play, though it apparel and present vices in general, flies from all particularities in persons. Would you ask of Plautus, and Terence, if they both lived now, who were Davus or Pseudolus in the scene, who Pyrgopolinices or Thraso? who Euclio or Menedemus?*

Boy. *Yes, he would: and enquire of Martial, or any other epigrammatist, whom he meant by Titius or Seius, (the common John a Noke, or John a Stile,) under whom they note all vices and errors taxable to the times? as if there could not be a name for a folly fitted to the stage, but there must be a person in nature found out to own it.*

Dam. *Why, I can fancy a person to myself, boy, who shall hinder me?*

Boy. *And in not publishing him, you do no man an injury. But if you will utter your own ill meaning on that person, under the author's words, you make a libel of his comedy.*

Dam. *O, he told us that in a prologue, long since.*

Boy. *If you do the same reprehensible ill things, still the same reprehension will serve you, though you heard it afore: they are his own words, I can invent no better, nor he.*

Pro. *It is the solemn vice of interpretation that deforms the figure of many a fair scene, by drawing it awry; and, indeed, is the civil murder of most good plays: if I see a thing vively presented on the stage, that the glass of custom, which is comedy, is so held up to me by the poet, as I can therein view the daily examples of men's lives, and images of truth, in their manners, so drawn for my delight or profit, as I may, either way, use them: and will I, rather than make that true use, hunt out the persons to defame by my malice of misapplying, and imperil the innocence and candour of the author by this calumny! It is an unjust way of hearing and beholding plays, this, and most unbecoming a gentleman to appear malignantly witty in another's work.*

Boy. *They are no other but narrow and shrunk natures, shrivell'd up, poor things, that cannot think well of themselves, who dare to detract others. That signature is upon them, and it will last. A half-witted barbarism, which no barber's art, or his balls will ever expunge or take out!*

Dam. *Why, boy, this were a strange empire, or rather a tyranny, you would entitle your poet to*

over gentlemen, that they should come to hear and see plays, and say nothing for their money.

Boy. *O, yes, say what you will; so it be to purpose, and in place.*

Dam. *Can any thing be out of purpose at a play? I see no reason, if I come here, and give my eighteen pence or two shillings for my seat, but I should take it out in censure on the stage.*

Boy. *Your two shilling worth is allow'd you: but you will take your ten shilling worth, your twenty shilling worth, and more; and teach others about you to do the like, that follow your leading face; as if you were to cry up and down every scene by confederacy, be it right or wrong.*

Dam. *Who should teach us the right or wrong at a play?*

Boy. *If your own science cannot do it, or the love of modesty and truth; all other entreaties or attempts are vain. You are fitter spectators for the bears, than us, or the puppets. This is a popular ignorance indeed, somewhat better apparelled in you, than the people; but a hard-handed and stiff ignorance worthy a trowel or a hammerman; and not only fit to be scorned, but to be triumphed over.*

Dam. *By whom, boy?*

Boy. *No particular, but the general neglect and silence. Good master Damplay, be yourself still, without a second: few here are of your opinion to-day, I hope; to-morrow, I am sure there will be none, when they have ruminated this.*

Pro. *Let us mind what you come for, the play, which will draw on to the epitasis now.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Lady LOADSTONE'S *House.*

Enter TIMOTHY ITEM, NEEDLE, *and* Nurse KEEP.

Item. Where's master doctor?
Nee. O, master Timothy Item,
His learned pothecary, you are welcome!
He is within at dinner.
Item. Dinner! death,
That he will eat now, having such a business,
That so concerns him!
Nee. Why, can any business
Concern a man like his meat?
Item. O, twenty millions,
To a physician that's in practice: I
Do bring him news from all the points o' the compass,
That's all the parts of the sublunary globe,
Of times and double times.
Nee. In, in, sweet Item,
And furnish forth the table with your news:
Deserve your dinner, sow out your whole bagfull;
The guests will hear it.
Item. I heard they were out.
Nee. But they are pieced, and put together again;
You may go in, you'll find them at high eating:
The parson has an edifying stomach,
And a persuading palate, like his name;
He hath begun three draughts of sack in doctrines,
And four in uses.
Item. And they follow him?
Nee. No, sir Diaphanous is a recusant
In sack; he only takes it in French wine,
With an allay of water. In, in, Item,
And leave your peeping. [*Exit* ITEM.
Keep. I have a month's mind
To peep a little too. Sweet master Needle,
How are they set?
Nee. At the board's end, my lady——
Keep. And my young mistress by her?
Nee. Yes, the parson
On the right hand (as he'll not lose his place
For thrusting) and against him mistress Polish;
Next, sir Diaphanous against sir Moth;
Knights, one again another: then the soldier,
The man of war; and man of peace, the lawyer;
Then the pert doctor, and the politic Bias,
And master Compass circumscribeth all.
[*A noise within.*
Plea. [*within.*] Nurse Keep, nurse Keep!
Nee. What noise is that within?
Plea. [*within.*] Come to my mistress, all their weapons are out.
Nee. Mischief of men, what day, what hour is this!
Keep. Run for the cellar of strong waters, quickly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter IRONSIDE, *followed by* COMPASS.

Com. Were you a madman to do this at table,
And trouble all the guests, to affright the ladies,
And gentlewomen?
Iron. Pox upon your women.
And your half-man there, court sir Ambergris,
A perfumed braggart! he must drink his wine
With three parts water; and have amber in that too!
Com. And you must therefore break his face
And wash his nose in wine? [with a glass,
Iron. Cannot he drink
In orthodox, but he must have his gums,
And paynim drugs?
Com. You should have used the glass
Rather as balance, than the sword of Justice:
But you have cut his face with it, he bleeds.
Come, you shall take your sanctuary with me;
The whole house will be up in arms against you else,
Within this half hour: this way to my lodging.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter RUT, Lady LOADSTONE, POLISH, *and* KEEP *carrying* PLACENTIA; PLEASANCE *and* ITEM *following.*

Rut. A most rude action! carry her to her bed;
And use the fricace to her, with those oils.
Keep your news, Item, now, and tend this business.
Lady L. Good gossip, look to her.
Pol. How do you, sweet charge?
Keep. She's in a sweat.
Pol. Ay, and a faint sweat, marry.

Rut. Let her alone to Tim; he has directions:
I'll hear your news, Tim Item, when you have done.

[*Exeunt* ITEM, POLISH, KEEP, *and* PLEASANCE, *with* PLACENTIA.

Lady L. Was ever such a guest brought to my table?

Rut. These boisterous soldiers have no better breeding.
Here master Compass comes:

Enter COMPASS.

Where is your captain,
Rudhudibrass de Ironside?

Com. Gone out of doors.

Lady L. Would he had ne'er come in them, I may wish!
He has discredited my house and board,
With his rude swaggering manners, and endanger'd
My niece's health, by drawing of his weapon,
God knows how far; for master Doctor does not.

Com. The doctor is an ass then, if he say so,
And cannot with his conjuring names, Hippocrates,
Galen or Rasis, Avicen, Averroes,
Cure a poor wench's falling in a swoon;
Which a poor farthing changed in rosa solis,
Or cinnamon water would.

Re-enter KEEP *and* POLISH.

Lady L. How now! how does she?

Keep. She's somewhat better: master Item has brought her
A little about.

Pol. But there's sir Moth, your brother.
Is fallen into a fit o' the happyplex;—
It were a happy place for him and us,
If he could steal to heaven thus! all the house
Are calling master Doctor, master Doctor.

[*Exit* RUT.

The parson he has given him gone, this half hour;
He's pale in the mouth already for the fear
Of the fierce captain.

Lady L. Help me to my chamber,
Nurse Keep: would I could see the day no more,
But night hung over me, like some dark cloud;
That, buried with this loss of my good name,
I and my house might perish thus forgotten!

[*Exeunt* Lady L., KEEP, *and* POLISH.

Com. Her taking it to heart thus more afflicts me
Than all these accidents, for they'll blow over.

Enter PRACTICE *and* sir DIAPHANOUS SILKWORM.

Prac. It was a barbarous injury, I confess:
But if you will be counsell'd, sir, by me,
The reverend law lies open to repair
Your reputation. That will give you damages:
Five thousand pound for a finger, I have known
Given in court; and let me pack your jury.

Sir Dia. There's nothing vexes me, but that he has stain'd
My new white satin doublet, and bespatter'd
My spick and span silk-stockings on the day
They were drawn on; and here's a spot in my hose too!

Com. Shrewd maims! your clothes are wounded desperately;
And that, I think, troubles a courtier more,
An exact courtier, than a gash in his flesh.

Sir Dia. My flesh! I swear had he given me twice so much,
I never should have reckon'd it: but my clothes
To be defaced and stigmatized so foully!

I take it as a contumely done me,
Above the wisdom of our laws to right.

Com. Why, then you'll challenge him?

Sir Dia. I will advise;
Though master Practice here doth urge the law,
And reparation it will make me of credit,
Beside great damages—let him pack my jury.

Com. He speaks like master Practice, one that is
The child of a profession he is vow'd to,
And servant to the study he hath taken,
A pure apprentice at law! but you must have
The counsel of the sword, and square your action
Unto their canons, and that brotherhood,
If you do right.

Prac. I tell you, master Compass,
You speak not like a friend unto the laws,
Nor scarce a subject, to persuade him thus
Unto the breach of the peace: sir, you forget
There is a court above, of the Star-chamber,
To punish routs and riots.

Com. No, young master,
Although your name be Practice there in term-time,
I do remember it. But you'll not hear
What I was bound to say; but like a wild
Young haggard justice, fly at breach of the peace,
Before you know whether the amorous knight
Dares break the peace of conscience in a duel.

Sir Dia. Troth, master Compass, I take you my friend;
You shall appoint of me in any matter
That's reasonable, so we may meet fair,
On even terms.

Com. I shall persuade no other;
And take your learned counsel to advise you,
I'll run along with him. You say you'll meet him
On even terms. I do not see indeed
How that can be 'twixt Ironside and you,
Now I consider it: he is my brother,
I do confess we have call'd so twenty year:
But you are, sir, a knight in court, allied there,
And so befriended, you may easily answer
The worst success: he a known, noted, bold
Boy of the sword, hath all men's eyes upon him;
And there's no London jury, but are led
In evidence, as far by common fame,
As they are by present deposition.
Then you have many brethren, and near kinsmen.
If he kill you, it will be a lasting quarrel
'Twixt them and him: whereas Rud Ironside,
Although he have got his head into a beaver,
With a huge feather, is but a currier's son,
And has not two old cordovan skins to leave
In leather caps to mourn him in, if he die.
Again; you are generally beloved, he hated
So much, that all the hearts and votes of men
Go with you, in the wishing all prosperity
Unto your purpose: he is a fat, corpulent,
Unwieldy fellow; you, a dieted spark,
Fit for the combat. He has kill'd so many,
As it is ten to one his turn is next:
You never fought with any, less, slew any;
And therefore have the [better] hopes before you.
I hope these things, thus specified unto you,
Are fair advantages; you cannot encounter
Him upon equal terms. Beside, sir Silkworm,
He hath done you wrong in a most high degree;
And sense of such an injury received
Should so exacuate, and whet your choler,
As you should count yourself an host of men,
Compared to him: and therefore you, brave sir,

Have no more reason to provoke, or challenge
Him than the huge great porter has to try
His strength upon an infant.
Sir Dia. Master Compass,
You rather spur me on, than any way
Abate my courage to the enterprise.
Com. All counsel's as 'tis taken: if you stand
On point of honour, not to have any odds,
I have rather then dissuaded you, than otherwise:
If upon terms of humour and revenge,
I have encouraged you. So that I think,
I have done the part of a friend on either side;
In furnishing your fear with matter first,
If you have any; or, if you dare fight,
To heighten and confirm your resolution.
Prac. I now do crave your pardon, master Compass:
I did not apprehend your way before,
The true perimeter of it: you have circles,
And such fine draughts about!
Sir Dia. Sir, I do thank you,
I thank you, master Compass, heartily.
I must confess, I never fought before,
And I'd be glad to do things orderly,
In the right place; I pray you instruct me, sir:
Is't best I fight ambitiously, or maliciously?
Com. Sir, if you never fought before, be wary,
Trust not yourself too much.
Sir Dia. Why? I assure you,
I am very angry.
Com. Do not suffer, though,
The flatuous, windy choler of your heart,
To move the clapper of your understanding,
Which is the guiding faculty, your reason:
You know not, if you'll fight, or no, being brought
Upon the place,
Sir Dia. O yes, I have imagined
Him treble arm'd, provoked too, and as furious
As Homer makes Achilles; and I find
Myself not frighted with his fame one jot.
Com. Well, yet take heed. These fights imaginary,
Are less than skirmishes; the fight of shadows:
For shadows have their figure, motion,
And their umbratil action, from the real
Posture and motion of the body's act:
Whereas imaginarily, many times,
Those men may fight dare scarce eye one another,
And much less meet. But if there be no help,
Faith I would wish you send him a fair challenge.
Sir Dia. I will go pen it presently.
Com. But word it
In the most generous terms.
Sir Dia. Let me alone.
Prac. And silken phrase; the courtliest kind of quarrel.
Com. He'll make it a petition for his peace.
Prac. O, yes, of right, and he may do't by law.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter RUT, PALATE, *and* BIAS, *bringing out* Sir MOTH INTEREST *in a chair:* ITEM *and* POLISH *following.*

Rut. Come, bring him out into the air a little:
There, set him down. Bow him, yet bow him more,
Dash that same glass of water in his face;
Now tweak him by the nose—hard, harder yet:
If it but call the blood up from the heart,
I ask no more. See, what a fear can do!
Pinch him in the nape of the neck now; nip him nip him.
Item. He feels; there's life in him.
Pal. He groans, and stirs.
Rut. Tell him the captain's gone.
Sir Moth. Ha!
Pal. He's gone, sir.
Rut. Give him a box, hard, hard, on his left ear.
Sir Moth. O!
Rut. How do you feel yourself?
Sir Moth. Sore, sore.
Rut. But where?
Sir Moth. In my neck.
Rut. I nipt him there.
Sir Moth. And in my head.
Rut. I box'd him twice or thrice, to move those sinews.
Bias. I swear you did.
Pol. What a brave man's a doctor,
To beat one into health! I thought his blows
Would e'en have kill'd him; he did feel no more
Than a great horse.
Sir Moth. Is the wild captain gone,
That man of murder?
Bias. All is calm and quiet.
Sir Moth. Say you so, cousin Bias, then all's well.
Pal. How quickly a man is lost!
Bias. And soon recover'd!
Pol. Where there are means, and doctors learned men,
And there apothecaries, who are not now,
As Chaucer says, their friendship to begin.
Well, could they teach each other how to win
In their swath bands——
Rut. Leave your poetry, good gossip.
Your Chaucer's clouts, and wash your dishes with them;
We must rub up the roots of his disease,
And crave your peace a while, or else your absence.
Pol. Nay, I know when to hold my peace.
Rut. Then do it.—
Give me your hand, sir Moth. Let's feel your pulse;
It is a pursiness, a kind of stoppage,
Or tumour of the purse, for want of exercise,
That you are troubled with: some ligatures
In the neck of your *vesica*, or *marsupium*,
Are so close knit, that you cannot evaporate;
And therefore you must use relaxatives.
Beside, they say, you are so restive grown,
You cannot but with trouble put your hand
Into your pocket to discharge a reckoning,
And this we sons of physic do call *chiragra*,
A kind of cramp, or hand-gout. You shall purge for't.
Item. Indeed your worship should do well to advise him
To cleanse his body, all the three high-ways;
That is, by sweat, purge, and phlebotomy.
Rut. You say well, learned Tim; I'll first prescribe him
To give his purse a purge, once, twice a-week
At dice, or cards; and when the weather is open,
Sweat at a bowling-alley; or be let blood
In the lending vein, and bleed a matter of fifty
Or threescore ounces at a time; then put your thumbs
Under your girdle, and have somebody else
Pull out your purse for you, till with more ease,
And a good habit, you can do it yourself,
And then be sure always to keep good diet,
And have your table furnish'd from one end
Unto the t'other; it is good for the eyes:

But feed you on one dish still, have your diet-
Ever in bottles ready, which must come [drink
From the King's-head: I will prescribe you nothing,
But what I'll take before you mine ownself;
That is my course with all my patients.
Pal. Very methodical, *secundùm artem.*
Bias. And very safe *pro captu recipientis.*
Pol. All errant learned men, how they 'spute Latin!
Rut. I had it of a Jew, and a great rabbi,
Who every morning cast his cup of white-wine
With sugar, and by the residence in the bottom,
Would make report of any chronic malady,
Such as sir Moth's is, being an oppilation
In that you call the neck of the money-bladder,
Most anatomical, and by dissection——

Enter Nurse KEEP, *hastily.*

Keep. O, master doctor, and his 'pothecary,
Good master Item, and my mistress Polish,
We need you all above! she's fallen again
In a worse fit than ever.
Pol. Who?
Keep. Your charge.
Pol. Come away, gentlemen.
Sir Moth. This fit with the doctor
Hath mended me past expectation.
[*Exeunt all but* BIAS.

Enter COMPASS, Sir DIAPHANOUS SILKWORM, *and* PRACTICE.

Com. O sir Diaphanous! have you done?
Sir Dia I have brought it.
Prac. That's well.
Com. But who shall carry it now?
Sir Dia. A friend:
I'll find a friend to carry it; master Bias here
Will not deny me that.
Bias. What is't?
Sir Dia. To carry
A challenge I have writ unto the captain.
Bias. Faith, but I will, sir; you shall pardon me
For a twi-reason of state: I'll bear no challenges;
I will not hazard my lord's favour so;
Or forfeit mine own judgment with his honour,
To turn a ruffian: I have to commend me
Nought but his lordship's good opinion;
And to it my kalligraphy, a fair hand,
Fit for a secretary: now you know, a man's hand
Being his executing part in fight,
Is more obnoxious to the common peril.
Sir Dia. You shall not fight, sir, you shall only
My antagonist; commit us fairly there [search
Upon the ground on equal terms.
Bias. O, sir,
But if my lord should hear I stood at end
Of any quarrel, 'twere an end of me
In a state-course! I have read the politics;
And heard the opinions of our best divines.
Com. The gentleman has reason. Where was first
The birth of your acquaintance, or the cradle
Of your strict friendship made?
Sir Dia. We met in France, sir.
Com. In France! that garden of humanity,
The very seed-plot of all courtesies:
I wonder that your friendship suck'd that aliment,
The milk of France; and see this sour effect
It doth produce, 'gainst all the sweets of travel.
There, every gentleman professing arms,
Thinks he is bound in honour to embrace
The bearing of a challenge for another,
Without or questioning the cause, or asking
Least colour of a reason. There's no cowardice,
No poltronery, like urging why? wherefore?
But carry a challenge, do the thing, and die.
Bias. Why, hear you, master Compass, I but crave
Your ear in private: [*takes him aside.*] I would carry his challenge,
If I but hoped your captain angry enough
To kill him; for, to tell you truth, this knight
Is an impertinent in court, we think him,
And troubles my lord's lodgings, and his table
With frequent, and unnecessary visits,
Which we, the better sort of servants, like not:
Being his fellows in all other places,
But at our master's board; and we disdain
To do those servile offices, oft-times,
His foolish pride and empire will exact,
Against the heart, or humour of a gentleman.
Com. Truth, master Bias, I would not have you think
I speak to flatter you; but you are one [think
Of the deepest politics I ever met,
And the most subtly rational. I admire you.
But do not you conceive in such a case,
That you are accessary to his death,
From whom you carry a challenge with such purpose?
Bias. Sir, the corruption of one thing in nature,
Is held the generation of another;
And therefore, I had as lief be accessary
Unto his death, as to his life.
Com. A new
Moral philosophy too! you'll carry it then?
Bias. If I were sure 'twould not incense his choler
To beat the messenger. [choler
Com. O, I'll secure you;
You shall deliver it in my lodging, safely,
And do your friend a service worthy thanks.

Enter IRONSIDE.

Bias. I'll venture it upon so good induction,
To rid the court of an impediment,
This baggage knight.
Iron. Peace to you all, gentlemen,
Save to this mushroom, who I hear is menacing
Me with a challenge; which I come to anticipate,
And save the law a labour.—Will you fight, sir?
Sir Dia. Yes, in my shirt. [*Throws off his doublet.*
Iron. O, that's to save your doublet;
I know it a court-trick; you had rather have
An ulcer in your body, than a pink
More in your clothes.
Sir Dia. Captain, you are a coward,
If you'll not fight in your shirt.
Iron. Sir, I do not mean
To put it off for that, nor yet my doublet:
You have cause to call me coward, that more fear
The stroke of the common and life-giving air,
Than all your fury, and the panoply—
Prac. Which is at best, but a thin linen armour
I think a cup of generous wine were better,
Than fighting in your shirts.
Sir Dia. Sir, sir, my valour,
It is a valour of another nature,
Than to be mended by a cup of wine.
Com. I should be glad to hear of any valours,
Differing in kind; who have known hitherto,
Only one virtue they call fortitude,
Worthy the name of valour.

Iron. Which who hath not,
Is justly thought a coward; and he is such.
Sir Dia. O, you have read the play there, the *New Inn*,
Of Jonson's, that decries all other valour,
But what is for the public.
Iron. I do that too,
But did not learn it there; I think no valour
Lies for a private cause.
Sir Dia. Sir, I'll redargue you
By disputation.
Com. O, let's hear this:
I long to hear a man dispute in his shirt
Of valour, and his sword drawn in his hand!
Prac. His valour will take cold, put on your doublet.
Com. His valour will keep cold, you are deceived;
And relish much the sweeter in our ears;
It may be too, in the ordinance of nature,
Their valours are not yet so combatant,
Or truly antagonistic, as to fight,
But may admit to hear of some divisions
Of fortitude, may put them off their quarrel.
Sir Dia. I would have no man think me so un- [govern'd,
Or subject to my passion but I can
Read him a lecture 'twixt my undertakings
And executions: I do know all kinds
Of doing the business, which the town calls valour.
Com. Yes, he has read the town, Town-top's [his author!
Your first?
Sir Dia. Is a rash headlong unexperience.
Com. Which is in children, fools, or your street- [gallants
Of the first head.
Prac. A pretty kind of valour!
Com. Commend him, he will spin it out in's [shi-,
Fine as that thread.
Sir Dia. The next, an indiscreet
Presumption, grounded upon often scapes.
Com. Or the insufficiency of adversaries
And this is in your common fighting brothers,
Your old Perdue's, who, after time, do think,
The one, that they are shot-free, the other sword- [free.
Your third?
Sir Dia. Is nought but an excess of choler,
That reigns in testy old men——
Com. Noblemen's porters,
And self-conceited poets.
Sir Dia. And is rather
A pevishness, than any part of valour.
Prac. He but rehearses, he concludes no valour.
Com. A history of distempers as they are practised,
His harangue undertaketh, and no more.
Your next?
Sir Dia. Is a dull desperate resolving.
Com. In case of some necessitous misery, or
Incumbent mischief.
Prac. Narrowness of mind,
Or ignorance being the root of it.
Sir Dia. Which you shall find in gamesters quite blown up.
Com. In bankrupt merchants, and discovered traitors.
Prac. Or your exemplified malefactors,
That have survived their infamy and punishment.
Com. One that hath lost his ears by a just sentence
Of the Star-chamber, a right valiant knave——
And is a histrionical contempt
Of what a man fears most; it being a mischief
In his own apprehension unavoidable.
Prac. Which is in cowards wounded mortally,
Or thieves adjudged to die.
Com. This is a valour
I should desire much to see encouraged;
As being a special entertainment
For our rogue people, and make oft good sport
Unto them, from the gallows to the ground.
Sir Dia. But mine is a judicial resolving,
Or liberal undertaking of a danger——
Com. That might be avoided.
Sir Dia. Ay, and with assurance,
That it is found in noblemen and gentlemen
Of the best sheaf.
Com. Who having lives to lose,
Like private men, have yet a world of honour
And public reputation to defend.
Sir Dia. Which in the brave historified Greeks,
And Romans, you shall read of.
Com. And no doubt,
May in our aldermen meet it, and their deputies,
The soldiers of the city, valiant blades,
Who, rather than their houses should be ransack'd,
Would fight it out, like so many wild beasts;
Not for the fury they are commonly arm'd with,
But the close manner of their fight and custom
Of joining head to head, and foot to foot.
Iron. And which of these so well-prest resolu- [tions
Am I to encounter now? for commonly,
Men that have so much choice before them, have
Some trouble to resolve of any one.
Bias. There are three valours yet, which sir [Diaphanous
Hath, with his leave, not touch'd.
Sir Dia. Yea! which are those?
Prac. He perks at that.
Com. Nay, he does more, he chatters.
Bias. A philosophical contempt of death
Is one; then an infused kind of valour,
Wrought in us by our genii, or good spirits;
Of which the gallant ethnics had deep sense,
Who generally held that no great statesman,
Scholar, or soldier, e'er did any thing
Sine divino aliquo afflatu.
Prac. But there's a christian valour 'bove these [two.
Bias. Which is a quiet patient toleration
Of whatsoever the malicious world
With injury doth unto you; and consists
In passion more than action, sir Diaphanous.
Sir Dia. Sure, I do take mine to be christian valour.
Com. You may mistake though. Can you justify,
On any cause, this seeking to deface
The divine image in a man?
Bias. O, sir,
Let them alone: is not Diaphanous
As much a divine image, as is Ironside?
Let images fight, if they will fight, a God's name.

Enter Nurse KEEP, *hastily.*

Keep. Where's master Needle? saw you master [Needle?
We are undone.
Com. What ails the frantic nurse?
Keep. My mistress is undone! she's crying out!
Where is this man trow, master Needle?

Enter NEEDLE.

Nee. Here. [*Takes her aside.*
Keep. Run for the party, mistress Chair, the midwife.

Nay, look how the man stands as he were gowk'd!
She's lost if you not haste away the party.
Nee. Where is the doctor?
Keep. Where a scoffing man is,
And his apothecary little better;
They laugh and jeer at all: will you dispatch,
And fetch the party quickly to our mistress?
We are all undone! the tympany will out else.
[*Exeunt* NEEDLE *and* KEEP.

Enter Sir MOTH INTEREST.

Sir Moth. News, news, good news, better than butter'd news!
My niece is found with child, the doctor tells me,
And fallen in labour.
Com. How! [*Exit.*
Sir Moth. The portion's paid,
The portion——O the captain! is he here? [*Exit.*
Prac. He has spied your swords out: put them up, put up,
You have driven him hence, and yet your quarrel's
Iron. In a most strange discovery. [ended.
Prac. Of light gold.
Sir Dia. And cracked within the ring. I take
As a good omen. [the omen
Prac. Then put up your sword,
And on your doublet. Give the captain thanks.
Sir Dia. I have been slurr'd else. Thank you,
Your quarrelling caused all this. [noble captain!
Iron. Where's Compass?
Prac. Gone,
Shrunk hence, contracted to his centre, I fear.
Iron. The slip is his then.
Sir Dia. I had like t' have been
Abused in the business, had the slip slurr'd on me,
A counterfeit.
Bias. Sir, we are all abused,
As many as were brought on to be suitors;
And we will join in thanks all to the captain,
And to his fortune that so brought us off. [*Exeunt.*

Dam. *This was a pitiful poor shift of your poet, boy, to make his prime woman with child, and fall in labour, just to compose a quarrel.*

Boy. *With whose borrowed ears have you heard, sir, all this while, that you can mistake the current of our scene so? The stream of the argument threatened her being with child from the very beginning; for it presented her in the first of the second act with some apparent note of infirmity or defect, from knowledge of which the auditory were rightly to be suspended by the author, till the quarrel, which was but the accidental cause, hastened on the discovery of it, in occasioning her affright, which made her fall into her throes presently, and within that compass of time allowed to the comedy: wherein the poet exprest his prime artifice, rather than any error, that the detection of her being with child should determine the quarrel, which had produced it.*

Pro. *The boy is too hard for you, brother Damplay; best mark the play, and let him alone.*

Dam. *I care not for marking the play; I'll damn it, talk, and do that I come for. I will not have gentlemen lose their privilege, nor I myself my prerogative, for never an overgrown or superannuated poet of them all. He shall not give me the law: I will censure and be witty, and take my tobacco, and enjoy my Magna Charta of reprehension, as my predecessors have done before me.*

Boy. *Even to license and absurdity.*

Pro. *Not now, because the gentlewoman is in travail, and the midwife may come on the sooner, to put her and us out of our pain.*

Dam. *Well, look to your business afterward, boy, that all things be clear, and come properly forth, suited and set together; for I will search what follows severely, and to the nail.*

Boy. *Let your nail run smooth then, and not scratch, lest the author be bold to pare it to the quick, and make it smart: you'll find him as severe as yourself.*

Dam. *A shrewd boy, and has me every where! The midwife is come, she has made haste.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Lady LOADSTONE'S *House.*

Enter Mother CHAIR *and* NEEDLE.

Chair. Stay, master Needle, you do prick too fast
Upon the business, I must take some breath;
Lend me my stool; you have drawn a stitch upon
In faith, son Needle, with your haste. [me,
Nee. Good mother,
Piece up this breach; I'll give you a new gown,
A new silk grogoran gown: I'll do it, mother.

Enter Nurse KEEP.

Keep. What will you do! you have done too much already,
With your prick-seam, and through-stitch, master
I pray you sit not fabling here old tales, [Needle.
Good mother Chair, the midwife, but come up.
[*Exeunt* CHAIR *and* NEEDLE.

Enter COMPASS *and* PRACTICE.

Com. How now, Nurse! where's my lady?
Keep. In her chamber,
Lock'd up, I think: she'll speak with nobody.
Com. Knows she of this accident?
Keep. Alas, sir, no:
Would she might never know it! [*Exit.*
Prac. I think her ladyship
Too virtuous, and too nobly innocent,
To have a hand in so ill-form'd a business.
Com. Your thought, sir, is a brave thought, and a safe one:
The child now to be born is not more free
From the aspersion of all spot than she.
She have her hand in a plot 'gainst master Practice,
If there were nothing else, whom she so loves,
Cries up, and values! knows to be a man
Mark'd out for a chief justice in his cradle,
Or a lord paramount, the head of the hall,
The top, or the top-gallant of our law!
Assure yourself she could not so deprave
The rectitude of her judgment, to wish you
Unto a wife might prove your infamy,

Whom she esteem'd that part of the commonwealth,
And had [raised] up for honour to her blood.
Prac. I must confess a great beholdingness
Unto her ladyship's offer, and good wishes:
But the truth is, I never had affection,
Or any liking to this niece of hers.
Com. You foresaw somewhat then?
Prac. I had my notes,
And my prognostics.
Com. You read almanacs,
And study them to some purpose, I believe.
Prac. I do confess I do believe, and pray too,
According to the planets, at some times.
Com. And do observe the sign in making love?
Prac. As in phlebotomy.
Com. And choose your mistress
By the good days, and leave her by the bad?
Prac. I do and I do not.
Com. A little more
Would fetch all his astronomy from Allestree.
Prac. I tell you, master Compass, as my friend,
And under seal, I cast my eyes long since
Upon the other wench, my lady's woman,
Another manner of piece for handsomeness,
Than is the niece: but that is *sub sigillo*,
And as I give it you, in hope of your aid
And counsel in the business.
Com. You need counsel!
The only famous counsel of the kingdom,
And in all courts! That is a jeer in faith,
Worthy your name, and your profession too,
Sharp master Practice.
Prac. No, upon my law,
As I am a bencher, and now double reader,
I meant in mere simplicity of request.
Com. If you meant so, the affairs are now perplex'd,
And full of trouble; give them breath and settling,
I'll do my best. But in meantime do you
Prepare the parson.—I am glad to know
This; for myself liked the young maid before,
And loved her too. [*Aside.*]—Have you a license?
Prac. No;
But I can fetch one straight.
Com. Do, do, and mind
The parson's pint, to engage him [in] the business;
A knitting cup there must be.
Prac. I shall do it. [*Exit.*

Enter BIAS *and* Sir MOTH INTEREST.

Bias. 'Tis an affront from you, sir; you here
Unto my lady's, and to woo a wife, [brought me
Which since is proved a crack'd commodity:
She hath broke bulk too soon.
Sir Moth. No fault of mine,
If she be crack'd in pieces, or broke round:
It was my sister's fault that owns the house
Where she hath got her clap, makes all this noise.
I keep her portion safe, that is not scatter'd;
The monies rattle not, nor are they thrown,
To make a muss yet, 'mong the gamesome suitors.
Com. Can you endure that flout, close master
And have been so bred in the politics? [Bias,
The injury is done you, and by him only:
He lent you imprest money, and upbraids it;
Furnish'd you for the wooing, and now waves you.
Bias. That makes me to expostulate the wrong
So with him, and resent it as I do.
Com. But do it home then.
Bias. Sir, my lord shall know it.
Com. And all the lords of the court too.
Bias. What a Moth
You are, sir Interest!
Sir Moth. Wherein, I entreat you,
Sweet master Bias?
Com. To draw in young statesmen,
And heirs of policy into the noose
Of an infámous matrimony.
Bias. Yes,
Infámous, *quasi in communem famam:*
And matrimony, *quasi* matter of money.
Com. Learnedly urged, my cunning master Bias.
Bias. With his lewd known and prostituted niece.
Sir Moth. My *known* and *prostitute!* how you mistake,
And run upon a false ground, master Bias!
Your lords will do me right. Now she is prostitute,
And that I know it, please you understand me,
I mean to keep the portion in my hands,
And pay no monies.
Com. Mark you that, don Bias?
And you shall still remain in bonds to him,
For wooing furniture, and imprest charges.
Sir Moth. Good master Compass, for the sums he has had
Of me, I do acquit him; they are his own:
Here, before you, I do release him.
Com. Good!
Bias. O sir—
Com. 'Slid, take it; I do witness it:
He cannot hurl away his money better.
Sir Moth. He shall get so much, sir, by my acquaintance,
To be my friend; and now report to his lords
As I deserve, no otherwise.
Com. But well;
And I will witness it, and to the value:
Four hundred is the price, if I mistake not,
Of your true friend in court. Take hands, you have
And bought him cheap. [bought him,
Bias. I am his worship's servant.
Com. And you his slave, sir Moth, seal'd and deliver'd.
Have you not studied the court-compliment?—
[*Exeunt* Sir MOTH *and* BIAS.
Here are a pair of HUMOURS RECONCILED NOW,
That money held at distance, or their thoughts,
Baser than money.

Enter POLISH, *driving in* Nurse KEEP.

Pol. Out, thou caitiff witch,
Bawd, beggar, gipsey; any thing, indeed,
But honest woman!
Keep. What you please, dame Polish,
My lady's stroker.
Com. What is here to do!
The gossips out! [*Aside.*
Pol. Thou art a traitor to me,
An Eve, the apple, and the serpent too;
A viper, that hast eat a passage through me,
Through mine own bowels, by thy recklessness.
Com. What frantic fit is this? I'll step aside,
And hearken to it. [*Retires*
Pol. Did I trust thee, wretch,
With such a secret, of that consequence,
Did so concern me, and my child, our livelihood,
And reputation! and hast thou undone us,
By thy connivance, nodding in a corner,
And suffering her be got with child so basely?

Sleepy, unlucky hag!—thou bird of night,
And all mischance to me!
Keep. Good lady empress,
Had I the keeping of your daughter's clicket
In charge, was that committed to my trust?
Com. Her daughter! [*Aside.*
Pol. Softly, devil, not so loud:
You'd have the house hear and be witness, would you?
Keep. Let all the world be witness: afore I'll
Endure the tyranny of such a tongue,
And such a pride——
Pol. What will you do?
Keep. Tell truth,
And shame the she-man-devil in puff'd sleeves;
Run any hazard, by revealing all
Unto my lady; how you changed the cradles,
And changed the children in them.
Pol. Not so high!
Keep. Calling your daughter Pleasance there Placentia,
And my true mistress by the name of Pleasance.
Com. A horrid secret this; worth the discovery,
Pol. And must you be thus loud?
Keep. I will be louder,
And cry it through the house, through every ro
And every office of the laundry-maids,
Till it be borne hot to my lady's ears:
Ere I will live in such a slavery,
I'll do away myself.
Pol. Didst thou not swear
To keep it secret! And upon what book?—
I do remember now, *The Practice of Piety.*
Keep. It was a practice of impiety,
Out of your wicked forge, I know it now,
My conscience tells me: first, against the infants,
To rob them of their names and their true parents;
To abuse the neighbourhood, keep them in error;
But most my lady; she has the main wrong,
And I will let her know it instantly.
Repentance, if it be true, ne'er comes too late.
[*Exit.*
Pol. What have I done? conjured a spirit up,
I shall not lay again! drawn on a danger
And ruin on myself thus, by provoking
A peevish fool, whom nothing will pray off
Or satisfy, I fear! her patience stirr'd,
Is turn'd to fury. I have run my bark
On a sweet rock, by mine own arts and trust;
And must get off again, or dash in pieces. [*Exit.*
Com. [*coming forward.*] This was a business worth the listening after.

Enter PLEASANCE.

Plea. O master Compass, did you see my mother?
Mistress Placentia, my lady's niece,
Is newly brought to bed of the bravest boy!
Will you go see it?
Com. First, I'll know the father,
Ere I approach these hazards.
Plea. Mistress midwife
Has promised to find out a father for it,
If there be need.
Com. She may the safelier do it,
By virtue of her place.—But, pretty Pleasance,
I have a news for you I think will please you.
Plea. What is it, master Compass?
Com. Stay, you must
Deserve it ere you know it. Where's my lady?
Plea. Retired unto her chamber, and shut up.
Com. She hears of none of this yet? Well, do
Command the coach, and fit yourself to travel [you
A little way with me.
Plea. Whither, for God's sake?
Com. Where I'll entreat you not to your loss,
If you dare trust yourself. [believe it,
Plea. With you the world o'er.
Com. The news will well requite the pains, I assure you,
And in this tumult you will not be miss'd.
Command the coach, it is an instant business,
Will not be done without you. [*Exit* PLEASANCE.

Enter PALATE.

Parson Palate!
Most opportunely met; step to my chamber;
I'll come to you presently: there is a friend
Or two will entertain you. [*Exit* PALATE

Enter PRACTICE.

Master Practice,
Have you the license?
Prac. Here it is.
Com. Let's see it:
Your name's not in it.
Prac. I'll fill that presently.
It has the seal, which is the main, and register'd;
The clerk knows me, and trusts me.
Com. Have you the parson?
Prac. They say he's here, he 'pointed to come hither.
Com. I would not have him seen here for a world,
To breed suspicion. Do you intercept him,
And prevent that. But take your license with you,
And fill the blank; or leave it here with me,
I'll do it for you; stay you for us at his church,
Behind the Old Exchange, we'll come in the coach,
And meet you there within this quarter at least.
Prac. I am much bound unto you, master Compass;
You have all the law and parts of squire Practice
For ever at your use. I'll tell you news too:
Sir, your reversion's fallen; Thinwit's dead,
Surveyor of the projects general.
Com. When died he?
Prac. Even this morning; I received it
From a right hand.
Com. Conceal it, master Practice,
And mind the main affair you are in hand with.
[*Exit* PRACTICE.

Re-enter PLEASANCE.

Plea. The coach is ready, sir.
Com. 'Tis well, fair Pleasance,
Though now we shall not use it; bid the coachman
Drive to the parish church, and stay about there,
Till master Practice come to him, and employ him.
[*Exit* PLEASANCE.
I have a license now, which must have entry
Before my lawyer's.—

Re-enter PALATE.

Noble parson Palate,
Thou shalt be a mark advanced; here is a piece,
[*Gives him money*
And do a feat for me.
Pal. What, master Compass?
Com. But run the words of matrimony over
My head and mistress Pleasance's in my chamber;
There's captain Ironside to be a witness,
And here's a license to secure thee.—Parson
What do you stick at?
Pal. It is afternoon, sir;

Directly against the canon of the church:
You know it, master Compass: and beside,
I am engaged unto your worshipful friend,
The learned master Practice, in that business.
Com. Come on, engage yourself: who shall be able
To say you married us but in the morning,
The most canonical minute of the day,
If you affirm it? That's a spiced excuse,
And shews you have set the canon law before
Any profession else, of love or friendship.

Re-enter PLEASANCE.

Come, mistress Pleasance, we cannot prevail
With the rigid Parson here; but, sir, I'll keep you
Lock'd in my lodging, till't be done elsewhere,
And under fear of Ironside.
Pal. Do you hear, sir?
Com. No, no, it matters not.
Pal. Can you think, sir,
I would deny you any thing, not to loss
Of both my livings? I will do it for you;
Have you a wedding ring?
Com. Ay, and a posie:
Annulus hic nobis, quod sic uterque, dabit.
Pal. Good!
This ring will give you what you both desire.
I'll make the whole house chant it, and the parish.
Com. Why, well said, parson. Now, to you my news,
That comprehend my reasons, mistress Pleasance.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Mother CHAIR *with a child*, POLISH, KEEP, *and* NEEDLE.

Chair. Go, get a nurse, procure her at what rate
You can; and out of the house with it, son Needle;
It is a bad commodity.
Nee. Good mother,
I know it, but the best would now be made on't.
[*Exit with the child.*
Chair. And shall. You should not fret so, mistress Polish,
Nor you, dame Keep; my daughter shall do well,
When she has ta'en my caudle. I have known
Twenty such breaches pieced up and made whole,
Without a bum of noise. You two fall out,
And tear up one another!
Pol. Blessed woman!
Blest be the peace-maker!
Keep. The pease-dresser!
I'll hear no peace from her. I have been wrong'd,
So has my lady, my good lady's worship,
And I will right her, hoping she'll right me.
Pol. Good gentle Keep, I pray thee mistress nurse,
Pardon my passion, I was misadvised;
Be thou yet better, by this grave sage woman,
Who is the mother of matrons and great persons,
And knows the world.
Keep. I do confess, she knows
Something——and I know something——
Pol. Put your somethings
Together then.
Chair. Ay, here's a chance fallen out
You cannot help; less can this gentlewoman;
I can, and will, for both. First, I have sent
By-chop away; the cause gone, the fame ceaseth.
Then by my caudle and my cullice, I set
My daughter on her feet, about the house here;
She's young, and must stir somewhat for necessity
Her youth will bear it out. She shall pretend
To have had a fit o' the mother; there is all.
If you have but a secretary laundress,
To blanch the linen—Take the former counsels
Into you; keep them safe in your own breasts,
And make your market of them at the highest.
Will you go peach, and cry yourself a fool
At grannam's cross! be laugh'd at and despised!
Betray a purpose, which the deputy
Of a double ward, or scarce his alderman,
With twelve of the wisest questmen could find out,
Employed by the authority of the city!
Come, come, be friends; and keep these women-matters,
Smock-secrets to ourselves, in our own verge:
We shall mar all, if once we ope the mysteries
Of the tiring-house, and tell what's done within.
No theatres are more cheated with appearances,
Or these shop-lights, than the ages, and folk in them,
That seem most curious.
Pol. Breath of an oracle!
You shall be my dear mother; wisest woman
That ever tipp'd her tongue with point of reasons,
To turn her hearers! Mistress Keep, relent,
I did abuse thee; I confess to penance,
And on my knees ask thee forgiveness. [*Kneels.*
Chair. Rise,
She doth begin to melt, I see it.
Keep. Nothing
Grieved me so much as when you call'd me bawd:
Witch did not trouble me, nor gipsey; no,
Nor beggar: but a bawd was such a name!
Chair. No more rehearsals; repetitions
Make things the worse: the more we stir—you know
The proverb, and it signifies—a stink.
What's done and dead, let it be buried:
New hours will fit fresh handles to new thoughts.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Sir MOTH INTEREST *and* Servant.

Sir Moth. Run to the church, sirrah; get all the drunkards
To ring the bells, and jangle them for joy:
My niece has brought an heir unto the house,
A lusty boy! [*Exit* Servant.] Where is my sister Loadstone?—

Enter Lady LOADSTONE.

Asleep at afternoons! it is not wholesome;
Against all rules of physic, lady sister.
The little doctor will not like it. Our niece
Is new deliver'd of a chopping child,
Can call the father by the name already,
If it but ope the mouth round. Master Compass,
He is the man, they say, fame gives it out,
Hath done that act of honour to our house,
And friendship, to pump out a son and heir
That shall inherit nothing, surely nothing
From me, at least.

Enter COMPASS.

I come to invite your ladyship
To be a witness; I will be your partner,
And give it a horn spoon, and a treen-dish,
Bastard, and beggar's badges, with a blanket
For dame the doxy to march round the circuit,
With bag and baggage.

Com. Thou malicious knight,
Envious sir Moth, that eats on that which feeds thee,
And frets her goodness that sustains thy being!
What company of mankind would own thy bro-
But as thou hast a title to her blood, [therhood,
Whom thy ill-nature hath chose out t' insult on,
And vex thus, for an accident in her house,
As if it were her crime, good innocent lady!
Thou shew'st thyself a true corroding vermin,
Such as thou art.

Sir Moth. Why, gentle master Compass?
Because I wish you joy of your young son,
And heir to the house, you have sent us?

Com. I have sent you!
I know not what I shall do. Come in, friends:

Enter IRONSIDE, Sir DIAPHANOUS SILKWORM, PALATE, *and* PLEASANCE.

Madam, I pray you be pleased to trust yourself
Unto our company.

Lady L. I did that too late;
Which brought on this calamity upon me,
With all the infamy I hear; your soldier,
That swaggering guest.

Com. Who is return'd here to you,
Your vowed friend and servant; comes to sup with you,
(So we do all,) and will prove he hath deserv'd
That special respect and favour from you,
As not your fortunes, with yourself to boot,
Cast on a feather-bed, and spread on the sheets
Under a brace of your best Persian carpets,
Were scarce a price to thank his happy merit.

Sir Moth. What impudence is this! can you
To hear it, sister? [endure

Com. Yes, and you shall hear it,
Who will endure it worse. What deserves he,
In your opinion, madam, or weigh'd judgment,
That, things thus hanging as they do in doubt,
Suspended and suspected, all involv'd,
And wrapt in error, can resolve the knot?
Redintegrate the fame first of your house,
Restore your ladyship's quiet, render then
Your niece a virgin and unvitiated,
And make all plain and perfect as it was,
A practice to betray you, and your name?

Sir Moth. He speaks impossibilities.

Com. Here he stands,
Whose fortune hath done this, and you must thank him.
To what you call his swaggering, we owe all this:
And that it may have credit with you, madam,
Here is your niece, whom I have married, witness
These gentlemen, the knight, captain, and parson,
And this grave politic tell-troth of the court.

Lady L. What's she that I call niece then?

Com. Polish's daughter:
Her mother, goody Polish, has confess'd it
To grannam Keep, the nurse, how they did change
The children in their cradles.

Lady L. To what purpose?

Com. To get the portion, or some part of it,
Which you must now disburse entire to me, sir.
If I but gain her ladyship's consent.

Lady L. I bid God give you joy, if this be true.

Com. *As true it is lady, lady,* in the song.
The portion's mine, with interest, sir Moth;
I will not bate you a single Harrington,
Of interest upon interest: In mean time,
I do commit you to the guard of Ironside,
My brother here, captain Rudhudibrass;
From whom I will expect you or your ransom.

Sir Moth. Sir, you must prove it, and the pos-
Ere I believe it. [sibility,

Com. For the possibility,
I leave to trial.

Enter PRACTICE.

Truth shall speak itself.
O, master Practice, did you meet the coach?

Prac. Yes, sir, but empty.

Com. Why, I sent it for you.
The business is dispatch'd here ere you come:
Come in, I'll tell you how; you are a man
Will look for satisfaction, and must have it.

All. So we do all, and long to hear the right.
[*Exeunt.*

Dam. *Troth, I am one of those that labour with the same longing, for it is almost pucker'd, and pulled into that knot by your poet, which I cannot easily, with all the strength of my imagination, untie.*

Boy. *Like enough, nor is it in your office to be troubled or perplexed with it, but to sit still, and expect. The more your imagination busies itself, the more it is intangled, especially if (as I told in the beginning) you happen on the wrong end.*

Pro. *He hath said sufficient, brother Damplay: our parts that are the spectators, or should hear a comedy, are to wait the process and events of things, as the poet presents them, not as we would corruptly fashion them. We come here to behold plays, and censure them, as they are made, and fitted for us; not to beslave our own thoughts, with censorious spittle tempering the poet's clay, as we were to mould every scene anew: that were a mere plastic or potter's ambition, most unbecoming the name of a gentleman. No, let us mark, and not lose the business on foot, by talking. Follow the right thread, or find it.*

Dam. *Why, here his play might have ended, if he would have let it; and have spared us the vexation of a fifth act yet to come, which every one here knows the issue of already, or may in part conjecture.*

Boy. *That conjecture is a kind of figure-flinging, or throwing the dice, for a meaning was never in the poet's purpose perhaps. Stay, and see his last act, his catastrophe, how he will perplex that, or spring some fresh cheat, to entertain the spectators, with a convenient delight, till some unexpected and new encounter break out to rectify all, and make good the conclusion.*

Pro. *Which ending here, would have shown dull, flat, and unpointed: without any shape or sharpness, brother Damplay.*

Dam. *Well, let us expect then: and wit be with us, on the poet's part.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Lady LOADSTONE'S *House.*

Enter NEEDLE *and* ITEM.

Nee. Troth, master Item, here's a house divided,
And quarter'd into parts, by your doctor's ingine.
He has cast out such aspersions on my lady's
Niece here, of having had a child ; as hardly
Will be wiped off, I doubt.
Item. Why, is't not true ?
Nee. True ! did you think it ?
Item. Was she not in labour,
The midwife sent for ?
Nee. There's your error now !
You have drunk of the same water.
Item. I believed it,
And gave it out too.
Nee. More you wrong'd the party ;
She had no such thing about her, innocent creature !
Item. What had she then ?
Nee. Only a fit of the mother :
They burnt old shoes, goose-feathers, assafœtida,
A few horn-shavings, with a bone or two,
And she is well again, about the house.
Item. Is't possible ?
Nee. See it, and then report it.
Item. Our doctor's urinal judgment is half-crack'd then.
Nee. Crack'd in the case most hugely with my lady,
And sad sir Moth, her brother ; who is now
Under a cloud a little.
Item. Of what ? disgrace ?
Nee. He is committed to Rudhudibrass,
The captain Ironside, upon displeasure,
From master Compass ; but it will blow off.
Item. The doctor shall reverse this instantly,
And set all right again ; if you'll assist
But in a toy, squire Needle, comes in my noddle now.
Nee. Good ! Needle and noddle ! what may't be ? I long for't.
Item. Why, but to go to bed, feign a distemper,
Of walking in your sleep, or talking in't
A little idly, but so much, as on it
The doctor may have ground to raise a cure
For his reputation.
Nee. Any thing, to serve
The worship of the man I love and honour.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter POLISH *and* PLEASANCE.

Pol. O ! give you joy, mademoiselle Compass,
You are his whirlpool now : all-to be-married,
Against your mother's leave, and without counsel !
He has fish'd fair, and caught a frog, I fear it.
What fortune have you to bring him in dower ?
You can tell stories now ; you know a world
Of secrets to discover.
Plea. I know nothing
But what is told me, nor can I discover
Any thing.
Pol. No, you shall not, I'll take order.
Go, get you in there : [*Exit* PLEASANCE.] It is Ember-week,
I'll keep you fasting from his flesh awhile.

Enter CHAIR *and* KEEP *with* PLACENTIA.

Chair. See who is here ! she has been with my lady,
Who kist her, all-to-be-kist her, twice or thrice.
Keep. And call'd her niece again, and view'd her linen.
Pol. You have done a miracle, mother Chair.
Chair. Not I,
My caudle has done it : thank my caudle heartily.
Pol. It shall be thank'd, and you too, wisest mother ;
You shall have a new, brave, four-pound beaver
Set with enamell'd studs, as mine is here ; [hat,
And a right pair of crystal spectacles,
Crystal o' the rock, thou mighty mother of dames !
Hung in an ivory case, at a gold belt ;
And silver bells to gingle, as you pace
Before your fifty daughters in procession
To church, or from the church.
Chair. Thanks, mistress Polish.
Keep. She does deserve as many pensions
As there be pieces in a——maiden-head,
Were I a prince to give them.
Pol. Come, sweet charge,
You shall present yourself about the house ;
Be confident, and bear up ; you shall be seen.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter COMPASS, IRONSIDE, *and* PRACTICE.

Com. What ! I can make you amends, my learned counsel,
And satisfy a greater injury [learned counsel,
To chafed master Practice. Who would think
That you could be thus testy ?
Iron. A grave head,
Given over to the study of our laws.
Com. And the prime honours of the common-wealth.
Iron. And you to mind a wife ! [wealth.
Com. What should you do
With such a toy as a wife, that might distract you,
Or hinder you in your course ?
Iron. He shall not think on't.
Com. I will make over to you my possession
Of that same place is fall'n, you know, to satisfy ;
Surveyor of the projects general.
Iron. And that's an office you know how to stir in.
Com. And make your profits of. [in.
Iron. Which are indeed
The ends of a gown'd man : shew your activity,
And how you are built for business.
Prac. I accept it
As a possession, be it but a reversion.
Com. You first told me 'twas a possession
Prac. Ay,
I told you that I heard so.
Iron. All is one,
He'll make a reversion a possession quickly.
Com. But I must have a general release from you
Prac. Do one, I'll do the other. [you
Com. It's a match,
Before my brother Ironside.
Prac. 'Tis done.
Com. We two are RECONCILED then.
Iron. To a lawyer,
That can make use of a place, any half title
Is better than a wife.

Com. And will save charges
Of coaches, vellute gowns, and cut-work smocks.
Iron. He is to occupy an office wholly.
Com. True; I must talk with you nearer, master Practice,
About recovery of my wife's portion,
What way I were best to take.
Prac. The plainest way.
Com. What's that, for plainness?
Prac. Sue him at common law:
Arrest him on an action of choke-bail,
Five hundred thousand pound; it will affright him,
And all his sureties. You can prove your marriage?
Com. Yes.
We'll talk of it within, and hear my lady. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Sir MOTH INTEREST, *and* Lady LOADSTONE.

Sir Moth. I am sure the vogue of the house went all that way;
She was with child, and master Compass got it.
Lady L. Why, that, you see, is manifestly false;
He has married the other, our true niece, he says,
He would not woo them both: he is not such
A stallion, to leap all. Again, no child
Appears, that I can find with all my search,
And strictest way of inquiry, I have made
Through all my family. A fit of the mother,
The women say she had, which the midwife cured,
With burning bones and feathers.

Enter RUT.

Here's the doctor.
Sir Moth. O, noble doctor, did not you and Tell me our niece was in labour? [your Item
Rut. If I did,
What follows?
Sir Moth. And that mother Midnight
Was sent for?
Rut. So she was, and is in the house still.
Sir Moth. But here has a noise been since, she was deliver'd
Of a brave boy, and master Compass's getting.
Rut. I know no rattle of gossips, nor their noises:
I hope you take not me for a pimp-errant,
To deal in smock affairs. Where is the patient,
The infirm man I was sent for, squire Needle?
Lady L. Is Needle sick?
Rut. My pothecary tells me
He is in danger—

Enter ITEM.

How is it, Tim? where is he?
Item. I cannot hold him down. He is up and walks,
And talks, in his perfect sleep, with his eyes shut,
As sensibly as he were broad awake.
See, here he comes; he's fast asleep, observe him.

Enter NEEDLE, *followed by* POLISH, CHAIR, KEEP, *and* PLACENTIA.

Rut. He'll tell us wonders. What do these women here,
Hunting a man half naked? you are fine beagles,
You'd have his doucets!
Nee. I have linen breeks on.
Rut. He hears, but he sees nothing.
Nee. Yes, I see
Who hides the treasure yonder.
Sir Moth. Ha! what treasure?
Rut. If you ask questions, he wakes presently,
And then you'll hear no more till his next fit.
Nee. And whom she hides it for.
Rut. Do you mark, sir, list.
Nee. A fine she spirit it is, an Indian magpye.
She was an alderman's widow, and fell in love
With our sir Moth, my lady's brother.
Rut. Hear you?
Nee. And she has hid an alderman's estate,
Dropt through her bill, in little holes, in the garden,
And scrapes earth over them; where none can spy
But I, who see all by the glow-worm's light,
That creeps before.
[*Exeunt* NEEDLE, CHAIR, KEEP, *and* PLACENTIA.
Pol. I knew the gentlewoman.
Alderman Parrot's widow, a fine speaker,
As any was in the clothing, or the bevy;
She did become her scarlet and black velvet,
Her green and purple——
Rut. Save thy colours, rainbow!
Or she will run thee o'er, and all thy lights.
Pol. She dwelt in Do-little-lane, a top o' the hill there,
In the round cage was after sir Chime Squirrel's:
She would eat nought but almonds, I assure you.
Rut. Would thou hadst a dose of pills, a double dose, [way!
Of the best purge to make thee turn tail t'other
Pol. You are a foul-mouth'd, purging, absurd doctor;
I tell you true, and I did long to tell it you.
You have spread a scandal in my lady's house here,
On her sweet niece, you never can take off
With all your purges, or your plaister of oaths;
Though you distil your damn-me, drop by drop,
In your defence. That she hath had a child,
Here she doth spit upon thee, and defy thee,
Or I do't for her!
Rut. Madam, pray you bind her
To her behaviour: tie your gossip up,
Or send her unto Bethlem.
Pol. Go thou thither,
That better hast deserv'd it, shame of doctors!
Where could she be deliver'd? by what charm,
Restored to her strength so soon? who is the father,
Or where the infant? ask your oracle,
That walks and talks in his sleep.
Rut. Where is he gone?
You have lost a fortune, listening to her tabor.
[*Aside to* Sir MOTH.
Good madam, lock her up.
Lady L. You must give losers
Their leave to speak, good doctor.
Rut. Follow his footing
Before he get to his bed; this rest is lost else.
[*Exeunt* RUT *and* Sir MOTH.

Enter COMPASS, PRACTICE, *and* IRONSIDE.

Com. Where is my wife? what have you done
Gossip of the counsels? [with my wife,
Pol. I, sweet master Compass!
I honour you and your wife.
Com. Well, do so still?
I will not call you mother though, but Polish.
Good gossip Polish, where have you hid my wife?
Pol. I hide your wife!
Com. Or she is run away.
Lady L. That would make all suspected, sir afresh:
Come, we will find her if she be in the house.

Pol. Why should I hide your wife, good master Compass?
Com. I know no cause, but that you are goody Polish,
That's good at malice, good at mischief, all
That can perplex or trouble a business thoroughly.
Pol. You may say what you will; you are master Compass,
And carry a large sweep, sir, in your circle.
Lady L. I'll sweep all corners, gossip, to spring this,
If 't be above ground. I will have her cried
By the common-crier, thorough all the ward,
But I will find her.
Iron. It will be an act
Worthy your justice, madam.
Prac. And become
The integrity and worship of her name. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Rut *and* Sir Moth Interest.

Rut. 'Tis such a fly, this gossip, with her buz,
She blows on every thing, in every place!
Sir Moth. A busy woman is a fearful grievance!
Will he not sleep again?
Rut. Yes, instantly,
As soon as he is warm. It is the nature
Of the disease, and all these cold dry fumes
That are melancholic, to work at first,
Slow and insensibly in their ascent;
Till being got up, and then distilling down
Upon the brain, they have a pricking quality
That breeds this restless rest, which we, the sons
Of physic, call a walking in the sleep,
And telling mysteries, that must be heard
Softly, with art, as we were sewing pillows
Under the patient's elbows; else they'd fly
Into a phrensy, run into the woods,
Where there are noises, huntings, shoutings, hallowings,
Amidst the brakes and furzes, over bridges
Fall into waters, scratch their flesh, sometimes
Drop down a precipice, and there be lost.

Enter Item.

How now! what does he?
Item. He is up again,
And 'gins to talk.
Sir Moth. Of the former matter, Item?
Item. The treasure and the lady, that's his argument.
Sir Moth. O me, [most] happy man! he cannot
I shall know all then. [off it:
Rut. With what appetite
Our own desires delude us! [*Aside.*]—Hear you,
Let no man interrupt us. [Tim,
Item. Sir Diaphanous
And master Bias, his court-friends, desire
To kiss his niece's hands, and gratulate
The firm recovery of her good fame
And honour.
Sir Moth. Good! Say to them, master Item,
My niece is on my lady's side; they'll find her
I pray to be but spared for half an hour: [there.
I'll see them presently.
Rut. Do, put them off, Tim,
And tell them the importance of the business.
Here, he is come! sooth; and have all out of him.

Enter Needle, *talking as in his sleep.*

Nee. How do you, lady-bird? so hard at work, still! [bird,
What's that you say? do you bid me walk, sweet
And tell our knight? I will, How! *walk, knave, walk!*
I think you're angry with me, Pol. Fine Pol!
Pol is a fine bird! O find lady Pol!
Almond for Parrot. Parrot's a brave bird.
Three hundred thousand pieces have you stuck
Edge-long into the ground, within the garden?
O bounteous bird!
Sir Moth. And me most happy creature!
Rut. Smother your joy.
Nee. How! and dropp'd twice so many ——
Sir Moth. Ha! where?
Rut. Contain yourself.
Nee. In the old well?
Sir Moth. I cannot, I am a man of flesh and blood:
Who can contain himself, to hear the ghost
Of a dead lady do such works as these,
And a city lady too of the strait waist?
Nee. I will go try the truth of it. [*Exit.*
Rut. He's gone.
Follow him, Tim; see what he does. [*Exit* Item.]
If he bring you
A say of it now!—
Sir Moth. I'll say he's a rare fellow,
And has a rare disease.
Rut. And I will work
As rare a cure upon him.
Sir Moth. How, good doctor?
Rut. When he hath utter'd all that you would know of him,
I'll cleanse him with a pill as small as a pease,
And stop his mouth: for there his issue lies,
Between the muscles of the tongue.

Re-enter Item.

Sir Moth. He's come.
Rut. What did he, Item?
Item. The first step he stept
Into the garden, he pull'd these five pieces
Up, in a finger's breadth one of another:
The dirt sticks on them still.
Sir Moth. I know enough.
Doctor, proceed with your cure, I'll make thee famous,
Famous among the sons of the physicians,
Machaon, Podalirius, Esculapius.
Thou shalt have a golden beard, as well as he had;
And thy Tim Item here, have one of silver;
A livery beard! and all thy pothecaries
Belong to thee.—Where is squire Needle? gone?
Item. He is prick'd away, now he has done the work.
Rut. Prepare his pill, and give it him afore supper. [*Exit* Item.
Sir Moth. I'll send for a dozen of labourers to-
To turn the surface of the garden up. [morrow,
Rut. In mold! bruise every clod.
Sir Moth. And have all sifted,
For I'll not lose a piece of the bird's bounty;
And take an inventory of all.
Rut. And then,
I would go down into the well——
Sir Moth. Myself;
No trusting other hands: six hundred thousand,
To the first three; nine hundred thousand pound—

Rut. 'Twill purchase the whole bench of alder-
Stript to their shirts. [manity,
Sir Moth. There never did accrue
So great a gift to man, and from a lady
I never saw but once: now I remember,
We met at Merchant-tailors-hall, at dinner,
In Threadneedle-street.
Rut. Which was a sign squire Needle
Should have the threading of this thread.
Sir Moth. 'Tis true;
I shall love parrots better while I know him.
Rut. I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.
Sir Moth. And have it painted in most orient colours.
Rut. That's right! all city statues must be painted,
Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgments.

Enter BIAS.

Sir Moth. My truest friend in court, dear master Bias!
You hear of the recovery of our niece
In fame and credit?
Bias. Yes, I have been with her,
And gratulated to her; but I am sorry
To find the author of the foul aspersion
Here in your company, this insolent doctor.
Sir Moth. You do mistake him; he is clear got off on't:
A gossip's jealousy first gave the hint.
He drives another way now as I would have him;
He's a rare man, the doctor, in his way.
He has done the noblest cure here in the house,
On a poor squire, my sister's tailor, Needle,
That talk'd in's sleep; would walk to St. John's wood,
And Waltham forest, scape by all the ponds
And pits in the way; run over two-inch bridges,
With his eyes fast, and in the dead of night!—
I'll have you better acquainted with him. Doctor,
Here is my dear, dear, dearest friend in court,
Wise, powerful master Bias; pray you salute
Each other, not as strangers, but true friends.
Rut. This is the gentleman you brought to-day,
A suitor to your niece.
Sir Moth. Yes.
Rut. You were
Agreed, I heard; the writings drawn between you.
Sir Moth. And seal'd.
Rut. What broke you off?
Sir Moth. This rumour of her:
Was it not, master Bias?
Bias. Which I find
Now false, and therefore come to make amends
In the first place. I stand to the old conditions.
Rut. Faith, give them him, sir Moth, whate'er they were.
You have a brave occasion now to cross
The flanting master Compass, who pretends
Right to the portion, by the other intail.
Sir Moth. And claims it. You do hear he's married?
Bias. We hear his wife is run away from him,
Within: she is not to be found in the house,
With all the hue and cry is made for her
Through every room; the larders have been search'd,
The bake-houses and boulting tub, the ovens,
Wash-house and brew-house, nay the very furnace,
And yet she is not heard of.
Sir Moth. Be she ne'er heard of,
The safety of Great Britain lies not on't.
You are content with the ten thousand pound,
Defalking the four hundred garnish-money?
That's the condition here, afore the doctor,
And your demand, friend Bias?
Bias. It is, sir Moth.

Enter PALATE.

Rut. Here comes the parson then, shall make all sure.
Sir Moth. Go you with my friend Bias, parson Palate,
Unto my niece; assure them we are agreed.
Pal. And mistress Compass too is found within.
Sir Moth. Where was she hid?
Pal. In an old bottle-house,
Where they scraped trenchers; there her mother had thrust her.
Rut. You shall have time, sir, to triumph on him,
When this fine feat is done, and his Rud-Ironside.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter COMPASS, Lady LOADSTONE, PRACTICE, POLISH, CHAIR, *and* KEEP.

Com. Was ever any gentlewoman used
So barbarously by a malicious gossip,
Pretending to be mother to her too?
Pol. Pretending! sir, I am her mother, and challenge
A right and power for what I have done.
Com. Out, hag!
Thou that hast put all nature off, and woman,
For sordid gain, betray'd the trust committed
Unto thee by the dead, as from the living;
Changed the poor innocent infants in their cradles;
Defrauded them of their parents, changed their names,
Calling Placentia, Pleasance: Pleasance, Placentia,
Pol. How knows he this? [*Aside.*
Com. Abused the neighbourhood;
But most this lady: didst enforce an oath
To this poor woman, on a pious book,
To keep close thy impiety.
Pol. Have you told this? [*Aside to the* Nurse.
Keep. I told it! no, he knows it, and much more,
As he's a cunning man.
Pol. A cunning fool,
If that be all.
Com. But now to your true daughter,
That had the child, and is the proper Pleasance,
We must have an account of that too, gossip.
Pol. This is like all the rest of master Compass.

Enter RUT, *running.*

Rut. Help, help, for charity! sir Moth Interest
Is fallen into the well.
Lady L. Where, where?
Rut. In the garden.
A rope to save his life!
Com. How came he there?
Rut. He thought to take possession of a fortune
There newly dropt him, and the old chain broke,
And down fell he in the bucket.
Com. Is it deep?
Rut. We cannot tell. A rope, help with a rope!

Enter Sir DIAPHANOUS SILKWORM, IRONSIDE, ITEM, *and* NEEDLE, *leading in* Sir MOTH INTEREST.

Sir Dia. He is got out again. The knight is saved.
Iron. A little soused in the water; Needle saved him.
Item. The water saved him, 'twas a fair escape.
Nee. Have you no hurt?
Sir Moth. A little wet.
Nee. That's nothing.
Rut. I wish'd you stay, sir, till to-morrow; and told you
It was no lucky hour: since six o'clock
All stars were retrograde.
Lady L. In the name
Of fate or folly, how came you in the bucket?
Sir Moth. That is a *quære* of another time, sister;
The doctor will resolve you——who hath done
The admirablest cure upon your Needle!
Give me thy hand, good Needle; thou cam'st timely.
Take off my hood and coat; and let me shake
Myself a little. I have a world of business.
Where is my nephew Bias? and his wife?

Enter BIAS *and* PLACENTIA.

Who bids God give them joy? here they both
As sure affianced as the parson, or words, [stand,
Can tie them.
Rut. We all wish them joy and happiness.
Sir Dia. I saw the contract, and can witness it.
Sir M. He shall receive ten thousand pounds to-morrow.
You look't for't, Compass, or a greater sum,
But 'tis disposed of, this, another way:
I have but one niece, verily, [master] Compass.

Enter a Serjeant.

Com. I'll find another.—Varlet, do your office.
Serj. I do arrest your body, sir Moth Interest,
In the king's name; at suit of master Compass,
And dame Placentia his wife. The action's enter'd,
Five hundred thousand pound.
Sir Moth. Hear you this, sister?
And hath your house the ears to hear it too,
And to resound the affront?
Lady L. I cannot stop
The laws, or hinder justice: I can be
Your bail, if it may be taken.
Com. With the captain's,
I ask no better.
Rut. Here are better men,
Will give their bail.
Com. But yours will not be taken,
Worshipful doctor; you are good security
For a suit of clothes to the tailor that dares trust you:
But not for such a sum as is this action.—
Varlet, you know my mind.
Serj. You must to prison, sir,
Unless you can find bail the creditor likes.
Sir Moth. I would fain find it, if you'd shew me where.
Sir Dia. It is a terrible action; more indeed
Than many a man is worth; and is call'd Fright-bail.
Iron. Faith, I will bail him at mine own apperil.
Varlet, begone: I'll once have the reputation,
To be security for such a sum.
Bear up, sir Moth.
Rut. He is not worth the buckles
About his belt, and yet this Ironside clashes!
Sir Moth. Peace, lest he hear you, doctor; we'll make use of him.
What doth your brother Compass, captain Ironside,
Demand of us, by way of challenge, thus?
Iron. Your niece's portion; in the right of his wife.
Sir Moth. I have assured one portion to one niece,
And have no more to account for, that I know of:
What I may do in charity——if my sister
Will bid an offering for her maid and him,
As a benevolence to them, after supper,
I'll spit into the bason, and entreat
My friends to do the like.
Com. Spit out thy gall,
And heart, thou viper! I will now no mercy,
No pity of thee, thy false niece, and Needle;

Enter PLEASANCE.

Bring forth your child, or I appeal you of murder
You, and this gossip here, and mother Chair.
Chair. The gentleman's fallen mad!
Plea. No, mistress midwife.
I saw the child, and you did give it me,
And put it in my arms; by this ill token,
You wish'd me such another; and it cried.
Prac. The law is plain; if it were heard to cry
And you produce it not, he may indict
All that conceal it, of felony and murder.
Com. And I will take the boldness, sir, to do it.
Beginning with sir Moth here, and his doctor.
Sir Dia. Good faith, this same is like to turn a business.
Pal. And a shrewd business, marry; they all start at it.
Com. I have the right thread now, and I will keep it.
You, goody Keep, confess the truth to my lady,
The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth
Pol. I scorn to be prevented of my glories.
I plotted the deceit, and I will own it.
Love to my child, and lucre of the portion
Provoked me; wherein, though the event hath fail'd
In part, I will make use of the best side.
This is my daughter, [*Points to* PLACENTIA.] and she hath had a child
This day, unto her shame, I now profess it,
By this mere false stick, squire Needle; but
Since this wise knight hath thought it good to [change
The foolish father of it, by assuring
Her to his dear friend, master Bias; and him
Again to her, by clapping of him on
With his free promise of ten thousand pound,
Afore so many witnesses——
Sir Dia. Whereof I
Am one.
Pal. And I another.
Pol. I should be unnatural
To my own flesh and blood, would I not thank him.—
I thank you, sir; and I have reason for it.
For here your true niece stands, fine mistress Compass,
(I'll tell you truth, you have deserv'd it from me,)
To whom you are by bond engaged to pay
The sixteen thousand pound, which is her portion,
Due to her husband, on her marriage-day.
I speak the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Iron. You'll pay it now, sir Moth, with interest:
You see the truth breaks out on every side of you.
Sir Moth. Into what nets of cozenage am I cast
On every side! each thread is grown a noose,
A very mesh: I have run myself into
A double brake, of paying twice the money.
Bias. You shall be released of paying me a penny,
With these conditions.
Pol. Will you leave her then?
Bias. Yes, and the sum twice told, ere take a wife,
To pick out monsieur Needle's basting-threads.
Com. Gossip, you are paid: though he be a fit nature,
Worthy to have a whore justly put on him;
He is not bad enough to take your daughter,
On such a cheat. Will you yet pay the portion?
Sir Moth. What will you bate?
Com. No penny the law gives.
Sir Moth. Yes, Bias's money.
Com. What, your friend in court!
I will not rob you of him, nor the purchase,
Nor your dear doctor here; stand all together,
Birds of a nature all, and of a feather.
Lady L. Well, we are all now reconciled to truth.
There rests yet a gratuity from me,
To be conferr'd upon this gentleman;
Who, as my nephew Compass says, was cause
First of the offence, but since of all the amends.
The quarrel caused the affright, that fright brought on
The travail, which made peace; the peace drew on
This new discovery, which endeth all
In RECONCILEMENT.
Com. When the portion
Is tender'd, and received.
Sir Moth. Well, you must have it;
As good at first as last.
Lady L. 'Tis well said, brother.
And I, if this good captain will accept me,
Give him myself, endow him with my estate,
And make him lord of me, and all my fortunes:
He that hath saved my honour, though by chance,
I'll really study his, and how to thank him.
Iron. And I embrace you, lady, and your goodness,
And vow to quit all thought of war hereafter;
Save what is fought under your colours, madam.
Pal. More work then for the parson; I shall cap
The Loadstone with an Ironside, I see.
Iron. And take in these, the forlorn couple, with us,
Needle and his Thread, whose portion I will think on;
As being a business waiting on my bounty:
Thus I do take possession of you, madam,
My true MAGNETIC mistress, and my LADY.

[Exeunt.

CHORUS

CHANGED INTO AN EPILOGUE TO THE KING.

Well, gentlemen, I now must, under seal,
And the author's charge, wave you, and make my appeal
To the supremest power, my lord the king;
Who best can judge of what we humbly bring.
He knows our weakness, and the poet's faults;
Where he doth stand upright, go firm, or halts;
And he will doom him. To which voice he stands,
And prefers that, 'fore all the people's hands.

A TALE OF A TUB

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Chanon (Canon) Hugh, *Vicar of Pancras, and* Captain Thums.
Squire Tub, *or* Tripoly, *of Totten-Court.*
Basket Hilts, *his Man and Governor.*
Justice Preamble, *alias* Bramble, *of Maribone.*
Miles Metaphor, *his Clerk.*
Pol Martin, *Huisher to* Lady Tub.
Tobie Turfe, *High Constable of Kentish Town.*
John Clay, *of Kilborn, Tilemaker, the Bridegroom.*
In-and-In Medlay, *of Islington, Cooper and Headborough.*
Rasi' Clench, *of Hamstead, Farrier and Petty Constable.*
To-Pan, *Tinker, or Metal-Man of Belsise, Thirdborough.*
Diogenes Scriben, *of Chalcot, the great Writer.*
Hannibal (Ball) Puppy, *the High Constable's Man.*
Father Rosin, *the Minstrel, and his two* Boys
Black Jack, Lady Tub's *Butler.*

Lady Tub, *of Totten, the* Squire's *Mother.*
Dido Wispe, *her Woman.*
Sibil Turfe, *Wife to the High Constable.*
Awdrey Turfe, *her Daughter, the Bride.*
Joan, Joyce, Madge, Parnel, Grisel, *and* Kate, *Maids of the* Bridal.
Servants.

SCENE,—Finsbury Hundred.

PROLOGUE.

No state-affairs, nor any politic club,
Pretend we in our Tale, here, of a Tub:
But acts of clowns and constables, to-day
Stuff out the scenes of our ridiculous play.
A cooper's wit, or some such busy spark,
Illumining the high constable, and his clerk,
And all the neighbourhood, from old records,
Of antique proverbs, drawn from Whitson-lords.
And their authorities, at Wakes and Ales,
With country precedents, and old wives' tales,
We bring you now, to shew what different things
The cotes of clowns are from the courts of kings.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Totten-Court.—Before* lady Tub's *House.*

Enter Canon Hugh.

Hugh. Now on my faith, old bishop Valentine,
You have brought us nipping weather.—*Febructe*
Doth cut and shear—your day and diocese
Are very cold. All your parishioners,
As well your laics as your quiristers,
Had need to keep to their warm feather beds,
If they be sped of loves: this is no season,
To seek new makes in; though sir Hugh of Pancras
Be hither come to Totten, on intelligence,
To the young lord of the manor, 'squire Tripoly,
On such an errand as a mistress is.
What, 'squire! I say.—[*Calls.*] Tub I should call him too:
Sir Peter Tub was his father, a saltpetre-man;
Who left his mother, lady Tub of Totten-
Court, here, to revel, and keep open house in;
With the young 'squire her son, and's governor Basket-
Hilts, both by sword and dagger: [*Calls again.*] *Domine*
Armiger Tub, 'squire Tripoly! *Expergiscere!*
I dare not call aloud lest she should hear me,
And think I conjured up the spirit, her son,
In priest's lack-Latin: O she is jealous
Of all mankind for him.

Tub. [*appears at the window.*] Canon, is't you?

Hugh. The vicar of Pancras, 'squire Tub! wa'hoh!

Tub. I come, I stoop unto the call, sir Hugh!

Hugh. He knows my lure is from his love, fair Awdrey,
The high constable's daughter of Kentish-town
Tobias Turfe. [here, master

Enter Tub *in his night-gown.*

Tub. What news of him?

Hugh. He has waked me
An hour before I would, sir; and my duty
To the young worship of Totten-Court, 'squire Tripoly!
Who hath my heart, as I have his: Your mistress
Is to be made away from you this morning,
St. Valentine's day: there are a knot of clowns,
The council of Finsbury, so they are styled,
Met at her father's; all the wise of the hundred;
Old Rasi' Clench of Hamstead, petty constable,
In-and-In Medlay, cooper of Islington,
And headborough; with loud To-Pan, the tinker,

Or metal-man of Belsise, the thirdborough;
And D'ogenes Scriben, the great writer of Chalcot.
Tub. And why all these?
Hugh. Sir, to conclude in council,
A husband or a make for mistress Awdrey;
Whom they have named and pricked down, Clay of Kilborn,
A tough young fellow, and a tilemaker.
Tub. And what must he do?
Hugh. Cover her, they say;
And keep her warm, sir: mistress Awdrey Turfe,
Last night did draw him for her Valentine;
Which chance, it hath so taken her father and mother,
Because themselves drew so on Valentine's eve
Was thirty year,) as they will have her married
To-day by any means; they have sent a messenger
To Kilborn, post, for Clay; which when I knew,
I posted with the like to worshipful Tripoly,
The squire of Totten: and my advice to cross it.
Tub. What is't, sir Hugh?
Hugh. Where is your governor Hilts?
Basket must do it.
Tub. Basket shall be call'd.—
Hilts! can you see to rise? [*Aloud.*
Hilts. [*appears at the window.*] Cham not blind, sir,
With too much light.
Tub. Open your t'other eye,
And view if it be day.
Hilts. Che can spy that
At's little a hole as another, through a milstone.
[*Exit above.*
Tub. He will have the last word, though he talk bilk for't.
Hugh. Bilk! what's that?
Tub. Why, nothing: a word signifying Nothing; and borrowed here to express nothing.
Hugh. A fine device!
Tub. Yes, till we hear a finer.
What's your device now, canon Hugh?
Hugh. In private,
Lend it your ear; I will not trust the air with it,
Or scarce my shirt; my cassock shall not know it;
If I thought it did I'd burn it.
Tub. That's the way,
You have thought to get a new one, Hugh: is't worth it?
Let's hear it first.
Hugh. Then hearken, and receive it.
[*Whispers him.*
This 'tis, sir. Do you relish it?

Enter HILTS, *and walks by, making himself ready.*

Tub. If Hilts
Be close enough to carry it; there's all.
Hilts. It is no sand, nor butter-milk: if it be,
Ich'am no zive, or watering-pot, to draw
Knots i' your 'casions. If you trust me, zo
If not, praform it your zelves. Cham no man's wife,
But resolute Hilts: you'll vind me in the buttry.
[*Exit.*
Tub. A testy, but a tender clown as wool,
And melting as the weather in a thaw!
He'll weep you like all April; but he'll roar you
Like middle March afore: he will be as mellow,
And tipsy too, as October; and as grave
And bound up like a frost (with the new year)
In January; as rigid as he is rustic.
Hugh. You know his nature, and describe it well;
I'll leave him to your fashioning.
Tub. Stay, sir Hugh;
Take a good angel with you for your guide;
[*Gives him a piece of money.*
And let this guard you homeward, as the blessing
To our device. [*Exit.*
Hugh. I thank you, 'squire's worship,
Most humbly—for the next: for this I am sure of.
O for a quire of these voices, now,
To chime in a man's pocket, and cry chink!
One doth not chirp, it makes no harmony.
Grave justice Bramble next must contribute;
His charity must offer at this wedding:
I'll bid more to the bason and the bride-ale,
Although but one can bear away the bride.
I smile to think how like a lottery
These weddings are. Clay hath her in possession,
The 'squire he hopes to circumvent the Tile-kin;
And now, if justice Bramble do come off,
'Tis two to one but Tub may lose his bottom.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Kentish Town.—A Room in* TURFE'S *House.*

Enter CLENCH, MEDLAY, D'OGE SCRIBEN, BALL, PUPPY *and* PAN.

Clench. Why, it is thirty year, e'en as this day now,
Zin Valentine's day, of all days kursin'd, look you;
And the zame day o' the month as this Zin Valentine,
Or I am vowly deceived—
Med. That our high constable,
Master Tobias Turfe, and his dame were married:
I think you are right. But what was that Zin Valentine?
Did you ever know 'un, goodman Clench?
Clench. Zin Valentine!
He was a deadly zin, and dwelt at Highgate,
As I have heard; but 'twas avore my time:
He was a cooper too, as you are, Medlay,
An In-and-In: a woundy brag young vellow,
As the 'port went o' hun then, and in those days.
Scri. Did he not write his name Sim Valentine
Vor I have met no Sin in Finsbury books;
And yet I have writ them six or seven times over.
Pan. O you mun look for the nine deadly Sins,
In the church-books, D'oge: not [in] the high constable's;
Nor in the county's: zure, that same zin Valentine,
He was a stately zin, an' he were a zin,
And kept brave house.
Clench. At the Cock-and-Hen in Highgate.
You have fresh'd my memory well in't, neighbour Pan:
He had a place in last king Harry's time,
Of sorting all the young couples; joining them,
And putting them together; which is yet
Praform'd, as on his day——zin Valentine·
As being the zin of the shire, or the whole county:
I am old Rivet still, and bear a brain,
The Clench, the varrier, and true leach of Hamstead.
Pan. You are a shrewd antiquity, neighbour Clench,
And a great guide to all the parishes!

The very bell-weather of the hundred, here,
As I may zay. Master Tobias Turfe,
High constable, would not miss you, for a score on us,
When he do 'scourse of the great charty to us.
Pup. What's that, a horse? can 'scourse nought but a horse,
And that in Smithveld. Charty! I ne'er read o' hun,
In the old Fabian's chronicles; nor I think
In any new: he may be a giant there,
For aught I know.
Scri. You should do well to study
Records, fellow Ball, both law and poetry.
Pup. Why, all's but writing and reading, is it, Scriben?
An it be any more, it is mere cheating zure,
Vlat cheating; all your law and poets too.
Pan. Master high constable comes.

Enter TURFE.

Pup. I'll zay't afore 'hun.
Turfe. What's that makes you all so merry and loud, sirs, ha?
I could have heard you to my privy walk.
Clench. A contrevarsie 'twixt two learned men here:
Hannibal Puppy says that law and poetry
Are both flat cheating; all's but writing and reading,
He says, be't verse or prose.
Turfe. I think in conzience,
He do zay true: who is't do thwart 'un, ha?
Med. Why, my friend Scriben, an it please your worship.
Turfe. Who, D'oge, my D'ogenes? a great writer, marry!
He'll vace me down [sirs,] me myself sometimes,
That verse goes upon veet, as you and I do:
But I can gi' un the hearing; zit me down,
And laugh at 'un; and to myself conclude,
The greatest clerks are not the wisest men
Ever. Here they are both! what, sirs, disputing,
And holding arguments of verse and prose,
And no green thing afore the door, that shews,
Or speaks a wedding!
Scri. Those were verses now,
Your worship spake, and run upon vive veet.
Turfe. Feet, vrom my mouth, D'oge! leave your 'zurd upinions,
And get me in some boughs.
Scri. Let them have leaves first.
There's nothing green but bays and rosemary.
Pup. And they are too good for strewings, your maids say.
Turfe. You take up 'dority still to vouch against me.
All the twelve smocks in the house, zure, are your authors.
Get some fresh hay then, to lay under foot;
Some holly and ivy to make vine the posts:
Is't not zon Valentine's day, and mistress Awdrey,
Your young dame, to be married? [*Exit* PUPPY.] I wonder Clay
Should be so tedious? he's to play son Valentine:
And the clown sluggard is not come fro' Kilborn yet!
Med. Do you call your son in law clown, an't please your worship?
Turfe. Yes and vor worship too, my neighbour Medlay,
A Middlesex clown, and one of Finsbury.
They were the first colons of the kingdom here,
The primitory colons, my Diogenes says,
Where's D'ogenes, my writer, now? What were those
You told me, D'ogenes, were the first colons
Of the country, that the Romans brought in here
Scri. The *coloni*, sir; *colonus* is an inhabitant,
A clown original: as you'd say, a farmer,
A tiller of the earth, e'er since the Romans
Planted their colony first; which was in Middlesex.
Turfe. Why so! I thank you heartily, good Diogenes,
You ha' zertified me. I had rather be
An ancient colon, (as they say,) a clown of Middlesex,
A good rich farmer, or high constable.
I'd play hun 'gain a knight, or a good 'squire,
Or gentleman of any other county
In the kingdom.
Pan. Outcept Kent, for there they landed
All gentlemen, and came in with the conqueror,
Mad Julius Cæsar, who built Dover-castle:
My ancestor To-Pan, beat the first kettle-drum
Avore 'hun, here vrom Dover on the march.
Which piece of monumental copper hangs
Up, scour'd, at Hammersmith yet; for there they came
Over the Thames, at a low water-mark;
Vore either London, ay, or Kingston-bridge,
I doubt, were kursin'd.

Re-enter PUPPY *with* JOHN CLAY.

Turfe. Zee, who is here: John Clay!
Zon Valentine, and bridegroom! have you zeen
Your Valentine-bride yet, sin' you came, John Clay?
Clay. No, wusse. Che lighted I but now in the yard,
Puppy has scarce unswaddled my legs yet.
Turfe. What, wisps on your wedding-day zon this is right
Originous Clay, and Clay o' Kilborn too!
I would ha' had boots on this day, zure, zon John.
Clay. I did it to save charges: we mun dance,
On this day, zure; and who can dance in boots?
No, I got on my best straw-colour'd stockings,
And swaddled them over to zave charges, I.
Turfe. And his new chamois doublet too with points!
I like that yet: and his long sausage-hose,
Like the commander of four smoaking tile-kilns,
Which he is captain of, captain of Kilborn;
Clay with his hat turn'd up o' the leer side too,
As if he would leap my daughter yet ere night,
And spring a new Turfe to the old house!—

Enter JOICE, JOAN, *and the other* Maids, *with ribands rosemary, and bay for the bride-men.*

Look! an the wenches ha' not found 'un out,
And do parzent 'un with a van of rosemary,
And bays, to vill a bow-pot, trim the head
Of my best vore-horse! we shall all ha' bride-laces
Or points, I zee; my daughter will be valiant,
And prove a very Mary Ambry in the business.
Clench. They zaid your worship had 'sured ner to 'squire Tub
Of Totten-Court here; all the hundred rings on't.
Turfe. A TALE OF A TUB, sir, a mere Tale of a Tub.
Lend it no ear, I pray you: the 'squire Tub

Is a fine man, but he is too fine a man,
And has a lady Tub too to his mother;
I'll deal with none of these fine silken Tubs:
John Clay and cloth-breech for my money and daughter.
Here comes another old boy too vor his colours,

Enter ROSIN, *and his two* Boys.

Will stroak down my wives udder of purses, empty
Of all her milk-money this winter quarter:
Old father Rosin, the chief minstrel here,
Chief minstrel too of Highgate, she has hired him
And all his two boys for a day and a half;
And now they come for ribanding and rosemary:
Give them enough, girls, give them enough, and take it
Out in his tunes anon.
Clench. I'll have *Tom Tiler*,
For our John Clay's sake, and the tile-kilns, zure.
Med. And I the *Jolly Joiner* for mine own sake.
Pan. I'll have the *Jovial Tinker* for To-Pan's sake.
Turfe. We'll all be jovy this day vor son Valentine,
My sweet son John's sake.
Scri. There's another reading now:
My master reads it Son and not Sin Valentine.
Pup. Nor Zim: and he's in the right; he is high-constable,
And who should read above 'un, or avore 'hun?
Turfe. Son John shall bid us welcome all, this day;
We'll zerve under his colours: lead the troop, John,
And Puppy, see the bells ring. Press all noises
Of Finsbury, in our name: Diogenes Scriben
Shall draw a score of warrants vor the business.
Does any wight perzent hir majesty's person
This hundred, 'bove the high constable?
All. No, no.
Turfe. Use our authority then to the utmost on't.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Maribone.—A Room in* Justice PREAMBLE'S *House.*

Enter Canon HUGH *and* Justice PREAMBLE.

Hugh. So you are sure, sir, to prevent them all,
And throw a block in the bridegroom's way, John Clay,
That he will hardly leap o'er.
Pre. I conceive you,
Sir Hugh; as if your rhetoric would say,
Whereas the father of her is a Turfe,
A very superficies of the earth;
He aims no higher than to match in clay,
And there hath pitch'd his rest.
Hugh. Right, justice Bramble;
You have the winding wit, compassing all.
Pre. Subtle sir Hugh, you now are in the wrong,
And err with the whole neighbourhood, I must tell you,
For you mistake my name. Justice Preamble
I write myself; which, with the ignorant clowns here,
Because of my profession of the law,
And place of the peace, is taken to be Bramble:
But all my warrants, sir, do run Preamble,
Richard Preamble.
Hugh. Sir, I thank you for it,
That your good worship would not let me run
Longer in error, but would take me up thus.
Pre. You are my learned and canonic neighbour,
I would not have you stray; but the incorrigible
Nott-headed beast, the clowns, or constables,
Still let them graze, eat sallads, chew the cud:
All the town music will not move a log.
Hugh. The beetle and wedges will where you will have them.
Pre. True, true, sir Hugh.—

Enter METAPHOR.

Here comes Miles Metaphor,
My clerk; he is the man shall carry it, canon,
By my instructions.
Hugh. He will do it *ad unguem*,
Miles Metaphor! he is a pretty fellow.
Pre. I love not to keep shadows, or half-wits,
To foil a business.—Metaphor, you have seen
A king ride forth in state.
Met. Sir, that I have:
King Edward our late liege, and sovereign lord;
And have set down the pomp.
Pre. Therefore I ask'd you.
Have you observ'd the messengers of the chamber,
What habits they were in?
Met. Yes, minor coats,
Unto the guard, a dragon and a greyhound,
For the supporters of the arms.
Pre. Well mark'd!
You know not any of them?
Met. Here's one dwells
In Maribone.
Pre. Have you acquaintance with him,
To borrow his coat an hour?
Hugh. Or but his badge,
'Twill serve; a little thing he wears on his breast.
Pre. His coat, I say, is of more authority:
Borrow his coat for an hour. I do love
To do all things completely, canon Hugh;
Borrow his coat, Miles Metaphor, or nothing.
Met. The taberd of his office I will call it,
Or the coat-armour of his place; and so
Insinuate with him by that trope.
Pre. I know
Your powers of rhetoric, Metaphor. Fetch him off
In a fine figure for his coat, I say. [*Exit* METAPHOR.
Hugh. I'll take my leave, sir, of your worship
Because I may expect the issue anon. [too,
Pre. Stay, my diviner counsel, take your fee:
We that take fees, allow them to our counsel;
And our prime learned counsel, double fees.
There are a brace of angels to support you
In your foot-walk this frost, for fear of falling,
Or spraying of a point of matrimony,
When you come at it—
Hugh. In your worship's service:
That the exploit is done, and you possest
Of mistress Awdrey Turfe.—
Pre. I like your project. [*Exit.*
Hugh. And I, of this effect of two to one;
It worketh in my pocket, 'gainst the 'squire,
And his half bottom here, of half a piece,
Which was not worth the stepping o'er the stile for:
His mother has quite marr'd him, lady Tub,
She's such a vessel of fæces: all dried earth,
Terra damnata! not a drop of salt,
Or petre in her! all her nitre is gone. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Totten Court.—Before* Lady Tub's *House.*

Enter Lady Tub *and* Pol Martin.

Lady T. Is the nag ready, Martin? call the 'squire,
This frosty morning we will take the air,
About the fields; for I do mean to be
Somebody's Valentine, in my velvet gown,
This morning, though it be but a beggar-man.
Why stand you still, and do not call my son?

Pol. Madam, if he had couched with the lamb,
He had no doubt been stirring with the lark:
But he sat up at play, and watch'd the cock,
Till his first warning chid him off to rest.
Late watchers are no early wakers, madam:
But if your ladyship will have him call'd—

Lady T. Will have him call'd! wherefore did I, sir, bid him
Be call'd, you weazel, vermin of an huisher?
You will return your wit to your first stile
Of Martin Polecat, by these stinking tricks,
If you do use them; I shall no more call you
Pol Martin, by the title of a gentleman,
If you go on thus.

Pol. I am gone. [*Exit.*

Lady T. Be quick then,
In your come off; and make amends, you stote!
Was ever such a fulmart for an huisher,
To a great worshipful lady, as myself!
Who, when I heard his name first, Martin Polecat,
A stinking name, and not to be pronounced
In any lady's presence without a reverence;
My very heart e'en yearn'd, seeing the fellow
Young, pretty, and handsome; being then, I say,
A basket-carrier, and a man condemn'd
To the salt-petre works; made it my suit
To master Peter Tub, that I might change it;
And call him as I do now, by Pol Martin,
To have it sound like a gentleman in an office,
And made him mine own foreman, daily waiter.
And he to serve me thus! ingratitude,
Beyond the coarseness yet of any clownage,
Shewn to a lady!—

Re-enter Pol Martin.

What now, is he stirring?

Pol. Stirring betimes out of his bed, and ready.

Lady T. And comes he then?

Pol. No, madam, he is gone.

Lady T. Gone! whither? Ask the porter where is he gone.

Pol. I met the porter, and have ask'd him for him;
He says, he let him forth an hour ago.

Lady T. An hour ago! what business could he have
So early; where is his man, grave Basket-hilts,
His guide and governor?

Pol. Gone with his master.

Lady T. Is he gone too! O that same surly knave
Is his right-hand; and leads my son amiss.
He has carried him to some drinking match or other.
Pol Martin,—I will call you so again,
I am friends with you now—go, get your horse and ride
To all the towns about here, where his haunts are,
And cross the fields to meet, and bring me word;
He cannot be gone far, being a-foot.
Be curious to inquire him: and bid Wispe,
My woman, come, and wait on me. [*Exit* Pol.]
The love
We mothers bear our sons we have bought with pain,
Makes us oft view them with too careful eyes,
And overlook them with a jealous fear,
Out-fitting mothers.

Enter Dido Wispe.

Lady T. How now, Wispe! have you
A Valentine yet? I am taking the air to choose one.

Wispe. Fate send your ladyship a fit one then.

Lady T. What kind of one is that?

Wispe. A proper man
To please your ladyship.

Lady T. Out of that vanity
That takes the foolish eye! any poor creature,
Whose want may need my alms or courtesy,
I rather wish; so bishop Valentine
Left us example to do deeds of charity;
To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit
The weak and sick; to entertain the poor,
And give the dead a christian funeral;
These were the works of piety he did practise,
And bade us imitate; not look for lovers,
Or handsome images to please our senses.—
I pray thee, Wispe, deal freely with me now,
We are alone, and may be merry a little:
Thou art none of the court glories, nor the wonders
For wit or beauty in the city; tell me,
What man would satisfy thy present fancy,
Had thy ambition leave to choose a Valentine,
Within the queen's dominion, so a subject?

Wispe. You have given me a large scope, madam, I confess,
And I will deal with your ladyship sincerely;
I'll utter my whole heart to you. I would have him
The bravest, richest, and the properest, man
A tailor could make up; or all the poets,
With the perfumers: I would have him such,
As not another woman but should spite me;
Three city ladies should run mad for him,
And country madams infinite.

Lady T. You would spare me,
And let me hold my wits?

Wispe. I should with you,
For the young 'squire, my master's sake, dispense
A little, but it should be very little.
Then all the court-wives I'd have jealous of me,
As all their husbands jealous too of them;
And not a lawyer's puss of any quality,
But lick her lips for a snatch in the term-time.

Lady T. Come,
Let's walk; we'll hear the rest as we go on:
You are this morning in a good vein, Dido;
Would I could be as merry! My son's absence
Troubles me not a little, though I seek
These ways to put it off; which will not help:
Care that is entered once into the breast,
Will have the whole possession ere it rest.

Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The fields near Pancras.*

Enter, in procession, with ribands, rosemary and bay, TURFE, CLAY, MEDLAY, CLENCH, TO-PAN, SCRIBEN, *and* PUPPY *with the bride-cake, as going to church.*

Turfe. Zon Clay, cheer up, the better leg avore,
This is a veat is once done, and no more.
Clench. And then 'tis done vor ever, as they say.
Med. Right! vor a man has his hour, and a dog his day.
Turfe. True, neighbour Medlay, you are still In-and-in.
Med. I would be, master constable, if che could win.
Pan. I zay, John Clay keep still on his old gate:
Wedding and hanging both go at a rate.
Turfe. Well said, To-Pan; you have still the hap to hit
The nail o' the head at a close: I think there never
Marriage was managed with a more avisement,
Than was this marriage, though I say it that should
Especially 'gain mine own flesh and blood, [not;
My wedded wife. Indeed my wife would ha' had
All the young batchelors, and maids forsooth,
Of the zix parishes hereabouts; but I
Cried *none, sweet Sybil; none of that gear, I:*
It would lick zalt, I told her, by her leave.
No, three or vour our wise, choice, honest neighbours,
Ubstantial persons, men that have born office,
And mine own family would be enough
To eat our dinner. What! dear meat's a thief;
I know it by the butchers and the market-volk.
Hum drum, I cry. No half ox in a pye:
A man that's bid to a bride-ale, if he have cake
And drink enough, he need not vear his stake.
Clench. 'Tis right; he has spoke as true as a gun, believe it.

Enter Dame TURFE *and* AWDREY, *followed by* JOAN, JOYCE, MADGE, PARNEL, GRISEL, *and* KATE, *dressed for the wedding.*

Turfe. Come, Sybil, come; did not I tell you o' this,
This pride and muster of women would mar all?
Six women to one daughter, and a mother!
The queen (God save her) ha' no more herself.
Dame T. Why, if you keep so many, master Turfe,
Why should not all present our service to her?
Turfe. Your service! good! I think you'll write to her shortly,
Your very loving and obedient mother.
Come, send your maids off, I will have them sent
Home again, wife; I love no trains of Kent,
Or Christendom, as they say.
Joyce. We will not back,
And leave our dame.
Madge. Why should her worship lack
Her tail of maids, more than you do of men?
Turfe. What, mutining, Madge?
Joan. Zend back your clowns agen,
And we will vollow.
All. Else we'll guard our dame.
Turfe. I ha' zet the nest of wasps all on a flame.
Dame T. Come, you are such another, master Turfe,
A clod you should be call'd, of a high constable:
To let no music go afore your child
To church, to chear her heart up this cold morning!
Turfe. You are for father Rosin and his consort
Of Fiddling boys, the great Feates and the less;
Because you have entertain'd them all from Highgate.
To show your pomp, you'd have your daughters and maids
Dance o'er the fields like faies to church, this frost.
I'll have no rondels, I, in the queen's paths;
Let 'em scrape the gut at home, where they have
At afternoon. [fill'd it,
Dame T. I'll have them play at dinner.
Clench. She is in the right, sir; vor your wed-
Is starv'd without the music. [ding-dinner
Med. If the pies
Come not in piping hot, you have lost that proverb.
Turfe. I yield to truth: wife, are you sussified?
Pan. A right good man! when he knows right, he loves it.
Scri. And he will know't and shew't too by his
Of being high constable, if no where else. [place

Enter HILTS, *with a false beard, booted and spurred.*

Hilts. Well overtaken, gentlemen! I pray you
Which is the queen's high constable among you?
Pup. The tallest man; who should be else, do you think?
Hilts. It is no matter what I think, young
Your answer savours of the cart. [clown;
Pup. How! *cart*
And *clown!* do you know whose team you speak to?
Hilts. No, nor I care not: Whose jade may you be?
Pup. Jade! cart! and *clown!* O for a lash of
Three knotted cord! [whip-cord,
Hilts. Do you mutter! sir, snorle this way,
That I may hear, and answer what you say,
With my school-dagger 'bout your costard, sir.
Look to't, young growse: I'll lay it on, and sure;
Take't it off who wull. [*Draws his sword.*
Clench. Nay, 'pray you, gentleman——
Hilts. Go to, I will not bate him an ace on't.
What rowly-powly, maple face! all fellows!
Pup. Do you hear, friend? I would wish you, for your good,
Tie up your brended bitch there, your dun, rusty,
Pannier-hilt poniard; and not vex the youth
With shewing the teeth of it. We now are going
To church in way of matrimony, some on us;
They ha' rung all in a' ready. If it had not,
All the horn-beasts are grazing in this close
Should not have pull'd me hence, till this ash-plant
Had rung noon on your pate, master Broombeard.
Hilts. That I would fain zee, quoth the blind
Of Holloway: come, sir. [George
Awd. O their naked weapons!
Pan. For the passion of man, hold gentleman
Clay. Murder, O murder! [and Puppy.
Awd. O my father and mother!
Dame T. Husband, what do you mean? son Clay, for God's sake——

Turfe. I charge you in the queen's name, keep the peace.
Hilts. Tell me o' no queen or keysar; I must
A leg or a hanch of him ere I go. [have
Med. But, zir,
You must obey the queen's high officers.
Hilts. Why must I, goodman Must?
Med. You must an' you wull.
Turfe. Gentlemen, I am here for fault, high
Hilts. Are you zo! what then? [constable——
Turfe. I pray you, sir, put up
Your weapons; do, at my request: for him,
On my authority, he shall lie by the heels,
Verbatim continente, an I live.
Dame T. Out on him for a knave, what a dead fright
He has put me into! come, Awdrey, do not shake.
Awd. But is not Puppy hurt, nor the t'other man?
Clay. No bun? but had not I cried murder, I wuss——
Pup. Sweet goodman Clench, I pray you revise my master,
I may not zit in the stocks till the wedding be past,
Dame, mistress Awdrey: I shall break the bride-cake else.
Clench. Zomething must be to save authority,
Dame T. Husband—— [Puppy.
Clench. And gossip——
Awd. Father——
Turfe. 'Treat me not,
It is in vain. If he lie not by the heels,
I'll lie there for 'un; I will teach the hind
To carry a tongue in his head to his superiors.
Hilts. This's a wise constable! where keeps he school?
Clench. In Kentish-town; a very servere man.
Hilts. But, as servere as he is, let me, sir, tell him
He shall not lay his man by the heels for this.
This was my quarrel; and by his office' leave,
If it carry 'un for this, it shall carry double;
Vor he shall carry me too.
Turfe. Breath of man!
He is my chattel, mine own hired goods:
An if you do abet 'un in this matter,
I'll clap you both by the heels, ankle to ankle.
Hilts. You'll clap a dog of wax as soon, old Blurt.
Come, spare not me, sir, I am no man's wife;
I care not I, sir, not three skips of a louse for you,
An you were ten tall constables, not I.
Turfe. Nay, pray you, sir, be not angry, but content;
My man shall make you what amends you'll ask 'un.
Hilts. Let 'un mend his manners then, and know his betters;
It's all I ask 'un; and 'twill be his own,
And's master's too another day; che vore 'un.
Med. As right as a club still! Zure this angry man
Speaks very near the mark when he is pleased.
Pup. I thank you, sir, an' I meet you at Kentish-town,
I ha' the courtesy o' the hundred for you.
Hilts. Gramercy, good high constable's hind! But hear you?
Mass constable, I have other manner of matter
To bring you about than this. And so it is,
I do belong to one of the queen's captains,
A gentleman o' the field, one captain Thums,
I know not whether you know 'un or no: it may
You do, and it may be you do not again. [be
Turfe. No, I assure you on my constableship,
I do not know 'un.
Hilts. Nor I neither, i' faith.— *Aside.*
It skills not much; my captain and myself
Having occasion to come riding by here
This morning, at the corner of St. John's wood,
Some mile [west] o' this town, were set upon
By a sort of country-fellows, that not only
Beat us, but robo'd us most sufficiently,
And bound us to our behaviour hand and foot;
And so they left us. Now, don constable,
I am to charge you in her majesty's name,
As you will answer it at your apperil,
That forthwith you raise hue and cry in the hundred,
For all such persons as you can despect,
By the length and breadth of your office: for I tell you,
The loss is of some value; therefore look to't.
Turfe. As fortune mend me now, or any office
Of a thousand pound, if I know what to zay.
Would I were dead, or vaire hang'd up at Tyburn,
If I do know what course to take, or how
To turn myself just at this time too, now
My daughter is to be married! I'll but go
To Pancridge-church hard by, and return instantly,
And all my neighbourhood shall go about it.
Hilts. Tut, Pancridge me no Pancridge! if you let it
Slip, you will answer it, an your cap be of wool;
Therefore take heed, you'll feel the smart else, constable. [*Going.*
Turfe. Nay, good sir, stay.—Neighbours, what think you of this?
Dame T. Faith, man——
Turfe. Odds precious, woman, hold your tongue,
And mind your pigs on the spit at home; you must
Have [an] oar in every thing.—Pray you, sir, what
Of fellows were they? [kind
Hilts. Thieves-kind, I have told you.
Turfe. I mean, what kind of men?
Hilts. Men of our make.
Turfe. Nay, but with patience, sir: We that are officers
Must 'quire the special marks, and all the tokens
Of the despected parties; or perhaps else
Be ne'er the near of our purpose in 'prehending them.
Can you tell what 'parrel any of them wore?
Hilts. Troth, no; there were so many o' 'em
So one another; now I remember me, [all like
There was one busy fellow was their leader,
A blunt squat swad, but lower than yourself;
He had on a leather-doublet with long points,
And a pair of pinn'd-up breeches, like pudding-bags
With yellow stockings, and his hat turn'd up
With a silver clasp on his leer side.
Dame T. By these
Marks it should be John Clay, now bless the man!
Turfe. Peace, and be nought! I think the woman be phrensic.
Hilts. John Clay! what's he, good mistress?
Awd. He that shall be
My husband.
Hilts. How! your husband, pretty one?

Awd. Yes, I shall anon be married; that is he.
Turfe. Passion o' me, undone!
Pup. Bless master's son!
Hilts. O, you are well 'prehended: know you me, sir?
Clay. No's my record; I never zaw you avore.
Hilts. You did not! where were your eyes then, out at washing?
Turfe. What should a man zay, who should he trust
In these days? Hark you, John Clay, if you have
Done any such thing, tell troth and shame the devil.
Clench. Vaith, do; my gossip Turfe zays well to you, John.
Med. Speak, man; but do not convess, nor be avraid.
Pan. A man is a man, and a beast's a beast, look to't.
Dame T. In the name of men or beasts, what do you do?
Hare the poor fellow out on his five wits,
And seven senses! do not weep, John Clay.
I swear the poor wretch is as guilty from it
As the child was, was born this very morning.
Clay. No, as I am a kyrsin soul, would I were
If ever I——alas, I would I were out [hang'd
Of my life; so I would I were, and in again—
Pup. Nay, mistress Awdrey will say nay to that;
No, in-and-out: an you were out of your life,
How should she do for a husband? who should fall
Aboard of her then?—Ball? he's a puppy!
No, Hannibal has no breeding! well, I say little;
But hitherto all goes well, pray it prove no better.
[*Aside.*
Awd. Come, father; I would we were married! I am a-cold.
Hilts. Well, master constable, this your fine groom here,
Bridegroom, or what groom else soe'er he be,
I charge him with the felony, and charge you
To carry him back forthwith to Paddington
Unto my captain, who stays my return there:
I am to go to the next justice of peace,
To get a warrant to raise hue and cry,
And bring him and his fellows all afore 'un.
Fare you well, sir, and look to 'un, I charge you
As you will answer it. Take heed; the business
If you defer, may prejudicial you
More than you think for; zay I told you so.
[*Exit.*
Turfe. Here's a bride-ale indeed! ah zon John, zon Clay!
I little thought you would have proved a piece
Of such false metal.
Clay. Father, will you believe me?
Would I might never stir in my new shoes,
If ever I would do so voul a fact.
Turfe. Well, neighbours, I do charge you to assist me
With 'un to Paddington. Be he a true man, so!
The better for 'un. I will do mine office,
An he were my own begotten a thousand times.
Dame T. Why, do you hear, man? husband, master Turfe?
What shall my daughter do? Puppy, stay here.
[*Exeunt all but* AWDREY *and* PUPPY.
Awd. Mother, I'll go with you and with my father.
Pup. Nay, stay, sweet mistress Awdrey: here are none
But one friend, as they zay, desires to speak
A word or two, cold with you: how do you veel
Yourself this frosty morning?
Awd. What have you
To do to ask, I pray you? I am a-cold.
Pup. It seems you are hot, good mistress Awdrey.
Awd. You lie; I am as cold as ice is, feel else.
Pup. Nay, you have cool'd my courage; I am
I ha' done feeling with you. [past it,
Awd. Done with me!
I do defy you, so I do, to say
You ha' done with me: you are a saucy Puppy.
Pup. O you mistake! I meant not as you mean.
Awd. Meant you not knavery, Puppy?
Pup. No, not I.
Clay meant you all the knavery, it seems,
Who rather than he would be married to you,
Chose to be wedded to the gallows first.
Awd. I thought he was a dissembler; he would prove
A slippery merchant in the frost. He might
Have married one first, and have been hang'd after,
If he had had a mind to't. But you men—
Fie on you!
Pup. Mistress Awdrey, can you vind
In your heart to fancy Puppy? me poor Ball?
Awd. You are disposed to jeer one, master Hannibal.—

Re-enter HILTS.

Pity o' me, the angry man with the beard!
Hilts. Put on thy hat, I look for no despect.
Where is thy master?
Pup. Marry, he is gone
With the picture of despair to Paddington.
Hilts. Prithee run after 'un, and tell 'un he shall
Find out my captain lodged at the Red-Lion,
In Paddington; that's the inn. Let 'un ask
Vor captain Thums; and take that for thy pains:
He may seek long enough else. Hie thee again.
Pup. Yes, sir; you'll look to mistress bride the while?
Hilts. That I will: prithee haste. [*Exit* PUPPY.
Awd. What, Puppy! Puppy!
Hilts. Sweet mistress bride, he'll come again presently.—
Here was no subtle device to get a wench!
This Canon has a brave pate of his own,
A shaven pate, and a right monger y' vaith;
This was his plot. I follow captain Thums!
We robb'd in St. John's wood! In my t'other hose!—
I laugh to think what a fine fool's finger they have
O' this wise constable, in pricking out
This captain Thums to his neighbours: you shall
The tile-man too set fire on his own kiln, [see
And leap into it to save himself from hanging.
You talk of a bride-ale, here was a bride-ale broke
In the nick! Well, I must yet dispatch this bride
To mine own master, the young 'squire, and then
My task is done.—[*Aside.*]—Gentlewoman, I have in sort
Done you some wrong, but now I'll do you what
I can: it's true, you are a proper woman; [right
But to be cast away on such a clown-pipe
As Clay! methinks your friends are not so wise

As nature might have made 'em; well, go to:
There's better fortune coming towards you,
An you do not deject it. Take a vool's
Counsel, and do not stand in your own light;
It may prove better than you think for, look you.
Awd. Alas, sir, what is't you would have me do?
I'd fain do all for the best, if I knew how.
Hilts. Forsake not a good turn when it is offer'd you,
Fair mistress Awdrey—that's your name, I take it.
Awd. No mistress, sir, my name is Awdrey.
Hilts. Well; so it is, there is a bold young 'squire,
The blood of Totten, Tub, and Tripoly——
Awd. 'Squire Tub, you mean: I know him, he knows me too.
Hilts. He is in love with you; and more, he's mad for you.
Awd. Ay, so he told me in his wits, I think.
But he's too fine for me; and has a lady
Tub to his mother.

Enter TUB.

Here he comes himself!
Tub. O you are a trusty governor!
Hilts. What ails you?
You do not know when you are well, I think.
You'd ha' the calf with the white face, sir, would you?
I have her for you here; what would you more?
Tub. Quietness, Hilts, and hear no more of it.
Hilts. No more of it, quoth you! I do not care
If some on us had not heard so much of it.
I tell you true; a man must carry and vetch
Like Bungy's dog for you.
Tub. What's he?
Hilts. A spaniel—
And scarce be spit in the mouth for't. A good dog
Deserves, sir, a good bone, of a free master;
But, an your turns be serv'd, the devil a bit
You care for a man after, e'er a laird of you.
Like will to like, y-faith, quoth the scabb'd 'squire
To the mangy knight, when both met in a dish
Of butter'd vish. One bad, there's ne'er a good;
And not a barrel the better herring among you.
Tub. Nay, Hilts, I pray thee grow not frampull now.
Turn not the bad cow after thy good soap.
Our plot hath hitherto ta'en good effect,
And should it now be troubled or stopp'd up,
'Twould prove the utter ruin of my hopes.
I pray thee haste to Pancridge, to the Canon,
And give him notice of our good success.
Will him that all things be in readiness:
Fair Awdrey and myself will cross the fields
The nearest path. Good Hilts, make thou some haste,
And meet us on the way.—Come, gentle Awdrey.
Hilts. Vaith, would I had a few more geances on't!
An you say the word, send me to Jericho.
Outcept a man were a post-horse, I have not known
The like on it; yet, an he had [had] kind words,
'Twould never irke 'un: but a man may break
His heart out in these days, and get a flap
With a fox-tail, when he has done—and there is all!
Tub. Nay, say not so, Hilts: hold thee, there are crowns
My love bestows on thee for thy reward;
If gold will please thee, all my land shall drop
In bounty thus, to recompense thy merit.
Hilts. Tut, keep your land, and your gold too, sir, I
Seek neither—neither of 'un. Learn to get
More; you will know to spend that zum you have
Early enough; you are assured of me:
I love you too well to live o' the spoil—
For your own sake, would there were no worse than I!
All is not gold that glisters. I'll to Pancridge.
[*Exit crying.*
Tub. See how his love does melt him into tears!
An honest faithful servant is a jewel.—
Now the advent'rous squire hath time and leisure
To ask his Awdrey how she does, and hear
A grateful answer from her. She not speaks.—
Hath the proud tyrant Frost usurp'd the seat
Of former beauty, in my love's fair cheek;
Staining the roseate tincture of her blood
With the dull dye of blue congealing cold?
No, sure the weather dares not so presume
To hurt an object of her brightness. Yet,
The more I view her, she but looks so, so.
Ha! give me leave to search this mystery—
O now I have it: Bride, I know your grief;
The last night's cold hath bred in you such horror
Of the assigned bridegroom's constitution,
The Kilborn clay-pit; that frost-bitten marl,
That lump in courage, melting cake of ice;
That the conceit thereof hath almost kill'd thee:
But I must do thee good, wench, and refresh thee.
Awd. You are a merry man, 'squire Tub of Totten!
I have heard much o' your words, but not o' your deeds.
Tub. Thou sayst true, sweet; I have been too slack in deeds.
Awd. Yet I was never so strait-laced to you, 'squire.
Tub. Why, did you ever love me, gentle Awdrey?
Awd. Love you! I cannot tell: I must hate no body,
My father says.
Tub. Yes, Clay and Kilborn, Awdrey,
You must hate them.
Awd. It shall be for your sake then.
Tub. And for my sake shall yield you that gratuity.
[*Offers to kiss her.*
Awd. Soft and fair, 'squire, there go two words to a bargain. [*Puts him back.*
Tub. What are those, Awdrey?
Awd. Nay, I cannot tell.
My mother said, zure, if you married me,
You'd make me a lady the first week; and put me
In—I know not what, the very day.
Tub. What was it?
Speak, gentle Awdrey, thou shalt have it yet.
Awd. A velvet dressing for my head, it is,
They say, will make one brave; I will not know
Bess Moale, nor Margery Turn-up: I will look
Another way upon them, and be proud.
Tub. Troth, I could wish my wench a better wit;
But what she wanteth there, her face supplies.
There is a pointed lustre in her eye
Hath shot quite through me, and hath hit my heart:
And thence it is I first received the wound,
That rankles now, which only she can cure.
Fain would I work myself from this conceit;

But, being flesh, I cannot. I must love her,
The naked truth is; and I will go on,
Were it for nothing but to cross my rivals.
[*Aside.*
Come, Awdrey, I am now resolv'd to have thee.

Enter Justice PREAMBLE, *and* METAPHOR *disguised as a pursuivant.*

Pre. Nay, do it quickly, Miles; why shak'st thou, man?
Speak but his name, I'll second thee myself.
Met. What is his name?
Pre. 'Squire Tripoly, or Tub;
Any thing——
Met. 'Squire Tub, I do arrest you
In the queen's majesty's name, and all the council's.
Tub. Arrest me, varlet!
Pre. Keep the peace, I charge you.
Tub. Are you there, justice Bramble! where's your warrant?
Pre. The warrant is directed here to me,
From the whole table; wherefore I would pray
Be patient 'squire, and make good the peace. [you,
Tub. Well, at your pleasure, justice. I am wrong'd:
Sirrah, what are you have arrested me?
Pre. He is a pursuivant at arms, 'squire Tub.
Met. I am a pursuivant; see by my coat else.
Tub. Well, pursuivant, go with me: I'll give you bail.
Pre. Sir, he may take no bail: it is a warrant
In special from the council, and commands
Your personal appearance. Sir, your weapon
I must require; and then deliver you
A prisoner to this officer, 'squire Tub.
I pray you to conceive of me no other,
Than as your friend and neighbour: let my person
Be sever'd from my office in the fact,
And I am clear. Here, pursuivant, receive him
Into your hands, and use him like a gentleman.
Tub. I thank you, sir: but whither must I go now?
Pre. Nay, that must not be told you till you come
Unto the place assign'd by his instructions:
I'll be the maiden's convoy to her father,
For this time, 'squire.
Tub. I thank you, master Bramble.
I doubt or fear you will make her the balance
To weigh your justice in. Pray ye do me right,
And lead not her, at least, out of the way:
Justice is blind, and having a blind guide,
She may be apt to slip aside.
Pre. I'll see to her. [*Exit* PRE. *with* AWD.
Tub. I see my wooing will not thrive. Arrested,
As I had set my rest up for a wife!
And being so fair for it as I was!—Well, fortune,
Thou art a blind bawd and a beggar too,
To cross me thus; and let my only rival
To get her from me! that's the spight of spights.
But most I muse at, is, that I, being none
O' the court, am sent for thither by the council:
My heart is not so light as it was in the morning.

Re-enter HILTS.

Hilts. You mean to make a hoiden or a hare
Of me, to hunt counter thus, and make these doubles:
And you mean no such thing as you send about.
Where is your sweetheart now, I marle?
Tub. Oh Hilts!
Hilts. I know you of old! ne'er halt afore a cripple.
Will you have a caudle? where's your grief, sir? speak.
Met. Do you hear, friend, do you serve this gentleman?
Hilts. How then, sir? what if I do? peradventure yea,
Peradventure nay; what's that to you, sir? say.
Met. Nay, pray you, sir, I meant no harm in truth;
But this good gentleman is arrested.
Hilts. How!
Say me that again.
Tub. Nay, Basket, never storm;
I am arrested here, upon command
From the queen's council; and I must obey.
Met. You say, sir, very true, you must obey.
An honest gentleman, in faith.
Hilts. He must!
Tub. But that which most tormenteth me is this,
That justice Bramble hath got hence my Awdrey.
Hilts. How! how! stand by a little, sirrah, you
With the badge on your breast. [*Draws his sword.*]
Let's know, sir, what you are.
Met. I am, sir,—pray you do not look so terribly—
A pursuivant.
Hilts. A pursuivant! your name, sir?
Met. My name, sir——
Hilts. What is't? speak.
Met. Miles Metaphor;
And justice Preamble's clerk.
Tub. What says he?
Hilts. Pray you,
Let us alone. You are a pursuivant?
Met. No, faith, sir, would I might never stir from you,
I is made a pursuivant against my will.
Hilts. Ha! and who made you one? tell true,
Shall make you nothing instantly. [or my will
Met. [*kneels.*] Put up
Your frightful blade, and your dead-doing look,
And I shall tell you all.
Hilts. Speak then the truth,
And the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.
Met. My master, justice Bramble, hearing your master,
The 'squire Tub, was coming on this way,
With mistress Awdrey, the high constable's daughter,
Made me a pursuivant, and gave me warrant
To arrest him; so that he might get the lady,
With whom he is gone to Pancridge, to the vicar,
Not to her father's. This was the device,
Which I beseech you do not tell my master.
Tub. O wonderful! well, Basket, let him rise;
And for my free escape forge some excuse.
I'll post to Paddington to acquaint old Turfe
With the whole business, and so stop the marriage.
[*Exit.*
Hilts. Well, bless thee: I do wish thee grace to
Thy master's secrets better, or be hang'd. [keep
Met. [*rises.*] I thank you for your gentle admonition.
Pray you, let me call you god-father hereafter:
And as your godson Metaphor, I promise
To keep my master's pri/ities seal'd up
In the vallies of my trust, lock'd close for ever,
Or let me be truss'd up at Tyburn shortly.
Hilts. Thine own wish save or choke thee! come away.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Kentish Town.*

Enter TURFE, CLENCH, MEDLAY, TO-PAN, SCRIBEN, *and* CLAY.

Turfe. Passion of me, was ever a man thus cross'd!
All things run arsie versie, up-side down.
High constable! now by our lady of Walsingham,
I had rather be mark'd out Tom Scavinger,
And with a shovel make clean the highways,
Than have this office of a constable,
And a high constable! the higher charge,
It brings more trouble, more vexation with it.
Neighbours, good neighbours, 'vize me what to do;
How we shall bear us in this hue and cry.
We cannot find the captain, no such man
Lodged at the Lion, nor came thither hurt,
The morning we have spent in privy search;
And by that means the bride-ale is deferr'd:
The bride, she's left alone in Puppy's charge;
The bridegroom goes under a pair of sureties,
And held of all as a respected person.
How should we bustle forward? give some counsel
How to bestir our stumps in these cross ways.

Clench. Faith, gossip Turfe, you have, you say, remission
To comprehend all such as are despected:
Now would I make another privy search
Thorough this town, and then you have search'd two towns.

Med. Masters, take heed, let us not vind too many:
One is enough to stay the hangman's stomach.
There is John Clay, who is yvound already,
A proper man, a tile-man by his trade,
A man, as one would zay, moulded in clay;
As spruce as any neighbour's child among you:
And he (you zee) is taken on conspition,
And two or three, they zay, what call you 'em?
Zuch as the justices of *coram nobis*
Grant—I forget their names, you have many on
Master high constable, they come to you.— ['em,
I have it at my tongue's ends—coney-boroughs,
To bring him strait avore the zessions-house.

Turfe. O you mean warrens, neighbour, do you not?

Med. Ay, ay, thik same! you know 'em well enough.

Turfe. Too well, too well; would I had never known them!
We good vreeholders cannot live in quiet,
But every hour new purcepts, hues and cries,
Put us to requisitions night and day.—
What shud a man say? shud we leave the zearch,
I am in danger to reburse as much
As he was robb'd on; ay, and pay his hurts.
If I should vollow it, all the good cheer
That was provided for the wedding-dinner
Is spoil'd and lost. O, there are two vat pigs
A zindging by the vire: now by St. Tony,
Too good to eat, but on a wedding-day;
And then a goose will bid you all, come cut me.
Zon Clay, zon Clay, for I must call thee so,
Be of good comfort: take my muckinder,
And dry thine eyes. If thou be'st true and honest,
And if thou find'st thy conscience clear vrom it,
Pluck up a good heart, we'll do well enough:
If not, confess a-truth's name. But in faith,
I durst be sworn upon all holy books,
John Clay would ne'er commit a robbery
On his own head.

Clay. No, truth is my rightful judge;
I have kept my hands herehence from evil-speaking,
Lying, and slandering; and my tongue from stealing.
He do not live this day can say, John Clay,
I have zeen thee, but in the way of honesty.

Pan. Faith, neighbour Medlay, I durst be his burrough,
He would not look a true man in the vace.

Clay. I take the town to concord, where I dwell,
All Kilborn be my witness, if I were not
Begot in bashfulness, brought up in shamefaced-ness.
Let 'un bring a dog but to my vace that can [bark
Zay I have beat 'un, and without a vault;
Or but a cat will swear upon a book,
I have as much as zet a vire her tail,
And I'll give him or her a crown for 'mends.
But to give out and zay I have robb'd a captain!
Receive me at the latter day, if I
E'er thought of any such matter, or could mind it.

Med. No, John, you are come of too good personage:
I think my gossip Clench and master Turfe
Both think you would ratempt no such voul matter.

Turfe. But how unhappily it comes to pass
Just on the wedding-day! I cry me mercy,
I had almost forgot the hue and cry:
Good neighbour Pan, you are the thirdborough,
And D'ogenes Scriben, you my learned writer,
Make out a new purcept—Lord for thy goodness,
I had forgot my daughter all this while!
The idle knave hath brought no news from her.
Here comes the sneaking puppy.—

Enter PUPPY *and* dame TURFE, *on different sides.*

What's the news?
My heart! my heart! I fear all is not well,
Something's mishapp'd; that he is come without her.

Pup. O, where's my master, my master, my master?

Dame T. Thy master! what would'st have with [thy master, man?
There is thy master.

Turfe. What's the matter, Puppy?

Pup. O master, oh dame! oh dame! oh master!

Dame T. What say'st thou to thy master or thy dame?

Pup. Oh, John Clay, John Clay, John Clay!

Turfe. What of John Clay?

Med. Luck grant he bring not news he shall be hang'd!

Clench. The world forfend! I hope it is not so well.

Clay. O Lord! oh me! what shall I do? poor John!

Pup. Oh John Clay, John Clay, John Clay!

Clay. Alas,
That ever I was born! I will not stay by't,
For all the tiles in Kilborn. [*Runs off.*

Dame T. What of Clay?
Speak, Puppy; what of him?

Pup. He hath lost, he hath lost—
Turfe. For luck sake speak, Puppy, what hath
Pup. Oh Awdrey, Awdrey, Awdrey! [he lost!
Dame T. What of my daughter Awdrey?
Pup. I tell you, Awdrey—do you understand me?
Awdrey, sweet master, Awdrey, my dear dame—
Turfe. Where is she? what's become of her, I pray thee?
Pup. Oh, the serving-man, the serving-man, the serving-man!
Turfe. What talk'st thou of the serving-man! where's Awdrey?
Pup. Gone with the serving-man, gone with the serving-man.
Dame T. Good Puppy, whither is she gone with him?
Pup. I cannot tell: he bade me bring you word
The captain lay at the Lion, and before
I came again, Awdrey was gone with the serving-man;
I tell you, Awdrey's run away with the serving-man.
Turfe. 'Od'socks, my woman, what shall we do now?
Dame T. Now, so you help not, man, I know not, I.
Turfe. This was your pomp of maids! I told you on't.
Six maids to vollow you, and not leave one
To wait upon your daughter! I zaid pride
Would be paid one day her old vi'pence, wife.
Med. What of John Clay, Ball Puppy?
Pup. He hath lost——
Med. His life for velony?
Pup. No, his wife by villany.
Turfe. Now villains both! oh that same hue and cry!
Oh neighbours! oh that cursed serving-man!
O maids! O wife! but John Clay, where is he?—
How! fled for fear, zay ye? will he slip us now?
We that are sureties must require 'un out.
How shall we do to find the serving-man?
Cock's bodikins, we must not lose John Clay:
Awdrey, my daughter Awdrey too! let us zend
To all the towns and zeek her;—but, alas,
The hue and cry, that must be look'd unto.

Enter TUB.

Tub. What, in a passion, Turfe?
Turfe. Ay, good 'squire Tub.
Were never honest varmers thus perplext.
Tub. Turfe, I am privy to thy deep unrest:
The ground of which springs from an idle plot,
Cast by a suitor to your daughter Awdrey——
And thus much, Turfe, let me advertise you;
Your daughter Awdrey met I on the way,
With justice Bramble in her company;
Who means to marry her at Pancras-church.
And there is canon Hugh to meet them ready:
Which to prevent, you must not trust delay;
But winged speed must cross their sly intent:
Then hie thee, Turfe, haste to forbid the banes.
Turfe. Hath justice Bramble got my daughter Awdrey?
A little while shall he enjoy her, zure.
But O, the hue and cry! that hinders me;
I must pursue that, or neglect my journey:
I'll e'en leave all, and with the patient ass,
The over-laden ass, throw off my burden,
And cast mine office: pluck in my large ears
Betimes, lest some disjudge 'em to be horns:
I'll leave to beat it on the broken hoof,
And ease my pasterns; I'll no more high constables.
Tub. I cannot choose but smile to see thee troubled
With such a bald, half-hatched circumstance.
The captain was not robb'd, as is reported;
That trick the justice craftily devised,
To break the marriage with the tileman Clay.
The hue and cry was merely counterfeit:
The rather may you judge it to be such,
Because the bridegroom was described to be
One of the thieves first in the felony;
Which, how far 'tis from him, yourselves may guess.
'Twas justice Bramble's fetch to get the wench.
Turfe. And is this true, 'squire Tub?
Tub. Believe me, Turfe,
As I am a 'squire; or less, a gentleman.
Turfe. I take my office back, and my authority,
Upon your worship's words:—Neighbours, I am
High constable again. Where's my zon Clay?
He shall be zon yet; wife, your meat by leisure:
Draw back the spits.
Dame T. That's done already, man.
Turfe. I'll break this marriage off; and after-
She shall be given to her first betroth'd. [ward,
Look to the meat, wife, look well to the roast.
[*Exit, followed by his neighbours.*
Tub. I'll follow him aloof to see the event.
[*Exit.*
Pup. Dame, mistress, though I do not turn the
I hope yet the pig's head. [spit,
Dame T. Come up, Jack sauce;
It shall be serv'd into you.
Pup. No, no service,
But a reward for service.
Dame T. I still took you
For an unmannerly Puppy: will you come,
And vetch more wood to the vire, master Ball?
[*Exit.*
Pup. I, wood to the vire! I shall piss it out
You think to make me e'en your ox or ass, [first:
Or any thing: though I cannot right myself
On you, I'll sure revenge me on your meat. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.—Before* TURFE'S *House.*

Enter Lady TUB, POL, MARTIN, *and* WISPE.

Pol. Madam, to Kentish Town we are got at length;
But by the way we cannot meet the 'squire,
Nor by inquiry can we hear of him.
Here is Turfe's house, the father of the maid.
Lady T. Pol Martin, see! the streets are strew'd with herbs;
And here hath been a wedding, Wispe, it seems.
Pray heaven this bride-ale be not for my son!
Good Martin, knock, knock quickly; ask for Turfe.
My thoughts misgive me, I am in such a doubt—
Pol. [*knocking.*] Who keeps the house here?
Pup. [*within.*] Why the door and walls
Do keep the house.
Pol. I ask then, who's within?
Pup. [*within.*] Not you that are without.

Pol. Look forth, and speak
Into the street here. Come before my lady.
Pup. [*within.*] Before my lady! Lord have mercy upon me:
If I do come before her, she will see
The handsomest man in all the town, pardee!

Enter PUPPY *from the house.*

Now stand I vore her, what zaith velvet she?
Lady T. Sirrah, whose man are you?
Pup. Madam, my master's.
Lady T. And who's thy master?
Pup. What you tread on, madam.
Lady T. I tread on an old Turfe.
Pup. That Turfe's my master.
Lady T. A merry fellow! what's thy name?
Pup. Ball Puppy
They call me at home; abroad Hannibal Puppy.
Lady T. Come hither, I must kiss thee, valen-
Wispe, have you got a valentine? [tine Puppy.
Wispe. None, madam:
He's the first stranger that I saw.
Lady T. To me
He is so, and as such, let's share him equally.
[*They struggle to kiss him.*
Pup. Help, help, good dame! A rescue, and in time.
Instead of bills, with colstaves come; instead of spears, with spits;
Your slices serve for slicing swords, to save me and my wits:
A lady and her woman here, their huisher eke by side,
(But he stands mute,) have plotted how your Puppy to divide.

Enter Dame TURFE, JOAN, JOYCE, MADGE, *&c.*

Dame T. How now, what noise is this with you, Ball Puppy?
Pup. Oh dame, and fellows of the kitchen! arm,
Arm, for my safety; if you love your Ball:
Here is a strange thing call'd a lady, a mad-dame,
And a device of hers, yclept her woman,
Have plotted on me in the king's highway,
To steal me from myself, and cut me in halfs,
To make one valentine to serve them both;
This for my right-side, that my left-hand love.
Dame T. So saucy, Puppy! to use no more reverence
Unto my lady and her velvet gown?
Lady T. Turfe's wife, rebuke him not; your man doth please me
With his conceit: hold, there are ten old nobles,
To make thee merrier yet, half-valentine.
Pup. I thank you, right side; could my left as much,
'Twould make me a man of mark, young Hannibal!
Lady T. Dido shall make that good, or I will for her.
Here, Dido Wispe, there's for your Hannibal;
He is your countryman as well as valentine.
Wispe. Here, master Hannibal, my lady's bounty
For her poor woman, Wispe.
Pup. Brave Carthage queen!
And such was Dido: I will ever be
Champion to her, who Juno is to thee.
Dame T. Your ladyship is very welcome here.
Please you, good madam, to go near the house.
Lady T. Turfe's wife, I come thus far to seek thy husband,
Having some business to impart unto him;
Is he at home?
Dame T. O no, an it shall please you:
He is posted hence to Pancridge, with a witness.
Young justice Bramble has kept level coyl
Here in our quarters, stole away our daughter,
And master Turfe's run after, as he can,
To stop the marriage, if it will be stopp'd.
Pol. Madam, these tidings are not much amiss:
For if the justice have the maid in keep,
You need not fear the marriage of your son.
Lady T. That somewhat easeth my suspicious breast.
Tell me, Turfe's wife, when was my son with Awdrey?
How long is it since you saw him at your house?
Pup. Dame, let me take this rump out of your mouth.
Dame T. What mean you by that, sir?
Pup. Rump and taile's all one,
But I would use a reverence for my lady:
I would not zay, sur-reverence, the tale
Out of your mouth, but rather take the rump.
Dame T. A well-bred youth! and vull of favour you are.
Pup. What might they zay, when I were gone, if I
Not weigh'd my words? This Puppy is a vool,
Great Hannibal's an ass; he hath no breeding:
No, lady gay, you shall not zay
That your Val. Puppy, was so unlucky,
In speech to fail, as to name a tail,
Be as be may be, 'vore a fair lady.
Lady T. Leave jesting; tell us when you saw
Pup. Marry, it is two hours ago. [our son.
Lady T. Since you saw him?
Pup. You might have seen him too, if you had
For it shined as bright as day. [look'd up;
Lady T. I mean my son.
Pup. Your sun, and our sun, are they not all one?
Lady T. Fool, thou mistak'st; I ask'd thee for my son.
Pup. I had thought there had been no more sons than one.
I know not what you ladies have, or may have.
Pol. Didst thou ne'er hear my lady had a son?
Pup. She may have twenty; but for a son, unless
She mean precisely, 'squire Tub, her zon,
He was here now, and brought my master word
That justice Bramble had got mistress Awdrey:
But whither he be gone, here's none can tell.
Lady T. Martin, I wonder at this strange discourse:
The fool, it seems, tells true; my son the squire
Was doubtless here this morning: for the match,
I'll smother what I think, and staying here,
Attend the sequel of this strange beginning.—
Turfe's wife, my people and I will trouble thee
Until we hear some tidings of thy husband;
The rather for my party-valentine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Pancras.*

Enter TURFE, AWDREY, CLENCH, MEDLAY, PAN, *and* SRIBEN.

Turfe. Well, I have carried it, and will triumph
Over this justice as becomes a constable,
And a high constable: next our St. George,

Who rescued the king's daughter, I will ride ;
Above prince Arthur.
Clench. Or our Shoreditch duke.
Med. Or Pancridge earl.
Pan. Or Bevis, or sir Guy,
Who were high constables both.
Clench. One of Southampton——
Med. The t'other of Warwick castle.
Turfe. You shall work it
Into a story for me, neighbour Medlay,
Over my chimney.
Scri. I can give you, sir,
A Roman story of a petty-constable,
That had a daughter that was call'd Virginia,
Like mistress Awdrey, and as young as she ;
And how her father bare him in the business,
'Gainst justice Appius, a decemvir in Rome,
And justice of assize.
Turfe. That, that, good D'ogenes !
A learned man is a chronicle.
Scri. I can tell you
A thousand of great Pompey, Cæsar, Trajan,
All the high constables there.
Turfe. That was their place !
They were no more.
Scri. Dictator and high constable
Were both the same.
Med. High constable was more though :
He laid Dick Tator by the heels.
Pan. Dick Toter !
He was one o' the waights o' the city, I have read o' 'un ;
He was a fellow would be drunk, debauch'd—
And he did zet 'un in the stocks indeed :
His name was Vadian, and a cunning toter.
Awd. Was ever silly maid thus posted off,
That should have had three husbands in one day ;
Yet, by bad fortune, am possest of none !
I went to church to have been wed to Clay,
Then 'squire Tub he seized me on the way,
And thought to have had me, but he mist his aim ;
And justice Bramble, nearest of the three,
Was well nigh married to me ; when by chance,
In rush'd my father, and broke off that dance.
Turfe. Ay, girl, there's ne'er a justice on 'em all
Shall teach the constable to guard his own :
Let's back to Kentish-town, and there make merry :
These news will be glad tidings to my wife.
Thou shalt have Clay, my wench : that word shall stand.
He's found by this time, sure, or else he's drown'd ;
The wedding-dinner will be spoil'd : make haste.
Awd. Husbands, they say, grow thick, but thin I care not who it be, so I have one. [are sown ;
Turfe. Ay, zay you zo ! perhaps you shall ha' none for that.
Awd. None, out upon me ! what shall I do then ?
Med. Sleep, mistress Awdrey, dream on proper men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter Sir HUGH *and* PREAMBLE.

Hugh. O *bone Deus*, have you seen the like !
Here was, Hodge hold thine ear fair, whilst I strike.
Body o' me, how came this geer about ?
Pre. I know not, Canon, but it falls out cross.
Nor can I make conjecture by the circumstance
Of these events ; it was impossible,
Being so close and politicly carried,
To come so quickly to the ears of Turfe.
O priest ! had but thy slow delivery
Been nimble, and thy lazy Latin tongue
But run the forms o'er with that swift dispatch
As had been requisite, all had been well.
Hugh. What should have been, that never loved the friar ;
But thus you see the old adage verified,
Multa cadunt inter——you can guess the rest,
Many things fall between the cup and lip ;
And though they touch, you are not sure to drink.
You lack'd good fortune, we had done our parts :
Give a man fortune, throw him in the sea.
The properer man, the worse luck : stay a time ;
Tempus edax—In time the stately ox,—
Good counsels lightly never come too late.
Pre. You, sir, will run your counsels out of breath.
Hugh. Spur a free horse, he'll run himself to death.
Sancti Evangelistæ ! here comes Miles !

Enter METAPHOR.

Pre. What news, man, with our new-made pursuivant ?
Met. A pursuivant ! would I were—or more pursie,
And had more store of money ; or less pursie,
And had more store of breath : you call me pur- [suivant,
But I could never vaunt of any purse
I had, sin' you were my godfathers and god- [mothers,
And gave me that nick-name.
Pre. What's now the matter ?
Met. Nay, 'tis no matter, I have been simply beaten.
Hugh. What is become of the 'squire and thy prisoner ?
Met. The lines of blood run streaming from my head,
Can speak what rule the 'squire hath kept with me.
Pre. I pray thee, Miles, relate the manner how.
Met. Be't known unto you by these presents then,
That I, Miles Metaphor, your worship's clerk,
Have e'en been beaten to an allegory,
By multitude of hands. Had they been but
Some five or six, I had whipp'd them all, like tops
In Lent, and hurl'd them into Hobler's hole,
Or the next ditch ; I had crack'd all their costards,
As nimbly as a squirrel will crack nuts,
And flourished like to Hercules the porter
Among the pages. But when they came on
Like bees about a hive, crows about carrion,
Flies about sweetmeats ; nay, like watermen
About a fare : then was poor Metaphor
Glad to give up the honour of the day,
To quit his charge to them, and run away
To save his life, only to tell this news.
Hugh. How indirectly all things are fallen out !
I cannot choose but wonder what they were
Rescued your rival from the keep of Miles ;
But most of all, I cannot well digest
The manner how our purpose came to Turfe.
Pre. Miles, I will see that all thy hurts be drest.
As for the 'squire's escape, it matters not,
We have by this means disappointed him ;
And that was all the main I aimed at.
But canon Hugh, now muster up thy wits,
And call thy thoughts into the consistory

Search all the secret corners of thy cap,
To find another quaint devised drift,
To disappoint her marriage with this Clay:
Do that, and I'll reward thee jovially.
Hugh. Well said, magister justice. If I fit you not
With such a new and well-laid stratagem,
As never yet your ears did hear a finer,
Call me with Lilly, *Bos, Fur, Sus atque Sacerdos.*
Pre. I hear there's comfort in thy words yet,
I'll trust thy regulars, and say no more. [Canon.
[*Exeunt* Hugh *and* Pre.
Met. I'll follow too. And if the dapper priest
Be but as cunning, point in his device,
As I was in my lie, my master Bramble
Will stalk, as led by the nose with these new promises,
And fatted with supposes of fine hopes. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Kentish Town.—Before* Turfe's *House.*

Enter Turfe, Dame Turfe, Lady Tub, Pol Martin, Awdrey, *and* Puppy.

Turfe. Well, madam, I may thank the 'squire your son;
For, but for him, I had been over-reach'd.
Dame T. Now heaven's blessing light upon his heart!
We are beholden to him, indeed, madam.
Lady T. But can you not resolve me where he is,
Nor about what his purposes were bent?
Turfe. Madam, they no whit were concerning me,
And therefore was I less inquisitive.
Lady T. Fair maid, in faith, speak truth, and not dissemble;
Does he not often come and visit you?
Awd. His worship now and then, please you, takes pains
To see my father and mother; but, for me,
I know myself too mean for his high thoughts
To stoop at, more than asking a light question,
To make him merry, or to pass his time.
Lady T. A sober maid! call for my woman Martin.
Pol. The maids and her half-valentine have plied her
With courtesy of the bride-cake and the bowl,
As she is laid awhile.
Lady T. O let her rest.
We will cross o'er to Canbury in the interim,
And so make home.—Farewell, good Turfe, and thy wife;
I wish your daughter joy. [*Exeunt* Lady T. *and* Pol.
Turfe. Thanks to your ladyship.—
Where is John Clay now, have you seen him yet?
Dame T. No, he has hid himself out of the way,
For fear of the hue and cry.
Turfe. What, walks that shadow
Avore 'un still?—Puppy, go seek 'un out,
Search all the corners that he haunts unto,
And call 'un forth. We'll once more to the church,
And try our vortunes: luck, son Valentine!
Where are the wise men all of Finsbury?
Pup. Where wise men should be; at the ale and bride-cake.
I would this couple had their destiny,
Or to be hang'd, or married out o' the way:

Enter Clench, Medlay, Scriben, *&c.*

Man cannot get the mount'nance of an egg-shell
To stay his stomach. Vaith, for mine own part,
I have zupp'd up so much broth as would have cover'd
A leg o' beef o'er head and ears in the porridge-pot,
And yet I cannot sussifie wild nature.
Would they were once dispatch'd, we might to dinner.
I am with child of a huge stomach, and long,
Till by some honest midwife piece of beef
I be deliver'd of it: I must go now
And hunt out for this Kilborn calf, John Clay,
Whom where to find, I know not, nor which way.
[*Exit.*

Enter Sir Hugh, *disguised as a captain.*

Hugh. Thus as a beggar in a king's disguise,
Or an old cross well sided with a may-pole,
Comes canon Hugh accoutred as you see.
Disguised, soldado-like. Mark his device:
The canon is that captain Thums was robb'd,
These bloody scars upon my face are wounds,
This scarf upon mine arm shews my late hurts,
And thus am I to gull the constable.
Now have among you for a man at arms! [*Aside.*
Friends, by your leave, which of you is one Turfe?
Turfe. Sir, I am Turfe, if you would speak with me.
Hugh. With thee, Turfe, if thou be'st high constable.
Turfe. I am both Turfe, sir, and high constable.
Hugh. Then, Turfe or Scurfe, high or low constable,
Know, I was once a captain at St. Quintin's,
And passing cross the ways over the country,
This morning, betwixt this and Hampstead-heath,
Was by a crew of clowns robb'd, bobb'd and hurt.
No sooner had I got my wounds bound up,
But with much pain I went to the next justice,
One master Bramble, here at Maribone:
And here a warrant is, which he hath directed
For you, one Turfe, if your name be Toby Turfe,
Who have let fall, they say, the hue and cry;
And you shall answer it afore the justice.
Turfe. Heaven and hell, dogs and devils, what is this!
Neighbours, was ever constable thus cross'd?
What shall we do?
Med. Faith, all go hang ourselves;
I know no other way to escape the law.

Re-enter Puppy.

Pup. News, news, O news——
Turfe. What, hast thou found out Clay?
Pup. No, sir, the news is, that I cannot find him.
Hugh. Why do you dally, you damn'd russet-coat?
You peasant, nay, you clown, you constable!
See that you bring forth the suspected party,
Or by mine honour, which I won in field,
I'll make you pay for it afore the justice.
Turfe. Fie, fie! O wife, I'm now in a fine pickle.
He that was most suspected is not found;
And which now makes me think he did the deed,
He thus absents him, and dares not be seen.
Captain, my innocence will plead for me.
Wife, I must go, needs, whom the devil drives:
Pray for me, wife and daughter, pray for me.
Hugh. I'll lead the way—thus is the match put off,—
And if my plot succeed, as I have laid it,
My captainship shall cost him many a crown.
[*Aside. Exeunt all but* Dame T., Awd., *and* Puppy.

Dame T. So, we have brought our eggs to a fair market.
Out on that villain Clay! would he do a robbery?
I'll ne'er trust smooth-faced tileman for his sake.
Awd. Mother, the still sow eats up all the draff.
[*Exeunt* Dame T. *and* Awd.
Pup. Thus is my master, Toby Turfe, the pattern
Of all the painful adventures now in print!
I never could hope better of this match,
This bride-ale; for the night before to-day,
(Which is within man's memory, I take it,)
At the report of it an ox did speak,
Who died soon after; a cow lost her calf;
The bell-weather was flay'd for't; a fat hog
Was singed, and wash'd, and shaven all over, to
Look ugly 'gainst this day: the ducks they quack'd,
The hens too cackled; at the noise whereof
A drake was seen to dance a headless round;
The goose was cut in the head to hear it too:
Brave chant-it-clear, his noble heart was done,
His comb was cut; and two or three of his wives,
Or fairest concubines, had their necks broke
Ere they would zee this day: to mark the verven
Heart of a beast! the very pig, the pig
This very morning, as he was a roasting,
Cried out his eyes, and made a shew, as he would
Have bit in two the spit; as he would say,
There shall no roast-meat be this dismal day.
And zure, I think, if I had not got his tongue
Between my teeth and eat it, he had spoke it.
Well, I will in and cry too; never leave
Crying until our maids may drive a buck
With my salt tears at the next washing-day. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Maribone.—A Room in* Justice Preamble's *House.*

Enter Justice Preamble, Sir Hugh, *disguised as before,* Turfe, *and* Metaphor.

Pre. Keep out those fellows; I'll have none come in
But the high constable, the man of peace,
And the queen's captain, the brave man of war.
Now, neighbour Turfe, the cause why you are call'd
Before me by my warrant, but unspecified,
Is this; and pray you mark it thoroughly.
Here is a gentleman, and, as it seems,
Both of good birth, fair speech, and peaceable;
Who was this morning robb'd here in the wood;
You, for your part, a man of good report,
Of credit, landed, and of fair demeans,
And by authority, high constable;
Are, notwithstanding, touch'd in this complaint,
Of being careless in the hue and cry.
I cannot choose but grieve a soldier's loss;
And I am sorry too for your neglect,
Being my neighbour: this is all I object.
Hugh. This is not all; I can allege far more,
And almost urge him for an accessary.
Good master justice, give me leave to speak,
For I am plaintiff: let not neighbourhood
Make him secure, or stand on privilege.
Pre. Sir, I dare use no partiality;
Object then what you please, so it be truth.
Hugh. This more, and which is more than he can answer;
Besides his letting fall the hue and cry,
He doth protect the man charged with the felony,
And keeps him hid, I hear, within his house,
Because he is affied unto his daughter.
Turfe. I do defy 'un, so shall she do too.
I pray your worship's favour let me have hearing.
I do convess, 'twas told me such a velony,
And't not disgrieved me a little, when 'twas told me,
Vor I was going to church to marry Awdrey:
And who should marry her but this very Clay,
Who was charged to be the chief thief o' 'em all.
Now I (the halter stick me if I tell
Your worships any leazins) did fore-think 'un
The truest man, till he waz run away:
I thought I had had 'un as zure as in a zaw-pit,
Or in mine oven; nay, in the town-pound:
I was zo zure o' 'un, I'd have gi'n my life for 'un,
Till he did start: but now I zee 'un guilty,
Az var as I can look at 'un. Would you ha' more?
Hugh. Yes, I will have, sir, what the law will give me.
You gave your word to see him safe forth-coming;
I challenge that: but that is forfeited;
Beside, your carelessness in the pursuit,
Argues your slackness and neglect of duty,
Which ought be punish'd with severity.
Pre. He speaks but reason, Turfe. Bring forth the man
And you are quit; but otherwise, your word
Binds you to make amends for all his loss,
And think yourself befriended, if he take it
Without a farther suit or going to law.
Come to a composition with him, Turfe,
The law is costly, and will draw on charge.
Turfe. Yes, I do know, I vurst mun vee a returney,
And then make legs to my great man o' law,
To be o' my counsel, and take trouble-vees,
And yet zay nothing for me, but devise
All district means, to ransackle me o' my money.
A pest'lence prick the throats o' 'em! I do know 'em,
As well az I waz in their bellies, and brought up there.
What would you ha' me do, what would you ask of [me?
Hugh. I ask the restitution of my money,
And will not bate one penny of the sum;
Fourscore and five pound: and I ask, besides,
Amendment for my hurts; my pain and suffering
Are loss enough for me, sir, to sit down with.
I'll put it to your worship; what you award me,
I'll take, and give him a general release.
Pre. And what say you now, neighbour Turfe?
Turfe. I put it
Even to your worship's bitterment, hab, nab.
I shall have a chance o' the dice for't, I hope, let 'em e'en run: and——
Pre. Faith, then I'll pray you, 'cause he is my neighbour,
To take a hundred pound, and give him day.

Hugh. Saint Valentine's day, I will, this very
Before sun-set; my bond is forfeit else. [day,
Turfe. Where will you have it paid?
Hugh. Faith, I am a stranger
Here in the country; know you canon Hugh,
The vicar of Pancras?
Turfe. Yes, who [knows] not him?
Hugh. I'll make him my attorney to receive it,
And give you a discharge.
Turfe. Whom shall I send for't?
Pre. Why, if you please, send Metaphor my clerk:
And, Turfe, I much commend thy willingness;
It's argument of thy integrity.
Turfe. But my integrity shall be my zelf still:
Good master Metaphor, give my wife this key,
And do but whisper it into her hand;
She knows it well enough; bid her, by that,
Deliver you the two zeal'd bags of silver,
That lie in the corner of the cupboard, stands
At my bed-side, they are vifty pound a piece;
And bring them to your master.
Met. If I prove not
As just a carrier as my friend Tom Long was,
Then call me his curtal; change my name of Miles,
To Guiles, Wiles, Piles, Biles, or the foulest name
You can devise, to crambo with for ale.
Hugh. [*takes* MET. *aside.*] Come hither, Miles; bring by that token too
Fair Awdrey; say, her father sent for her.
Say, Clay is found, and waits at Pancras-church,
Where I attend to marry them in haste:
For, by this means, Miles, I may say't to thee,
Thy master must to Awdrey married be.
But not a word but mum: go, get thee gone,
Be wary of thy charge, and keep it close.
Met. O super-dainty canon, vicar incony?
Make no delay, Miles, but away;
And bring the wench and money. [*Exit.*
Hugh. Now, sir, I see you meant but honestly:
And, but that business calls me hence away,
I would not leave you till the sun were lower.—
But, master justice, one word, sir, with you.
[*Aside to* PRE.
By the same token, is your mistress sent for
By Metaphor, your clerk, as from her father;
Who, when she comes, I'll marry her to you,
Unwitting to this Turfe, who shall attend
Me at the parsonage: this was my plot,
Which I must now make good, turn canon again,
In my square cap. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
Pre. Adieu, good captain.—Trust me, neighbour
He seems to be a sober gentleman: [Turfe,
But this distress hath somewhat stirr'd his patience.
And men, you know, in such extremities,
Apt not themselves to points of courtesy;
I'm glad you have made this end.
Turfe. You stood my friend,
I thank your justice-worship; pray you be
Prezent anon at tendering of the money,
And zee me have a discharge; vor I have no craft
In your law quiblins.
Pre. I'll secure you, neighbour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Country near* MARIBONE.

Enter MEDLAY, CLENCH, PAN, *and* SCRIBEN.

Med. Indeed there is a woundy luck in names,
And a vain mystery, an' a man knew where [sirs,
To vind it. My godsire's name, I'll tell you,
Was In-and-In Shittle, and a weaver he was,
And it did fit his craft: for so his shittle
Went in and in still; this way, and then that way.
And he named me In-and-In Medlay; which
A joiner's craft, because that we do lay [serves
Things in and in, in our work. But I am truly
Architectonicus professor, rather;
That is, as one would zay, an architect.
Clench. As I am a varrier and a visicary;
Horse-smith of Hamstead, and the whole town leach.
Med. Yes, you have done woundy cures, gossip Clench.
Clench. An I can zee the stale once through a urine-hole,
I'll give a shrewd guess, be it man or beast.
I cured an ale-wife once that had the staggers
Worse than five horses, without rowelling.
My god-phere was a Rabian or a Jew,
(You can tell, D'oge,) they call'd 'un doctor Rasi.
Scri. One Rasis was a great Arabic doctor.
Clench. He was king Harry's doctor, and my god-phere,
Pan. Mine was a merry Greek, To-Pan of
A jovial tinker, and a stopper of holes; [Twiford,
Who left me metal-man of Belsise, his heir.
Med. But what was yours, D'oge?
Scri. Vaith, I cannot tell,
If mine were kyrsin'd or no: but zure he had
A kyrsin name, that he left me, Diogenes.
A mighty learned man, but pestilence poor;
Vor he had no house, save an old tub, to dwell in,
(I vind that in records,) and still he turn'd it
In the wind's teeth, as't blew on his backside,
And there they would lie routing one at other,
A week sometimes.
Med. Thence came, *A Tale of a Tub*,
And the virst *Tale of a Tub*, old D'ogenes Tub.
Scri. That was avore sir Peter Tub or his lady.
Pan. Ay, or the 'squire their son, Tripoly Tub.
Clench. The 'squire is a fine gentleman.
Med. He is more,
A gentleman and a half; almost a knight,
Within zix inches; that is his true measure.
Clench. Zure you can gage 'un.
Med. To a streak, or less;
I know his d'ameters and circumference:
A knight is six diameters, and a 'squire
Is vive, and zomewhat more; I know't by compass
And scale of man. I have upon my rule here
The just perportions of a knight, a 'squire;
With a tame justice, or an officer rampant,
Upon the bench, from the high constable
Down to the headborough, or tithing-man,
Or meanest minister of the peace, God save 'un!
Pan. Why you can tell us by the squire, neighbour,
Whence he is call'd a constable, and whaffore.
Med. No, that's a book-case: Scriben can do
That's writing and reading, and records. [that.
Scri. Two words,
Cyning and staple, make a constable;
As we would say, a hold or stay for the king.
Clench. All constables are truly Johns for the king,
Whate'er their names are, be they Tony or Roger.
Med. And all are sworn as vingars o' the one hand,
To hold together 'gainst the breach o' the peace;

The high constable is the thumb, as one would zay,
The hold-fast o' the rest.
Pan. Pray luck he speed
Well in the business between captain Thums
And him!
Med. I'll warrant 'un for a groat;
I have his measures here in rithmetique,
How he should hear 'un self in all the lines
Of's place and office: let us zeek 'un out. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Country near* KENTISH TOWN.

Enter TUB *and* HILTS.

Tub. Hilts, how dost thou like of this our good day's work?
Hilts. As good e'en ne'er a whit, as ne'er the better.
Tub. Shall we to Pancridge or to Kentish-town, Hilts?
Hilts. Let Kentish-town or Pancridge come to us,
If either will: I will go home again.
Tub. Faith, Basket, our success hath been but bad,
And nothing prospers that we undertake;
For we can neither meet with Clay nor Awdrey,
The canon Hugh, nor Turfe the constable:
We are like men that wander in strange woods,
And lose ourselves in search of them we seek.
Hilts. This was because we rose on the wrong side;
But as I am now here, just in the mid-way,
I'll zet my sword on the pummel, and that line
The point valls to, we'll take, whether it be
To Kentish Town, the church, or home again.
Tub. Stay, stay thy hand: here's justice Bramble's clerk,

Enter METAPHOR.

The unlucky hare hath crossed us all this day.
I'll stand aside whilst thou pump'st out of him
His business, Hilts; and how he's now employed.
[*Walks aside.*
Hilts. Let me alone, I'll use him in this kind.
Met. Oh for a pad-horse, pack-horse, or a post-horse,
To bear me on his neck, his back, or his croup!
I am as weary with running as a mill-horse
That hath led the mill once, twice, thrice about,
After the breath hath been out of his body.
I could get up upon a pannier, a pannel,
Or, to say truth, a very pack-saddle,
Till all my honey were turn'd into gall,
And I could sit in the seat no longer:—
Oh [for] the legs of a lackey now, or a footman,
Who is the surbater of a clerk currant,
And the confounder of his trestles dormant!
But who have we here, just in the nick?
Hilts. I am neither nick, nor in the nick; [therefore
You lie, sir Metaphor.
Met. Lie! how?
Hilts. Lie so, sir. [*Strikes up his heels.*
Met. I lie not yet in my throat.
Hilts. Thou liest on the ground.
Dost thou know me?
Met. Yes, I did know you too late.
Hilts. What is my name, then?
Met. Basket.
Hilts. Basket what?
Met. Basket the great——
Hilts The great what?
Met. Lubber——
I should say, lover, of the 'squire his master.
Hilts. Great is my patience, to forbear thee thus,
Thou scrape-hill scoundrel, and thou scum of man;
Uncivil, orange-tawney-coated clerk!
Thou cam'st but half a thing into the world,
And wast made up of patches, parings, shreds:
Thou, that when last thou wert put out of service,
Travell'dst to Hamstead-heath on an Ash-We'nesday,
Where thou didst stand six weeks the Jack of Lent,
For boys to hurl, three throws a penny, at thee,
To make thee a purse: seest thou this bold bright blade?
This sword shall shred thee as small unto the grave,
As minced meat for a pye. I'll set thee in earth
All, save thy head and thy right arm at liberty,
To keep thy hat off while I question thee
What, why, and whither thou wert going now,
With a face ready to break out with business?
And tell me truly, lest I dash't in pieces.
Met. Then, Basket, put thy smiter up, and hear;
I dare not tell the truth to a drawn sword.
Hilts. 'Tis sheath'd; stand up, speak without fear or wit.
Met. [*rises.*] I know not what they mean; but constable Turfe
Sends here his key for monies in his cupboard,
Which he must pay the captain that was robb'd
This morning. Smell you nothing?
Hilts. No, not I;
Thy breeches yet are honest.
Met. As my mouth.
Do you not smell a rat? I tell you truth,
I think all's knavery; for the canon whisper'd
Me in the ear, when Turfe had gi'n me his key,
By the same token to bring mistress Awdrey,
As sent for thither; and to say, John Clay
Is found, which is indeed to get the wench
Forth for my master, who is to be married
When she comes there: the canon has his rules
Ready, and all there, to dispatch the matter.
Tub. [*comes forward.*] Now, on my life, this is the canon's plot.—
Miles, I have heard all thy discourse to Basket.
Wilt thou be true, and I'll reward thee well,
To make me happy in my mistress Awdrey?
Met. Your worship shall dispose of Metaphor,
Through all his parts, e'en from the sole of the head
To the crown of the foot, to manage of your service.
Tub. Then do thy message to the mistress Turfe,
Tell her thy token, bring the money hither,
And likewise take young Awdrey to thy charge;
Which done, here, Metaphor, we will attend,
And intercept thee: and for thy reward
You two shall share the money, I the maid;
If any take offence, I'll make all good.
Met. But shall I have half the money, sir, in faith?
Tub. Ay, on my 'squireship shalt thou, and m land.
Met. Then, if I make not, sir, the cleanliest 'scuse
To get her hither, and be then as careful
To keep her for you, as 'twere for myself,

Down on your knees, and pray that honest Miles
May break his neck ere he get o'er two stiles.
Tub. Make haste, then; we will wait here thy return. [*Exit* MET.
This luck unlook'd for hath reviv'd my hopes,
Which were opprest with a dark melancholy:
In happy time we linger'd on the way,
To meet these summons of a better sound,
Which are the essence of my soul's content.
Hilts. This heartless fellow, shame to serving-men,
Stain of all liveries, what fear makes him do!
How sordid, wretched and unworthy things!
Betray his master's secrets, ope the closet
Of his devices, force the foolish justice
Make way for your love, plotting of his own;
Like him that digs a trap to catch another,
And falls into't himself!
Tub. So would I have it,
And hope 'twill prove a jest to twit the justice with.
Hilts. But that this poor white-liver'd rogue
And merely out of fear! [should do it,
Tub. And hope of money, Hilts:
A valiant man will nibble at that bait.
Hilts. Who, but a fool, will refuse money proffer'd?
Tub. And sent by so good chance? Pray heaven he speed.
Hilts. If he come empty-handed, let him count
To go back empty-headed; I'll not leave him
So much of brain in's pate, with pepper and vinegar,
To be serv'd in for sauce to a calf's head.
Tub. Thou [wilt] serve him rightly, Hilts.
Hilts. I'll seal [to] as much
With my hand, as I dare say now with my tongue.
But if you get the lass from Dargison,
What will you do with her?
Tub. We'll think of that
When once we have her in possession, governor.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Same.*

Enter PUPPY, *and* METAPHOR *with* AWDREY.

Pup. You see we trust you, master Metaphor,
With mistress Awdrey; pray you use her well,
As a gentlewoman should be used. For my part,
I do incline a little to the serving-man;
We have been of a coat——I had one like yours;
Till it did play me such a sleeveless errand,
As I had nothing where to put mine arms in,
And then I threw it off. Pray you go before her,
Serving-man like, and see that your nose drop not.
As for example, you shall see me: mark,
How I go afore her! so do you, sweet Miles.
She for her own part is a woman cares not
What man can do unto her in the way
Of honesty and good manners: so farewell,
Fair mistress Awdrey; farewell, master Miles.
I have brought you thus far onward o' your way:
I must go back now to make clean the rooms,
Where my good lady has been. Pray you commend me
To bridegroom Clay, and bid him bear up stiff.
Met. Thank you, good Hannibal Puppy; I shall fit
The leg of your commands with the strait buskins
Of dispatch presently.
Pup. Farewell, fine Metaphor. [*Exit.*
Met. Come, gentle mistress, will you please to walk?
Awd. I love not to be led; I would go alone.
Met. Let not the mouse of my good meaning, lady,
Be snapp'd up in the trap of your suspicion,
To lose the tail there, either of her truth,
Or swallow'd by the cat of misconstruction.
Awd. You are too finical for me; speak plain, sir.

Enter TUB *and* HILTS.

Tub. Welcome again, my Awdrey, welcome, love!
You shall with me; in faith deny me not:
I cannot brook the second hazard, mistress.
Awd. Forbear, squire Tub, as mine own mother says,
I am not for your mowing: you'll be flown
Ere I be fledge.
Hilts. Hast thou the money, Miles?
Met. Here are two bags, there's fifty pound in each.
Tub. Nay, Awdrey, I possess you for this time—
Sirs, take that coin between you, and divide it.
My pretty sweeting, give me now the leave
To challenge love and marriage at your hands.
Awd. Now, out upon you, are you not asham'd!
What will my lady say? In faith, I think
She was at our house, and I think she ask'd for you;
And I think she hit me in the teeth with you,
I thank her ladyship: and I think she means
Not to go hence till she has found you.
Tub. How say you!
Was then my lady mother at your house?
Let's have a word aside.
Awd. Yes, twenty words. [*They walk aside.*

Enter Lady TUB *and* POL MARTIN.

Lady T. 'Tis strange, a motion, but I know not what,
Comes in my mind, to leave the way to Totten,
And turn to Kentish Town again my journey—
And see! my son, Pol Martin, with his Awdrey!
Erewhile we left her at her father's house,
And hath he thence removed her in such haste!
What shall I do, shall I speak fair, or chide?
Pol. Madam, your worthy son with duteous care
Can govern his affections; rather then,
Break off their conference some other way,
Pretending ignorance of what you know.
Tub. An this be all, fair Awdrey, I am thine.
Lady T. [*comes forward.*] Mine you were once, though scarcely now your own.
Hilts. 'Slid, my lady, my lady!
Met. Is this my lady bright? [*Exit.*
Tub. Madam, you took me now a little tardy.
Lady T. At prayers I think you were: what, so devout
Of late, that you will shrive you to all confessors
You meet by chance! come, go with me, good squire,
And leave your linen: I have now a business,
And of importance, to impart unto you.
Tub. Madam, I pray you spare me but an hour;
Please you to walk before, I follow you.
Lady T. It must be now, my business lies this way.

Tub. Will not an hour hence, madam, excuse me?
Lady T. 'Squire, these excuses argue more your guilt.
You have some new device now to project,
Which the poor tileman scarce will thank you for.
What! will you go?
Tub. I have ta'en a charge upon me,
To see this maid conducted to her father,
Who, with the canon Hugh, stays her at Pancras,
To see her married to the same John Clay.
Lady T. 'Tis very well; but, 'squire, take you no care,
I'll send Pol Martin with her for that office:
You shall along with me; it is decreed.
Tub. I have a little business with a friend, madam.
Lady T. That friend shall stay for you, or you for him.—
Pol Martin, take the maiden to your care;
Commend me to her father.
Tub. I will follow you.
Lady T. Tut, tell not me of following.
Tub. I'll but speak
A word.
Lady T. No whispering; you forget yourself,
And make your love too palpable: a squire,
And think so meanly! fall upon a cowshard!
You know my mind. Come, I will to Turfe's house,
And see for Dido and our Valentine.—
Pol Martin, look to your charge, I'll look to mine.
[*Exeunt* Lady T., Tub, *and* Hilts.
Pol. I smile to think, after so many proffers
This maid hath had, she now should fall to me,
That I should have her in my custody!
'Twere but a mad trick to make the essay,
And jump a match with her immediately.
She's fair and handsome, and she's rich enough;
Both time and place minister fair occasion:
Have at it then! [*Aside.*]—Fair lady, can you love?
Awd. No, sir; what's that?
Pol. A toy which women use.
Awd. If it be a toy, it's good to play withal.
Pol. We will not stand discoursing of the toy;
The way is short, please you to prove it, mistress.
Awd. If you do mean to stand so long upon it,
I pray you let me give it a short cut, sir.
Pol. It's thus, fair maid: are you disposed to
Awd. You are disposed to ask. [marry?
Pol. Are you to grant?
Awd. Nay, now I see you are disposed indeed.
Pol. I see the wench wants but a little wit,
And that defect her wealth may well supply:
In plain terms, tell me, will you have me, Awdrey?
Awd. In as plain terms, I tell you who would have me,
John Clay would have me, but he hath too hard
I like not him; besides, he is a thief. [hands,
And justice Bramble, he would fain have catch'd me:
But the young 'squire, he rather than his life,
Would have me yet; and make me a lady, he says,
And be my knight to do me true knight's service,
Before his lady mother. Can you make me
A lady, would I have you?
Pol. I can give you
A silken gown and a rich petticoat,
And a French hood.—All fools love to be brave:
I find her humour and I will pursue it.
[*Aside. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Kentish Town.

Enter Lady Tub, Dame Turfe, Squire Tub, *and* Hilts.

Lady T. And, as I told thee, she was intercepted
By the 'squire, here, my son, and this bold ruffian,
His man, who safely would have carried her
Unto her father, and the canon Hugh;
But for more care of the security,
My huisher hath her now in his grave charge.
Dame T. Now on my faith and holydom, we are
Beholden to your worship. She's a girl,
A foolish girl, and soon may tempted be;
But if this day pass well once o'er her head,
I'll wish her trust to herself: for I have been
A very mother to her, though I say it.
Tub. Madam, 'tis late, and Pancridge is in your way;
I think your ladyship forgets yourself.
Lady T. Your mind runs much on Pancridge. Well, young squire,
The black ox never trod yet on your foot;
These idle phant'sies will forsake you one day.
Come, mistress Turfe, will you go take a walk
Over the fields to Pancridge, to your husband?
Dame T. Madam, I had been there an hour ago,
But that I waited on my man, Ball Puppy.—
What, Ball, I say!—I think the idle slouch
Be fallen asleep in the barn, he stays so long.

Enter Puppy *hastily from the barn.*

Pup. Sattin, in the name of velvet-sattin, dame!
The devil, O the devil is in the barn!
Help, help! a legion [of] spirits, [a] legion,
Is in the barn! in every straw a devil!
Dame T. Why dost thou bawl so, Puppy? speak, what ails thee?
Pup. My name's Ball Puppy, I have seen the devil
Among the straw. O for a cross! a collop
Of friar Bacon, or a conjuring stick
Of doctor Faustus! spirits are in the barn.
Tub. How, spirits in the barn!—Basket, go see.
Hilts. Sir, an you were my master ten times over,
And 'squire to boot; I know, and you shall pardon me:
Send me 'mong devils! I zee you love me not.
Hell be at their game; I will not trouble them.
Tub. Go see; I warrant thee there's no such matter.
Hilts. An they were giants, 'twere another matter,
But devils! no, if I be torn in pieces,
What is your warrant worth? I'll see the fiend
Set fire o' the barn, ere I come there.
Dame T. Now all zaints bless us, and if he be there,
He is an ugly spright, I warrant.
Pup. As ever
Held flesh-hook, dame, or handled fire-fork rather,
They have put me in a sweet pickle, dame;
But that my lady Valentine smells of musk,
I should be ashamed to press into this presence.
Lady T. Basket, I pray thee see what is the miracle.
Tub. Come, go with me; I'll lead. Why stand'st thou, man?
Hilts. Cock's precious, master, you are not mad indeed.
You will not go to hell before your time?
Tub. Why art thou thus afraid?

Hilts. No, not afraid?
But, by your leave, I'll come no nearer the barn.
Dame T. Puppy, wilt thou go with me?
Pup. How, go with you!
Whither, into the barn? to whom, the devil?
Or to do what there? to be torn amongst 'um!
Stay for my master, the high constable,
Or In-and-in the headborough; let them go
Into the barn with warrant, seize the fiend,
And set him in the stocks for his ill rule:
'Tis not for me that am but flesh and blood,
To meddle with 'un; vor I cannot, nor I wu' not.
Lady T. I pray thee, Tripoly, look what is the matter.
Tub. That shall I, madam. [*Goes into the barn.*
Hilts. Heaven protect my master!
I tremble every joint till he be back.
Pup. Now, now, even now, they are tearing him in pieces;
Now are they tossing of his legs and arms,
Like loggets at a pear-tree; I'll to the hole,
Peep in, and look whether he lives or dies.
Hilts. I would not be in my master's coat for thousands.
Pup. Then pluck it off, and turn thyself away.
O the devil, the devil, the devil!
Hilts. Where, man, where?
Dame T. Alas, that ever we were born! So near too?
Pup. The 'squire hath him in his hand, and leads
Out by the collar. [him

Re-enter TUB, *dragging in* CLAY.

Dame T. O this is John Clay.
Lady T. John Clay at Pancras, is there to be married.
Tub. This was the spirit revell'd in the barn.
Pup. The devil he was! was this he was crawling
Among the wheat-straw? had it been the barley,
I should have ta'en him for the devil in drink;
The spirit of the bride-ale: but poor John,
Tame John of Clay, that sticks about the bung-hole—
Hilts. If this be all your devil, I would take
In hand to conjure him: but hell take me,
If e'er I come in a right devil's walk,
If I can keep me out on't.
Tub. Well meant, Hilts. [*Exit.*
Lady T. But how came Clay thus hid here in the straw,
When news was brought to you all he was at
And you believed it? [Pancridge,
Dame T. Justice Bramble's man
Told me so, madam; and by that same token,
And other things, he had away my daughter,
And two seal'd bags of money.
Lady T. Where's the squire,
Is he gone hence?
Dame T. He was here, madam, but now.
Clay. Is the hue and cry past by?
Pup. Ay, ay, John Clay.
Clay. And am I out of danger to be hang'd?
Pup. Hang'd, John! yes, sure; unless, as with the proverb,
You mean to make the choice of your own gallows.
Clay. Nay, then all's well: hearing your news, Ball Puppy,
You brought from Paddington, I e'en stole home here,
And thought to hide me in the barn e'er since.
Pup. O wonderful! and news was brought us here,
You were at Pancridge, ready to be married.
Clay. No, faith, I ne'er was further than the barn.
Dame T. Haste, Puppy, call forth mistress Dido
My lady's gentlewoman, to her lady; [Wispe,
And call yourself forth, and a couple of maids,
To wait upon me: we are all undone,
My lady is undone, her fine young son,
The 'squire, is got away.
Lady T. Haste, haste, good Valentine.
Dame T. And you, John Clay, you are undone
My husband is undone by a true key, [too! all!
But a false token; and myself's undone,
By parting with my daughter, who'll be married
To somebody that she should not, if we haste not.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Fields near* KENTISH TOWN.

Enter Squire TUB *and* POL MARTIN.

Tub. I pray thee, good Pol Martin, shew thy diligence,
And faith in both; get her, but so disguised
The canon may not know her, and leave me
To plot the rest: I will expect thee here. [*Exit.*
Pol. You shall, 'squire. I'll perform it with all care,
If all my lady's wardrobe will disguise her.—
Come, mistress Awdrey.

Enter AWDREY.

Awd. Is the 'squire gone?
Pol. He'll meet us by and by, where he appointed;
You shall be brave anon, as none shall know you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—KENTISH TOWN.

Enter CLENCH, MEDLAY, PAN, *and* SCRIBEN.

Clench. I wonder where the queen's high constable is.
I vear they ha' made 'un away. [
Med. No zure; the justice
Dare not conzent to that: he'll zee 'un forthcoming.
Pan. He must, vor we can all take corpulent oath
We zaw 'un go in there. [
Scri. Ay, upon record:
The clock dropt twelve at Maribone.
Med. You are right, D'oge,
Zet down to a minute; now 'tis a' most vowre.
Clench. Here comes 'squire Tub.
Scri. And's governor, master Basket—

Enter TUB *and* HILTS.

Hilts; do you know 'un? a valiant wise fellow.
As tall a man on his hands as goes on veet!
Bless you, mass' Basket.

Hilts. Thank you, good D'oge.
Tub. Who's that?
Hilts. D'oge Scriben the great writer, sir, of
Tub. And who the rest? [Chalcot.
Hilts. The wisest heads o' the hundred.
Medlay the joiner, headborough of Islington,
Pan of Belsise, and Clench the leach of Hamstead,
The high constable's counsel here of Finsbury.
Tub. Present me to them, Hilts, 'squire Tub of Totten.
Hilts. Wise men of Finsbury, make place for a 'squire,
I bring to your acquaintance, Tub of Totten.
'Squire Tub, my master, loves all men of virtue,
And longs, as one would zay, till he be one o' you.
Clench. His worship's welcum to our company:
Would it were wiser for 'un!
Pan. Here be some on us
Are call'd the witty men over a hundred.
Scri. And zome a thousand, when the muster-day comes.
Tub. I long, as my man Hilts said, and my governor,
To be adopt in your society.
Can any man make a masque here in this company?
Pan. A masque! what's that?
Scri. A mumming or a show,
With vizards and fine clothes.
Clench. A disguise, neighbour,
Is the true word: There stands the man can do't,
Medlay the joiner, In-and-In of Islington, [sir;
The only man at a disguise in Middlesex.
Tub. But who shall write it?
Hilts. Scriben, the great writer.
Scri. He'll do't alone, sir; he will join with no man,
Though he be a joiner, in design he calls it,
He must be sole inventer. In-and-in
Draws with no other in's project, he will tell you,
It cannot else be feazible, or conduce:
Those are his ruling words; pleaze you to hear 'un?
Tub. Yes; master In-and-In, I have heard of you.
Med. I can do nothing, I.
Clench. He can do all, sir.
Med. They'll tell you so.
Tub. I'd have a toy presented,
A Tale of a Tub, a story of myself,
You can express a Tub?
Med. If it *conduce*
To the design, whate'er is *feasible:*
I can express a wash-house, if need be,
With a whole pedigree of Tubs.
Tub. No, one
Will be enough to note our name and family;
'Squire Tub of Totten, and to show my adventures
This very day. I'd have it in Tub's Hall,
At Totten-Court, my lady mother's house;
My house indeed, for I am heir to it.
Med. If I might see the place, and had survey'd it,
I could say more: for all invention, sir,
Comes by degrees, and on the view of nature;
A world of things concur to the design,
Which makes it *feasible*, if art *conduce.*
Tub. You say well, witty master In-and-in.
How long have you studied ingine?
Med. Since I first
Join'd, or did in-lay in wit, some forty year.
Tub. A pretty time!—Basket, go you and wait
On master In-and-In to Totten-Court,
And all the other wise masters; show them the hall,
And taste the language of the buttery to them.
Let them see all the tubs about the house,
That can raise matter, till I come—which shall be
Within an hour at least.
Clench. It will be glorious,
If In-and-In will undertake it, sir:
He has a monstrous Medlay-wit of his own.
Tub. Spare for no cost, either in boards or hoops,
To architect your tub: have you ne'er a cooper,
At London, call'd Vitruvius? send for him;
Or old John Heywood, call him to you, to help.
Scri. He scorns the motion, trust to him alone.
[*Exeunt all but* TUB.

Enter Lady TUB, Dame TURFE, CLAY, PUPPY, *and* WISPE.

Lady T. O, here's the 'squire! you slipp'd us finely, son.
These manners to your mother will commend you;
But in another age, not this: well, Tripoly,
Your father, good sir Peter, rest his bones,
Would not have done this; where's my huisher,
And your fair mistress Awdrey? [Martin,
Tub. I not see them,
No creature but the four wise masters here,
Of Finsbury hundred, came to cry their constable,
Who, they do say, is lost.
Dame T. My husband lost,
And my fond daughter lost, I fear me too!
Where is your gentleman, madam? poor John Clay,
Thou has lost thy Awdrey.
Clay. I have lost my wits,
My little wits, good mother; I am distracted.
Pup. And I have lost my mistress, Dido Wispe,
Who frowns upon her Puppy, Hannibal.
Loss, loss on every side! a public loss!
Loss of my master! loss of his daughter! loss
Of favour, friends, my mistress! loss of all!

Enter TURFE *and* PREAMBLE.

Pre. What cry is this?
Turfe. My man speaks of some loss.
Pup. My master's found! good luck, an't be thy will,
Light on us all.
Dame T. O husband, are you alive!
They said you were lost.
Turfe. Where's justice Bramble's clerk?
Had he the money that I sent for?
Dame T. Yes,
Two hours ago, two fifty pounds in silver,
And Awdrey too.
Turfe. Why Awdrey? who sent for her?
Dame T. You, master Turfe, the fellow said.
Turfe. He lied.
I am cozen'd, robb'd, undone: your man's a thief,
And run away with my daughter, master Bramble,
And with my money.
Lady T. Neighbour Turfe, have patience;
I can assure you that your daughter's safe,
But for the monies, I know nothing of.
Turfe. My money is my daughter, and my daughter
She is my money, madam.
Pre. I do wonder
Your ladyship comes to know anything
In these affairs.
Lady T. Yes, justice Preamble,
I met the maiden in the fields by chance,
In the 'squire's company, my son: how he
Lighted upon her, himself best can tell.
Tub. I intercepted her as coming hither,

To her father, who sent for her by Miles Metaphor,
Justice Preamble's clerk. And had your ladyship
Not hinder'd it, I had paid fine master justice
For his young warrant, and new pursuivant,
He serv'd it by this morning.
Pre. Know you that, sir?
Lady T. You told me, 'squire, a quite other tale,
But I believed you not; which made me send
Awdrey another way, by my Pol Martin,
And take my journey back to Kentish Town,
Where we found John Clay hidden in the barn,
To scape the hue and cry; and here he is.
Turfe. John Clay agen! nay, then—set cock-a-hoop:
I have lost no daughter, nor no money, justice.
John Clay shall pay; I'll look to you now, John.
Vaith, out it must, as good at night as morning.
I am e'en as vull as a piper's bag with joy,
Or a great gun upon carnation-day.
I could weep lions' tears to see you, John:
'Tis but two vifty pounds I have ventured for you,
But now I have you, you shall pay whole hundred.
Run from your burroughs, son! faith, e'en be hang'd.
An you once earth yourself, John, in the barn,
I have no daughter vor you: who did verret 'un?
Dame T. My lady's son, the 'squire here, vetch'd 'un out.
Puppy had put us all in such a vright,
We thought the devil was in the barn; and nobody
Durst venture on 'un.
Turfe. I am now resolv'd
Who shall have my daughter.
Dame T. Who?
Turfe. He best deserves her.
Here comes the vicar.—

Enter Sir HUGH.

Canon Hugh, we have vound
John Clay agen! the matter's all come round.
Hugh. Is Metaphor return'd yet? [*Aside to* PRE.
Pre. All is turn'd
Here to confusion, we have lost our plot;
I fear my man is run away with the money,
And Clay is found, in whom old Turfe is sure
To save his stake.
Hugh. What shall we do then, justice?
Pre. The bride was met in the young 'squire's
Hugh. And what's become of her? [hands.
Pre. None here can tell.
Tub. Was not my mother's man, Pol Martin, with you,
And a strange gentlewoman in his company,
Of late here, canon?
Hugh. Yes, and I dispatch'd them.
Tub. Dispatch'd them! how do you mean?
Hugh. Why, married them,
As they desired, but now.
Tub. And do you know
What you have done, sir Hugh?
Hugh. No harm, I hope.
Tub. You have ended all the quarrel: Awdrey
Lady T. Married! to whom? [is married.
Turfe. My daughter Awdrey married,
And she not know of it!
Dame T. Nor her father or mother!
Lady T. Whom hath she married?
Tub. Your Pol Martin, madam;
A groom was never dreamt of.
Turfe. Is he a man?
Lady T. That he is, Turfe, and a gentleman I have made him.
Dame T. Nay, an he be a gentleman, let her shift.
Hugh. She was so brave, I knew her not, I swear;
And yet I married her by her own name:
But she was so disguised, so lady-like,
I think she did not know herself the while!
I married them as a mere pair of strangers,
And they gave out themselves for such.
Lady T. I wish them
Much joy, as they have given me heart's ease.
Tub. Then, madam, I'll entreat you now remit
Your jealousy of me; and please to take
All this good company home with you to supper:
We'll have a merry night of it, and laugh.
Lady T. A right good motion, 'squire, which I yield to;
And thank them to accept it.—Neighbour Turfe,
I'll have you merry, and your wife; and you,
Sir Hugh, be pardon'd this your happy error,
By justice Preamble, your friend and patron.
Pre. If the young 'squire can pardon it, I do.
[*Exeunt all but* PUPPY, WISPE, *and* HUGH.
Pup. Stay, my dear Dido; and, good vicar Hugh,
We have a business with you; in short, this:
If you dare knit another pair of strangers,
Dido of Carthage, and her countryman,
Stout Hannibal stands to't. I have ask'd consent,
And she hath granted.
Hugh. But saith Dido so?
Wispe. From what Ball Hanny hath said, I dare not go.
Hugh. Come in then, I'll dispatch you: a good supper
Would not be lost, good company, good discourse;
But above all, where wit hath any source. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—TOTTEN-COURT.—*Before the House.*

Enter POL MARTIN, AWDREY, TUB, Lady TUB, PREAMBLE, TURFE, Dame TURFE, *and* CLAY.

Pol. After the hoping of your pardon, madam,
For many faults committed, here my wife
And I do stand expecting your mild doom.
Lady T. I wish thee joy, Pol Martin, and thy wife
As much, mistress Pol Martin. Thou hast trick'd
Up very fine, methinks. [her
Pol. For that I made
Bold with your ladyship's wardrobe, but have trespass'd
Within the limits of your leave——I hope.
Lady T. I give her what she wears; I know all women
Love to be fine: thou hast deserv'd it of me;
I am extremely pleased with thy good fortune.
Welcome, good justice Preamble; and, Turfe,
Look merrily on your daughter: she has married
A gentleman.
Turfe. So methinks. I dare not touch her,
She is so fine; yet I will say, God bless her!
Dame T. And I too, my fine daughter! could love her
Now twice as well as if Clay had her.

Tub. Come, come, my mother is pleased; I pardon all:
Pol Martin, in and wait upon my lady.
Welcome, good guests! see supper be serv'd in,
With all the plenty of the house and worship.
I must confer with master In-and-In
About some alterations in my masque:
Send Hilts out to me; bid him bring the council
Of Finsbury hither. [*Exeunt all but* TUB.] I'll have such a night
Shall make the name of Totten-court immortal,
And be recorded to posterity.—

Enter MEDLAY, CLENCH, PAN, *and* SCRIBEN.

O master In-and-In! what have you done?
Med. Survey'd the place, sir, and design'd the ground,
Or stand-still of the work: and this it is.
First, I have fixed in the earth a tub,
And an old tub, like a salt-petre tub,
Preluding by your father's name, sir Peter,
And the antiquity of your house and family,
Original from salt-petre.
Tub. Good, i'faith,
You have shewn reading and antiquity here, sir.
Med. I have a little knowledge in design,
Which I can vary, sir, to *infinito*.
Tub. *Ad infinitum*, sir, you mean.
Med. I do,
I stand not on my Latin; I'll invent,
But I must be alone then, join'd with no man:
This we do call the stand-still of our work.
Tub. Who are those We you now join'd to yourself?
Med. I mean myself still in the plural number.
And out of this we raise Our Tale of a Tub.
Tub. No, master In-and-In, My Tale of a Tub,
By your leave; I am Tub, the Tale's of me,
And my adventures! I am 'squire Tub,
Subjectum fabulæ.
Med. But I the author.
Tub. The workman, sir, the artificer; I grant you.
So Skelton-laureat was of Elinour Rumming,
But she the subject of the rout and tunning.
Clench. He has put you to it, neighbour In-and-In.
Pan. Do not dispute with him; he still will win
That pays for all.
Scri. Are you revised o' that?
A man may have wit, and yet put off his hat.
Med. Now, sir, this Tub I will have capt with
A fine oil'd lanthorn paper that we use. [paper,
Pan. Yes, every barber, every cutler has it.
Med. Which in it doth contain the light to the business;
And shall with the very vapour of the candle
Drive all the motions of our matter about,
As we present them. For example, first,
The worshipful lady Tub——
Tub. Right worshipful,
I pray you, I am worshipful myself.
Med. Your 'squireship's mother passeth by (her huisher,
Master Pol Martin bare-headed before her)
In her velvet gown.
Tub. But how shall the spectators,
As it might be I, or Hilts, know 'tis my mother,
Or that Pol Martin, there, that walks before her?
Med. O we do nothing, if we clear not that.
Clench. You have seen none of his works, sir!
Pan. All the postures
Of the trained bands of the country.
Scri. All their colours.
Pan. And all their captains.
Clench. All the cries of the city,
And all the trades in their habits.
Scri. He has
His whistle of command, seat of authority,
And virge to interpret, tipt with silver, sir;
You know not him.
Tub. Well, I will leave all to him.
Med. Give me the brief of your subject. Leave
State of the thing to me. [the whole

Enter HILTS.

Hilts. Supper is ready, sir,
My lady calls for you.
Tub. I'll send it you in writing.
Med. Sir, I will render *feasible* and facile
What you expect.
Tub. Hilts, be it your care,
To see the wise of Finsbury made welcome:
Let them want nothing. Is old Rosin sent for?
Hilts. He's come within. [*Exit* TUB.
Scri. Lord, what a world of business
The 'squire dispatches!
Med. He's a learned man:
I think there are but vew o' the inns of court,
Or the inns of chancery like him.
Clench. Care to fit 'un then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same.—A Room in the House.*

Enter Black JACK *and* HILTS.

Jack. Yonder's another wedding, master Basket,
Brought in by vicar Hugh.
Hilts. What are they, Jack?
Jack. The high constable's man, Ball Hanny,
Our lady's woman. [and mistress Wispe,
Hilts. And are the table merry?
Jack. There's a young tilemaker makes 'em all laugh;
He will not eat his meat, but cries at the board,
He shall be hang'd.
Hilts. He has lost his wench already:
As good be hang'd.
Jack. Was she that is Pol Martin,
Our fellow's mistress, wench to that sneak-John?
Hilts. I'faith, Black Jack, he should have been her bridegroom:
But I must go to wait on my wise masters.
Jack, you shall wait on me, and see the masque anon;
I am half lord-chamberlain in my master's absence.
Jack. Shall we have a masque? who makes it?
Hilts. In-and-In,
The maker of Islington: come, go with me
To the sage sentences of Finsbury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the same, with a curtain drawn across it.*

Enter TUB, *followed by two* Grooms, *with chairs, &c., and* ROSIN *and his two* Boys.

1 *Groom.* Come, give us in the great chair for my lady,
And set it there; and this for justice Bramble.

2 *Groom.* This for the 'squire my master. on the right-hand.
1 *Groom.* And this for the high-constable.
2 *Groom.* This his wife.
1 *Groom.* Then for the bride and bride-groom here, Pol Martin.
2 *Groom.* And she Pol Martin at my lady's feet.
1 *Groom.* Right.
2 *Groom.* And beside them master Hannibal Puppy.
1 *Groom.* And his She-Puppy, mistress Wispe that was :
Here's all are in the note.
2 *Groom.* No, master vicar ;
The petty canon Hugh.
1 *Groom.* And cast-by Clay :
There they are all.
Tub. Then cry *a hall ! a hall !*
'Tis merry in Tottenham-hall, when beards wag all :
Come, father Rosin, with your fiddle now,
And two tall toters ; flourish to the masque.
[*Loud music.*

Enter PREAMBLE, Lady TUB, TURFE, Dame TURFE, POL MARTIN, AWDREY, PUPPY, WISPE, HUGH, CLAY; *all take their seats.* HILTS *waits on the by.*

Lady T. Neighbours all, welcome ! Now doth Totten-hall
Shew like a court : and hence shall first be call'd so.
Your witty short confession, master vicar,
Within, hath been the prologue, and hath open'd
Much to my son's device, his Tale of a Tub.
Tub. Let my masque shew itself, and In-and-In,
The architect, appear : I hear the whistle.
Hilts. Peace !

MEDLAY *appears above the curtain.*

Med. *Thus rise I first in my light linen breeches,*
To run the meaning over in short speeches.
Here is a Tub, a Tub of Totten-Court,
An ancient Tub has call'd you to this sport :
His father was a knight, the rich sir Peter,
Who got his wealth by a Tub, and by salt-petre ;
And left all to his lady Tub, the mother
Of this bold 'squire Tub, and to no other.
Now of this Tub and's deeds, not done in ale,
Observe, and you shall see the very Tale.

[He draws the curtain, and discovers the top of the Tub.

THE FIRST MOTION.

Med. *Here canon Hugh first brings to Totten-hall*
The high constable's council, tells the 'squire all ;
Which, though discover'd, give the devil his due,
The wise of Finsbury do still pursue.
Then with the justice doth he counterplot,
And his clerk Metaphor, to cut that knot ;
Whilst lady Tub, in her sad velvet gown,
Missing her son, doth seek him up and down.
Tub. With her Pol Martin bare before her.
Med. Yes,
I have exprest it here in figure, and Mistress Wispe, her woman, holding up her train.
Tub. In the next page report your second strain.

THE SECOND MOTION.

Med. *Here the high constable and sages walk*
To church : the dame, the daughter, bride-maids talk
Of wedding-business ; till a fellow in comes,
Relates the robbery of one captain Thums :
Chargeth the bridegroom with it, troubles all,
And gets the bride ; who in the hands doth fall
Of the bold 'squire ; but thence soon is ta'en
By the sly justice and his clerk profane,
In shape of pursuivant ; which he not long
Holds, but betrays all with his trembling tongue :
As truth will break out and show—
Tub. O thou hast made him kneel there in a corner,
I see now : there's a simple honour for you, Hilts !
Hilts. Did I not make him to confess all to you ?
Tub. True, In-and-In hath done you right, you see—
Thy third, I pray thee, witty In-and-In.
Clench. The 'squire commends 'un ; he doth like all well.
Pan. He cannot choose : this is gear made to sell.

THE THIRD MOTION.

Med. *The careful constable here drooping comes*
In his deluded search of captain Thums.
Puppy brings word his daughter's run away
With the tall serving-man, he frights groom Clay
Out of his wits : Returneth then the 'squire,
Mocks all their pains, and gives fame out a liar,
For falsely charging Clay, when 'twas the plot
Of subtle Bramble, who had Awdrey got
Into his hand by this winding device.
The father makes a rescue in a trice :
And with his daughter, like St. George on foot,
Comes home triumphing to his dear heart-root,
And tells the lady Tub, whom he meets there,
Of her son's courtesies, the batchelor,
Whose words had made 'em fall the hue and cry.
When captain Thums coming to ask him, why
He had so done ; he cannot yield him cause :
But so he runs his neck into the laws.

THE FOURTH MOTION.

Med. *The laws, who have a noose to crack his neck,*
As justice Bramble tells him, who doth peck
A hundred pound out of his purse, that comes
Like his teeth from him, unto captain Thums.
Thums is the vicar in a false disguise ;
And employs Metaphor to fetch this prize.
Who tells the secret unto Basket Hilts,
For fear of beating. This the 'squire quilts
Within his cap ; and bids him but purloin
The wench for him ; they two shall share the coin.
Which the sage lady in her 'foresaid gown,
Breaks off, returning unto Kentish Town,
To seek her Wispe ; taking the 'squire along,
Who finds Clay John, as hidden in straw throng.
Hilts. O how am I beholden to the inventor,
That would not, on record, against me enter,
My slackness here to enter in the barn :
Well, In-and-In, I see thou canst discern !
Tub. On with your last, and come to a conclusion.

THE FIFTH MOTION.

Med. *The last is known, and needs but small infusion*
Into your memories, by leaving in
These figures as you sit. I, In-and-In,
Present you with the show: first, of a lady
Tub, and her son, of whom this masque here made I.
Then bridegroom Pol, and mistress Pol the bride,
With the sub-couple, who sit them beside.

Tub. That only verse I alter'd for the better,
Ευφονια *gratiâ.*

Med. *Then justice Bramble, with sir Hugh the canon:*
And the bride's parents, which I will not stan' on,
Or the lost Clay, with the recovered Miles:
Who thus unto his master him reconciles.
On the 'squire's word, to pay old Turfe his club,
And so doth end our TALE HERE OF A TUB.

[Exeunt.

THE EPILOGUE,

BY 'SQUIRE TUB.

This tale of me, the Tub of Totten-Court,
A poet first invented for your sport.
Wherein the fortune of most empty tubs,
Rolling in love, are shown; and with what rubs
We are commonly encountered: when the wit
Of the whole hundred so opposeth it,
Our petty Canon's forked plot in chief,
S'y justice' arts, with the high constable's brief
And brag commands; my lady mother's care,
And her Pol Martin's fortune; with the rare
Fate of poor John, thus tumbled in the cask;
Got In-and-In to give it you in a masque:
That you be pleased, who come to see a play,
With those that hear, and mark not what we say.
Wherein the poet's fortune is, I fear,
Still to be early up, but ne'er the near.

THE SAD SHEPHERD;

OR, A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

THE ARGUMENT.

ACT I.

Robin Hood, having invited all the shepherds and shepherdesses of the vale of Belvoir to a feast in the forest of Sherwood, and trusting to his mistress, maid Marian, with her woodmen, to kill him venison against the day: having left the like charge with friar Tuck, his chaplain and steward, to command the rest of his merry men to see the bower made ready, and all things in order for the entertainment: meeting with his guests at their entrance into the wood, welcomes and conducts them to his bower. Where, by the way, he receives the relation of the Sad Shepherd, Æglamour, who is fallen into a deep melancholy for the loss of his beloved Earine, reported to have been drowned in passing over the Trent, some few days before. They endeavour in what they can to comfort him: but his disease having taken such strong root, all is in vain, and they are forced to leave him. In the mean time, Marian is come from hunting with the huntsmen, where the lovers interchangeably express their loves. Robin Hood enquires if she hunted the deer at force, and what sport he made? how long he stood, and what head he bore? All which is briefly answered, with a relation of breaking him up, and the raven and her bone. The suspect had of that raven to be Maudlin, the witch of Paplewick, whom one of the huntsmen met in the morning at the rousing of the deer, and [which] is confirmed, by her being then in Robin Hood's kitchen, in the chimney-corner, broiling the same bit which was thrown to the raven at the quarry or fall of the deer. Marian being gone in to shew the deer to some of the shepherdesses, returns instantly to the scene, discontented; sends away the venison she had killed, to her they call the witch; quarrels with her love Robin Hood, abuseth him, and his guests the shepherds; and so departs, leaving them all in wonder and perplexity.

ACT II.

The witch Maudlin having taken the shape of Marian to abuse Robin Hood, and perplex his guests, cometh forth with her daughter Douce, reporting in what confusion she had left them; defrauded them of their venison, made them suspicious each of the other; but most of all, Robin Hood so jealous of his Marian, as she hopes no effect of love would ever reconcile them; glorying so far in the extent of her mischief, as she confesseth to have surprised Earine, stripp'd her of her garments, to make her daughter appear fine at this feast in them; and to have shut the maiden up in a tree, as her son's prize, if he could win her; or his prey, if he would force her. Her son, a rude bragging swineherd, comes to the tree to woo her, (his mother and sister stepping aside to overhear him) and first boasts his wealth to her, and his possessions; which move not. Then he presents her gifts, such as himself is taken with, but she utterly shows a scorn and lothing both of him and them. His mother is angry, rates him, instructs him what to do the next time, and persuades her daughter to show herself about the bower: tells how she shall know her mother, when she is transform'd, by her broidered belt. Meanwhile the young shepherdess Amie, being kist by Karolin, Earine's brother, falls in love; but knows not what love is: but describes her disease so innocently, that Marian pities her. When Robin Hood and the rest of his guests invited, enter to Marian, upbraiding her with sending away their venison to mother Maudlin by Scathlock, which she denies; Scathlock affirms it; but seeing his mistress weep, and to forswear it, begins to doubt his own understanding, rather than affront her farther; which makes Robin Hood and the rest to examine themselves better. But Maudlin, the witch, entering like herself, comes to thank her for her bounty: at which Marian is more angry, and more denies the deed. Scathlock enters, tells he has brought it again, and delivered it to the cook. The witch is inwardly vext the venison is so recover'd from her by the rude huntsman, and murmurs and curses; bewitches the cook, mocks poor Amie and the rest; discovereth her ill nature, and is a means of reconciling them all. For the sage shepherd suspecteth her mischief, if she be not prevented: and so persuadeth to seize on her. Whereupon Robin Hood dispatcheth out his woodmen to hunt and take her.

ACT III.

Puck-Hairy discovereth himself in the forest, and discourseth his offices, with their necessities, briefly; after which, Douce entering in the habit of Earine, is pursued by Karol; who (mistaking her at first to be his sister) questions her how she came by those garments. She answers, by her mother's gift. The Sad Shepherd coming in the while, she runs away affrighted, and leaves Karol suddenly; Æglamour thinking it to be Earine's ghost he saw, falls into a melancholic expression of his phant'sie to Karol, and questions him sadly about that point, which moves compassion in Karol of his mistake still. When Clarion and Lionel enter to call Karol to Amie, Karol reports to them Æglamour's passion, with much regret. Clarion resolves to seek him. Karol to return with Lionel. By the way, Douce and her mother (in the shape of Marian) meet them, and would divert them, affirming Amie to be recovered, which Lionel wondered at to be so soon. Robin Hood enters, they tell him the relation of the witch, thinking her to be Marian; Robin suspecting her to be Maudlin, lays hold of her girdle suddenly, but she striving to get free, they both run out, and he returns with the belt broken. She following in her own shape, demanding it, but at a distance, as fearing to be seized upon again; and seeing she cannot recover it, falls into a rage, and cursing, resolving to trust to her old arts, which she calls her daughter to assist in. The shepherds, content with this discovery, go home triumphing, make the relation to Marian. Amie is gladded with the sight of Karol, &c. In the mean time, enters Lorel, with purpose to ravish Earine, and calling her forth to that lewd end, he by the hearing of Clarion's footing is staid, and forced to commit her hastily to the tree again; where Clarion coming by, and hearing a voice singing, draws near unto it; but Æglamour hearing it also, and knowing it to be Earine's, falls into a superstitious commendation of it; as being an angel's, and in the air; when Clarion espies a hand put forth from the tree, and makes towards it, leaving Æglamour to his wild phant'sie, who quitteth the place: and

Clarion beginning to court the hand, and make love to it, there ariseth a mist suddenly, which darkening all the place, Clarion loseth himself and the tree where Earine is inclosed, lamenting his misfortune, with the unknown nymph's misery. The air clearing, enters the witch, with her son and daughter, tells them how she had caused that late darkness, to free Lorel from surprisal, and his prey from being rescued from him: bids him look to her, and lock her up more carefully, and follow her, to assist a work she hath in hand of recovering her lost girdle; which she laments the loss of with cursings, execrations, wishing confusion to their feast and meeting, sends her son and daughter to gather certain simples for her purpose, and bring them to her dell. This Puck hearing, prevents, and shews her error still. The huntsmen having found her footing, follow the track, and prick after her. She gets to her dell, and takes her form. Enter [the huntsmen,] Alken has spied her sitting with her spindle, threads, and images. They are eager to seize her presently, but Alken persuades them to let her begin her charms, which they do. Her son and daughter come to her; the huntsmen are affrighted as they see her work go forward. And over-hasty to apprehend her, she escapeth them all, by the help and delusions of Puck.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROBIN HOOD, *the Chief Woodman, Master of the Feast.*
FRIAR TUCK, *his Chaplain and Steward.*
LITTLE JOHN, *Bow-bearer.*
SCARLET, SCATHLOCK, } *two Brothers, Huntsmen.*
GEORGE-A-GREEN, *Huisher of the Bower.*
MUCH, *Bailiff, or Acater.*

THE GUESTS INVITED.

ÆGLAMOUR, *the* SAD,
CLARION, *the Rich,*
LIONEL, *the Courteous,*
ALKEN, *the Sage,*
KAROLIN, *the Kind,* } *Shepherds.*

LOREL, *the Rude, a Swincherd, the* Witch's *Son.*
PUCK-HAIRY, *or* ROBIN GOODFELLOW, *their Hind.*
REUBEN, *the Reconciler, a devout Hermit.*

MARIAN, ROBIN HOOD'S *Lady.*
EARINE, *the Beautiful,*
MELLIFLEUR, *the Sweet,*
AMIE, *the Gentle,* } *Shepherdesses.*
MAUDLIN, *the Envious, the Witch of Paplewick.*
DOUCE, *the Proud, her Daughter.*

Musicians, Foresters, &c.

SCENE,—SHERWOOD.

PROLOGUE:

Enter The PROLOGUE.

He that hath feasted you these forty years,
And fitted fables for your finer ears,
Although at first he scarce could hit the bore;
Yet you, with patience harkening more and more,
At length have grown up to him, and made known
The worhing of his pen is now your own:
He prays you would vouchsafe, for your own sake,
To hear him this once more, but sit awake.
And though he now present you with such wool
As from mere English flocks his muse can pull,
He hopes when it is made up into cloth,
Not the most curious head here will be loth
To wear a hood of it, it being a fleece,
To match or those of Sicily or Greece.
His scene is Sherwood, and his play a Tale,
Of Robin Hood's inviting from the vale
Of Belvoir, all the shepherds to a feast:
Where, by the casual absence of one guest,
The mirth is troubled much, and in one man
As much of sadness shown as passion can:
The sad young shepherd, whom we here present,
Like his woes figure, dark and discontent,
[The Sad Shepherd passeth silently over the stage.
For his lost love, who in the Trent is said
To have miscarried; 'las! what knows the head
Of a calm river, whom the feet have drown'd?—
Hear what his sorrows are; and if they wound
Your gentle breasts, so that the end crown all,
Which in the scope of one day's chance may fall;
Old Trent will send you more such tales as these,
And shall grow young again as one doth please.
[Exit, but instantly re-enters.
But here's an heresy of late let fall,
That mirth by no means fits a pastoral;
Such say so, who can make none, he presumes:
Else there's no scene more properly assumes
The sock. For whence can sport in kind arise,
But from the rural routs and families?
Safe on this ground then, we not fear to-day,
To tempt your laughter by our rustic play;
Wherein if we distaste, or be cried down,
We think we therefore shall not leave the town;
Nor that the fore-wits that would draw the rest
Unto their liking, always like the best.
The wise and knowing critic will not say,
This worst, or better is, before he weigh
Whér every piece be perfect in the kind:
And then, though in themselves he difference find,
Yet if the place require it where they stood,
The equal fitting makes them equal good.
You shall have love and hate, and jealousy,
As well as mirth, and rage, and melancholy:
Or whatsoever else may either move,
Or stir affections, and your likings prove.
But that no style for pastoral should go
Current, but what is stamp'd with Ah! *and* O!
Who judgeth so, may singularly err;
As if all poesie had one character
In which what were not written, were not right;
Or that the man who made such one poor flight,
In his whole life, had with his winged skill
Advanced him upmost on the muses' hill.
When he like poet yet remains, as those
Are painters who can only make a rose.
From such your wits redeem you, or your chance,
Lest to a greater height you do advance
Of folly, to contemn those that are known
Artificers, and trust such as are none!

ACT I.

SCENE I.—SHERWOOD FOREST.—*A distant prospect of hills, valleys, cottages, a castle, river, pastures, herds, flocks, &c.* ROBIN HOOD'S *bower in the foreground.*

Enter ÆGLAMOUR.

Ægl. Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her,
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk!
But like the soft west wind she shot along,
And where she went, the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sow'd them with her odorous foot.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the same.*

Enter MARIAN, Friar TUCK, JOHN, GEORGE-A-GREEN, MUCH, Woodmen, *&c.*

Mar. Know you, or can you guess, my merry men,
What 'tis that keeps your master, Robin Hood,
So long, both from his Marian, and the wood?
Tuck. Forsooth, madam, he will be here by noon,
And prays it of your bounty, as a boon,
That you by then have kill'd him venison some,
To feast his jolly friends, who hither come
In threaves to frolic with him, and make cheer:
Here's Little John hath harbour'd you a deer,
I see by his tackling.
John. And a hart of ten,
I trow he be, madam, or blame your men:
For by his slot, his entries, and his port,
His frayings, fewmets, he doth promise sport,
And standing 'fore the dogs; he bears a head
Large and well-beam'd, with all rights summ'd and spread.
Mar. Let's rouze him quickly, and lay on the hounds.
John. Scathlock is ready with them on the grounds;
So is his brother Scarlet: now they have found
His lair, they have him sure within the pound.
Mar. Away then, when my Robin bids a feast,
'Twere sin in Marian to defraud a guest.
[*Exeunt* MARIAN *and* JOHN *with the* Woodmen.
Tuck. And I, the chaplain, here am left to be
Steward to-day, and charge you all in fee,
To d'on your liveries, see the bower drest,
And fit the fine devices for the feast:
You, George, must care to make the baldrick trim,
And garland that must crown, or her, or him,
Whose flock this year hath brought the earliest lamb.
George. Good father Tuck, at your commands I am
To cut the table out o' the green sword,
Or any other service for my lord;
To carve the guests large seats; and these lain in
With turf, as soft and smooth as the mole's skin:
And hang the bulled nosegays 'bove their heads,
* * * * * *
The piper's bank, whereon to sit and play;
And a fair dial to mete out the day.
Our master's feast shall want no just delights,
His entertainments must have all the rites.
Much. Ay, and all choice that plenty can send in;
Bread, wine, acates, fowl, feather, fish or fin,
For which my father's nets have swept the Trent—

Enter ÆGLAMOUR.

Æg. And have you found her?
Much. Whom?
Æg. My drowned love,
Earine! the sweet Earine,
The bright and beautiful Earine!
Have you not heard of my Earine?
Just by your father's mill—I think I am right—
Are not you Much the Miller's son?
Much. I am.
Æg. And bailiff to brave Robin Hood?
Much. The same.
Æg. Close by your father's mills, Earine,
Earine was drown'd! O my Earine!
Old Maudlin tells me so, and Douce her daughter—
Have you swept the river, say you, and not found her?
Much. For fowl and fish, we have.
Æg. O, not for her!
You are goodly friends! right charitable men!
Nay, keep your way and leave me; make your toys,
Your tales, your posies, that you talk'd of; all
Your entertainments: you not injure me.
Only if I may enjoy my cypress wreath,
And you will let me weep, 'tis all I ask,
Till I be turn'd to water, as was she!
And troth, what less suit can you grant a man?
Tuck. His phantasie is hurt, let us now leave him;
The wound is yet too fresh to admit searching.
[*Exit.*
Æg. Searching! where should I search, or on what track?
Can my slow drop of tears, or this dark shade
About my brows, enough describe her loss!
Earine! O my Earine's loss!
No, no, no, no; this heart will break first.
George. How will this sad disaster strike the ears
Of bounteous Robin Hood, our gentle master!
Much. How will it mar his mirth, abate his feast;
And strike a horror into every guest!
[*Exeunt* GEORGE *and* MUCH.
Æg. If I could knit whole clouds about my brows,
And weep like Swithin, or those watery signs,
The Kids, that rise then, and drown all the flocks
Of those rich shepherds, dwelling in this vale;
Those careless shepherds that did let her drown!
Then I did something: or could make old Trent
Drunk with my sorrow, to start out in breaches,
To drown their herds, their cattle, and their corn;
Break down their mills, their dams, o'erturn their weirs,
And see their houses and whole livelihood
Wrought into water with her, all were good:
I'd kiss the torrent, and those whirls of Trent,
That suck'd her in, my sweet Earine!
When they have cast her body on the shore,
And it comes up as tainted as themselves,
All pale and bloodless, I will love it still,
For all that they can do, and make them mad
To see how I will hug it in mine arms!

And hang upon her looks, dwell on her eyes,
Feed round about her lips, and eat her kisses,
Suck off her drowned flesh!—and where's their malice!
Not all their envious sousing can change that.
But I will still study some revenge past this—
[*Music of all sorts is heard.*
I pray you give me leave, for I will study,
Though all the bells, pipes, tabors, timburines ring,
That you can plant about me; I will study.

Enter ROBIN HOOD, CLARION, MELLIFLEUR, LIONEL, AMIE, ALKEN, TUCK, Musicians, &c.

Rob. Welcome, bright Clarion, and sweet
The courteous Lionel, fair Amie; all [Mellifleur,
My friends and neighbours, to the jolly bower
Of Robin Hood, and to the green-wood walks!
Now that the shearing of your sheep is done,
And the wash'd flocks are lighted of their wool,
The smoother ewes are ready to receive
The mounting rams again; and both do feed,
As either promised to increase your breed
At eaning-time, and bring you lusty twins:
Why should or you or we so much forget
The season in ourselves, as not to make
Use of our youth and spirits, to awake
The nimble horn-pipe, and the timburine,
And mix our songs and dances in the wood,
And each of us cut down a triumph-bough?—
Such are the rites the youthful June allow.

Cla. They *were*, gay Robin; but the sourer sort
Of shepherds now disclaim in all such sport:
And say, our flock the while are poorly fed,
When with such vanities the swains are led.

Tuck. Would they, wise Clarion, were not hurried more
With covetise and rage, when to their store
They add the poor man's yeanling, and dare sell
Both fleece and carcass, not gi'ing him the fell!
When to one goat they reach that prickly weed,
Which maketh all the rest forbear to feed;
Or strew tods' hairs, or with their tails do sweep
The dewy grass, to do'ff the simpler sheep;
Or dig deep pits their neighbour's neat to vex,
To drown the calves, and crack the heifers' necks;
Or with pretence of chasing thence the brock,
Send in a cur to worry the whole flock!

Lio. O friar, those are faults that are not seen,
Ours open, and of worst example been.
They call ours Pagan pastimes, that infect
Our blood with ease, our youth with all neglect;
Our tongues with wantonness, our thoughts with
And what they censure ill, all others must. [lust;

Rob. I do not know what their sharp sight may
Of late, but I should think it still might be [see,
As 'twas, an happy age, when on the plains
The woodmen met the damsels, and the swains
The neat-herds, ploughmen, and the pipers loud,
And each did dance, some to the kit or crowd,
Some to the bag-pipe; some the tabret mov'd,
And all did either love, or were belov'd.

Lio. The dextrous shepherd then would try his sling,
Then dart his hook at daisies, then would sing;
Sometimes would wrestle.

Cla. Ay, and with a lass:
And give her a new garment on the grass;
After a course at barley-break, or base.

Lio. And all these deeds were seen without
Or the least hazard of their innocence. [offence,

Rob. Those charitable times had no mistrust:
Shepherds knew how to love, and not to lust

Cla. Each minute that we lose thus, I confess,
Deserves a censure on us, more or less;
But that a sadder chance hath given allay
Both to the mirth and music of this day.
Our fairest shepherdess we had of late,
Here upon Trent, is drown'd; for whom her mate,
Young Æglamour, a swain, who best could tread
Our country dances, and our games did lead,
Lives like the melancholy turtle, drown'd
Deeper in woe, than she in water: crown'd
With yew, and cypress, and will scarce admit
The physic of our presence to his fit.

Lio. Sometimes he sits, and thinks all day, then walks,
Then thinks again, and sighs, weeps, laughs, and talks;
And 'twixt his pleasing frenzy, and sad grief,
Is so distracted, as no sought relief
By all our studies can procure his peace.

Cla. The passion finds in him that large increase,
As we doubt hourly we shall lose him too.

Rob. You should not cross him then, whate'er you do.
For phant'sie stopp'd, will soon take fire, and burn
Into an anger, or to a phrensie turn.

Cla. Nay, so we are advised by Alken here,
A good sage shepherd, who, although he wear
An old worn hat and cloke, can tell us more
Than all the forward fry, that boast their lore.

Lio. See, yonder comes the brother of the maid,
Young Karolin: how curious and afraid
He is at once! willing to find him out,
And loth to offend him.

Enter KAROLIN.

Kar. Sure he's here about.

Cla. See where he sits.
[*Points to* ÆGLAMOUR, *sitting upon a bank hard by.*

Æg. It will be rare, rare, rare!
An exquisite revenge! but peace, no words!
Not for the fairest fleece of all the flock:
If it be known afore, 'tis all worth nothing!
I'll carve it on the trees, and in the turf,
On every green sward, and in every path,
Just to the margin of the cruel Trent.
There will I knock the story in the ground,
In smooth great pebble, and moss fill it round,
Till the whole country read how she was drown'd;
And with the plenty of salt tears there shed,
Quite alter the complexion of the spring.
Or I will get some old, old, grandam thither,
Whose rigid foot but dipp'd into the water,
Shall strike that sharp and sudden cold throughout,
As it shall lose all virtue; and those nymphs,
Those treacherous nymphs pull'd in Earine,
Shall stand curl'd up like images of ice,
And never thaw! mark, never! a sharp justice!
Or stay, a better! when the year's at hottest,
And that the dog-star foams, and the stream boils,
And curls, and works, and swells ready to sparkle,
To fling a fellow with a fever in,
To set it all on fire, till it burn
Blue as Scamander, 'fore the walls of Troy,
When Vulcan leap'd into him to consume him.

Rob. A deep hurt phant'sie! [*They approach him.*

Æg. Do you not approve it?

Rob. Yes, gentle Æglamour, we all approve,
And come to gratulate your just revenge:

Which, since it is so perfect, we now hope
You'll leave all care thereof, and mix with us,
In all the proffer'd solace of the spring.
Æg. A spring, now she is dead! of what? of thorns,
Briars, and brambles? thistles, burs and docks?
Cold hemlock, yew? the mandrake or the box?
These may grow still; but what can spring beside?
Did not the whole earth sicken when she died?
As if there since did fall one drop of dew,
But what was wept for her! or any stalk
Did bear a flower, or any branch a bloom,
After her wreath was made! In faith, in faith,
You do not fair to put these things upon me,
Which can in no sort be: Earine,
Who had her very being, and her name,
With the first knots or buddings of the spring,
Born with the primrose, or the violet,
Or earliest roses blown; when Cupid smiled;
And Venus led the Graces out to dance,
And all the flowers and sweets in nature's lap
Leap'd out, and made their solemn conjuration,
To last but while she lived! Do not I know
How the vale wither'd the same day? how Dove,
Dean, Eye, and Erwash, Idel, Snite and Soare,
Each broke his urn, and twenty waters more,
That swell'd proud Trent, shrunk themselves dry? that since
No sun or moon, or other cheerful star,
Look'd out of heaven, but all the cope was dark,
As it were hung so for her exequies!
And not a voice or sound to ring her knell;
But of that dismal pair, the screeching-owl,
And buzzing hornet! Hark! hark! hark! the foul
Bird! how she flutters with her wicker wings!
Peace! you shall hear her screech.
Cla. Good Karolin, sing,
Help to divert this phant'sie.
Kar. All I can. [*Sings, while* Æg. *reads the song.*

Though I am young and cannot tell
Either what Death or Love is well,
Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aim at human hearts:
And then again, I have been told,
Love wounds with heat, as Death with cold;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.

As in a ruin we it call
One thing to be blown up or fall;
Or to our end, like way may have
By flash of lightning, or a wave:
So Love's inflamed shaft or brand
May kill as soon as Death's cold hand,
Except Love's fires the virtue have
To fright the frost out of the grave.

Æg. Do you think so? are you in that good heresy,
I mean, opinion? if you be, say nothing:
I'll study it as a new philosophy,
But by myself alone: now you shall leave me
Some of these nymphs here will reward you; this,
This pretty maid, although but with a kiss.
[*He forces* Amie *to kiss* Karolin.
Lived my Earine, you should have twenty;
For every line here, one; I would allow them
From mine own store, the treasure I had in her:
Now I am poor as you. [*Exit.*
Kar. And I a wretch!
Cla. Yet keep an eye upon him, Karolin.
[*Exit* Karolin.
Mel. Alas, that ever such a generous spirit
As Æglamour's, should sink by such a loss!
Cla. The truest lovers are least fortunate:
Look all their lives and legends, what they call
The lover's scriptures, Heliodores or Tatii,
Longi, Eustathii, Prodomi, you'll find it!
What think you father?
Alken. I have known some few,
And read of more who have had their dose, and deep,
Of these sharp bitter-sweets.
Lio. But what is this
To jolly Robin, who the story is
Of all beatitude in love?
Cla. And told
Here every day with wonder on the wold.
Lio. And with fame's voice.
Alken. Save that some folk delight
To blend all good of others with some spight.
Cla. He and his Marian are the sum and talk
Of all that breathe here in the green-wood walk.
Mel. Or Belvoir vale.
Lio. The turtles of the wood.
Cla. The billing pair.
Alken. And so are understood
For simple loves, and sampled lives beside.
Mel. Faith, so much virtue should not be envied.
Alken. Better be so than pitied, Mellifleur:
For 'gainst all envy virtue is a cure;
But wretched pity ever calls on scorns.—
[*Horns within.*
The deer's brought home; I hear it by their horns.

Enter Marian, John, *and* Scarlet.

Rob. My Marian, and my mistress!
Mar. My loved Robin! [*They embrace.*
Mel. The moon's at full, the happy pair are met.
Mar. How hath this morning paid me for my rising!
First, with my sports; but most with meeting you.
I did not half so well reward my hounds,
As she hath me to-day; although I gave them
All the sweet morsels call'd tongue, ears, and dowcets!
Rob. What, and the inch-pin? [
Mar. Yes.
Rob. Your sports then pleased you?
Mar. You are a wanton.
Rob. One, I do confess,
I *want*-ed till you came; but now I have you,
I'll grow to your embraces, till two souls
Distilled into kisses through our lips,
Do make one spirit of love. [*Kisses her.*
Mar. O Robin, Robin!
Rob. Breathe, breathe awhile; what says my gentle Marian?
Mar. Could you so long be absent?
Rob. What, a week!
Was that so long?
Mar. How long are lovers' weeks,
Do you think, Robin, when they are asunder?
Are they not prisoners' years?
Rob. To some they seem so;
But being met again, they are schoolboys' hours.
Mar. That have got leave to play, and so we use them.
Rob. Had you good sport in your chase to-day?
John. O prime!
Mar. A lusty stag.
Rob. And hunted ye at force?
Mar. In a full cry.

John. And never hunted change!
Rob. You had stanch hounds then?
Mar. Old and sure; I love
No young rash dogs, no more than changing friends.
Rob. What relays set you?
John. None at all: we laid not
In one fresh dog.
Rob. He stood not long then?
Scar. Yes,
Five hours and more. A great, large deer!
Rob. What head?
John. Forked: a hart of ten.
Mar. He is good venison,
According to the season in the blood,
I'll promise all your friends, for whom he fell.
John. But at his fall there hapt a chance.
Mar. Worth mark.
Rob. Ay, what was that, sweet Marian?
[*Kisses her.*
Mar. You'll not hear?
Rob. I love these interruptions in a story;
[*Kisses her again.*
They make it sweeter.
Mar. You do know as soon
As the assay is taken— [*Kisses her again.*
Rob. On, my Marian:
I did but take the assay.
Mar. You stop one's mouth,
And yet you bid one speak—when the arbor's made—
Rob. Pull'd down, and paunch turn'd out.
Mar. He that undoes him,
Doth cleave the brisket bone, upon the spoon
Of which a little gristle grows; you call it——
Rob. The raven's bone.
Mar. Now o'er head sat a raven,
On a sere bough, a grown great bird, and hoarse!
Who, all the while the deer was breaking up,
So croak'd and cried for it, as all the huntsmen,
Especially old Scathlock, thought it ominous;
Swore it was mother Maudlin, whom he met
At the day-dawn, just as he roused the deer
Out of his lair: but we made shift to run him
Off his four legs, and sunk him ere we left.

Enter SCATHLOCK.

Is the deer come?
Scath. He lies within on the dresser.
Mar. Will you go see him, Mellifleur?
Mel. I attend you.
Mar. Come, Amie, you'll go with us?
Amie. I am not well.
Lio. She's sick of the young shepherd that bekiss'd her.
Mar. Friend, cheer your friends up, we will eat him merrily.
[*Exeunt* MAR., MEL., *and* AMIE.
Alken. Saw you the raven, friend?
Scath. Ay, quha suld let me?
I suld be afraid o' you, sir, suld I?
Clar. Huntsman,
A dram more of civility would not hurt you.
Rob. Nay, you must give them all their rudenesses;
They are not else themselves without their language.
Alken. And what do you think of her?
Scath. As of a witch.
They call her a wise woman, but I think her
An arrant witch.
Clar. And wherefore think you so?
Scath. Because I saw her since broiling the bone
Was cast her at the quarry.
Alken. Where saw you her?
Scath. In the chimley-nuik, within: she's there now.

Re-enter MARIAN.

Rob. Marian!
Your hunt holds in his tale still; and tells more
Mar. My hunt! what tale?
Rob. How! cloudy, Marian!
What look is this?
Mar. A fit one, sir, for you.
Hand off, rude ranger!—Sirrah, get you in,
[*To* SCATHLOCK.
And bear the venison hence: it is too good
For these course rustic mouths, that cannot open,
Or spend a thank for't. A starv'd mutton's carcase
Would better fit their palates. See it carried
To mother Maudlin's, whom you call the witch,
Tell her I sent it to make merry with. [sir.
She'll turn us thanks at least! why stand'st thou, groom?
Rob. I wonder he can move, that he's not fix'd,
If that his feeling be the same with mine!
I dare not trust the faith of mine own senses,
I fear mine eyes and ears: this is not Marian!
Nor am I Robin Hood! I pray you ask her,
Ask her, good shepherds, ask her all for me:
Or rather ask yourselves, if she be she;
Or I be I.
Mar. Yes, and you are the spy;
And the spied spy that watch upon my walks,
To inform what deer I kill or give away!
Where! when! to whom! but spy your worst, good spy,
I will dispose of this where least you like!
Fall to your cheese-cakes, curds, and clouted cream,
Your fools, your flawns; and [swill] of ale a stream
To wash it from your livers: strain ewes milk
Into your cyder syllabubs, and be drunk
To him whose fleece hath brought the earliest lamb
This year; and wears the baudric at your board!
Where you may all go whistle and record
This in your dance; and foot it lustily. [*Exit.*
Rob. I pray you, friends, do you hear and see as I do?
Did the same accents strike your ears? and objects
Your eyes, as mine?
Alken. We taste the same reproaches.
Lio. Have seen the changes.
Rob. Are we not all changed,
Transformed from ourselves?
Lio. I do not know.
The best is silence.
Alken. And to wait the issue.
Rob. The dead or lazy wait for't! I will find it.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest as before.—The* Witch's *Dimble, cottage, oak, well, &c.*

Enter MAUDLIN *in her proper shape, and* DOUCE *in the dress of* EARINE.

Maud. Have I not left them in a brave confusion ?
Amazed their expectation, got their venison,
Troubled their mirth and meeting, made them doubtful
And jealous of each other, all distracted,
And, in the close, uncertain of themselves ?
This can your mother do, my dainty Douce !
Take any shape upon her, and delude
The senses best acquainted with their owners !—
The jolly Robin, who hath bid this feast,
And made this solemn invitation,
I have possessed so with syke dislikes
Of his own Marian, that allbe he know her,
As doth the vauting hart his venting hind,
He ne'er fra' hence sall neis her in the wind,
To his first liking.

Douce. Did you so distaste him ?

Maud. As far as her proud scorning him could
Or blunt the edge of any lover's temper. ['bate,

Douce. But were ye like her, mother ?

Maud. So like, Douce,
As had she seen me her sel', her sel had doubted
Whether had been the liker of the twa—
This can your mother do, I tell you, daughter !—
I ha' but dight ye yet in the out-dress,
And 'parel of Earine ; but this raiment,
These very weeds sall make ye, as but coming
In view or ken of Æglamour, your form
Shall show too slippery to be look'd upon,
And all the forests swear you to be she !
They shall rin after ye, and wage the odds,
Upon their own deceived sights, ye are her ;
Whilst she, poor lass, is stock'd up in a tree :
Your brother Lorel's prize ! for so my largess
Hath lotted her to be,—your brother's mistress,
Gif she can be reclaim'd ; gif not, his prey !
And here he comes new claithed, like a prince
Of swineherds ! syke he seems, dight in the spoils
Of those he feeds, a mighty lord of swine !
He's command now to woo. Let's step aside,
And hear his love-craft. [*They stand aside.*

Enter LOREL *gaily dressed, and releases* EARINE *from the oak.*

See he opes the door,
And takes her by the hand, and helps her forth :
This is true courtship, and becomes his ray.

Lor. [*leading* EARINE *forward.*] Ye kind to others, but ye coy to me,
Deft mistress ! whiter than the cheese new prest,
Smoother than cream, and softer than the curds !
Why start ye from me ere ye hear me tell
My wooing errand, and what rents I have ?
Large herds and pastures ! swine and kie mine own !
And though my nase be camused, my lips thick,
And my chin bristled, Pan, great Pan, was such,
Who was the chief of herdsmen, and our sire !
I am na fay, na incubus, na changlin,
But a good man, that lives o' my awn geer :
This house, these grounds, this stock is all my awn.

Ear. How better 'twere to me, this were not known !

Maud. She likes it not ; but it is boasted well.

Lor. An hundred udders for the pail I have,
That give me milk and curds, that make me cheese
To cloy the markets ! twenty swarm of bees,
Whilk all the summer hum about the hive,
And bring me wax and honey in bilive.
An aged oak, the king of all the field,
With a broad breech there grows before my dur,
That mickle mast unto the ferm doth yield.
A chesnut, whilk hath larded mony a swine,
Whose skins I wear to fend me fra the cold ;
A poplar green, and with a kerved seat,
Under whose shade I solace in the heat ;
And thence can see gang out and in my neat.
Twa trilland brooks, each, from his spring, doth meet,
And make a river to refresh my feet ;
In which each morning, ere the sun doth rise,
I look myself, and clear my pleasant eyes,
Before I pipe ; for therein I have skill
'Bove other swineherds. Bid me, and I will
Straight play to you, and make you melody.

Ear. By no means. Ah ! to me all minstreisy
Is irksome, as are you.

Lor. Why scorn you me ?
Because I am a herdsman, and feed swine !
I am a lord of other geer :—This fine
Smooth bawson cub, the young grice of a gray,
Twa tiny urchins, and this ferret gay.

Ear. Out on 'em ! what are these ?

Lor. I give 'em ye,
As presents, mistress.

Ear. O the fiend on thee !
Gae, take them hence ; they fewmand all the claithes,
And prick my coats : hence with 'em, limmer lown,
Thy vermin and thyself, thyself art one !
Ay, lock me up—all's well when thou art gone.

[LOREL *leads her to the tree and shuts her in.*

[MAUDLIN *and* DOUCE *come forward.*

Lor. Did you hear this ? she wish'd me at the
With all my presents ! [fiend,

Maud. A tu lucky end
She wishand thee, foul limmer, dritty lown !
Gud faith, it duills me that I am thy mother :
And see, thy sister scorns thee for her brother.
Thou woo thy love, thy mistress, with twa hedgehogs :
A stinkand brock, a polecat ? out, thou houlet !
Thou shouldst have given her a madge-owl, and then
Thou'dst made a present o' thy self, owl-spiegle !

Douce. Why, mother, I have heard ye bid to
And often as the cause calls. [give ;

Maud. I know well,
It is a witty part sometimes to give ;
But what ? to wham ? no monsters, nor to maidens
He suld present them with mare pleasand things,
Things natural, and what all women covet
To see, the common parent of us all,
Which maids will twire at 'tween their fingers thus !
With which his sire gat him, he's get another,
And so beget posterity upon her ;
This he should do !—False gelden, gang thy gait,
And do thy turns betimes ; or I'se gar take
Thy new breikes fra' thee, and thy dublet tu :—

The tailleur and the sowter sall undu'
All they have made, except thou manlier woo!
[*Exit* LOREL.
Douce. Gud mother, gif you chide him, he'll do wairs.
Maud. Hang him! I geif him to the devil's eirs.
But ye, my Douce, I charge ye, shew your sell
Tu all the shepherds bauldly; gaing amang 'em,
Be mickel in their eye, frequent and fugeand:
And gif they ask ye of Earine,
Or of these claithes, say, that I gave 'em ye,
And say no more. I have that wark in hand,
That web upon the luime, shall gar 'em think
By then, they feeling their own frights and fears,
I'se pu' the world or nature 'bout their ears.—
But, hear ye, Douce, because ye may meet me
In mony shapes to-day, where'er you spy
This browder'd belt with characters, 'tis I.
A Gypsan lady, and a right beldame,
Wrought it by moonshine for me, and star-light,
Upon your grannam's grave, that very night
We earth'd her in the shades; when our dame Hecate
Made it her gaing night over the kirk-yard,
With all the barkand parish-tikes set at her,
While I sat whyrland of my brazen spindle:
At every twisted thrid my rock let fly
Unto the sewster, who did sit me nigh,
Under the town turnpike; which ran each spell
She stitched in the work, and knit it well.
See ye take tent to this, and ken your mother.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.—The Entrance to* ROBIN HOOD'S *Bower.*

AMIE *discovered lying on a bank,* MARIAN *and* MELLIFLEUR *sitting by her.*

Mar. How do you, sweet Amie, yet?
Mel. She cannot tell;
If she could sleep, she says, she should do well.
She feels a hurt, but where, she cannot show
Any least sign, that she is hurt or no:
Her pain's not doubtful to her, but the seat
Of her pain is: her thoughts too work and beat,
Oppress with cares; but why she cannot say:
All matter of her care is quite away.
Mar. Hath any vermin broke into your fold?
Or any rot seized on your flock, or cold?
Or hath your feighting ram burst his hard horn,
Or any ewe her fleece, or bag hath torn,
My gentle Amie?
Amie. Marian, none of these. [bees,
Mar. Have you been stung by wasps, or angry
Or rased with some rude bramble or rough briar?
Amie. No, Marian, my disease is somewhat
I weep, and boil away myself in tears; [nigher.
And then my panting heart would dry those fears:
I burn, though all the forest lend a shade;
And freeze, though the whole wood one fire were
Mar. Alas! [made.
Amie. I often have been torn with thorn and briar,
Both in the leg and foot, and somewhat higher;
Yet gave not then such fearful shrieks as these.
[*Sighs.*
I often have been stung too with curst bees,
Yet not remember that I then did quit
Either my company or mirth for it. [*Sighs again.*
And therefore what it is that I feel now,
And know no cause of it, nor where, nor how
It enter'd in me, nor least print can see,
I feel, afflicts me more than briar or bee. [*Again.*
How often when the sun, heaven's brightest birth,
Hath with his burning fervour cleft the earth,
Under a spreading elm or oak, hard by
A cool clear fountain, could I sleeping lie,
Safe from the heat! but now no shady tree,
Nor purling brook, can my refreshing be. [frost,
Oft when the meadows were grown rough with
The rivers ice-bound, and their currents lost,
My thick warm fleece I wore, was my defence;
Or large good fires I made, drave winter thence:
But now my whole flock's fells, nor this thick grove,
Enflam'd to ashes, can my cold remove.
It is a cold and heat that does outgo
All sense of winters, and of summers so.

Enter ROBIN HOOD, CLARION, LIONEL, *and* ALKEN.

Rob. O are you here, my mistress?
Mar. I, my love! [*Runs to embrace him.*
Where should I be but in my Robin's arms,
The sphere which I delight in so to move?
Rob. [*He puts her back.*] What, *the rude ranger, and spied spy! hand off;*
You are for no such rustics.
Mar. What means this,
Thrice worthy Clarion, or wise Alken? know ye?
Rob. 'Las, no, not they: *a poor starv'd mutton's carcase*
Would better fit their palates than your venison.
Mar. What riddle's this? unfold yourself, dear Robin.
Rob. You have not sent your venison hence by
To mother Maudlin? [Scathlock,
Mar. I, to mother Maudlin!
Will Scathlock say so?
Rob. Nay, we will all swear so.
For all did hear it when you gave the charge so,
Both Clarion, Alken, Lionel, and myself.
Mar. Good honest shepherds, masters of your flocks,
Simple and virtuous men, no others' hirelings;
Be not you made to speak against your conscience,
That which may soil the truth. I send the venison
Away by Scathlock, and to mother Maudlin!
I came to shew it here to Mellifleur,
I do confess; but Amie's falling ill
Did put us off it: since, we employ'd ourselves
In comforting of her.

Enter SCATHLOCK.

O, here he is!
Did I, sir, bid you bear away the venison
To mother Maudlin?
Scath. Ay, gud faith, madam,
Did you, and I ha' done it.
Mar. What have you done?
Scath. Obey'd your hests, madam; done your commands.
Mar. Done my commands, dull groom! fetch it again,
Or kennel with the hounds. Are these the arts,
[*Weeps.*
Robin, you read your rude ones of the wood,
To countenance your quarrels and mistakings?
Or are the sports to entertain your friends
Those formed jealousies? ask of Mellifleur,
If I were ever from her, here, or Amie,
Since I came in with them; or saw this Scathlock
Since I related to you his tale of the raven. K K

Scath. Ay, say you so! [*Exit.*
Mel. She never left my side
Since I came here, nor I hers.
Cla. This is strange:
Our best of senses were deceived, our eyes, then!
Lio. And ears too.
Mar. What you have concluded on,
Make good, I pray you.
Amie. O my heart, my heart!
Mar. My heart it is wounded, pretty Amie;
Report not you your griefs: I'll tell for all.
Mel. Somebody is to blame, there is a fault.
Mar. Try if you can take rest: a little slumber
Will much refresh you, Amie. [AMIE *sleeps.*
Alken. What's her grief?
Mar. She does not know: and therein she is happy.

Enter JOHN *and* MAUDLIN.

John. Here's mother Maudlin come to give you thanks,
Madam, for some late gift she hath received—
Which she's not worthy of, she says, but cracks,
And wonders of it; hops about the house,
Transported with the joy.
Maud. Send me a stag,
A whole stag, madam, and so fat a deer!
So fairly hunted, and at such a time too,
When all your friends were here! [*Skips and dances.*
Rob. Do you mark this, Clarion?
Her own acknowledgment!
Maud. 'Twas such a bounty
And honour done to your poor beadswoman,
I know not how to owe it, but to thank you;
And that I come to do: I shall go round,
And giddy with the joy of the good turn.

Look out, look out, gay folk about,
And see me spin the ring I am in
Of mirth and glee, with thanks for fee
The heart puts on, for th' venison
My lady sent, which shall be spent
In draughts of wine, to fume up fine
Into the brain, and down again
Fall in a swoun, upon the groun.
[*Turns rapidly round as she speaks, till she falls.*

Rob. Look to her, she is mad.
Maud. [*rising.*] My son hath sent you
A pot of strawberries gather'd in the wood,
His hogs would else have rooted up, or trod;
With a choice dish of wildings here to scald
And mingle with your cream.
Mar. Thank you, good Maudlin,
And thank your son. Go, bear them in to Much,
The acater, let him thank her. Surely, mother,
You were mistaken, or my woodmen more,
Or most myself, to send you all our store
Of venison, hunted for ourselves this day:
You will not take it, mother, I dare say,
If we entreat you, when you know our guests;
Red deer is head still of the forest feasts.
Maud. But I knaw ye, a right free-hearted lady,
Can spare it out of superfluity;
I have departit it 'mong my poor neighbours,
To speak your largess.
Mar. I not gave it, mother;
You have done wrong then: I know how to place
My gifts, and where; and when to find my seasons
To give, not throw away my courtesies.
Maud. Count you this thrown away?
Mar. What's ravish'd from me
I connt it worse, as stolen; I lose my thanks.
But leave this quest: they fit not you nor me,
Maudlin, contentions of this quality.—

Re-enter SCATHLOCK.

How now!
Scath. Your stag's return'd upon my shoulders,
He has found his way into the kitchen again
With his two legs; if now your cook can dress him.—
'Slid, I thought the swineherd would have beat me,
He look'd so big! the sturdy karl, lewd Lorel!
Mar. There, Scathlock, for thy pains; [*Gives him money.*] thou hast deserv'd it.
[*Exit* SCATH.
Maud. Do you give a thing, and take a thing, madam?
Mar. No, Maudlin, *you had imparted to your neighbours;*
And much good do it them! I have done no wrong.
Maud. *The spit stand still, no broches turn*
Before the fire, but let it burn
Both sides and hanches, till the whole
Converted be into one coal!
Cla. What devil's pater noster mumbles she?
Alken. Stay, you will hear more of her witchery.
Maud. *The swilland dropsy enter in*
The lazy cuke, and swell his skin;
And the old mortmal on his shin
Now prick, and itch, withouten blin.
Cla. Speak out, hag, we may hear your devil's mattins.
Maud. *The pain we call St. Anton's fire*
The gout, or what we can desire,
To cramp a cuke, in every limb,
Before they dine, yet, seize on him.
Alken. A foul ill spirit hath possessed her.
Amie. [*starting.*] O Karol, Karol! call him back again.
Lio. Her thoughts do work upon her in her slumber,
And may express some part of her disease.
Rob. Observe, and mark, but trouble not her [ease.
Amie. O, O!
Mar. How is it, Amie?
Mel. Wherefore start you?
Amie. O Karol! he is fair and sweet.
Maud. What then?
Are there not flowers as sweet and fair as men?
The lily is fair, and rose is sweet.
Amie. Ay, so!
Let all the roses and the lilies go:
Karol is only fair to me.
Mar. And why?
Amie. Alas, for Karol, Marian, I could die!
Karol, he singeth sweetly too.
Maud. What then?
Are there not birds sing sweeter far than men?
Amie. I grant the linnet, lark, and bull-finch
But best the dear good angel of the spring, [sing,
The nightingale.
Maud. Then why, then why, alone,
Should his notes please you?
Amie. I not long agone
Took a delight with wanton kids to play,
And sport with little lambs a summer's-day,
And view their frisks: methought it was a sight
Of joy to see my two brave rams to fight!
Now Karol only all delight doth move,
All that is Karol, Karol I approve!

This very morning but—I did bestow
(It was a little 'gainst my will I know)
A single kiss upon the silly swain,
And now I wish that very kiss again.
His lip is softer, sweeter than the rose,
His mouth, and tongue, with dropping honey
The relish of it was a pleasing thing. [flows;
Maud. Yet, like the bees, it had a little sting.
Amie. And sunk, and sticks yet in my marrow deep;
And what doth hurt me, I now wish to keep.
Mar. Alas, how innocent her story is!
Amie. I do remember, Marian, I have oft
With pleasure kist my lambs and puppies soft;
And once a dainty fine roe-fawn I had,
Of whose out-skipping bounds I was as glad
As of my health; and him I oft would kiss;
Yet had his no such sting or pain as this:
They never prick'd or hurt my heart; and, for
They were so blunt and dull, I wish no more.
But this, that hurts and pricks, doth please; this
Mingled with sour, I wish again to meet: [sweet
And that delay, methinks, most tedious is,
That keeps or hinders me of Karol's kiss.
Mar. We'll send for him, sweet Amie, to come to you.
Maud. But I will keep him off, if charms will do it. [*Exit muttering.*
Cla. Do you mark the murmuring hag, how she doth mutter?
Rob. I like her not; and less her manners now.
Alken. She is a shrewd deformed piece, I vow.
Lio. As crooked as her body.
Rob. I believe
She can take any shape, as Scathlock says.
Alken. She may deceive the sense, but really
She cannot change herself.
Rob. Would I could see her
Once more in Marian's form! for I am certain
Now, it was she abused us; as I think
My Marian, and my love, now innocent:
Which faith I seal unto her with this kiss,
And call you all to witness of my pennance.
[*Kisses* MARIAN.
Alken. It was believed before, but now con-
That we have seen the monster. [firm'd,

Enter Friar TUCK, JOHN, MUCH, *and* SCARLET.

Tuck. Hear you how
Poor Tom the cook is taken! all his joints
Do crack, as if his limbs were tied with points:
His whole frame slackens; and a kind of rack
Runs down along the spondils of his back;
A gout or cramp now seizeth on his head,
Then falls into his feet; his knees are lead;
And he can stir his either hand no more
Than a dead stump, to his office, as before.
Alken. He is bewitch'd.
Cla. This is an argument
Both of her malice and her power, we see.
Alken. She must by some device restrained be,
Or she'll go far in mischief.
Rob. Advise how,
Sage shepherd; we shall put it straight in practice.
Alken. Send forth your woodmen then into the walks,
Or let them prick her footing hence; a witch
Is sure a creature of melancholy,
And will be found or sitting in her fourm,
Or else, at relief, like a hare.
Cla. You speak,
Alken, as if you knew the sport of witch-hunting,
Or starting of a hag.

Enter GEORGE.

Rob. Go, sirs, about it,
Take George, here, with you, he can help to find her;
Leave Tuck and Much behind to dress the dinner,
In the cook's stead.
Much. We'll care to get that done.
Rob. Come, Marian, let's withdraw into the bower.
[*Exeunt all but* JOHN, SCARLET, SCATHLOCK, *and* GEORGE.
John. Rare sport, I swear, this hunting of the witch
Will make us. [
Scar. Let's advise upon't like huntsmen.
George. An we can spy her once, she is our own.
Scath. First, think which way she fourmeth, on what wind;
Or north, or south.
George. For as the shepherd said,
A witch is a kind of hare.
Scath. And marks the weather,
As the hare does.
John. Where shall we hope to find her?

Re-enter ALKEN.

Alken. I have ask'd leave to assist you, jolly huntsmen,
If an old shepherd may be heard among you;
Not jeer'd or laugh'd at.
John. Father, you will see
Robin Hood's household know more courtesy.
Scath. Who scorns at eld, peels off his own young hairs.
Alken. Ye say right well: know ye the witch's dell? [hell.
Scath. No more than I do know the walks of
Alken. Within a gloomy dimble she doth dwell,
Down in a pit, o'ergrown with brakes and briars,
Close by the ruins of a shaken abbey,
Torn with an earthquake down unto the ground,
'Mongst graves and grots, near an old charnel-house,
Where you shall find her sitting in her fourm,
As fearful and melancholic as that
She is about; with caterpillars' kells,
And knotty cob-webs, rounded in with spells.
Thence she steals forth to relief in the fogs,
And rotten mists, upon the fens and bogs,
Down to the drowned lands of Lincolnshire;
To make ewes cast their lambs, swine eat their farrow,
The housewives' tun not work, nor the milk churn!
Writhe children's wrists, and suck their breath in sleep,
Get vials of their blood! and where the sea
Casts up his slimy ooze, search for a weed
To open locks with, and to rivet charms,
Planted about her in the wicked feat
Of all her mischiefs, which are manifold.
John. I wonder such a story could be told
Of her dire deeds.
George. I thought a witch's banks
Had inclosed nothing but the merry pranks
Of some old woman.
Scar. Yes, her malice more.
Scath. As it would quickly appear had we the
Of his collects. [store

George. Ay, this gud learned man
Can speak her right.
Scar. He knows her shifts and haunts.
Alken. And all her wiles and turns. The venom'd plants
Wherewith she kills! where the sad mandrake grows, [night-shade,
Whose groans are deathful; the dead-numbing
The stupifying hemlock, adder's tongue,
And martagan: the shrieks of luckless owls
We hear, and croaking night-crows in the air!
Green-bellied snakes, blue fire-drakes in the sky,
And giddy flitter-mice with leather wings!
The scaly beetles, with their habergeons,
That make a humming murmur as they fly!
There in the stocks of trees, white faies do dwell,
And span-long elves that dance about a pool,
With each a little changeling in their arms!
The airy spirits play with falling stars,
And mount the sphere of fire to kiss the moon!
While she sits reading by the glow-worm's light,
Or rotten wood, o'er which the worm hath crept,
The baneful schedule of her nocent charms,
And binding characters, through which she wounds
Her puppets, the sigilla of her witchcraft.
All this I know, and I will find her for you;
And shew you her sitting in her fourm; I'll lay
My hand upon her, make her throw her skut
Along her back, when she doth start before us.
But you must give her law: and you shall see her
Make twenty leaps and doubles; cross the paths,
And then squat down beside us.
John. Crafty croan!
I long to be at the sport, and to report it.
Scar. We'll make this hunting of the witch as
As any other blast of venery. [famous,
Scath. Hang her, foul hag! she'll be a stinking
I had rather ha' the hunting of her heir. [chase.
George. If we should come to see her, cry, ***So ho!*** once.
Alken. That I do promise, or I am no good hag-finder. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Forest.*

Enter PUCK-HAIRY.

Puck. The fiend hath much to do, that keeps
Or is the father of a family; [a school,
Or governs but a country academy:
His labours must be great, as are his cares,
To watch all turns, and cast how to prevent them.
This dame of mine here, Maud, grows high in evil,
And thinks she does all, when 'tis I, her devil,
That both delude her, and must yet protect her.
She's confident in mischief, and presumes
The changing of her shape will still secure her;
But that may fail, and divers hazards meet
Of other consequence, which I must look to,
Not let her be surprised on the first catch.
I must go dance about the forest now,
And firk it like a goblin, till I find her.
Then will my service come worth acceptation,
When not expected of her; when the help
Meets the necessity, and both do kiss,
'Tis call'd the timing of a duty, this. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Same.*

Enter KAROL, *and* DOUCE *in the dress of* EARINE.

Kar. Sure, you are very like her! I conceived
You had been she, seeing you run afore me:
For such a suit she made her 'gainst this feast,
In all resemblance, or the very same;
I saw her in it; had she lived to enjoy it,
She had been there an acceptable guest
To Marian, and the gentle Robin Hood,
Who are the crown and ghirland of the wood.
Douce. I cannot tell, my mother gave it me,
And bade me wear it.
Kar. Who, the wise good woman,
Old Maud of Paplewick?

Enter ÆGLAMOUR.

Douce. Yes:—this sullen man
I cannot like him. I must take my leave. [*Exit.*
Æg. What said she to you?
Kar. Who?
Æg. Earine.
I saw her talking with you, or her ghost;
For she indeed is drown'd in old Trent's bottom.
Did she not tell who would have pull'd her in,
And had her maidenhead upon the place,
The river's brim, the margin of the flood?
No ground is holy enough, (you know my meaning)
Lust is committed in kings' palaces,
And yet their majesties not violated!
No words! [*Exit.*
Kar. How sad and wild his thoughts are! gone?

Re-enter ÆGLAMOUR.

Æg. But she, as chaste as was her name, Earine,
Died undeflower'd: and now her sweet soul hovers
Here in the air above us, and doth haste
To get up to the moon and Mercury;
And whisper Venus in her orb; then spring
Up to old Saturn, and come down by Mars,
Consulting Jupiter, and seat herself
Just in the midst with Phœbus, tempering all
The jarring spheres, and giving to the world
Again his first and tuneful planetting.
O what an age will here be of new concords!
Delightful harmony! to rock old sages,
Twice infants, in the cradle of speculation,
And throw a silence upon all the creatures! [*Exit.*
Kar. A cogitation of the highest rapture!

Re-enter ÆGLAMOUR.

Æg. The loudest seas, and most enraged winds,
Shall lose their clangor; tempest shall grow hoarse,
Loud thunder dumb, and every speece of storm,
Laid in the lap of listening nature, hush'd
To hear the changed chime of this eighth sphere.
Take tent, and hearken for it, lose it not. [*Exit.*

Enter CLARION *and* LIONEL.

Cla. O here is Karol! was not that the Sad
Shepherd slipp'd from him?
Lio. Yes, I guess it was.
Who was that left you, Karol?
Kar. The lost man;

Whom we shall never see himself again,
Or ours, I fear; he starts away from hand so,
And all the touches or soft strokes of reason
You can apply! no colt is so unbroken,
Or hawk yet half so haggard or unmann'd!
He takes all toys that his wild phant'sie proffers,
And flies away with them: he now conceives
That my lost sister, his Earine,
Is lately turn'd a sphere amid the seven;
And reads a music-lecture to the planets!
And with this thought he's run to call 'em hearers.

Cla. Alas, this is a strain'd but innocent
I'll follow him, and find him if I can: [phant'sie!
Meantime, go you with Lionel, sweet Karol;
He will acquaint you with an accident,
Which much desires your presence on the place.
[*Exit.*

Kar. What is it, Lionel, wherein I may serve
Why do you so survey and circumscribe me, [you?
As if you struck one eye into my breast,
And with the other took my whole dimensions?

Lio. I wish you had a window in your bosom,
Or in your back, I might look thorough you,
And see your in-parts, Karol, liver, heart;
For there the seat of Love is: whence the boy,
The winged archer, hath shot home a shaft
Into my sister's breast, the innocent Amie,
Who now cries out, upon her bed, on Karol,
Sweet-singing Karol, the delicious Karol,
That kiss'd her like a Cupid! In your eyes,
She says, his stand is, and between your lips
He runs forth his divisions to her ears,
But will not 'bide there, less yourself do bring him.
Go with me, Karol, and bestow a visit
In charity upon the afflicted maid,
Who pineth with the languor of your love.
[*As they are going out, enter* MAUDLIN *(in the shape of* MARIAN,) *and* DOUCE.

Maud. Whither intend you? Amie is recover'd,
Feels no such grief as she complain'd of lately.
This maiden hath been with her from her mother
Maudlin, the cunning woman, who hath sent her
Herbs for her head, and simples of that nature,
Have wrought upon her a miraculous cure;
Settled her brain to all our wish and wonder.

Lio. So instantly! you know I now but left her,
Possess'd with such a fit almost to a phrensie:
Yourself too fear'd her, Marian, and did urge
My haste to seek out Karol, and to bring him.

Maud. I did so: but the skill of that wise
And her great charity of doing good, [woman,
Hath by the ready hand of this deft lass,
Her daughter, wrought effects beyond belief,
And to astonishment; we can but thank,
And praise, and be amazed, while we tell it.
[*Exit with* DOUCE.

Lio. 'Tis strange, that any art should so help
In her extremes. [nature

Kar. Then it appears most real,
When the other is deficient.

Enter ROBIN HOOD.

Rob. Wherefore stay you [cours
Discoursing here, and haste not with your suc-
To poor afflicted Amie, that so needs them?

Lio. She is recovered well, your Marian told us
But now here:

Re-enter MAUDLIN *as before.*

See, she is return'd to affirm it

Rob. My Marian!

Maud. Robin Hood! is he here?
[*Attempts to run out.*

Rob. Stay;
What was't you told my friend?
[*He seizes* MAUD *by the girdle, and runs out with her, but returns immediately with the broken girdle in his hand, followed at a distance by the witch, in her own shape.*

Maud. Help, murder, help!
You will not rob me, outlaw? thief, restore
My belt that ye have broken!

Rob. Yes, come near.

Maud. Not in your gripe.

Rob. Was this the charmed circle,
The copy that so cozen'd and deceiv'd us?
I'll carry hence the trophy of your spoils:
My men shall hunt you too upon the start,
And course you soundly.

Maud. I shall make them sport,
And send some home without their legs or arms.
I'll teach them to climb stiles, leap ditches, ponds,
And lie in the waters, if they follow me.

Rob. Out, murmuring hag.
[*Exeunt all but* MAUD.

Maud. I must use all my powers,
Lay all my wits to piecing of this loss.
Things run unluckily: where's my Puck-hairy?
Hath he forsook me?

Enter PUCK-HAIRY.

Puck. At your beck, madam.

Maud. O Puck, my goblin! I have lost my belt,
The strong thief, Robin Outlaw, forced it from me.

Puck. They are other clouds and blacker threat you, dame;
You must be wary, and pull in your sails,
And yield unto the weather of the tempest.
You think your power's infinite as your malice,
And would do all your anger prompts you to;
But you must wait occasions, and obey them:
Sail in an egg-shell, make a straw your mast,
A cobweb all your cloth, and pass unseen,
Till you have 'scaped the rocks that are about you.

Maud. What rocks about me?

Puck. I do love, madam,
To shew you all your dangers,—when you're past them!
Come, follow me, I'll once more be your pilot,
And you shall thank me. [*Exit.*

Maud. Lucky, my loved goblin!
[*As she is going out,* LOREL *meets her.*
Where are you gaang now?

Lor. Unto my tree,
To see my maistress.

Maud. Gang thy gait, and try
Thy turns with better luck, or hang thysel—

THE FALL OF MORTIMER.

THE ARGUMENT.

The First Act comprehends Mortimer's pride and security, raised to the degree of an earl, by the queen's favour and love; with the counsels of Adam d'Orlton, the politic bishop of Worcester, against Lancaster.

The Chorus of Ladies, celebrating the worthiness of the queen, in rewarding Mortimer's services, and the bishop's.

The Second Act shews the king's love and respect to his mother, that will hear nothing against Mortimer's greatness, or believe any report of her extraordinary favours to him; but imputes all to his cousin Lancaster's envy, and commands thereafter an utter silence of those matters.

The Chorus of Courtiers celebrating the king's worthiness of nature, and affection to his mother, who will hear nothing that may trench upon her honour, though delivered by his kinsman, of such nearness; and thereby take occasion to extol the king's piety, and their own happiness under such a king.

The Third Act relates (by the occasion of a vision the blind earl of Lancaster had) to the king's brother, earl of Cornwall, the horror of their father's death, and the cunning making away of their uncle, the earl of Kent, by Mortimer's hired practice.

The Chorus of Country Justices, and their Wives, telling how they were deluded, and made believe the old king lived, by the shew of him in Corfe Castle; and how they saw him eat, and use his knife like the old king, &c. with the description of the feigned lights and masques there, that deceived them, all which came from the court.

The Fourth Act expresseth, by conference between the king and his brother, a change, and intention to explore the truth of those reports, and a charge of employing W. Mountacute to get the keys of the castle of Nottingham into the king's power, and draw the constable, sir Robert d'Eland, to their party.

Mortimer's security, scorn of the nobility, too much familiarity with the queen, related by the Chorus. The report of the king's surprising him in his mother's bed chamber; a general gladness. His being sent to execution.

The Fifth Act, the earl of Lancaster's following the cry, and meeting the report. The celebration of the king's justice.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mortimer, *Earl of March.*
Adam d'Orlton, *Bishop of Worcester.*
Edward III., *King of England.*
John, *the* King's *Brother, Earl of Cornwall.*
Henry, *the* King's *Cousin, Earl of Lancaster.*
W. Mountacute, King's *Servant.*

Ro. d'Eland, *Constable of Nottingham Castle.*
Nuncius, *or a Herald.*

Isabel, *Queen Mother.*

Chorus of Ladies, Knights, Esquires, *&c.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Palace.*

Enter Mortimer.

Mor. This rise is made yet, and we now stand rank'd
To view about us, all that were above us!
Nought hinders now our prospect, all are even,
We walk upon a level. Mortimer
Is a great lord of late, and a new thing!
A prince, an earl, and cousin to the king.
At what a divers price, do divers men
Act the same things! another might have had
Perhaps the hurdle, or at least the axe,
For what I have this crownet, robes, and wax.
There is a fate that flies with towering spirits
Home to the mark, and never checks at conscience.
Poor plodding priests, and preaching friars may
Their hollow pulpits, and the empty iles [make
Of churches ring with that round word: but we
That draw the subtile and more piercing air,
In that sublimed region of a court,
Know all is good, we make so; and go on
Secured by the prosperity of our crimes.
To-day is Mortimer made Earl of March.
For what? For that, the very thinking it
Would make a citizen start; some politic tradesman
Curl with the caution of a constable!
But I, who am no common-council-man,
Knew injuries of that dark nature done
Were to be thoroughly done, and not be left
To fear of a revenge: they are light offences
Which admit that: the great ones get above it.
Man doth not nurse a deadlier piece of folly
To his high temper, and brave soul, than that
Of fancying goodness, and a scale to live by
So differing from man's life. As if with lions,
Bears, tygers, wolves, and all those beasts of prey,
He would affect to be a sheep! Can man

Neglect what is so, to attain what should be,
As rather he will call on his own ruin,
Than work to assure his safety? I should think
When 'mongst a world of bad, none can be good,
(I mean, so absolutely good and perfect,
As our religious confessors would have us)
It is enough we do decline the rumour
Of doing monstrous things: And yet, if those
Were of emolument unto our ends,
Even of those, the wise man will make friends,
For all the brand, and safely do the ill,
As usurers rob, or our physicians kill.

Enter ISABEL.

Isab. My lord! sweet Mortimer!
Mor. My queen! my mistress!
My sovereign, nay, my goddess, and my Juno!
What name or title, as a mark of power
Upon me, should I give you?
Isab. Isabel,
Your Isabel, and you my Mortimer:
Which are the marks of parity, not power,
And these are titles best become our love.
Mor. Can you fall under those?
Isab. Yes, and be happy.
Walk forth, my loved and gentle Mortimer,
And let my longing eyes enjoy their feast,
And fill of thee, my fair-shaped, godlike man:
Thou art a banquet unto all my senses:
Thy form doth feast mine eye, thy voice mine ear,
Thy breath my smell, thy every kiss my taste,
And softness of thy skin, my very touch,
As if I felt it ductile through my blood.
I ne'er was reconciled to these robes,
This garb of England, till I saw thee in them.
Thou mak'st they seem not boisterous nor rude,
Like my rough haughty lords *de Engle-terre*,
With whom I have so many years been troubled.
Mor. But now redeem'd, and set at liberty,
Queen of yourself and them—

THE CASE IS ALTERED.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT FERNEZE.
LORD PAULO FERNEZE, *his Son.*
CAMILLO FERNEZE, *supposed* GASPER.
MAXIMILIAN, *General of the Forces.*
CHAMONT, *Friend to* GASPER.
ANGELO, *Friend to* PAULO.
FRANCISCO COLONNIA.
JAQUES DE PRIE, *a Beggar.*
ANTONIO BALLADINO, *Pageant Poet.*
CHRISTOPHERO, Count FERNEZE'S *Steward.*
SEBASTIAN, MARTINO, VINCENTIO, BALTHASAR, } *his Servants.*

VALENTINE, *Servant to* COLONNIA.
PETER ONION, *Groom of the Hall.*
JUNIPER, *a Cobler.*
PACUE, *Page to* GASPER.
FINIO, *Page to* CAMILLO.
Page *to* PAULO.

AURELIA, PHŒNIXELLA, } *Daughters to* Count FERNEZE.
RACHEL DE PRIE.

Sewer, Messenger, Servants, *&c.*

SCENE,—MILAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*After a Flourish.*

JUNIPER *is discovered, sitting at work in his shop, and singing.*

Jun. *You woful wights, give ear a while,*
And mark the tenor of my style,
Which shall such trembling hearts unfold,
As seldom hath to-fore been told.
Such chances rare, and doleful news,

Enter ONION, *in haste.*

Oni. Fellow Juniper! peace a God's name.
Jun. *As may attempt your wits to muse.*
Oni. Od's so, hear, man! a pox on you!
Jun. *And cause such trickling tears to pass,*
Except your hearts be flint, or brass:
Oni. Juniper! Juniper!
Jun. *To hear the news which I shall tell,*
That in Castella once befel.—
'Sblood, where didst thou learn to corrupt a man in the midst of a verse, ha?

Oni. Od'slid, man, service is ready to go up, man; you must slip on your coat, and come in; we lack waiters pitifully.

Jun. A pitiful hearing; for now must I of a merry cobler become [a] mourning creature.

Oni. Well, you'll come?

Jun. Presto. Go to, a word to the wise; away, fly, vanish! [*Exit* ONION.
Lie there the weeds that I disdain to wear.

Enter ANTONIO BALLADINO.

Ant. God save you, master Juniper!

Jun. What, signior Antonio Balladino! welcome, sweet ingle.

Ant. And how do you, sir?

Jun. Faith you see, put to my shifts here, as poor retainers be oftentimes. Sirrah Antony, there's one of my fellows mightily enamour'd of thee; and i'faith, you slave, now you are come, I'll bring you together: it's Peter Onion, the groom of the hall; do you know him?

Ant. No, not yet, I assure you.

Jun. O, he is one as right of thy humour as may be, a plain simple rascal, a true dunce; marry, he hath been a notable villain in his time: he is in love, sirrah, with a wench, and I have preferred thee, to him; thou shalt make him some pretty paradox or some allegory. How does my coat sit? well?

Ant. Ay, very well.

Re-enter ONION.

Oni. Nay, God's so, fellow Juniper, come away.

Jun. Art thou there, mad slave? I come with a powder! Sirrah, fellow Onion, I must have you peruse this gentleman well, and do him good offices of respect and kindness, as instance shall be given. [*Exit.*

Ant. Nay, good master Onion, what do you mean? I pray you, sir—you are too respective, in good faith.

Oni. I would not you should think so, sir; for though I have no learning, yet I honour a scholar in any ground of the earth, sir. Shall I request your name, sir?

Ant. My name is Antonio Balladino.

Oni. Balladino! you are not pageant poet to the city of Milan, sir, are you?

Ant. I supply the place, sir, when a worse cannot be had, sir.

Oni. I cry you mercy, sir; I love you the better for that, sir; by Jesu, you must pardon me, I knew you not; but I would pray to be better acquainted with you, sir: I have seen of your works.

Ant. I am at your service, good master Onion; but concerning this maiden that you love, sir, what is she?

Oni. O, did my fellow Juniper tell you? Marry, sir, she is, as one may say, but a poor man's child indeed, and for mine own part, I am no gentleman born, I must confess; but *my mind to me a kingdom is.*

Ant. Truly a very good saying.

Oni. 'Tis somewhat stale; but that's no matter.

Ant. O 'tis the better; such things ever are like bread, which the staler it is, the more wholesome.

Oni. This is but a hungry comparison, in my judgment.

Ant. Why I'll tell you, master Onion, I do use as much stale stuff, though I say it myself, as any man does in that kind, I am sure. Did you see the last pageant I set forth?

Oni. No faith, sir; but there goes a huge report on't.

Ant. Why you shall be one of my Mæcen-asses: I'll give you one of the books; O you'll like it admirably.

Oni. Nay, that's certain; I'll get my fellow Juniper to read it.

Ant. Read it, sir! I'll read it to you.

Oni. Tut, then I shall not choose but like it.

Ant. Why look you, sir, I write so plain, and keep that old decorum, that you must of necessity like it: marry you shall have some now (as for example, in plays) that will have every day new tricks, and write you nothing but humours: indeed this pleases the gentlemen, but the common sort they care not for't; they know not what to make on't; they look for good matter they, and are not edified with such toys.

Oni. You are in the right, I'll not give a halfpenny to see a thousand of them. I was at one the last term; but an ever I see a more roguish thing, I am a piece of cheese, and no Onion; nothing but kings and princes in it; the fool came not out a jot.

Ant. True, sir; they would have me make such plays; but as I tell them, an they'll give me twenty pounds a-play, I'll not raise my vein.

Oni. No, it were a vain thing an you should, sir.

Ant. Tut, give me the penny, give me the penny, I care not for the gentlemen, I; let me have a good ground, no matter for the pen, the plot shall carry it.

Oni. Indeed that's right, you are in print already for the best plotter.

Ant. Ay, I might as well have been put in for a dumb shew too.

Oni. Ay, marry, sir, I marle you were not. Stand aside, sir, a while.— [*Exit* ANTONIO.

[*An armed* Sewer, *followed by* JUNIPER, SEBASTIAN, MARTINO, BALTHASAR, VINCENTIO, *and other* Servants *in mourning, with dishes, &c. passes over the stage.*

Enter VALENTINE.

How now, friend, what are you there? be uncovered. Would you speak with any man here?

Val. Ay, or else I must have returned you no answer.

Oni. Friend, you are somewhat too peremptory, let's crave your absence; nay, never scorn it, I am a little your better in this place.

Val. I do acknowledge it.

Oni. Do you acknowledge it? nay, then you shall go forth I'll teach you how [you] shall acknowledge it another time; go to, void, I must have the hall purged; no setting up of a rest here; pack, begone!

Val. I pray you, sir, is not your name Onion?

Oni. Your friend as you may use him, and master Onion; say on.

Val. Master Onion, with a murrain! come, come, put off this lion's hide, your ears have discovered you. Why, Peter! do not I know you, Peter?

Oni. God's so, Valentine!

Val. O, can you take knowledge of me now, sir?

Oni. Good Lord, sirrah, how thou art altered with thy travel!

Val. Nothing so much as thou art with thine office; but, sirrah Onion, is the count Ferneze at home?

Oni. Ay, bully, he is above, and the lord Paulo Ferneze, his son, and madam Aurelia and madam Phœnixella, his daughters; but, O Valentine!

Val. How now, man! how dost thou?

Oni. Faith, sad, heavy, as a man of my coat ought to be.

Val. Why, man, thou wert merry enough even now.

Oni. True; but thou knowest

> All creatures here sojourning,
> Upon this wretched earth,
> Sometimes have a fit of mourning,
> As well as a fit of mirth.

O Valentine, mine old lady is dead, man.

Val. Dead!

Oni. I'faith.

Val. When died she?

Oni. Marry, to-morrow shall be three months, she was seen going to heaven, they say, about some five weeks agone—how now? trickling tears, ha!

Val. Faith, thou hast made me weep with this news.

Oni. Why I have done but the part of an Onion; you must pardon me.

Re-enter the Sewer, *followed by the* Servants *with dishes, as before; they all pass over the stage but* JUNIPER.

Jun. What, Valentine! fellow Onion, take my dish, I prithee. [*Exit* ONION *with the dish.*] You rogue, sirrah, tell me how thou dost, sweet ingle.

Val. Faith, Juniper, the better to see thee thus frœlich.

Jun. Nay! slid I am no changeling, I am Juniper still, I keep the pristinate; ha, you mad hieroglyphic, when shall we swagger?

Val. Hieroglyphic! what meanest thou by that?

Jun. Mean! od'so, is it not a good word, man? what, stand upon meaning with your friends? Puh! abscond.

Val. Why, but stay, stay; how long has this sprightly humour haunted thee?

Jun. Foh, humour! a foolish natural gift we have in the Æquinoxial.

Val. Natural! slid it may be supernatural, this.

Jun. Valentine, I prithee ruminate thyself welcome. What, *fortuna de la guerra!*

Val. O how pitifully are these words forced! as though they were pumpt out on's belly.

Jun. Sirrah ingle, I think thou hast seen all the strange countries in Christendom since thou went'st.

Val. I have seen some, Juniper.

Jun. You have seen Constantinople?

Val. Ay, that I have.

Jun. And Jerusalem, and the Indies, and Goodwin-sands, and the tower of Babylon, and Venice, and all?

Val. Ay, all; no marle an he have a nimble tongue, if he practise to vault thus from one side of the world to another. [*Aside.*

Jun. O, it's a most heavenly thing to travel, and see countries; especially at sea, an a man had a patent not to be sick.

Val. O, sea-sick jest, and full of the scurvy!

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, MARTINO, VINCENTIO, *and* BALTHASAR.

Seb. Valentine! welcome, i'faith; how dost, sirrah?

Mar. How do you, good Valentine?

Vin. Troth, Valentine, I am glad to see you.

Bal. Welcome, sweet rogue.

Seb. Before God, he never look'd better in his life.

Bal. And how is't, man? what *allo coragio!*

Val. Never better, gentlemen, i'faith.

Jun. 'Swill! here comes the steward.

Enter CHRISTOPHERO.

Chris. Why, how now, fellows! all here, and nobody to wait above, now they are ready to rise? look up, one or two. [*Exeunt* JUNIPER, MARTINO, *and* VINCENTIO.] Signior Francisco Colonnia's man, how does our good master?

Val. In health, sir; he will be here anon.

Chris. Is he come home, then?

Val. Ay, sir; he is not past six miles hence; he sent me before to learn if count Ferneze were here, and return him word.

Chris. Yes, my lord is here; and you may tell your master, he shall come very happily to take his leave of lord Paulo Ferneze; who is now instantly to depart, with other noble gentlemen, upon special service.

Val. I will tell him, sir.

Chris. I pray you do; fellows, make him drink.

Val. Sirs, what service is it they are employed in?

Seb. Why, against the French; they mean to have a fling at Milan again, they say.

Val. Who leads our forces, can you tell?

Seb. Marry, that does Signior Maximilian; he is above now.

Val. Who, Maximilian of Vincenza?

Balt. Ay, he; do you know him?

Val. Know him! O yes, he's an excellent brave soldier.

Balt. Ay, so they say; but one of the most vain-glorious men in Europe.

Val. He is, indeed; marry, exceeding valiant.

Seb. And that is rare.

Balt. What?

Seb. Why, to see a vain-glorious man valiant.

Val. Well, he is so, I assure you.

Re-enter JUNIPER.

Jun. What, no further yet! come on, you precious rascal, sir Valentine, I'll give you a health i'faith, for the heavens, you mad Capricio, hold hook and line. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Count FERNEZE's *House.*

Enter Lord PAULO FERNEZE, *followed by his* Page.

Pau. Boy!

Page. My lord.

Pau. Sirrah, go up to signior Angelo,
And pray him, if he can, devise some means
To leave my father, and come speak with me.

Page. I will, my lord. [*Exit*

Pau. Well, heaven be auspicious in the event,
For I do this against my Genius!
And yet my thoughts cannot propose a reason
Why I should fear, or faint thus in my hopes,
Of one so much endeared to my love.
Some spark it is, kindled within the soul,
Whose light yet breaks not to the outward sense
That propagates this timorous suspect;
His actions never carried any face
Of change, or weakness; then I injure him
In being thus cold-conceited of his faith.
O, here he comes.

Re-enter Page *with* ANGELO.

Ang. How now, sweet lord, what's the matter?

Pau. Good faith, his presence makes me half ashamed
Of my stray'd thoughts.—Boy, bestow yourself.—
[*Exit* Page.
Where is my father, signior Angelo?

Ang. Marry, in the gallery, where your lordship left him.

Pau. That's well. Then, Angelo, I will be brief
Since time forbids the use of circumstance.
How well you are received in my affection,
Let it appear by this one instance only,
That now I will deliver to your trust
The dearest secrets, treasured in my bosom.
Dear Angelo, you are not every man,
But one, whom my election hath design'd,
As the true proper object of my soul.
I urge not this to insinuate my desert,
Or supple your tried temper with soft phrases;
True friendship loathes such oily compliment:
But from the abundance of that love that flows
Through all my spirits, is my speech enforced.

Ang. Before your lordship do proceed too far,
Let me be bold to intimate thus much;
That whatsoe'er your wisdom hath to expose,
Be it the weightiest and most rich affair
That ever was included in your breast,
My faith shall poise it, if not——

Pau. O, no more;
Those words have rapt me with their sweet effects,
So freely breath'd, and so responsible
To that which I endeavour'd to extract;
Arguing a happy mixture of our souls.

Ang. Why, were there no such sympathy, sweet lord,
Yet the impressure of those ample favours
I have derived from your unmatched spirit,
Would bind my faith to all observances.

Pau. How! favours, Angelo! O speak not of them,
They are mere paintings, and import no merit.
Looks my love well? thereon my hopes are placed;
Faith, that is bought with favours cannot last.

Re-enter Page.

Page. My lord.

Pau. How now!

Page. You are sought for all about the house within; the count your father calls for you.

Pau. Lord!
What cross events do meet my purposes!
Now will he violently fret and grieve
That I am absent.—Boy, say I come presently.
[*Exit* Boy.
Sweet Angelo, I cannot now insist
Upon particulars, I must serve the time;
The main of all this is, I am in love.
Ang. Why starts your lordship?
Pau. I thought I heard my father coming hitherward,
List, ah!
Ang. I hear not any thing,
It was but your imagination sure.
Pau. No!
Ang. No, I assure your lordship.
Pau. I would work safely.
Ang. Why,
Has he no knowledge of it then?
Pau. O no;
No creature yet partakes it but yourself,
In a third person; and believe me, friend,
The world contains not now another spirit,
To whom I would reveal it. Hark! hark!
Servants within.] Signior Paulo! lord Ferneze!
Ang. A pox upon those brazen-throated slaves!
What are they mad, trow?
Pau. Alas, blame not them,
Their services are, clock-like, to be set
Backward and forward, at their lord's command.
You know my father's wayward, and his humour
Must not receive a check; for then all objects
Feed both his grief and his impatience.
And those affections in him are like powder,
Apt to inflame with every little spark,
And blow up reason; therefore, Angelo, peace.
Count F. [*within.*] Why, this is rare; is he not in the garden?
Chris. [*within.*] I know not, my lord.
Count F. [*within.*] See, call him.
Pau. He is coming this way, let's withdraw a little. [*Exeunt.*
Ser. [*within.*] Signior Paulo! lord Ferneze! lord Paulo!

Enter Count FERNEZE, MAXIMILIAN, AURELIA, PHŒNIXELLA, SEBASTIAN, *and* BALTHASAR.

Count F. Where should he be, trow? did you
Seb. No, my lord. [look in the armory?
Count F. No? why there! O, who would keep such drones!— [*Exeunt* SEB. *and* BAL.

Enter MARTINO.

How now, have you found him?
Mart. No, my lord.
Count F. No, my lord!
I shall have shortly all my family speak nought but, *No, my lord.* Where is Christophero? Look how he stands! you sleepy knave— [*Exit* MARTINO.

Enter CHRISTOPHERO.

What, is he not in the garden?
Chris. No, my good lord.
Count F. Your *good lord!* O, how this smells of fennel!
You have been in the garden, it appears: well, well.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN *and* BALTHASAR.

Bal. We cannot find him, my lord.
Seb. He is not in the armory.
Count F. He is not! he is no where, is he?
Max. Count Ferneze!
Count F. Signior.
Max. Preserve your patience, honourable count,
Count F. Patience!
A saint would lose his patience, to be crost
As I am, with a sort of motley brains;
See, see, how like a nest of rooks they stand
Gaping on one another!

Enter ONION.

Now, Diligence!
What news bring you?
Oni. An't please your honour—
Count F. Tut, tut, leave pleasing of my honour,
You double with me, come. [Diligence
Oni. How! does he find fault with *please his honour?* 'Swounds, it has begun a serving-man's speech, ever since I belonged to the blue order; I know not how it may shew, now I am in black; but— [*Aside.*
Count F. What's that you mutter, sir; will you proceed?
Oni. An't like your good lordship—
Count F. Yet more! od's precious!
Oni. What, does not this like him neither? [*Aside.*
Count F. What say you, sir knave?
Oni. Marry, I say your lordship were best to set me to school again, to learn how to deliver a message.
Count F. What, do you take exceptions at me then?
Oni. Exceptions! I take no exceptions; but, by god's so, your humours——
Count F. Go to, you are a rascal; hold your tongue.
Oni. Your lordship's poor servant, I.
Count F. Tempt not my patience.
Oni. Why I hope I am no spirit, am I?
Max. My lord, command your steward to correct the slave.
Oni. Correct him! 'sblood, come you and correct him, an you have a mind to it. Correct him! that's a good jest, i'faith: the steward and you both come and correct him.
Count F. Nay, see! away with him, pull his cloth over his ears.
Oni. Cloth! tell me of your cloth! here's your cloth; nay, an I mourn a minute longer, I am the rottenest Onion that ever spake with a tongue.
[*They thrust him out.*
Max. What call [you] your hind's [name,] count Ferneze?
Count F. His name is Onion, signior.
Max. I thought him some such saucy companion.
Count F. Signior Maximilian.
Max. Sweet lord.
Count F. Let me entreat you, you would not
Any contempt flowing from such a spirit; [regard
So rude, so barbarous.
Max. Most noble count,
Under your favour—
Count F. Why, I'll tell you, signior;
He'll bandy with me word for word; nay more,
Put me to silence, strike me perfect dumb;
And so amaze me, that often-times I know not
Whether to check or cherish his presumption:
Therefore, good signior—
Max. Sweet lord, satisfy yourself, I am not now to learn how to manage my affections; I have observed, and know the difference between a base

wretch and a true man; I can distinguish them: the property of the wretch is, he would hurt, and cannot; of the man, he can hurt, and will not.

[Aurelia *smiles.*

Count F. Go to, my merry daughter; O, these Agree well with your habit, do they not? [looks

Enter Juniper, *in his Cobler's dress.*

Jun. Tut, let me alone. By your favour,—this is the gentleman, I think: sir, you appear to be an honourable gentleman; I understand, and could wish for mine own part, that things were conden't otherwise than they are: but, the world knows, a foolish fellow, somewhat proclive and hasty, he did it in a prejudicate humour; marry now, upon better computation, he wanes, he melts, his poor eyes are in a cold sweat. Right noble signior, you can have but compunction; I love the man; tender your compassion.

Max. Doth any man here understand this fellow?

Jun. O Lord, sir! I may say *frustra* to the comprehension of your intellection.

Max. Before the Lord, he speaks all riddle, I think. I must have a comment ere I can conceive him.

Count F. Why he sues to have his fellow Onion pardon'd; and you must grant it, signior.

Max. O, with all my soul, my lord; is that his motion?

Jun. Ay, sir; and we shall retort these kind favours with all alacrity of spirit we can, sir, as may be most expedient, as well for the quality as the cause; till when, in spite of this compliment, I rest a poor cobler, servant to my honourable lord here, your friend and Juniper. [*Exit.*

Max. How, Juniper!

Count F. Ay, signior.

Max. He is a sweet youth, his tongue has a happy turn when he sleeps.

Enter Paulo Ferneze, Francisco Colonnia, Angelo, *and* Valentine.

Count F. Ay, for then it rests.—O, sir, you're welcome.
Why, God be thanked, you are found at last:
Signior Colonnia, truly you are welcome,
I am glad to see you, sir, so well return'd.

Fran. I gladly thank your honour; yet, indeed,
I am sorry for such cause of heaviness
As hath possest your lordship in my absence.

Count F. O, Francisco, you knew her what she was!

Fran. She was a wise and honourable lady.

Count F. Ay, was she not! well, weep not, she is gone.
Passion's dull'd eye can make two griefs of one.
Whom death marks out, virtue nor blood can save:
Princes, as beggars, all must feed the grave.

Max. Are your horses ready, lord Paulo?

Pau. Ay, signior; they stay for us at the gate.

Max. Well, 'tis good.—Ladies, I will take my leave of you; be your fortunes, as yourselves, fair!—Come, let us to horse; Count Ferneze, I bear a spirit full of thanks for all your honourable courtesies.

Count F. Sir, I could wish the number and value of them more, in respect of your deservings. But, signior Maximilian, I pray you a word in private.

[*They walk aside.*

Aur. I'faith, brother, you are fitted for a general yonder. Beshrew my heart if I had Fortunatus' hat here, an I would not wish myself a man, and go with you, only to enjoy his presence.

Pau. Why, do you love him so well, sister?

Aur. No, by my troth; but I have such an odd pretty apprehension of his humour, methinks, that I am e'en tickled with the conceit of it. O, he is a fine man.

Ang. And methinks another may be as fine as he.

Aur. O, Angelo! do you think I urge any comparison against you? no, I am not so ill bred, as to be a depraver of your worthiness: believe me, if I had not some hope of your abiding with us, I should never desire to go out of black whilst I lived; but learn to speak in the nose, and turn puritan presently.

Ang. I thank you, lady; I know you can flout.

Aur. Come, do you take it so? i'faith, you wrong me.

Fran. Ay, but madam,
Thus to disclaim in all the effects of pleasure,
May make your sadness seem too much affected;
And then the proper grace of it is lost.

Phœn. Indeed, sir, if I did put on this sadness
Only abroad, and in society,
And were in private merry, and quick humour'd,
Then might it seem affected, and abhorr'd:
But, as my looks appear, such is my spirit,
Drown'd up with confluence of grief and melancholy;
That, like to rivers, run through all my veins,
Quenching the pride and fervour of my blood.

Max. My honourable lord, no more.
There is the honour of my blood engaged
For your son's safety.

Count F. Signior, blame me not
For tending his security so much;
He is mine only son, and that word *only*
Hath, with his strong and repercussive sound,
Struck my heart cold, and given it a deep wound.

Max. Why, but stay, I beseech you; had your lordship ever any more sons than this?

Count F. Why, have not you known it, Maximilian?

Max. Let my sword fail me then. [

Count F. I had one other, younger born than this,
By twice so many hours as would fill
The circle of a year, his name Camillo,
Whom in that black and fearful night I lost,
('Tis now a nineteen years agone at least,
And yet the memory of it sits as fresh
Within my brain as 'twere but yesterday)
It was that night wherein the great Chamont,
The general for France, surprised Vicenza;
Methinks the horror of that clamorous shout
His soldiers gave, when they attain'd the wall,
Yet tingles in mine ears: methinks I see
With what amazed looks, distracted thoughts,
And minds confused, we, that were citizens,
Confronted one another; every street
Was fill'd with bitter self-tormenting cries,
And happy was that foot, that first could press
The flowery champain bordering on Verona.
Here I, employ'd about my dear wife's safety,
Whose soul is now in peace, lost my Camillo;
Who sure was murder'd by the barbarous soldiers
Or else I should have heard—my heart is great.
"Sorrow is faint, and passion makes me sweat."

Max. Grieve not, sweet count, comfort your spirits; you have a son, a noble gentleman, he stands in the face of honour; for his safety let that be no question; I am master of my fortune, and

he shall share with me. Farewell, my honourable lord: ladies, once more adieu. For yourself, madam, you are a most rare creature, I tell you so, be not proud of it: I love you.—Come, lord Paulo, to horse.

Pau. Adieu, good signior Francisco; farewell, sisters. [*A tucket sounds. Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*The Street before* JAQUES DE PRIE'S *House.*

Enter PAULO FERNEZE, *and* ANGELO, *followed by* MAXIMILIAN.

Ang. How shall we rid him hence?

Pau. Why well enough.—Sweet signior Maximilian,
I have some small occasion to stay; I'll overtake you ere your troops be ranged.
If it may please you but take horse afore,

Max. Your motion doth taste well; lord Ferneze, I go. [*Exit.*

Pau. Now, if my love, fair Rachel, were so happy
But to look forth.—See, fortune doth me grace

Enter RACHEL.

Before I can demand.—How now, love!
Where is your father?

Rach. Gone abroad, my lord.

Pau. That's well.

Rach. Ay, but I fear he'll presently return.
Are you now going, my most honour'd lord?

Pau. Ay, my sweet Rachel.

Ang. Before God, she is a sweet wench. [*Aside.*

Pau. Rachel, I hope I shall not need to urge
The sacred purity of our affects,
As if it hung in trial or suspense;
Since, in our hearts, and by our mutual vows,
It is confirm'd and seal'd in sight of heaven.
Nay, do not weep; why start you? fear not, love!
Your father cannot be return'd so soon.
I prithee do not look so heavily;
Thou shalt want nothing.

Rach. No! is your presence nothing?
I shall want that, and wanting that, want all;
For that is all to me.

Pau. Content thee, sweet!
I have made choice here of a constant friend,
This gentleman; one, [on] whose zealous love
I do repose more, than on all the world,
Thy beauteous self excepted; and to him
Have I committed my dear care of thee,
As to my genius, or my other soul.
Receive him, gentle love! and what defects
My absence proves, his presence shall supply.
The time is envious of our longer stay.
Farewell, dear Rachel!

Rach. Most dear lord, adieu!
Heaven and honour crown your deeds and you. [*Exit.*

Paul. Faith, tell me, Angelo, how dost thou like her?

Ang. Troth, well, my lord; but, shall I speak my mind?

Pau. I prithee do.

Ang. She is derived too meanly to be wife
To such a noble person, in my judgment.

Pau. Nay, then thy judgment is too mean, I see
Didst thou ne'er read, in difference of good,
'Tis more to shine in virtue than in blood.

Ang. Come, you are so sententious, my lord.

Enter JAQUES.

Pau. Here comes her father.—How dost thou, good Jaques?

Ang. God save thee, Jaques!

Jaq. What should this mean?—Rachel! open the door. [*Exit.*

Ang. S'blood how the poor slave looks [aghast], as though
He had been haunted by the spirit, Lar;
Or seen the ghost of some great Satrapas
In an unsavoury sheet.

Pau. I muse he spake not;
Belike he was amazed, coming so suddenly,
And unprepared.—Well, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Court-yard at the back of* JAQUES' *House.*

Enter JAQUES.

So, now enough, my heart, beat now no more;
At least for this affright. What a cold sweat
Flow'd on my brows, and over all my bosom!
Had I not reason? to behold my door
Beset with unthrifts, and myself abroad?
Why, Jaques! was there nothing in the house
Worth a continual eye, a vigilant thought,
Whose head should never nod, nor eyes once wink?
Look on my coat, my thoughts, worn quite thread-bare,
That time could never cover with a nap,
And by it learn, never with naps of sleep
To smother your conceits of that you keep.
But yet, I marvel why these gallant youths
Spoke me so fair, and I esteem'd a beggar!
The end of flattery is gain, or lechery:
If they seek gain of me, they think me rich;
But that they do not: for their other object,
'Tis in my handsome daughter, if it be:
And, by your leave, her handsomeness may tell them
My beggary counterfeits, and, that her neatness
Flows from some store of wealth, that breaks my coffers
With this same engine, love to mine own breed;
But this is answer'd: Beggars will keep fine
Their daughters, being fair, though themselves pine.
Well, then, it is for her; ay, 'tis sure for her:
And I make her so brisk for some of them.
That I might live alone once with my gold!
O, tis a sweet companion! kind and true;
A man may trust it when his father cheats him,
Brother, or friend, or wife. O, wondrous pelf!
That which makes all men false, is true itself.—
But now, this maid is but supposed my daughter;
For I being steward to a lord of France,
Of great estate and wealth, call'd lord Chamont,
He gone into the wars, I stole his treasure;
(But hear not any thing) I stole his treasure.

And this his daughter, being but two years old,
Because it loved me so, that it would leave
The nurse herself, to come into mine arms;
And had I left it, it would sure have died.
Now herein I was kind, and had a conscience:
And since her lady-mother, that did die
In child-bed of her, loved me passing well,
It may be nature fashion'd this affection,
Both in the child and her: but he's ill bred
That ransacks tombs, and doth deface the dead.
I'll therefore say no more; suppose the rest.
Here have I changed my form, my name and hers,
And live obscurely, to enjoy more safe
My dearest treasure: But I must abroad.—
Rachel!

Enter RACHEL.

Rach. What is your pleasure, sir?

Jaq. Rachel, I must abroad.
Lock thyself in, but yet take out the key;
That whosoever peeps in at the key-hole
May yet imagine there is none at home.

Rach. I will, sir.

Jaq. But hark thee, Rachel; say a thief should come,
And miss the key, he would resolve indeed
None were at home, and so break in the rather:
Ope the door, Rachel; set it open, daughter;
But sit in it thyself, and talk aloud,
As if there were some more in th' house with thee:
Put out the fire, kill the chimney's heart,
That it may breathe no more than a dead man;
The more we spare, my child, the more we gain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Count FERNEZE'S *House.*

Enter CHRISTOPHERO, JUNIPER, *and* ONION.

Chris. What says my fellow Onion? come on.

Oni. All of a house, sir, but no fellows; you are my lord's steward: but, I pray you, what think you of love, sir?

Chris. Of love, Onion? why, it is a very honourable humour.

Oni. Nay, if it be but worshipful, I care not.

Jun. Go to, it is honourable; check not at the conceit of the gentleman.

Oni. But, in truth, sir, you shall do well to think well of love: for it thinks well of you, in me, I assure you.

Chris. Gramercy, fellow Onion; I do think well, thou art in love; art thou?

Oni. Partly, sir; but I am ashamed to say wholly.

Chris. Well, I will further it in thee, to any honest woman, or maiden, the best I can.

Jun. Why, now you come near him, sir; he doth vail, he doth remunerate, he doth chew the cud, in the kindness of an honest imperfection to your worship.

Chris. But, who is it thou lovest, fellow Onion?

Oni. Marry, a poor man's daughter; but none of the honestest, I hope.

Chris. Why, wouldst thou not have her honest?

Oni. O no, for then I am sure she would not have me. 'Tis Rachel de Prie.

Chris. Why she hath the name of a very virtuous maiden.

Jun. So she is, sir; but the fellow talks in quiddits, he.

Chris. What wouldst thou have me do in the matter?

Oni. Do nothing, sir, I pray you, but speak for me.

Chris. In what manner?

Oni. My fellow Juniper can tell you, sir.

Jun. Why, as thus, sir. Your worship may commend him for a fellow fit for consanguinity, and that he shaketh with desire of procreation, or so.

Chris. That were not so good, methinks.

Jun. No, sir! why so, sir? What if you should say to her, Corroborate thyself, sweet soul, let me distinguish thy paps with my fingers, divine Mumps, pretty Pastorella! lookest thou so sweet and bounteous? comfort my friend here.

Chris. Well, I perceive you wish I should say something may do him grace, and further his desires; and that, be sure, I will.

Oni. I thank you, sir; God save your life, I pray, sir.

Jun. Your worship is too good to live long: you'll contaminate me no service.

Chris. Command, thou wouldst say; no, good Juniper.

Jun. Health and wealth, sir.

[*Exeunt* ONION *and* JUNIPER.

Chris. This wench will I solicit for myself,
Making my lord and master privy to it;
And if he second me with his consent,
I will proceed, as having long ere this,
Thought her a worthy choice to make my wife.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter AURELIA *and* PHŒNIXELLA.

Aur. Room for a case of matrons, colour'd black,
How motherly my mother's death hath made us!
I would I had some girls now to bring up.
O I could make a wench so virtuous,
She should say grace to every bit of meat,
And gape no wider than a wafer's thickness;
And she should make French court'sies so most low,
That every touch should turn her over backward.

Phœn. Sister, these words become not your attire,
Nor your estate; our virtuous mother's death
Should print more deep effects of sorrow in us,
Than may be worn out in so little time.

Aur. Sister, i'faith, you take too much tobacco,
It makes you black within, as you are without.
What, true-stitch, sister! both your sides alike!
Be of a slighter work; for of my word,
You shall be sold as dear, or rather dearer.
Will you be bound to customs and to rites?
Shed profitable tears, weep for advantage,
Or else do all things as you are inclined:
Eat when your stomach serves, saith the physician,
Not at eleven and six. So if your humour
Be now affected with this heaviness,
Give it the reins, and spare not, as I do
In this my pleasurable appetite.
It is precisianism to alter that
With austere judgment, that is given by nature.
I wept, you saw too, when my mother died;
For then I found it easier to do so,
And fitter with my mood, than not to weep:
But now 'tis otherwise; another time

Perhaps I shall have such deep thoughts of her,
That I shall weep afresh some twelvemonth hence;
And I will weep, if I be so disposed,
And put on black as grimly then as now.
Let the mind go still with the body's stature,
Judgment is fit for judges, give me nature.

Enter FRANCISCO COLONNIA, *and* ANGELO.

Fran. See, signior Angelo, here are the ladies;
Go you and comfort one, I'll to the other.
Ang. Therefore I come, sir; I will to the eldest.
God save you, ladies! these sad moods of yours,
That make you choose these solitary walks,
Are hurtful for your beauties.
Aur. If we had them.
Ang. Come, that condition might be for your hearts,
When you protest faith, since we cannot see them:
But this same heart of beauty, your sweet face,
Is in mine eye still.
Aur. O, you cut my heart
With your sharp eye.
Ang. Nay, lady, that's not so,
Your heart's too hard.
Aur. My beauty's heart?
Ang. O no.
I mean that regent of affection, madam,
That tramples on all love with such contempt
In this fair breast.
Aur. No more, your drift is savour'd;
I had rather seem hard-hearted——
Ang. Than hard-favour'd;
Is that your meaning, lady?
Aur. Go to, sir;
Your wits are fresh, I know, they need no spur.
Ang. And therefore you will ride them.
Aur. Say I do,
They will not tire, I hope.
Ang. No, not with you.
Hark you, sweet lady. [*Walks aside with* AUR.
Fran. 'Tis much pity, madam,
You should have any reason to retain
This sign of grief, much less the thing design'd.
Phœn. Griefs are more fit for ladies than their pleasures.
Fran. That is for such as follow nought but pleasures.
But you that temper them so well with virtues,
Using your griefs so, it would prove them pleasures;
And you would seem, in cause of griefs and pleasures,
Equally pleasant.
Phœn. Sir, so I do now.
It is the excess of either that I strive
So much to shun, in all my proved endeavours,
Although perhaps, unto a general eye,
I may appear most wedded to my griefs;
Yet doth my mind forsake no taste of pleasure,
I mean that happy pleasure of the soul,
Divine and sacred contemplation
Of that eternal and most glorious bliss,
Proposed as the crown unto our souls.
Fran. I will be silent; yet that I may serve
But as a decade in the art of memory,
To put you still in mind of your own virtues,
When your too serious thoughts make you too sad,
Accept me for your servant, honour'd lady.
Phœn. Those ceremonies are too common, signior,
For your uncommon gravity and judgment,
And fit them only that are nought but ceremony

Ang. Come, I will not sue stalely to be your
But a new term, will you be my refuge? [servant,
[*Comes forward with* AUR.
Aur. Your refuge! why, sir?
Ang. That I might fly to you when all else fail me.
Aur. An you be good at flying, be my plover.
Ang. Nay, take away the P.
Aur. Tut, then you cannot fly.
Ang. I'll warrant you: I'll borrow Cupid's wings.
Aur. Mass, then I fear me you will do strange things.
I pray you blame me not, if I suspect you;
Your own confession simply doth detect you.
Nay, an you be so great in Cupid's books,
'Twill make me jealous. You can with your looks,
I warrant you, inflame a woman's heart,
And at your pleasure take Love's golden dart,
And wound the breast of any virtuous maid.
Would I were hence! good faith, I am afraid
You can constrain one, ere they be aware,
To run mad for your love.
Ang. O, this is rare!

Enter Count FERNEZE.

Count F. Close with my daughters, gentlemen! well done,
'Tis like yourselves: nay, lusty Angelo,
Let not my presence make you baulk your sport:
I will not break a minute of discourse
'Twixt you and one of your fair mistresses.
Ang. One of my mistresses! why thinks your I have so many? [lordship
Count F. Many! no, Angelo,
I do not think thou hast many; some fourteen
I hear thou hast, even of our worthiest dames
Of any note, in Milan.
Ang. Nay, good my lord, fourteen! it is not so.
Count F. By the mass that is't; here are their names to shew,
Fourteen or fifteen to one. Good Angelo,
You need not be ashamed of any of them,
They are gallants all.
Ang. 'Sblood! you are such a lord. [*Exit.*
Count F. Nay, stay, sweet Angelo, I am disposed
A little to be pleasant past my custom——
He's gone, he's gone! I have disgraced him shrewdly.——
Daughters, take heed of him, he's a wild youth;
Look what he says to you, believe him not,
He will swear love to every one he sees.
Francisco, give them counsel, good Francisco,
I dare trust thee with both, but him with neither.
Fran. Your lordship yet may trust both them with him.
Count F. Well, go your ways, away!——
[*Exeunt* AUR., PHŒN., *and* FRANCISCO.

Enter CHRISTOPHERO.

How now, Christophero! What news with you?
Chris. I have an humble suit to your good lordship
Count F. A suit, Christophero! what suit, I prithee?
Chris. I would crave pardon at your lordship's
If it seem vain or simple in your sight. [hands,
Count F. I'll pardon all simplicity, Christophero;
What is thy suit?
Chris. Perhaps, being now so old a batchelor,

I shall seem half unwise, to bend myself
In strict affection to a poor young maid.

Count F. What, is it touching love, Christophero? Art thou disposed to marry! why, 'tis well.

Chris. Ay, but your lordship may imagine now, That I, being steward of your honour's house, If I be married once, will more regard The maintenance of my wife, and of my charge, Than the due discharge of my place and office.

Count F. No, no, Christophero, I know thee honest.

Chris. Good faith, my lord, your honour may But—— [suspect it;

Count F. Then I should wrong thee; thou hast ever been Honest and true; and wilt be still, I know.

Chris. Ay, but this marriage alters many men, And you may fear it will do me, my lord: But ere it do so, I will undergo Ten thousand several deaths.

Count F. I know it, man. Who wouldst thou have, I prithee?

Chris. Rachel de Prie, If your good lordship grant me your consent.

Count F. Rachel de Prie! what, the poor beggar's daughter? She's a right handsome maid, how poor soever, And thou hast my consent with all my heart.

Chris. I humbly thank your honour; I'll now ask Her father. [*Exit.*

Count F. Do so, Christophero; thou shalt do well. 'Tis strange, she being so poor, he should affect her! But this is more strange that myself should love I spied her lately at her father's door, [her. And if I did not see in her sweet face Gentry and nobleness, ne'er trust me more; But this persuasion fancy wrought in me, That fancy being created with her looks; For where love is, he thinks his basest object Gentle and noble; I am far in love, And shall be forced to wrong my honest steward, For I must sue and seek her for myself. How much my duty to my late dead wife, And my own dear renown, soe'er it sways: I'll to her father strait, love hates delays. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the Same.*

Enter ONION, JUNIPER, VALENTINE, SEBASTIAN, BALTHASAR, MARTINO.

Oni. Come on, i'faith, let's to some exercise or other, my hearts.—Fetch the hilts. [*Exit* MARTINO.

——Fellow Juniper, wilt thou play?

Jun. I cannot resolve you: 'tis as I am fitted with the ingenuity, quantity, or quality of the cudgel.

Val. How dost thou bastinado the poor cudgel with terms!

Jun. O ingle, I have the phrases, man, and the anagrams, and the epitaphs, fitting the mystery of the noble science.

Oni. I'll be hang'd an he were not misbegotten of some fencer.

Seb. Sirrah, Valentine, you can resolve me now, have they their masters of defence in other countries, as we have here in Italy?

Val. O Lord, ay; especially they in Utopia: there they perform their prizes and challenges with as great ceremony as the Italian, or any nation else.

Bal. Indeed! how is the manner of it, for God's love, good Valentine?

Jun. Ingle, I prithee make recourse unto us; we are thy friends and familiars, sweet ingle.

Val. Why thus, sir—

Oni. God a mercy, good Valentine; nay, go on.

Jun. Silentium, bonus socius Onionus, good fellow Onion, be not so ingenious and turbulent. So, sir; and how? how, sweet ingle?

Val. Marry, first they are brought to the public theatre.

Jun. What, have they theatres there?

Val. Theatres! ay, and plays too, both tragedy and comedy, and set forth with as much state as can be imagined.

Jun. By god's so, a man is nobody till he has travelled.

Seb. And how are their plays? as ours are, extemporal?

Val. O no; all premeditated things, and some of them very good, i'faith; my master used to visit them often when he was there.

Bal. Why how, are they in a place where any man may see them?

Val. Ay, in the common theatres, I tell you. But the sport is at a new play, to observe the sway and variety of opinion that passeth it. A man shall have such a confused mixture of judgment, poured out in the throng there, as ridiculous as laughter itself. One says he likes not the writing, another likes not the plot, another not the playing: and sometimes a fellow, that comes not there past once in five years, at a parliament time, or so, will be as deep mired in censuring as the best, and swear by god's foot he would never stir his foot to see a hundred such as that is.

Oni. I must travel to see these things, I shall never think well of myself else.

Jun. Fellow Onion, I'll bear thy charges, an thou wilt but pilgrimize it along with me to the land of Utopia.

Seb. Why, but methinks such rooks as these should be ashamed to judge.

Val. Not a whit; the rankest stinkard of them all will take upon him as peremptory, as if he had writ himself *in artibus magister.*

Seb. And do they stand to a popular censure for any thing they present?

Val. Ay, ever, ever; and the people generally are very acceptive, and apt to applaud any meritable work; but there are two sorts of persons that most commonly are infectious to a whole auditory.

Bal. What be they?

Jun. Ay, come, let's know them.

Oni. It were good they were noted.

Val. Marry, one is the rude barbarous crew, a people that have no brains, and yet grounded judgments; these will hiss any thing that mounts above their grounded capacities; but the other are worth the observation, i'faith.

Omnes. What be they, what be they?

Val. Faith, a few capricious gallants.

Jun. Capricious! stay, that word's for me.

Val. And they have taken such a habit of dislike in all things, that they will approve nothing, be it never so conceited or elaborate; but sit dispersed, making faces, and spitting, wagging their upright ears, and cry, *filthy! filthy!* simply uttering their

own condition, and using their wryed countenances instead of a vice, to turn the good aspects of all that shall sit near them, from what they behold.

Re-enter MARTINO *with cudgels.*

Oni. O that's well said; lay them down; come, sirs, who plays? fellow Juniper, Sebastian, Balthasar? somebody take them up, come.

Jun. Ingle Valentine.

Val. Not I, sir, I profess it not.

Jun. Sebastian.

Seb. Balthasar.

Bal. Who, I?

Oni. Come, but one bout; I'll give them thee, i'faith.

Bal. Why, here's Martino.

Oni. Foh, he! alas, he cannot play a whit, man.

Jun. That's all one; no more could you *in statu quo prius.*—Martino play with him; every man has his beginning and conduction.

Mart. Will you not hurt me, fellow Onion?

Oni. Hurt thee! no; an I do, put me among pot-herbs, and chop me to pieces. Come on.

Jun. By your favour, sweet bullies, give them room, back, so!—Martino, do not look so thin upon the matter.

[MART. *and* ONION *play a bout at cudgels.*

Oni. Ha! well play'd, fall over to my leg now: so, to your guard again; excellent! to my head now; make home your blow; spare not me, make it home, good, good again!

[MART. *breaks his head.*

Seb. Why how now, Peter!

Val. Odso, Onion has caught a bruise.

Jun. Coragio! be not capricious; what!

Oni. Capricious! not I, I scorn to be capricious for a scratch. Martino, I must have another bout; come.

Jun. No, no, play no more, play no more.

Oni. Foh, 'tis nothing, a fillip, a device; fellow Juniper, prithee get me a plantain; I had rather play with one that had skill by half.

Mart. By my troth, fellow Onion, 'twas against my will.

Oni. Nay, that's not so, 'twas against my head but come, we'll have one bout more.

Jun. Not a bout, not a stroke.

Omnes. No more, no more. [*Exit* MARTINO.

Jun. Why, I'll give you demonstration how it came: thou open'dst the dagger to falsify over with the backsword trick, and he interrupted before he could fall to the close.

Oni. No, no, I know best how it was, better than any man here. I felt his play presently; for look you, I gathered upon him thus, thus, do you see, for the double lock, and took it single on the head.

Val. He says very true, he took it single on the head.

Seb. Come, let's go.

Re-enter MARTINO *with a cobweb.*

Mart. Here, fellow Onion, here's a cobweb.

Oni. How, a cobweb, Martino! I will have another bout with you. 'Swounds, do you first break my head, and then give me a plaister in scorn? Come, to it, I will have a bout.

Mart. God's my witness.—

Oni. Tut! your witness cannot serve.

Jun. 'Sblood, why what! thou art not lunatic, art thou? an thou be'st, avoid, Mephostophilus! Say the sign should be in Aries now, as it may be for all us, where were your life? answer me that?

Seb. He says well, Onion.

Val. Indeed does he.

Jun. Come, come, you are a foolish naturalist; go, get a white of an egg, and a little flax, and close the breach of the head, it is the most conducible thing that can be. Martino, do not insinuate upon your good fortune, but play an honest part, and bear away the bucklers. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* JAQUES DE PRIE'S *House.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. My young and simple friend, Paulo Ferneze,
Bound me with mighty solemn conjurations
To be true to him, in his love to Rachel;
And to solicit his remembrance still
In his enforced absence. Much, i'faith!
True to my friend in cases of affection!
In women's cases! what a jest it is,
How silly he is that imagines it!
He is an ass that will keep promise strictly
In any thing that checks his private pleasure,
Chiefly in love. 'Sblood, am not I a man,
Have I not eyes that are as free to look,
And blood to be inflamed as well as his?
And when it is so, shall I not pursue
Mine own love's longings, but prefer my friends'?
Ay, 'tis a good fool, do so; hang me then.
Because I swore? alas, who does not know
That lovers' perjuries are ridiculous?
Have at thee, Rachel; I'll go court her sure,
For now I know her father is abroad—
'Sblood, see, he's here.

Enter JAQUES.

O what damn'd luck is this!
This labour's lost, I must by no means see him.
Tau, dery, dery. [*Exit singing.*

Jaq. Mischief and hell! what is this man? a spirit!
Haunts he, my house's ghost, still at my door?—
He has been at my door, he has been in,
In my dear door; pray God my gold be safe!

Enter CHRISTOPHERO.

Od's pity, here's another!—Rachel! ho, Rachel!

Chris. God save you, honest father.

Jaq. Rachel! odslight, come to me; Rachel! Rachel! [*Exit.*

Chris. Now in God's name what ails he? this is strange!
He loves his daughter so, I'll lay my life
That he's afraid, having been now abroad,
I come to seek her love unlawfully.

Re-enter JAQUES.

Jaq. 'Tis safe, 'tis safe, they have not robb'd my treasure. [*Aside.*

Chris. Let it not seem offensive to you, sir.
Jaq. Sir! God's my life, *sir! sir!* call me *sir!* [*Aside.*
Chris. Good father, hear me.
Jaq. You are most welcome, sir;
I meant almost: and would your worship speak,
Would you abase yourself to speak to me?
Chris. 'Tis no abasing, father; my intent
Is to do further honour to you, sir,
Than only speak; which is, to be your son.
Jaq. My gold is in his nostrils, he has smelt it;
Break breast, break heart, fall on the earth, my entrails,
With this same bursting admiration!
He knows my gold, he knows of all my treasure— [*Aside.*
How do you know, sir? whereby do you guess?
Chris. At what, sir? what is it you mean?
Jaq. I ask,
An't please your gentle worship, how you know—
I mean, how I should make your worship know
That I have nothing ——
To give with my poor daughter? I have nothing:
The very air, bounteous to every man,
Is scant to me, sir.
Chris. I do think, good father,
You are but poor.
Jaq. He thinks so; hark! but thinks so.
He thinks not so, he knows of all my treasure.
[*Aside and exit.*
Chris. Poor man, he is so overjoy'd to hear
His daughter may be past his hopes bestow'd,
That betwixt fear and hope, if I mean simply,
He is thus passionate.

Re-enter JAQUES.

Jaq. Yet all is safe within: is none without?
Nobody break my walls?
Chris. What say you, father, shall I have your daughter?
Jaq. I have no dowry to bestow upon her.
Chris. I do expect none, father.
Jaq. That is well.
Then I beseech your worship make no question
Of that you wish; 'tis too much favour to me.
Chris. I'll leave him now to give his passions breath,
Which being settled, I will fetch his daughter;
I shall but move too much, to speak now to him.
[*Exit.*
Jaq. So! he is gone; would all were dead and gone,
That I might live with my dear gold alone!

Enter Count FERNEZE.

Count F. Here is the poor old man.
Jaq. Out o' my soul, another! comes he hither?
Count F. Be not dismay'd, old man, I come to cheer you.
Jaq. To me, by heaven!
Turn ribs to brass, turn voice into a trumpet,
To rattle out the battles of my thoughts;
One comes to hold me talk, while t'other robs me.
[*Aside and exit.*
Count F. He has forgot me, sure; what should this mean?
He fears authority, and my want of wife
Will take his daughter from him to defame her:
He that has nought on earth but one poor daughter,
May take this extasy of care to keep her.

Re-enter JAQUES.

Jaq. And yet 'tis safe: they mean not to use force,
But fawning cunning. I shall easily know,
By his next question, if he think me rich. [*Aside.*
Whom see I? my good lord?
Count F. Stand up, good father,
I call thee not [good] father for thy age,
But that I gladly wish to be thy son,
In honour'd marriage with thy beauteous daughter.
Jaq. O, so, so, so, so, so! this is for gold.
Now it is sure this is my daughter's neatness
Makes them believe me rich. [*Aside.*]—No, my good lord,
I'll tell you all, how my poor hapless daughter
Got that attire she wears from top to toe.
Count F. Why, father, this is nothing.
Jaq. O yes, good my lord.
Count F. Indeed it is not.
Jaq. Nay, sweet lord, pardon me; do not dissemble;
Hear your poor beadsman speak: 'tis requisite
That I, so huge a beggar, make account
Of things that pass my calling. She was born
To enjoy nothing underneath the sun;
But that, if she had more than other beggars,
She should be envied: I will tell you then
How she had all she wears. Her warm shoes God wot,
A kind maid gave her, seeing her go barefoot
In a cold frosty morning; God requite her!
Her homely stockings ——
Count F. Father, I'll hear no more, thou mov'st too much
With thy too curious answer for thy daughter,
That doth deserve a thousand times as much.
I'll be thy son-in-law, and she shall wear
The attire of countesses.
Jaq. O, good my lord,
Mock not the poor; remembers not your lordship
That poverty is the precious gift of God,
As well as riches? tread upon me, rather [*Kneels.*
Than mock my poorness.
Count F. Rise, I say;
When I mock poorness, then heaven make me poor. [*Exit* JAQUES.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. See, here's the count Ferneze, I will tell him
The hapless accident of his brave son,
That he may seek the sooner to redeem him.—
God save your lordship!
Count F. You are right welcome, sir.
Mes. I would I brought such news as might deserve it.
Count F. What! bring you me ill news?
Mes. 'Tis ill, my lord,
Yet such as usual chance of war affords,
And for which all men are prepared that use it,
And those that use it not but in their friends,
Or in their children.
Count F. Ill news of my son,
My dear and only son, I'll lay my soul!
Ah me accurs'd! thought of his death doth wound me.
And the report of it will kill me quite.
Mes. 'Tis not so ill, my lord.
Count F. How then?
Mes. He's taken prisoner,
And that is all.
Count F. That is enough, enough;

I set my thoughts on love, on servile love,
Forget my virtuous wife, feel not the dangers,
The bands and wounds of mine own flesh and blood,
And therein am a madman; therein plagued
With the most just affliction under heaven.
Is Maximilian taken prisoner too?

Mes. No, good my lord; he is return'd with prisoners.

Count F. Is't possible! can Maximilian
Return and view my face without my son,
For whom he swore such care as for himself?

Mes. My lord, no care can change the events of war.

Count F. O, in what tempests do my fortunes sail!
Still wrack'd with winds more foul and contrary
Than any northern gust, or southern flaw,
That ever yet inforced the sea to gape,
And swallow the poor merchant's traffic up.
First in Vicenza lost I my first son,
Next here in Milan my most dear-loved lady,
And now my Paulo prisoner to the French;
Which last being printed with my other griefs,
Doth make so huge a volume, that my breast
Cannot contain them. But this is my love!
I must make love to Rachel! heaven hath thrown
This vengeance on me most deservedly,
Were it for nought but wronging of my steward.

Mes. My lord, since only money may redress
The worst of this misfortune, be not grieved;
Prepare his ransom, and your noble son
Shall greet your cheered eyes with the more honour.

Count F. I will prepare his ransom; gracious heaven
Grant his imprisonment may be his worst,
Honour'd and soldier-like imprisonment,
And that he be not manacled and made
A drudge to his proud foe! And here I vow,
Never to dream of seemless amorous toys,
Nor aim at any other joy on earth,
But the fruition of my only son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Court-yard, at the back of* Jaques' *House.*

Enter Jaques *with his gold, and a scuttle full of dung.*

Jaq. He's gone: I knew it; this is our hot lover.
I will believe them, I! they may come in
Like simple wooers, and be arrant thieves,
And I not know them! 'Tis not to be told
What servile villainies men will do for gold.—
O it began to have a huge strong smell,
With lying so long together in a place;
I'll give it vent, it shall have shift enough;
And if the devil, that envies all goodness,
Have told them of my gold, and where I kept it,
I'll set his burning nose once more a work,
To smell where I removed it. Here it is;
I'll hide, and cover it with this horse dung.
[*Digs a hole in the ground.*
Who will suppose that such a precious nest
Is crown'd with such a dunghill excrement?
In, my dear life! sleep sweetly, my dear child!
Scarce lawfully begotten, but yet gotten,
And that's enough. Rot all hands that come near thee,
Except mine own! burn out all eyes that see thee,
Except mine own! all thoughts of thee be poison
To their enamour'd hearts, except mine own!
I'll take no leave, sweet prince, great emperor,
But see thee every minute: king of kings,
I'll not be rude to thee, and turn my back
In going from thee, but go backward out,
With my face toward thee, with humble courtesies.
None is within, none overlooks my wall;
To have gold, and to have it safe, is all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Gallery in* Count Ferneze's *House.*

Enter Maximilian, *with* Soldiers, Chamont, Camillo, *and* Pacue.

Max. Lord Chamont, and your valiant friend there, I cannot say, welcome to Milan; your thoughts and that word are not musical; but I can say, you are come to Milan.

Pac. Mort dieu!

Cha. Garçon! [*Takes* Pacue *aside.*

Max. Gentlemen, (I would call an emperor so,) you are now my prisoners; I am sorry: marry this, spit in the face of your fortunes, for your usage shall be honourable.

Cam. We know it, signior Maximilian;
The fame of all your actions sounds nought else
But perfect honour, from her swelling cheeks.

Max. It shall do so still, I assure you, and I will give you reason: there is in this last action, you know, a noble gentleman of our party, and a right valiant, semblably prisoner to your general, as your honour'd selves to me; for whose safety this tongue has given warrant to his honourable father, the count Ferneze. You conceive me?

Cam. Ay, signior.

Max. Well, then I must tell you your ransoms be to redeem him. What think you? your answer.

Cam. Marry, with my lord's leave here, I say,
This free and ample offer you have made [signior,
Agrees well with your honour, but not ours;
For I think not but Chamont is as well born
As is Ferneze; then, if I mistake not,
He scorns to have his worth so underprised,
That it should need an adjunct in exchange
Of any equal fortune. Noble signior,
I am a soldier, and I love Chamont;
Ere I would bruise his estimation
With the least ruin of mine own respect
In this vile kind, these legs should rot with irons,
This body pine in prison, till the flesh
Dropt from my bones in flakes, like wither'd leaves,
In heart of autumn, from a stubborn oak.

Max. Monsieur Gasper, (I take it so is your name,) misprise me not; I will trample on the heart, on the soul of him that shall say I will wrong you: what I purpose you cannot now know, but you shall know, and, doubt not, to your contentment.—Lord Chamont, I will leave you, whilst I go in and present myself to the honourable count; till my regression, so please you, your noble feet may measure this private, pleasant, and most princely walk.—Soldiers, regard them and respect them. [*Exit.*

Pac. O ver bon! excellenta gull, he taka my lord Chamont for monsieur Gaspra, and monsieur Gaspra for my lord Chamont. Oh dis be brave for make a me laugha, ha, ha, ha! O my heart tickla

Cam. Ay, but your lordship knows not what hard fate
Might have pursued us, therefore, howsoe'er,
The changing of our names was necessary,
And we must now be careful to maintain
This error strongly, which our own device
Hath thrust into their ignorant conceits;
For should we (on the taste of this good fortune)
Appear ourselves, 'twould both create in them
A kind of jealousy, and perchance invert
Those honourable courses they intend.

Cha. True, my dear Gasper; but this hang-by Will, at one time or other, on my soul, [here
Discover us. A secret in his mouth
Is like a wild bird put into a cage,
Whose door no sooner opens, but 'tis out,—
But, sirrah, if I may but know thou utter'st it—

Pac. Uttera vat, monsieur?

Cha. That he is Gasper, and I true Chamont.

Pac. O pardonnez moy, fore my tongue shall put out de secreta, shall breed de cankra in my mouth.

Cam. Speak not so loud, Pacue.

Pac. Foh! you shall not hear de fool, for all your long ear. Regardez, monsieur: you be Chamont, Chamont be Gaspra.

Re-enter MAXIMILIAN, *with* Count FERNEZE, FRANCISCO, AURELIA, PHŒNIXELLA, *and* FINIO.

Cha. Peace, here comes Maximilian.

Cam. O, belike
That is the count Ferneze, that old man.

Cha. Are those his daughters, trow?

Cam. Ay sure, I think they are.

Cha. Fore God, the taller is a gallant lady.

Cam. So are they both, believe me.

Max. True, my honourable lord, that Chamont was the father of this man.

Count F. O that may be, for when I lost my son, This was but young, it seems.

Fran. Faith, had Camillo lived,
He had been much about his years, my lord.

Count F. He had indeed! Well, speak no more of him.

Max. Signior, perceive you the error? 'twas no good office in us to stretch the remembrance of so dear a loss. Count Ferneze, let summer sit in your eye; look cheerfully, sweet count; will you do me the honour to confine this noble spirit within the circle of your arms?

Count F. Honour'd Chamont, reach me your valiant hand;
I could have wish'd some happier accident
Had made the way unto this mutual knowledge,
Which either of us now must take of other;
But since it is the pleasure of our fates,
That we should thus be rack'd on fortune's wheel,
Let us prepare with steeled patience
To tread on torment, and with minds confirm'd,
Welcome the worst of envy.

Max. Noble lord, 'tis thus. I have here, in mine honour, set this gentleman free, without ransom: he is now himself, his valour hath deserved it, in the eye of my judgment.—Monsieur Gasper, you are dear to me: *fortuna non mutat genus.* But, to the main;—if it may square with your lordship's liking, and his love, I could desire that he were now instantly employed to your noble general in the exchange of Ferneze for yourself! it is a business that requires the tender hand of a friend.

Count F. Ay, and it would be with more speed If he would undertake it. [effected,

Max. True, my lord.—Monsieur Gasper, how stand you affected to this motion?

Cha. My duty must attend his lordship's will.

Max. What says the lord Chamont?

Cam. My will doth then approve what these have urged.

Max. Why there is good harmony, good music in this. Monsieur Gasper, you shall protract no time, only I will give you a bowl of rich wine to the health of your general, another to the success of your journey, and a third to the love of my sword. Pass. [*Exeunt all but* AUR. *and* PHŒN.

Aur. Why, how now, sister! in a motley muse?
Go to, there's somewhat in the wind, I see.
Faith, this brown study suits not with your black,
Your habit and your thoughts are of two colours.

Phœn. Good faith, methinks that this young lord Chamont
Favours my mother, sister; does he not?

Aur. A motherly conceit; O blind excuse,
Blinder than Love himself! Well, sister, well;
Cupid has ta'en his stand in both your eyes,
The case is altered.

Phœn. And what of that?

Aur. Nay, nothing:—But, a saint!
Another Bridget! one that for a face
Would put down Vesta, in whose looks doth swim
The very sweetest cream of modesty,
You, to turn tippet! fie, fie! Will you give
A packing penny to virginity!
I thought you'd dwell so long in Cypres isle,
You'd worship madam Venus at the length:
But come, the strongest fall, and why not you?
Nay, do not frown.

Phœn. Go, go, you fool. Adieu! [*Exit.*

Aur. Well, I may jest, or so; but Cupid knows
My taking is as bad, or worse than hers.
O, monsieur Gasper, if thou be'st a man,
Be not afraid to court me; do but speak,
Challenge thy right, and wear it; for I swear,
Till thou arriv'dst, ne'er came affection here.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Count FERNEZE'S *House.*

Enter PACUE *and* FINIO.

Fin. Come on, my sweet finical Pacue, the very prime of pages, here's an excellent place for us to practise in; nobody sees us here; come, let's to it.

Enter ONION.

Pac. Contenta; Regardez vous le premier.

Oni. Sirrah, Finio.

Pac. Mort dieu, le paisant!

Oni. Didst thou see Valentine?

Fin. Valentine, no.

Oni. No!

Fin. No. Sirrah Onion, whither goest?

Oni. O, I am vext; he that would trust any of these lying travellers.—

Fin. I prithee stay, good Onion.

Pac. Monsieur Onion, venez ça, come hidera, je vous prie. By gar, me ha see two, tree, four hundra tousand of your cousan hang. Lend me your hand, shall pray for know you bettra.

Oni. I thank you, good signior Parlez-vous. O that I were in another world, in the Ingies, or somewhere, that I might have room to laugh!

Pac. Ah, oui, fort bien! stand, you dere—now, me come,
Bon jour, monsieur.

Fin. Good morrow, good signior.

Pac. By gar, me be much glad for see you.

Fin. I return you most kind thanks, sir.

Oni. How, how! 'sblood this is rare.

Pac. Nay, shall make you say rare, by and by; reguardez: monsieur Finio.

Fin. Signior Pacue.

Pac. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Fin. God save you, sweet signior.

Pac. Monsieur Onion, is not fort bien?

Oni. Bean, quoth he! would I were in debt of a pottle of beans, I could do as much!

Fin. Welcome, signior: what's next?

Pac. O here; voyez de grand admiration, as should meet perchance monsieur Finio.

Fin. Monsieur Pacue.

Pac. By gar, who think we shall meete here?

Fin. By this hand, I am not a little proud of it, sir.

Oni. This trick is only for the chamber, it cannot be cleanly done abroad.

Pac. Vell, vat say you for dis den, monsieur?

Fin. Nay, pray, sir.

Pac. Par ma foy, vous voilà bien encountré!

Fin. What do you mean, sir? let your glove alone.

Pac. Comment se porte la santé?

Fin. Faith, exceeding well, sir.

Pac. Trot, be mush joy for hear.

Fin. And how is it with you, sweet signior Pacue?

Pac. Fait, comme vous voyez.

Oni. Young gentlemen, spirits of blood, if ever you'll taste of a sweet piece of mutton, do Onion a good turn now.

Pac. Que, que? parlez, monsieur, vat ist?

Oni. Faith, teach me one of these tricks.

Pac. O me shall do presently; stand you dere, you signior dere, myself is here; so, fort bien! now I parlez to monsieur Onion, Onion pratla to you, you speaka to me, so: and as you parlez, change the bonet.—Monsieur Onion!

Oni. Monsieur Finio!

Fin. Monsieur Pacue!

Pac. Pray be covera.

Oni. Nay, I beseech you, sir.

Fin. What do you mean?

Pac. Pardonnez moi, shall be so.

Oni. O Lord, sir!

Fin. Not I, in good faith, sir.

Pac. By gar, you must.

Oni. It shall be yours.

Fin. Nay, then you wrong me.

Oni. Well, an ever I come to be great—

Pac. You be big enough for de Onion already.

Oni. I mean a great man.

Fin. Then thou'dst be a monster.

Oni. Well, God knows not what fortune may do, command me, use me from the soul to the crown, and the crown to the soul; meaning not only from the crown of the head, and the sole of the foot, but also the foot of the mind and the crowns of the purse. I cannot stay now, young gentlemen; but——*time was, time is, and time shall be.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter CHAMONT *and* CAMILLO.

Cha. Sweet Gasper, I am sorry we must part;
But strong necessity enforces it.
Let not the time seem long unto my friend,
Till my return; for, by our love I swear,
(The sacred sphere wherein our souls are knit,)
I will endeavour to effect this business
With all industrious care and happy speed.

Cam. My lord, these circumstances would come
To one less capable of your desert [well
Than I; in whom your merit is confirm'd
With such authentical and grounded proofs.

Cha. Well, I will use no more. Gasper, adieu.

Cam. Farewell, my honour'd lord.

Cha. Commend me to the lady, my good Gasper.

Cam. I had remember'd that, had not you urged [it.

Cha. Once more adieu, sweet Gasper.

Cam. My good lord. [*Exit.*

Cha. Thy virtues are more precious than thy name;
Kind gentleman, I would not sell thy love
For all the earthly objects that mine eyes
Have ever tasted. Sure thou art nobly born,
However fortune hath obscured thy birth;
For native honour sparkles in thine eyes.
How may I bless the time wherein Chamont,
My honour'd father, did surprise Vicenza,
Where this my friend (known by no name) was found,
Being then a child, and scarce of power to speak,
To whom my father gave this name of Gasper,
And as his own respected him to death:
Since when we two have shared our mutual fortunes
With equal spirits, and, but death's rude hand,
No violence shall dissolve this sacred band. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—JUNIPER *is discovered in his shop, singing.*

Enter ONION.

Oni. Fellow Juniper, no more of thy songs and sonnets; sweet Juniper, no more of thy hymns and madrigals; thou sing'st, but I sigh.

Jun. What's the matter, Peter, ha? what, in an academy still! still in sable and costly black array, ha?

Oni. Prithee rise, mount, mount, sweet Juniper; for I go down the wind, and yet I puff, for I am vext.

Jun. Ha, bully, vext! what, intoxicate! is thy brain in a quintessence, an idea, a metamorphosis, an apology, ha, rogue? Come, this love feeds upon thee, I see by thy cheeks, and drinks healths of vermilion tears, I see by thine eyes.

Oni. I confess Cupid's carouse, he plays super negulum with my liquor of life.

Jun. Tut, thou art a goose to be Cupid's gull; go to; no more of these contemplations and calculations; mourn not, for Rachel's thine own.

Oni. For that let the higher powers work: but, sweet Juniper, I am not sad for her, and yet for her in a second person, or if not so, yet in a third.

Jun. How, second person! away, away. In thy crotchets already! longitude and latitude! what second, what person, ha?

Oni. Juniper, I'll bewray myself before thee, for thy company is sweet unto me; but I must intreat thy helping hand in the case.

Jun. Tut, no more of this surquedry; I am thine own ad unguem, upsie freeze, pell mell; come, what case, what case?

Oni. For the case, it may be any man's case, as well as mine. Rachel I mean; but I'll meddle with her anon: in the mean time, Valentine is the man hath wronged me.

Jun. How, my ingle wrong thee! is't possible?

Oni. Your ingle! hang him, infidel. Well, and if I be not revenged on him, let Peter Onion (by the infernal gods) be turned to a leek, or a scallion. I spake to him for a ditty for this handkerchief.

Jun. Why, has he not done it?

Oni. Done it? not a verse, by this hand.

Jun. O in diebus illis! O preposterous! well, come, be blithe; the best inditer of them all is sometimes dull. Fellow Onion, pardon mine ingle; he is a man has imperfections and declinations, as other men have; his muse sometimes cannot curvet, nor prognosticate and come off, as it should; no matter, I'll hammer out a paraphrase for thee myself.

Oni. No, sweet Juniper, no; danger doth breed delay: love makes me choleric, I can bear no longer.

Jun. Not bear what, my mad meridian slave? not bear what?

Oni. Cupid's burthen; 'tis too heavy, too tolerable; and as for the handkerchief and the posie, I will not trouble thee; but if thou wilt go with me into her father's back-side, old Jaques' backside, and speak for me to Rachel, I will not be ingratitude: the old man is abroad and all.

Jun. Art thou sure on't?

Oni. As sure as an obligation.

Jun. Let's away then; come, we spend time in a vain circumference; trade, I cashier thee till tomorrow: fellow Onion, for thy sake I finish this workiday.

Oni. God-a-mercy; and for thy sake I'll at any time make a holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Court-yard at the back of* JAQUES' *House.*

Enter ANGELO *and* RACHEL.

Ang. Nay, I prithee, Rachel; I come to comfort thee,
Be not so sad.

Rach. O, signior Angelo,
No comfort but his presence can remove
This sadness from my heart.

Ang. Nay, then you are fond,
And want that strength of judgment and election
That should be attendant on your years and form.
Will you, because your lord is taken prisoner,
Blubber and weep, and keep a peevish stir,
As though you would turn turtle with the news?
Come, come, be wise. 'Sblood, say your lord should die.
And you go mar your face as you begin,
What would you do, trow? who would care for you?
But this it is, when nature will bestow
Her gifts on such as know not how to use them;
You shall have some, that had they but one quarter
Of your fair beauty, they would make it shew
A little otherwise than you do this,
Or they would see the painter twice an hour
And I commend them, I, that can use art
With such judicial practice.

Rach. You talk idly;
If this be your best comfort, keep it still,
My senses cannot feed on such sour cates.

Ang. And why, sweet heart?

Rach. Nay, leave, good signior.

Ang. Come, I have sweeter viands yet in store.

Jun. [*within.*] Ay, in any case.—Mistress Rachel!

Ang. Rachel!

Rach. Od's pity, signior Angelo, I hear my father; away for God's sake.

Ang. 'Sblood, I am bewitch'd, I think; this is twice now I have been served thus. [*Exit.*

Rach. Pray God he meet him not. [*Exit.*

Enter ONION *and* JUNIPER.

Oni. O brave! she's yonder: O terrible! she's gone.

Jun. Yea, so nimble in your dilemmas, and your hyperboles! *Hey my love! O my love!* at the first sight, by the mass.

Oni. O how she scudded! O sweet scud, how she tripped! O delicate trip and go!

Jun. Come, thou art enamoured with the influence of her profundity; but, sirrah, hark a little.

Oni. O rare! what, what? passing, i'faith! what is't, what is't?

Jun. What wilt thou say now, if Rachel stand now, and play hity-tity through the key hole, to behold the equipage of thy person?

Oni. O sweet equipage! try, good Juniper, tickle her, talk, talk; O rare!

Jun. Mistress Rachel!—watch then if her father come.—[*Goes to the door.*]—Rachel! Madona! Rachel! No?

Oni. Say I am here; Onion, or Peter, or so.

Jun. No, I'll knock; we'll not stand upon horizons and tricks, but fall roundly to the matter.

Oni. Well said, sweet Juniper. Horizons, hang 'em! knock, knock. [JUNIPER *knocks.*

Rach. [*within.*] Who's there? father?

Jun. Father! no; and yet a father, if you please to be a mother.

Oni. Well said, Juniper; to her again; a smack or two more of the mother.

Jun. Do you hear, sweet soul, sweet Radamant, sweet Machavel? one word, Melpomene, are you at leisure?

Rach. [*within.*] At leisure! what to do?

Jun. To do what! to do nothing, but to be liable to the extacy of true love's exigent, or so; you smell my meaning.

Oni. *Smell!* filthy, fellow Juniper, filthy! smell! O most odious!

Jun. How, filthy?

Oni. Filthy, by this finger! Smell! smell a rat, smell a pudding. Away, these tricks are for trulls; a plain wench loves plain dealing; I'll upon her myself. *Smell!* to a marchpane wench?

Jun. With all my heart: I'll be legitimate and

silent as an apple-squire ; I'll see nothing, and say nothing.

Oni. Sweet heart ! sweet heart !

Jun. And bag pudding, ha, ha, ha !

Jaq. [*within.*] What, Rachel, my girl ! what, Rachel !

Oni. Od's lid.

Jaq. [*within.*] What, Rachel !

Rach. [*within.*] Here I am.

Oni. What rakehell calls Rachel ? O treason to my love !

Jun. It is her father, on my life ; how shall we intrench and edify ourselves from him ?

Oni. O coney-catching Cupid !

[*Gets up into a tree.*

Enter JAQUES.

Jaq. How, in my back-side ! where ? what come they for ?
Where are they ? Rachel ! thieves ! thieves !
Stay, villain, slave ! [*Seizes* JUN. *as he is running out.*] Rachel, untie my dog.
Nay, thief, thou canst not 'scape.

Jun. I pray you, sir.

Oni. [*above.*] Ah, pitiful Onion, that thou hadst a rope !

Jaq. Why, Rachel, when, I say ! let loose my Garlick, my mastiff, let him loose, I say. [dog,

Jun. For God's sake hear me speak, keep up your cur.

Oni. [*above.*] I fear not Garlick, he'll not bite Onion, his kinsman ; pray God he come out, and then they'll not smell me.

Jaq. Well then deliver ; come, deliver, slave.

Jun. What should I deliver ?

Jaq. O thou wouldst have me tell thee, wouldst thou ? Shew me thy hands, what hast thou in thy hands ?

Jun. Here be my hands.

Jaq. Stay, are thy fingers' ends begrimed with dirt ? no, thou hast wiped them.

Jun. Wiped them !

Jaq. Ay, thou villain ; thou art a subtle knave. Put off thy shoes ; come, I will see them ; give me a knife here, Rachel, I'll rip the soles.

Oni. [*above.*] No, matter, he's a cobler, he can mend them.

Jun. What, are you mad, are you detestable ? would you make an anatomy of me ? think you I am not true orthography ?

Jaq. Orthography ! anatomy !

Jun. For God's sake be not so inviolable, I am no ambuscado. What predicament call you this ? why do you intimate so much ?

Jaq. I can feel nothing.

Oni. [*above.*] By'r Lady, but Onion feels something.

Jaq. Soft, sir, you are not yet gone ; shake your legs, come ; and your arms, be brief :—stay, let me see these drums, these kilderkins, these bombard slops, what is it crams them so ?

Jun. Nothing but hair.

Jaq. That's true, I had almost forgot this rug, this hedgehog's nest, this hay-mow, this bear's skin, this heath, this furze-bush.

[*Pulls him by the hair.*

Jun. O, let me go ! you tear my hair, you revolve my brains and understanding.

Jaq. Heart, thou art somewhat eased ; half of my fear
Hath ta'en his leave of me, the other half
Still keeps possession in despight of hope,
Until these amorous eyes court my fair gold.
Dear, I come to thee. [*Aside.*]—Fiend, why art not gone ?
Avoid, my soul's vexation ! Satan, hence !
Why dost thou stare on me ? why dost thou stay,
Why por'st thou on the ground with thievish eyes ?
What seest thou there, thou cur, what gap'st thou at ?
Hence from my house.—Rachel, send Garlick forth.

Jun. I am gone, sir, I am gone ; for God's sake, stay. [*Exit.*

Jaq. Pack ; and thank God thou scap'st so well away.

Oni. [*above.*] If I scape this tree, destinies I defy you.

Jaq. I cannot see, by any characters
Writ on this earth, that any felon foot
Hath ta'en acquaintance of this hallow'd ground.
None sees me : knees, do homage to your lord.

[*Kneels down and removes the dung from his treasure.*

'Tis safe ! 'tis safe ! it lies and sleeps so soundly,
'Twould do one good to look on't. If this bliss
Be given to any man that hath much gold,
Justly to say *'tis safe*, I say 'tis safe.
O ! what a heavenly round these two words dance
Within me and without me ! first I think them :
And then I speak them ; then I watch their sound,
And drink it greedily with both mine ears :
Then think, then speak, then drink their sound again,
And racket round about this body's court,
These two sweet words, *'tis safe*. Stay, I will feed
My other senses. [*Takes up some of the gold and smells to it.*] O how sweet it smells !

Oni. [*above.*] I marle he smells not Onion, being so near it.

Jaq. Down to thy grave again, thou beauteous
Angels, men say, are spirits ; spirits be [ghost !
Invisible ; bright angels, are you so ?—
Be you invisible to every eye,
Save only these : sleep, I'll not break your rest,
Though you break mine. Dear saints, adieu, adieu !
My feet part from you, but my soul dwells with you.

[*Rises and exit.*

Oni. Is he gone ? O Fortune my friend, and not *Fortune my foe*,
I come down to embrace thee, and kiss thy great toe.

[*Comes down from the tree.*

Re-enter JUNIPER.

Jun. Fellow Onion ! Peter !

Oni. Fellow Juniper.

Jun. What's the old Panurgo gone, departed, cosmografied, ha ?

Oni. O, ay ! and hark, sirrah.—Shall I tell him ? no.

Jun. Nay, be brief, and declare ; stand not upon conundrums now : thou knowest what contagious speeches I have suffered for thy sake : an he should come again and invent me here—

Oni. He says true, it was for my sake : I will tell him.—Sirrah, Juniper !—and yet I will not.

Jun. What sayst thou, sweet Onion ?

Oni. An thou hadst smelt the scent of me when I was in the tree, thou wouldst not have said so ; but, sirrah, *the case is altered* with me, my heart has given love a box of the ear, made him kick up the heels, i'faith.

Jun. Sayst thou me so, mad Greek ! how haps it, how chances it ?

Oni. I cannot hold it.—Juniper, have an eye, look; have an eye to the door; the old proverb's true, I see, Gold is but muck. Nay, god's so, Juniper to the door; an eye to the main chance. [*Removes the dung, and shews him the gold.*] Here, you slave, have an eye!

Jun. O inexorable! O infallible; O intricate, divine, and superficial fortune!

Oni. Nay, it will be sufficient anon; here, look here!

Jun. O insolent good luck! how didst thou produce the intelligence of the gold minerals?

Oni. I'll tell you that anon! here, make shift, convey, cram. I'll teach you how you shall call for Garlick again, i'faith.

Jun. Sblood, what shall we do with all this? we shall never bring it to a consumption.

Oni. Consumption! why we'll be most sumptuously attired, man.

Jun. By this gold, I will have three or four most stigmatical suits presently.

Oni. I'll go in my foot-cloth, I'll turn gentleman.

Jun. So will I.

Oni. But what badge shall we give, what cullison?

Jun. As for that, let's use the infidelity and commiseration of some harrot of arms, he shall give us a gudgeon.

Oni. A gudgeon! a scutcheon thou wouldst say, man.

Jun. A scutcheon, or a gudgeon, all is one.

Oni. Well, our arms be good enough, let's look to our legs.

Jun. Content; we'll be jogging.

Oni. Rachel, we retire; Garlick, god b'ye.

Jun. Farewell, sweet Jaques!

Oni. Farewell, sweet Rachel! sweet dog, adieu! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* Count FERNEZE'S *House.*

Enter MAXIMILIAN, Count FERNEZE, AURELIA, PHŒNIXELLA, *and* PACUE.

Max. Nay, but sweet count.

Count F. Away! I'll hear no more;
Never was man so palpably abused:—
My son so basely marted, and myself
Am made the subject of your mirth and scorn.

Max. Count Ferneze, you tread too hard upon my patience; do not persist, I advise your lordship.

Count F. I will persist, and unto thee I speak;
Thou, *Maximilian*, thou hast injured me.

Max. Before the Lord—

Aur. Sweet signior.

Phæn. O my father.

Max. Lady, let your father thank your beauty.

Pac. By gar, me shall be hang for tella dis same; me tella mademoiselle, she tell her fadera.

Count F. The true Chamont set free, and one left here
Of no descent, clad barely in his name!
Sirrah, boy, come hither, and be sure you speak the simple truth.

Pac. O pardonnez moy, monsieur.

Count F. Come, leave your pardons, and directly say,
What villain is the same that hath usurp'd
The honour'd name and person of Chamont.

Pac. O, monsieur, no point villain, brave chevaher, monsieur Gasper.

Count F. Monsieur Gasper!
On what occasion did they change their names,
What was their policy, or their pretext?

Pac. Me canno tell, par ma foy, monsieur.

Max. My honourable lord!

Count F. Tut, tut, be silent.

Max. Silent, count Ferneze! I tell thee, if Amurath, the great Turk, were here, I would speak, and he should hear me.

Count F. So will not I.

Max. By my father's hand, but thou shalt, count. I say, till this instant I was never touch'd in my reputation. Hear me, you shall know that you have wrong'd me, and I will make you acknowledge it; if I cannot, my sword shall.

Count F. By heaven I will not, I will stop mine ears,
My senses loath the savour of thy breath;
'Tis poison to me; I say, I will not hear.
What shall I know? 'tis you have injured me.
What will you make? make me acknowledge it!
Fetch forth that Gasper, that lewd counterfeit;
I'll make him to your face approve your wrongs.

Enter Servants *with* CAMILLO.

Come on, false substance, shadow to Chamont,
Had you none else to work upon but me?
Was I your fittest project? well, confess
What you intended by this secret plot,
And by whose policy it was contrived.
Speak truth, and be intreated courteously;
But double with me, and resolve to prove
The extremest rigour that I can inflict.

Cam. My honour'd lord, hear me with patience;
Nor hope of favour, nor the fear of torment,
Shall sway my tongue from uttering of truth.

Count F. 'Tis well, proceed then.

Cam. The morn before this battle did begin,
Wherein my lord Chamont and I were ta'en,
We vow'd one mutual fortune, good or bad,
That day should be embraced of us both;
And urging that might worse succeed our vow,
We there concluded to exchange our names.

Count F. Then Maximilian took you for Cha-

Cam. True, noble lord. [mont?

Count F. 'Tis false, ignoble wretch;
'Twas but a complot to betray my son.

Max. Count, thou liest in thy bosom, count.

Count F. Lie!

Cam. Nay, I beseech you, honour'd gentlemen,
Let not the untimely ruin of your love
Follow these slight occurrents; be assured
Chamont's return will heal these wounds again,
And break the points of your too piercing thoughts.

Count F. Return! ay, when? when will Chamont return?
He'll come to fetch you, will he? ay, 'tis like!
You'd have me think so, that's your policy.
No, no, young gallant, your device is stale;
You cannot feed me with so vain a hope.

Cam. My lord, I feed you not with a vain hope;
I know assuredly he will return,
And bring your noble son along with him.

Max. Ay, I dare pawn my soul he will return.

Count F. O impudent derision! open scorn!
Intolerable wrong! is't not enough
That you have play'd upon me all this while,
But still to mock me, still to jest at me?
Fellows, away with him: thou ill-bred slave,
That sett'st no difference 'twixt a noble spirit

And thy own slavish humour, do not think
But I'll take worthy vengeance on thee, wretch.
Cam. Alas, these threats are idle, like the wind,
And breed no terror in a guiltless mind.
Count F. Nay thou shalt want no torture, so resolve;
Bring him away. [*Exit.*
Cam. Welcome the worst, I suffer for a friend,
Your tortures will, my love shall never, end.
[*Exeunt* Servants *with* CAMILLO *and* PACUE.
Phœn. Alas, poor gentleman! my father's rage
Is too extreme, too stern and violent.
O that I knew with all my strongest powers
How to remove it from thy patient breast!
But that I cannot, yet my willing heart
Shall minister, in spite of tyranny,
To thy misfortune; something there is in him
That doth enforce this strange affection
With more than common rapture in my breast:
For being but Gasper, he is still as dear
To me, as when he did Chamont appear.
[*Aside and exit.*

Aur. But in good sadness, signior, do you think
Chamont will return?
Max. Do I see your face, lady?
Aur. Ay sure, if love have not blinded you.
Max. That is a question; but I will assure you no: I can see, and yet love is in mine eye. Well, the count your father simply hath dishonoured me, and this steel shall engrave it on his burgonet.
Aur. Nay, sweet signior!
Max. Lady, I do prefer my reputation to my life;—but you shall rule me. Come, let's march.
[*Exit.*
Aur. I'll follow, signior. O sweet queen of love!
Sovereign of all my thoughts, and thou, fair Fortune,
Who more to honour my affections,
Hast thus translated Gasper to Chamont!
Let both your flames now burn in one bright sphere,
And give true light to my aspiring hopes:
Hasten Chamont's return, let him affect me,
Though father, friends, and all the world reject me.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Court at the back of* JAQUES' *House.*

Enter ANGELO *and* CHRISTOPHERO.

Ang. Sigh for a woman! Would I fold mine
Rave in my sleep, talk idly being awake, [arms,
Pine and look pale, make love-walks in the night,
To steal cold comfort from a day-star's eyes!
Kit, thou'rt a fool; wilt thou be wise? then, lad,
Renounce this boy-god's nice idolatry,
Stand not on compliment, and coying tricks;
Thou lov'st Old Jaques' daughter, dost thou?
Chris. Love her!
Ang. Come, come, I know't; be ruled, and she's thine own.
Thou'lt say, her father Jaques, the old beggar,
Hath pawn'd his word to thee, that none but thou
Shalt be his son-in-law.
Chris. He has.
Ang. He has!
Wilt thou believe him, and be made a cokes,
To wait on such an antique weathercock?
Why, he is more inconstant than the sea,
His thoughts, camelion-like, change every minute:
No, Kit, work soundly, steal the wench away,
Wed her, and bed her; and when that is done,
Then say to Jaques, Shall I be your son?
But come, to our device, where is this gold?
Chris. Here, signior Angelo.
Ang. Bestow it, bid thy hands shed golden drops;
Let these bald French crowns be uncovered,
In open sight to do obeïsance
To Jacques' staring eyes when he steps forth;
The needy beggar will be glad of gold.—
So! now keep thou aloof, and as he treads
This gilded path, stretch out his ambling hopes
With scattering more and more, and as thou goest,
Cry Jaques! Jaques!
Chris. Tush, let me alone.
Ang. But first I'll play the ghost, I'll call him out;
Kit, keep aloof.

Chris. But, signior Angelo,
Where will yourself and Rachel stay for me,
After the jest is ended?
Ang. Mass, that's true:
At the old priory behind St. Foy's.
Chris. Agreed, no better place; I'll meet you there. [*Retires, dropping the gold.*
Ang. Do, good fool, do; but I'll not meet you there.
Now to this gear.—Jaques! Jaques! what, Jaques?
Jaq. [*within.*] Who calls? who's there?
Ang. Jaques!
Jaq. [*within.*] Who calls?
Ang. Steward, he comes, he comes.—Jaques!
[*Retires.*

Enter JAQUES.

Jaq. What voice is this?
No body here! was I not call'd? I was;
And one cried Jaques with a hollow voice.
I was deceived; no, I was not deceived.
[*Sees the gold*
See, see, it was an angel call'd me forth.
Gold, gold, man-making gold; another star!
Drop they from heaven? no, no, my house, I hope,
Is haunted with a fairy. My dear Lar,
My household god, my fairy, on my knees—
Christ. [*within.*] Jaques!
Jaq. My Lar doth call me; O sweet voice,
Musical as the spheres! see, see, more gold!
Chris. [*within.*] Jaques!
Jaq. What Rachel, Rachel!

Enter RACHEL.

Lock my door,
Look to my house.
Chris. [*within.*] Jaques!
Jaq. Shut fast my door.
A golden crown! Jaques shall be a king.
[*Exit, following the sound, and picking up the gold.*
Ang. [*comes forward.*] To a fool's paradise that path will bring
Thee and thy household Lar.

Rach. What means my father?
I wonder what strange humour——
Ang. Come, sweet soul,
Leave wondering, start not, 'twas I laid this plot,
To get thy father forth.
Rach. O, Angelo!
Ang. O me no O's, but hear; my lord, your
Paulo Ferneze, is return'd from war, [love,
Lingers at Pont Valerio, and from thence,
By post, at midnight last, I was conjured
To man you thither. Stand not on replies,
A horse is saddled for you, will you go?
And I am for you; if you will stay, why so.
Rach. O Angelo, each minute is a day
Till my Ferneze come; come, we'll away. [*Exit.*
Ang. Sweet soul, I guess thy meaning by thy
At Pont Valerio thou thy love shalt see, [looks
But not Ferneze. Steward, fare you well;
You wait for Rachel too: when! can you tell?
[*Exit hastily.*

Re-enter JAQUES, *with his hands full of money.*

Jaq. O in what golden circle have I danced!
Milan, these odorous and enflower'd fields
Are none of thine; no, here's Elysium;
Here blessed ghosts do walk; this is the court
And glorious palace, where the god of gold
Shines like the sun, of sparkling majesty.
O [my] fair-feather'd, my red-breasted birds,
Come fly with me, I'll bring you to a choir,
Whose consort being sweeten'd with your sound,
The music will be fuller, and each hour
The ears shall banquet with your harmony.
O! O! O! [*Exit.*

Re-enter CHRISTOPHERO.

Chris. At the old priory behind St. Foy's,
That was the place of our appointment, sure;
I hope he will not make me lose my gold,
And mock me too; perhaps they are within;
I'll knock.
Jaq. [*within.*] O lord! THE CASE IS ALTERED.
Chris. Rachel! Angelo! signior Angelo!

Re-enter JAQUES.

Jaq. Angels! ay, where? mine angels! where's my gold?
Why, Rachel! O thou thievish cannibal!
Thou eat'st my flesh in stealing of my gold.
Chris. What gold?
Jaq. What gold? Rachel! call help, come forth!
I'll rip thine entrails, but I'll have my gold.
Rachel! why com'st thou not? I am undone.
Ah me, she speaks not! thou hast slain my child.
[*Exit.*
Chris. What, is the man possest, trow? this is
Rachel, I see, is gone with Angelo. [strange!
Well, I will once again unto the priory,
And see if I can meet them. [*Exit.*

Re-enter JAQUES.

Jaq. 'Tis too true,
Thou hast made away my child, thou hast my gold:
O what hyena call'd me out of doors?
The thief is gone, my gold's gone, Rachel's gone,
All's gone! save I that spend my cries in vain;
But I'll hence too, and die, or end this pain. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Street before* Count FERNEZE'S *House.*

Enter JUNIPER *and* ONION *richly dressed, and drunk, followed by* FINIO *and* VALENTINE.

Jun. 'Swounds, let me go; hey, catso! catch him alive; I call, I call, boy; I come, I come, sweetheart.
Oni. Page, hold my rapier, while I hold my friend here.
Val. O here's a sweet metamorphosis, a couple of buzzards turn'd to a pair of peacocks.
Jun. Signior Onion, lend me thy boy to unhang my rapier.
Oni. Signior Juniper, for once or so: but troth is, you must inveigle, as I have done, my lord's page here, a poor follower of mine.
Jun. Hey ho! your page then shall not be superintendant upon me? he shall not be addicted? he shall not be incident, he shall not be incident, he shall not be incident, shall he?
[*He foins with his rapier.*
Fin. O sweet signior Juniper.
Jun. 'Sblood, stand away, princox! do not aggravate my joy.
Val. Nay, good master Onion.
Oni. Nay, an he have the heart to draw my blood, let him come.
Jun. I'll slice you, Onion; I'll slice you.
Oni. I'll cleave you, Juniper.
Val. Why hold, hold, ho! what do you mean?
Jun. Let him come, ingle; stand by, boy, his alabaster blade cannot fear me.
Fin. Why hear you, sweet signior, let not there be any contention between my master and you about me; if you want a page, sir, I can help you to a proper stripling.
Jun. Canst thou! what parentage, what ancestry, what genealogy is he?
Fin. A French boy, sir.
Jun. Has he his French linguist? has he?
Fin. Ay, sir.
Jun. Then transport him; here's a crusado for thee.
Oni. You will not embezzle my servant with your benevolence, will you? hold, boy, there's a portmanteau for thee.
Fin. Lord, sir!
Oni. Do, take it, boy; it's three pounds ten shillings, a portmanteau.
Fin. I thank your lordship. [*Exit.*
Jun. Sirrah, ningle, thou art a traveller, and I honour thee. I prithee discourse, cherish thy muse, discourse.
Val. Of what, sir?
Jun. Of what thou wilt; 'sblood, hang sorrow.
Oni. Prithee, Valentine, assoil me one thing.
Val. 'Tis pity to soil you, sir, your new apparel—
Oni. Mass, thou say'st true, apparel makes a man forget himself.
Jun. Begin, find your tongue, ningle.
Val. Now will I gull these ganders rarely. Gentlemen, having in my peregrination through Mesopotamia——
Jun. Speak legibly, this game's gone without the great mercy of — Here's a fine tragedy indeed! there's a keisar royal! 'slid, nor king, nor keisar shall—

Re-enter FINIO *with* PACUE, BALTHASAR, *and* MARTINO.

Bal. Where, where, Finio, where be they?

Jun. Go to, I'll be with you anon.

Oni. O here's the page, signior Juniper.

Jun. What says monsieur Onion, boy?

Fin. What say you, sir?

Jun. Tread out, boy.

Fin. Take up, you mean, sir.

Jun. Tread out, I say; so! I thank you,—is this the boy?

Pac. Oui, monsieur.

Jun. Who gave you that name?

Pac. Give me de name, vat name?

Oni. He thought your name had been *We.* Young gentleman, you must do more than his legs can do for him, bear with him, sir.

Jun. Sirrah, give me instance of your carriage; you'll serve my turn, will you?

Pac. Vat turn? upon the toe!

Fin. O signior, no.

Jun. Page, will you follow me? I'll give you good exhibition.

Pac. By gar, shall not alone follow you, but shall lead you too.

Oni. Plaguy boy! he sooths his humour; these French villains have pocky wits.

Jun. Here, disarm me, take my semitary.

Val. O rare! this would be a rare man, an he had a little travel.—Balthasar, Martino, put off your shoes, and bid him cobble them.

Jun. Friends, friends, but pardon me for fellows, no more in occupation, no more in corporation; 'tis so, pardon me; the case is altered; this is law, but I'll stand to nothing.

Pac. Fait, so me tink.

Jun. Well, then God save the duke's majesty; is this any harm now? speak, is this any harm now?

Oni. No, nor good neither, 'sblood!—

Jun. Do you laugh at me, do you laugh at me, do you laugh at me?

Val. Ay, sir, we do.

Jun. You do indeed?

Val. Ay, indeed, sir.

Jun. 'Tis sufficient; page, carry my purse; dog me. [*Exit.*

Oni. Gentlemen, leave him not! you see in what case he is; he is not in adversity, his purse is full of money; leave him not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The open Country.*

Enter ANGELO *with* RACHEL.

Ang. Nay, gentle Rachel

Rach. Away! forbear, ungentle Angelo!
Touch not my body with those impious hands,
That, like hot irons, sear my trembling heart,
And make it hiss at your disloyalty.

Enter PAULO FERNEZE *and* CHAMONT, *at a distance.*

Was this your drift, to use Ferneze's name?
Was he your fittest stale? O vile dishonour!

Paul. Stay, noble sir. [*Holding back* CHAMONT.

Ang. 'Sblood, how like a puppet do you talk now!
Dishonour! what dishonour? come, come, fool;
Nay, then I see you are peevish. S'heart, dis-
To have you to a priest, and marry you, [honour!
And put you in an honourable state.

Rach. To marry me! O heaven! can it be,
That men should live with such unfeeling souls,
Without or touch or conscience of religion?
Or that their warping appetites should spoil
Those honoured forms, that the true seal of friend-
Had set upon their faces? [ship

Ang. Do you hear?
What needs all this? say, will you have me, or no?

Rach. I'll have you gone, and leave me if you would.

Ang. Leave you! I was accurst to bring you hither,
And make so fair an offer to a fool.
A pox upon you, why should you be coy,
What good thing have you in you to be proud of?
Are you any other than a beggar's daughter?—
Because you have beauty!—O God's light! a blast!

Pau. Ay, Angelo!

Ang. You scornful baggage,
I loved thee not so much, but now I hate thee.

Rach. Upon my knees, you heavenly powers, I thank you,
That thus have tamed his wild affections.

Ang. This will not do, I must to her again. [*Aside.*
Rachel!
O that thou saw'st my heart, or didst behold
The place from whence that scalding sigh evented
Rachel, by Jesu, I love thee as my soul,
Rachel, sweet Rachel!

Rach. What, again return'd
Unto this violent passion!

Ang. Do but hear me;
By heaven I love you, Rachel.

Rach. Pray forbear.
O that my lord Ferneze were but here!

Ang. 'Sblood! an he were, what would he do?

Pau. [*Rushes forward.*] This would he do, base villain. [*Flings him off.*

Rach. My dear lord! [*Runs into his arms.*

Pau. Thou monster, even the soul of treachery!
O what dishonour'd title of reproach
May my tongue spit in thy deserved face!
Methinks my very presence should invert
The steeled organs of those traitorous eyes,
To take into thy heart, and pierce it through.
Turn'st thou them on the ground? wretch, dig a grave
With their sharp points, to hide thy abhorred head.—
Sweet love, thy wrongs have been too violent
Since my departure from thee, I perceive;
But now true comfort shall again appear,
And, like an armed angel, guard thee safe
From all the assaults of cover'd villainy.
Come, monsieur, let us go, and leave this wretch
To his despair.

Ang. My noble [lord] Ferneze!

Pau. What, canst thou speak to me, and not thy tongue,
Forced with the torment of thy guilty soul
Break that infected circle of thy mouth,
Like the rude clapper of a crazed bell!
I, [I] that in thy bosom lodg'd my soul,
With all her train of secrets, thinking them
To be as safe and richly entertain'd
As in a prince's court, or tower of strength;
And thou to prove a traitor to my trust,
And basely to expose it! O this world!

Ang. My honourable lord.

Pau. The very owl,
Whom other birds do stare and wonder at,

Shall hoot at thee; and snakes in every bush,
Shall deaf thine ears with their ——
Cha. Nay, good my lord,
Give end unto your passions.
Ang. You shall see
I will redeem your lost opinion.
Rach. My lord, believe him.
Cha. Come, be satisfied:
Sweet lord. you know our haste; let us to horse.
The time for my engaged return is past.
Be friends again, take him along with you.
Pau. Come, Angelo, hereafter prove more true.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Count FERNEZE'S *House.*

Enter Count FERNEZE, MAXIMILIAN *and* FRANCISCO.

Count F. Tut, Maximilian, for your honour'd
I am persuaded; but no words shall turn [self
The edge of purposed vengeance on that wretch:
Come bring him forth to execution.—

Enter Servants *with* CAMILLO *bound.*

I'll hang him for my son, he shall not 'scape,
Had he a hundred lives.—Tell me, vile slave,
Think'st thou I love my son? is he my flesh?
Is he my blood, my life? and shall all these
Be tortured for thy sake, and not revenged?—
Truss up the villain.
Max. My lord, there is no law to confirm this action: 'tis dishonourable.
Count F. Dishonourable, Maximilian!
It is dishonourable in Chamont:
The day of his prefixed return is past,
And he shall pay for it.
Cam. My, lord, my lord,
Use your extremest vengeance; I'll be glad
To suffer ten times more for such a friend.
Count F. O resolute and peremptory wretch!
Franc. My honour'd lord, let us intreat a word!
Count F. I'll hear no more; I say, he shall not live;
Myself will do it. Stay, what form is this
Stands betwixt him and me, and holds my hand?
What miracle is this? 'tis my own fancy
Carves this impression in me; my soft nature,
That ever hath retain'd such foolish pity
Of the most abject creature's misery,
That it abhors it. What a child am I
To have a child? ah me! my son, my son!
[*Weeps, and walks aside.*

Enter CHRISTOPHERO.

Chris. O my dear love, what is become of thee?
What unjust absence layest thou on my breast,
Like weights of lead, when swords are at my back,
That run me thorough with thy unkind flight!
My gentle disposition waxeth wild;
I shall run frantic: O my love, my love!

Enter JAQUES.

Jaq. My gold, my gold, my wife, my soul, my heaven!
What is become of thee? see, I'll impart
My miserable loss to my good lord.—
Let me have search, my lord, my gold is gone.
Count F. My son, Christophero, think'st thou it possible
I ever shall behold his face again?
Chris. O father, where's my love? were you so careless
To let an unthrift steal away your child?
Jaq. I know your lordship may find out my gold.
For God's sake pity me; justice, sweet lord!
Count F. Now they have young Chamont, Christophero,
Surely they never will restore my son.
Chris. Who would have thought you could have been so careless,
To lose your only daughter?
Jaq. Who would think
That looking to my gold with such hare's eyes,
That ever open, ay, even when they sleep,
I thus should lose my gold! my noble lord,
What says your lordship?
Count F. O my son, my son!
Chris. My dearest Rachel!
Jaq. My most honey gold!
Count F. Hear me, Christophero.
Chris. Nay, hear me, Jaques.
Jaq. Hear me, most honour'd lord.
Max. What rule is here?
Count F. O God, that we should let Chamont escape!
Chris. Ay, and that Rachel, such a virtuous maid,
Should be thus stolen away! [
Jaq. And that my gold,
Being so hid in earth, should be found out!
Max. O confusion of languages, and yet no tower of Babel!

Enter AURELIA, *and* PHŒNIXELLA.

Fran Ladies, beshrew me, if you come not fit
To make a jangling consort; will you laugh
To see three constant passions?
Max. Stand by, I will urge them.
Sweet count, will you be comforted?
Count F. It cannot be
But he is handled the most cruelly
That ever any noble prisoner was.
Max. Steward, go cheer my lord.
Chris. Well, if Rachel took her flight willingly—
Max. Sirrah, speak you touching your daughter's flight.
Jaq. O that I could so soon forget to know
The thief again that had my gold, my gold!
Max. Is not this pure?
Count F. O thou base wretch, I'll drag thee through the streets;
And as a monster make thee wonder'd at.—

Enter BALTHASAR.

How now? [BALTHASAR *whispers with him.*
Phœn. Sweet gentleman, how too unworthily
Art thou thus tortured!—Brave Maximilian,
Pity the poor youth, and appease my father.
Count F. How! my son return'd! O Maximilian.
Francisco, daughters! bid him enter here.
Dost thou not mock me?—

Enter PAULO FERNEZE, RACHEL, CHAMONT, *and* ANGELO.

O, my dear Paulo, welcome.
Max. My Lord Chamont!
Cha. My Gasper!
Chris. Rachel!
Jaq. My gold, Rachel, my gold!
Count F. Somebody bid the beggar cease his noise.
Chris. O signior Angelo, would you deceive

Your honest friend, that simply trusted you?—
Well, Rachel, I am glad thou art here again.
Ang. I'faith, she is not for you, steward.
Jaq. I beseech you, madam, urge your father.
Phœn. I will anon; good Jaques, be content.
Aur. Now God a mercy Fortune, and sweet
Let Cupid do his part, and all is well. [Venus:
Phœn. Methinks my heart's in heaven with this comfort.
Cha. Is this the true Italian courtesy?
Ferneze, were you tortured thus in France?
By my soul's safety ——
Count F. My most noble lord, [*Kneels.*
I do beseech your lordship.
Cha. Honour'd count, [*Raises him.*
Wrong not your age with flexure of a knee,
I do impute it to those cares and griefs
That did torment you in your absent son.
Count F. O worthy gentleman, I am ashamed
That my extreme affection to my son
Should give my honour so uncured a maim;
But my first son being in Vicenza lost—
Cha. How! in Vicenza! lost you a son there?
About what time, my lord?
Count F. O, the same night
Wherein your noble father took the town.
Cha. How long's that since, my lord, can you remember?
Count F. 'Tis now well nigh upon the twentieth
Cha. And how old was he then? [year
Count F. I cannot tell;
Between the years of three and four, I take it
Cha. Had he no special note in his attire,
Or otherwise, that you call to mind?
Count F. I cannot well remember his attire;
But I have often heard his mother say,
He had about his neck a tablet,
Given to him by the emperor Sigismund,
His godfather, with this inscription,
Under the figure of a silver globe,
In minimo mundus.
Cha. How did you call
Your son, my lord?
Count F. Camillo, lord Chamont.
Cha. Then, no more my Gasper, but Camillo,
Take notice of your father.—Gentlemen,
Stand not amazed; here is a tablet,
With that inscription, found about his neck,
That night and in Vicenza, by my father,
Who, being ignorant what name he had,
Christen'd him Gasper; nor did I reveal
This secret, till this hour, to any man.
Count F. O happy revelation! O blest hour!
O my Camillo!
Phœn. O strange! my brother!
Fran. Maximilian,
Behold now the abundance of his joy
Drowns him in tears of gladness.
Count F. O, my boy,
Forgive thy father's late austerity.
Max. My lord, I delivered as much before, but your honour would not be persuaded; I will hereafter give more observance to my visions; I dreamt of this.
Jaq. I can be still no longer; my good lord,
Do a poor man some grace 'mongst all your joys.
Count F. Why, what's the matter, Jaques?
Jaq. I am robb'd;
I am undone, my lord; robb'd and undone.
A heap of thirty thousand golden crowns
Stolen from me in one minute, and I fear
By her confederacy that calls me father;
But she is none of mine, therefore, sweet lord,
Let her be tortured to confess the truth.
Max. More wonders yet.
Count F. How, Jaques! is not Rachel then thy daughter?
Jaq. No, I disclaim in her; I spit at her;
She is a harlot, and her customers,
Your son, this gallant, and your steward here,
Have all been partners with her in my spoil;
No less than thirty thousand.
Count F. Jaques, Jaques,
This is impossible; how shouldst thou come
To the possession of so huge a heap,
Being always a known beggar?
Jaq. Out, alas!
I have betray'd myself with my own tongue;
The case is alter'd. [*Going*
Count F. Some one stay him here.
Max. What, means he to depart?—Count Ferneze, upon my soul, this beggar is a counterfeit
Urge him.—Didst thou lose gold?
Jaq. O no, I lost no gold.
Max. Said I not true?
Count F. How! didst thou first lose thirty thousand crowns,
And now no gold? was Rachel first thy child,
And is she now no daughter? sirrah, Jaques,
You know how far our Milan laws extend
For punishment of liars.
Jaq. Ay, my lord.—
What shall I do? I have no starting-holes. [*Aside.*
Monsieur Chamont, stand you my honour'd lord.
Cha. For what, old man?
Jaq. Ill-gotten goods ne'er thrive;
I play'd the thief, and now am robb'd myself.
I am not what I seem, Jaques de Prie,
Nor was I born a beggar as I am;
But some time steward to your noble father.
Cha. What, Melun!
That robb'd my father's treasure, stole my sister?
Jaq. Ay, ay; that treasure's lost, but Isabel,
Your beauteous sister, here survives in Rachel;
And therefore on my knees ——
Max. Stay, Jaques, stay;
The case still alters.
Count F. Fair Rachel, sister to the lord Chamont!
Ang. Steward, your cake is dough, as well as mine.
Pau. I see that honour's flames cannot be hid,
No more than lightning in the blackest cloud.
Max. Then, sirrah, it is true, you have lost this gold?
Jaq. Ay, worthy signior, thirty thousand crowns.
Count F. Mass, who was it told me, that a couple of my men were become gallants of late?
Fran. Marry 'twas I, my lord; my man told me.

Enter ONION *and* JUNIPER, *dressed as before.*

Max. How now! what pageant is this?
Jun. Come, signior Onion, let's not be ashamed to appear; keep state, look not ambiguous now.
Oni. Not I, while I am in this suit.
Jun. Lordlings, equivalence to you all.
Oni. We thought good to be so good as see you, gentlemen.
Max. What, monsieur Onion!

Oni. How dost thou, good captain?

Count F. What, are my hinds turn'd gentlemen?

Oni. Hinds, sir! 'sblood, an that word will bear an action, it shall cost us a thousand pound a piece, but we'll be revenged.

Jun. Wilt thou sell thy lordship, count?

Count F. What! peasants purchase lordships?

Jun. Is that any novels, sir?

Max. O transmutation of elements! it is certified you had pages.

Jun. Ay, sir; but it is known they proved ridiculous, they did pilfer, they did purloin, they did procrastinate our purses; for the which wasting of our stock, we have put them to the stocks.

Count F. And thither shall you two presently.
These be the villains that stole Jaques' gold;
Away with them, and set them with their men.

Max. Onion, you will now be peel'd.

Fran. The case is alter'd now.

Oni. Good my lord, good my lord!—

Jun. Away, scoundrel! dost thou fear a little elocution? shall we be confiscate now? shall we droop now? shall we be now in helogabolus?

Oni. Peace, peace, leave thy gabling.

Count F. Away, away with them; what's this they prate?

[*Exeunt* Servants *with* JUN. *and* ONION.

Keep the knaves sure, strict inquisition
Shall presently be made for Jaques' gold,
To be disposed at pleasure of Chamont.

Cha. She is your own, lord Paulo, if your father Give his consent.

Ang. How now, Christophero! The case is alter'd.

Chris. With you as well as me; I am content, sir.

Count F. With all my heart; and in exchange of her,
If with your fair acceptance it may stand,
I tender my Aurelia to your love.

Cha. I take her from your lordship with all thanks,
And bless the hour wherein I was made prisoner,
For the fruition of this present fortune,
So full of happy and unlook'd-for joys.—
Melun, I pardon thee; and for the treasure,
Recover it, and hold it as thine own:
It is enough for me to see my sister
Live in the circle of Ferneze's arms,
My friend, the son of such a noble father;
And my unworthy self rapt above all,
By being the lord to so divine a dame.

Max. Well, I will now swear the CASE IS ALTERED.—Lady, fare you well; I will subdue my affections.—Madam, as for you, you are a profest virgin, and I will be silent.—My honourable lord Ferneze, it shall become you at this time not be frugal, but bounteous, and open-handed; your fortune hath been so to you.—Lord Chamont, you are now no stranger; you must be welcome; you have a fair, amiable, and splendid lady:—but, signor Paulo, signior Camillo, I know you valiant, be loving.—Lady, I must be better known to you.—Signiors, for you, I pass you not, though I let you pass; for in truth I pass not of you.—Lovers to your nuptials, lordings to your dances. March fair all, for a *fair March is worth a king's ransom!*

[*Exeunt.*

ENTERTAINMENTS.

PART OF KING JAMES'S ENTERTAINMENT,

IN PASSING TO HIS CORONATION.

AT FEN-CHURCH.

THE scene presented itself in a square and flat upright, like to the side of a city; the top thereof, above the vent and crest, adorn'd with houses, towers, and steeples, set off in prospective. Upon the battlements, in a great capital letter, was inscribed,

LONDINIUM:

according to Tacitus, *Annal.* lib. 14. *At Suetonius mirâ constantiâ medios inter hosteis Londinium perrexit, cognomento quidem Coloniæ non insigne, sed copiâ negotiatorum, et commeatu maximè celebre.* Beneath that, in a less and different character, was written

CAMERA REGIA,

which title immediately after the Norman conquest it began to have; (*Cam. Brit.* 374,) and by the indulgence of succeeding princes, hath been hitherto continued. In the frieze over the gate it seemeth to speak this verse:

PAR DOMUS HÆC CŒLO,
SED MINOR EST DOMINO,

taken out of Martial (*lib.* 8, *epig.* 36,) and implying, that though this city (for the state and magnificence) might by hyperbole be said to touch the stars, and reach up to heaven, yet was it far inferior to the master thereof, who was his majesty; and in that respect unworthy to receive him. The highest person advanced therein, was

MONARCHIA BRITANNICA;

and fitly; applying to the abovementioned title of the city, THE KING'S CHAMBER, and therefore here placed as in the proper seat of the empire: for so the glory and light of our kingdom, M. Camden, (*Brit.* 3, 7,) speaking of London, saith, she is *totius Britanniæ epitome, Britannicique imperii sedes, regumque Angliæ camera, tantum inter omneis eminet, quantum (ut ait ille) inter viburna cupressus.* She was a woman, richly attired in cloth of gold and tissue; a rich mantle; over her state two crowns hanging, with pensile shields thorough them; the one limned with the particular coat of England, the other of Scotland: On either side also a crown, with the like scutcheons, and peculiar coats of France and Ireland. In her hand she holds a sceptre; on her head a fillet of gold, interwoven with palm and laurel; her hair bound into four several points, descending from her crowns; and in her lap a little globe, inscribed upon

ORBIS BRITANNICUS,

and, beneath, the word

DIVISUS AB ORBE,

to shew that this empire is a world divided from the world; and alluding to that of Claudian, *De Mallii Theodor. cons. panegyr.*

—— *Et nostro diducta Britannia mundo;*

and Virgil,

Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.[1]

The wreath denotes victory and happiness; the sceptre and crowns sovereignty; the shields the precedency of the countries, and their distinctions. At her feet was set

THEOSOPHIA,

or Divine Wisdom, all in white, a blue mantle seeded with stars, a crown of stars on her head. Her garments figured truth, innocence, and clearness. She was always looking up; in her one hand she sustained a dove, in the other a serpent: the last to shew her subtilty, the first her simplicity: alluding to that text of Scripture,[2] *Estote ergo prudentes sicut serpentes, et simplices sicut columbæ.* Her word,

PER ME REGES REGNANT,[3]

intimating, how by her all kings do govern, and that she is the foundation and strength of kingdoms: to which end, she was here placed upon a cube, at the foot of the monarchy, as her base and stay. Directly beneath her stood

GENIUS URBIS,[4]

a person attired rich, reverend, and antique: his hair long and white, crowned with a wreath of plane-tree, which is said to be *arbor genialis;* his mantle of purple, and buskins of that colour: he held in one hand a goblet, in the other a branch full of little twigs, to signify increase and indulgence. His word,

HIS ARMIS;

pointing to the two that supported him, whereof the one on the right hand was

BOULEUTES,

figuring the council of the city, and was suited in

[1] Eclog. 1.
[2] Matt. x. 16.
[3] Prov. viii. 15.
[4] Antiqui genium omnium gignendarum rerum existimarunt deum: et tam urbib. quam hominib. vel cæteris rebus natum. Lil. Gr. Gyr. in Synt. Deor. 15. and Rosin. Antiq. Ro. l. 2. c. 14.

black and purple; a wreath of oak[1] upon his head: sustaining, for his ensigns, on his left arm a scarlet robe, and in his right hand the fasces,[2] as tokens of magistracy, with this inscription;

SERVARE CIVES.

The other on the left hand,

POLEMIUS,

the warlike force of the city, in an antique coat or armour with a target and sword; his helm on, and crowned with laurel, implying strength and conquest: in his hand he bore the standard of the city, with this word,

EXTINGUERE ET HOSTEIS,

expressing by those several mots, connexed, that with those arms of counsel and strength, the Genius was able to extinguish the king's enemies, and preserve his citizens, alluding to these verses in Seneca, Oct. act. 2.

Extinguere hostem maxima est virtus ducis.
Servare cives major est patriæ patri.

Underneath these, in an aback thrust out before the rest, lay

TAMESIS,

the river, as running along the side of the city; in a skin-coat, made like flesh, naked and blue. His mantle of sea-green or water-colour, thin, and boln out like a sail; bracelets about his wrists, of willow and sedge, a crown of sedge and reed upon his head, mixed with water-lilies; alluding to Virgil's description of Tyber;

—— Deus ipse loci, fluvio Tyberinus amœno,
Populeas inter senior se attollere frondes
Visus, eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu
Carbasus, et crineis umbrosa tegebat arundo.[3]

His beard and hair long, and overgrown. He leans his arm upon an earthen pot, out of which, water, with live fishes, are seen to run forth, and play about him. His word,

FLUMINA SENSERUNT IPSA,

an hemistich of Ovid's; the rest of the verse being,

—— quid esset amor.[4]

affirming, that rivers themselves, and such inanimate creatures, have heretofore been made sensible of passions and affections; and that he now no less partook the joy of his majesty's grateful approach to this city, than any of those persons, to whom he pointed, which were the daughters of the Genius, and six in number: who, in a spreading ascent, upon several grices, help to beautify both the sides. The first,

EUPHROSYNE,

or Gladness, was suited in green, a mantle of divers colours, embroidered with all variety of flowers: on her head a garland of myrtle, in her right hand a crystal cruse filled with wine, in the left a cup of gold; at her feet a timbrel, harp, and other instruments, all ensigns of gladness,

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis, &c.[5]

And in another place,

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus, &c.[6]

Her word,

HÆC ÆVI MIHI PRIMA DIES.[7]

As if this were the first hour of her life, and the minute wherein she began to be; beholding so long coveted, and looked for a presence. The second,

SEBASIS,

or Veneration, was varied in an ash-coloured suit, and dark mantle, a veil over her head of ash-colour: her hands crossed before her, and her eyes half closed. Her word,

MIHI SEMPER DEUS.

Implying both her office of reverence, and the dignity of her object, who being as god on earth, should never be less in her thought. The third,

PROTHYMIA,

or Promptitude, was attired in a short-tucked garment of flame-colour, wings at her back: her hair bright, and bound up with ribands; her breast open, virago-like; her buskins so ribbanded: she was crowned with a chaplet of tri-foly, to express readiness and openness every way; in her right hand she held a squirrel, as being the creature most full of life and quickness: in the left a close round censer, with the perfume suddenly to be vented forth at the sides. Her word,

QUA DATA PORTA,[9]

taken from another place in Virgil, where Æolus, at the command of Juno, lets forth the wind;

—— Ac venti velut agmine facto
Quâ data porta ruunt, et terras turbine perflant.[10]

And shewed that she was no less prepared with promptitude and alacrity, than the winds were, upon the least gate that shall be opened to his high command. The fourth,

AGRYPNIA,

or Vigilance, in yellow, a sable mantle, seeded with waking eyes, and silver fringe: her chaplet of Heliotropium, or turnsole: in her one hand a lamp, or cresset; in her other a bell. The lamp signified search and sight, the bell warning; the Heliotropium care, and respecting her object. Her word,

SPECULAMUR IN OMNEIS,

alluding to that of Ovid, where he describes the office of Argus;

—— Ipse procul montis sublime cacumen
Occupat, unde sedens partes speculatur in omneis.[11]

and implying the like duty of care and vigilance in herself. The fifth,

AGAPE,

or Loving Affection, in crimson fringed with gold, a mantle of flame-colour, her chaplet of red and white roses; in her hand, a flaming heart: the flame expressed zeal; the red and white roses, a mixture

[1] Civica corona fit è fronde querna, quoniam cibus victusque antiquissimus querceus capi solitus sit. Ros. lib. 10. cap. 27.

[2] Fasciculi virgarum, intra quas obligata securis erat, sic ut ferrum in summo fasce extaret. Ros. lib. 7. cap. 3. Ubi notandum est, non debere præcipitem et solutam iram esse magistratus. Mora enim allata, et cunctatio, dum sensim virgæ solvuntur, identidem consilium mutavit deplectendo. Quando autem vitia quædam sunt corrigibilia, deplorata alia; castigant virgæ, quod revocari valet, immedicabile secures præcidunt. Plut. Prob. Rom. 82.

[3] Æn. lib. 8.

[4] Amor. 3. el. 5.

[5] Hor. car. i. ode 27.

[6] Ode 37.

[7] Stat. Syl. 4. Ep. Domit.

[8] Virg. Ecl. 1.

[9] Æn. 1.

[10] Æn. 1.

[11] Met. 1.

of simplicity with love; her robes freshness and fervency. Her word,

NON SIC EXCUBIÆ,

out of Claudian, in following

—— *Nec circumstantia pila*
Quàm tutatur amor.[1]

Inferring, that though her sister before had protested watchfulness and circumspection, yet no watch or guard could be so safe to the estate or person of a prince, as the love and natural affections of his subjects: which she in the city's behalf promised. The sixth,

OMOTHYMIA,

or Unanimity, in blue, her robe blue, and buskins. A chaplet of blue lilies, shewing one truth and entireness of mind. In her lap lies a sheaf of arrows bound together, and she herself sits weaving certain small silver twists. Her word,

FIRMA CONCENSUS FACIT.

Auxilia humilia firma, &c.[2]

Intimating, that even the smallest and weakest aids, by consent, are made strong: herself personating the unanimity, or consent of soul, in all inhabitants of the city to his service.

¶ These are all the personages, or live figures, whereof only two were speakers, (Genius and Tamesis,) the rest were mutes. Other dumb compliments there were, as the arms of the kingdom on the one side, with this inscription,

HIS VIREAS.

With these mayest thou flourish.

On the other side, the arms of the city, with,

HIS VINCAS.

With these mayest thou conquer.

In the centre, or midst of the pegme, there was an aback, or square, wherein this elogy was written:

MAXIMUS HIC REX EST ET LUCE SERENIOR IPSA
PRINCIPE QUÆ TALEM CERNIT IN URBE DUCEM;
CUJUS FORTUNAM SUPERAT SIC UNICA VIRTUS,
UNUS UT IS RELIQUOS VINCIT UTRAQUE VIROS.
PRÆCEPTIS ALII POPULOS, MULTAQUE FATIGANT
LEGE; SED EXEMPLO NOS RAPIT ILLE SUO.
CUIQUE FRUI TOTA FAS EST UXORE MARITO,
ET SUA FAS SIMILI PIGNORA NOSSE PATRI.
ECCE UBI PIGNORIBUS CIRCUMSTIPATA CORUSCIS
IT COMES, ET TANTO VIX MINOR *ANNA* VIRO.
HAUD METUS EST, REGEM POSTHAC NE PROXIMUS HÆRES,
NEU SUCCESSOREM NON AMET ILLE SUUM.

This, and the whole frame, was covered with a curtain of silk, painted like a thick cloud, and at the approach of the king was instantly to be drawn. The allegory being, that those clouds were gathered upon the face of the city, through their long want of his most wished sight: but now, as at the rising of the sun, all mists were dispersed and fled. When suddenly, upon silence made to the music, a voice was heard to utter this verse;

Totus adest oculis, aderat qui mentibus olim.[3]

Signifying, that he was now really objected to their eyes, who before had been only, but still, present in their minds.

Thus far the complimental part of the first; wherein was not only laboured the expression of state and magnificence (as proper to a triumphal arch) but the very site, fabric, strength, policy, dignity, and affections of the city were all laid down to life: the nature and property of these devices being, to present always some one entire body, or figure, consisting of distinct members, and each of those expressing itself in its own active sphere, yet all with that general harmony so connexed, and disposed, as no one little part can be missing to the illustration of the whole where also is to be noted, that the symbols used are not, neither ought to be, simply hieroglyphics, emblems, or impreses, but a mixed character, partaking somewhat of all, and peculiarly apted to these more magnificent inventions: wherein the garments and ensigns deliver the nature of the person, and the word the present office. Neither was it becoming, nor could it stand with the dignity of these shews, (after the most miserable and desperate shift of the puppets) to require a truchman, or, with the ignorant painter, one to write, This is a dog; *or,* This is a hare: *but so to be presented, as upon the view, they might, without cloud, or obscurity, declare themselves to the sharp and learned: and for the multitude, no doubt but their grounded judgments did gaze, said it was fine, and were satisfied.*

THE SPEECHES OF GRATULATION.

GENIUS.

Time, Fate, and Fortune have at length conspired,
To give our age the day so much desired.
What all the minutes, hours, weeks, months, and years,
That hang in file upon these silver hairs,
Could not produce, beneath the Britain stroke,[4]
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman yoke,[5]
This point of time hath done. Now, London, rear
Thy forehead high, and on it strive to wear
Thy choicest gems; teach thy steep towers to rise
Higher with people: set with sparkling eyes
Thy spacious windows; and in ev'ry street,
Let thronging joy, love, and amazement meet.
Cleave all the air with shouts, and let the cry
Strike through as long, and universally,
As thunder; for thou now art bless'd to see
That sight, for which thou didst begin to be,
When Brutus'[6] plough first gave thee infant bounds,
And I, thy Genius, walk'd auspicious rounds
In every furrow;[7] then did I forelook,
And saw this day[8] mark'd white in Clotho's[9] book.

[1] De 4. cons. Hon. paneg.
[2] Pub. Syr.
[3] Claud. de laud. Stil. lib. 3.

[4] As being the first free and natural government of this island, after it came to civility.
[5] In respect they were all conquests, and the obedience of the subject more enforced.
[6] Rather than the city should want a founder, we chose to follow the received story of Brute, whether fabulous, or true, and not altogether unwarranted in poetry: since it is a favour of antiquity to few cities, to let them know their first authors. Besides, a learned poet of our time, in a most elegant work of his, Con. Tam. et Isis, celebrating London, hath this verse of her: Æmula maternæ tollens sua lumina Trojæ. Here is also an ancient rite alluded to in the building of cities, which was to give them their bounds with a plough, according to Virg. Æn. lib. 10. Interea Æneas urbem designat aratro. And Isidore, lib. 15. cap. 2. Urbs vocata a orbe, quod antiquæ civitates in orbem fiebant; vel ab urbo parte aratri, quo muri designabantur, unde est illud, Optavitque locum regno et concludere sulco.
[7] Primigenius sulcus dicitur, qui in condendâ novâ urbe, tauro et vaccâ designationis causâ imprimitur; hitherto respects that of Camd. Brit. 368, speaking of this city, Quicunque autem condiderit, vitali genio constructam fuisse ipsius fortuna docuit.
[8] For so all happy days were, Plin. cap. 40. lib. 7. Nat. Hist. To which Horace alludes, lib. 1. ode 36. Cressâ ne careat pulchra dies notâ. And the other, Plin. epist. 11. lib. 6. O diem lætum, notandumque mihi candidissimo calculo. With many other in many places. Mart. lib. 8. ep. 45. lib. 9. ep. 53. lib. 10. ep. 38. lib. 11. ep. 37. Stat. lib. 4. sy. 6. Pers. sat. 2. Catull. epig. 69, &c.
[9] The Parcæ, or Fates, Martianus calls them scirbas

The several circles,[1] both of change and sway,
Within this isle, there also figured lay:
Of which the greatest, perfectest, and last
Was this, whose present happiness we taste.—
Why keep you silence, daughters? what dull peace
Is this inhabits you? Shall office cease
Upon the aspect of him, to whom you owe
More than you are, or can be? Shall Time know
That article, wherein your flame stood still,
And not aspired? now heav'n avert an ill
Of that black look! Ere pause possess your breasts,
I wish you more of plagues: zeal when it rests,
Leaves to be zeal. Up, thou tame River, wake;
And from thy liquid limbs this slumber shake:
Thou drown'st thyself in inofficious sleep;
And these thy sluggish waters seem to creep,
Rather than flow. Up, rise, and swell with pride
Above thy banks: Now is not every tide.

TAMESIS.

To what vain end should I contend to show
My weaker powers, when seas of pomp o'erflow
The city's face: and cover all the shore
With sands more rich than Tagus' wealthy ore?
When in the flood of joys that comes with him,
He drowns the world; yet makes it live and swim,
And spring with gladness: not my fishes here,
Though they be dumb, but do express the cheer
Of those bright streams: no less may these and I[2]
Boast our delights, albeit we silent lie.

GENIUS.

Indeed true gladness doth not always speak:
Joy bred and born but in the tongue, is weak.
Yet (lest the fervor of so pure a flame
As this my city bears, might lose the name
Without the apt eventing of her heat)
Know, greatest JAMES, and no less good than great,
In the behalf of all my virtuous sons,
Whereof my eldest there thy pomp foreruns,[3]
(A man without my flattering, or his pride,
As worthy, as he's blest[4] to be thy guide)
In his grave name, and all his brethren's right,
Who thirst to drink the nectar of thy sight,
The council, commoners, and multitude;
Glad that this day, so long denied, is view'd,
I tender thee the heartiest welcome, yet,
That ever king had to his empire's seat:[5]
Never came man more long'd for, more desired;
And being come, more reverenced, loved, admired:
Hear and record it: "In a prince it is
"No little virtue, to know who are his."

With like devotions,[6] do I stoop t'emorace
This springing glory of thy godlike race;[7]
His country's wonder, hope, love, joy, and pride:
How well doth he become the royal side
Of this erected and broad-spreading tree,
Under whose shade may Britain ever be!
And from this branch may thousand branches more
Shoot o'er the main, and knit with every shore
In bonds of marriage, kindred and increase;
And style this land the navel of their peace;[8]
This is your servants wish, your cities vow,
Which still shall propagate itself, with you;
And free from spurs of hope, that slow minds move:
"He seeks no hire, that owes his life to love."
And here she comes that is no less a part[9]
In this day's greatness, than in my glad heart.
Glory of queens, and glory of your name,[10]
Whose graces do as far outspeak your fame,
As fame doth silence, when her trumpet rings
You daughter, sister, wife of several kings:[11]
Besides alliance, and the style of mother,
In which one title you drown all your other.
Instance, be that fair shoot, is gone before,[12]
Your eldest joy, and top of all your store,
With those,[13] whose sight to us is yet denied,
But not our zeal to them, or aught beside
The city can to you: for whose estate
She hopes you will be still good advocate
To her best lord. So, whilst you mortal are,
No taste of sour mortality once dare
Approach your house; nor fortune greet your grace,
But coming on, and with a forward face.

AT TEMPLE-BAR.

The Scene carried the frontispiece of a temple, the walls of which and gates were brass; their pillars silver, their capitals and bases gold: in the highest point of all was erected a Janus' head, and over it written,

JANO QUADRIFRONTI SACRUM.[14]

Which title of *Quadrifrons* is said to be given him, as he respecteth all climates, and fills all parts of the world with his majesty: which Martial would seem to allude unto in that hendecasyllable,

Et linguâ pariter locutus omni.[15]

Others have thought it by reason of the four elements, which brake out of him, being Chaos: for Ovid is not afraid to make Chaos and Janus the same, in these verses,

Me Chaos antiqui (nam sum res prisca) vocabant,
Adspice, &c.[16]

---

ac librarias superûm; whereof Clotho is said to be the eldest, signifying in Latin Evocatio.

[1] Those beforementioned of the Britain, Roman, Saxon, &c., and to this register of the Fates allude those verses of Ovid, Met. 15.—

Cernes illic molimine vasto,
Ex ære, et solido rerum tabularia ferro:
Quæ neque concussum cœli, neque fulminis iram,
Nec metuunt ullas tuta atque æterna ruinas.
Invenies illis incisa adamante perenni
Fata, &c.

[2] Understanding Euphrosyne, Sebasis, Prothymia, &c.

[3] The lord mayor, who for his year hath senior place of the rest, and for this day was chief serjeant to the king.

[4] Above the blessing of his present office, the word had some particular allusion to his name, which is Bennet, and hath (no doubt) in time been the contraction of Benedict. [Sir Thomas Bennet was now Lord Mayor.]

[5] The city, which title is touched before.

[6] To the Prince.

[7] An attribute given to great persons, fitly above other humanity, and in frequent use with all the Greek poets, especially Homer, Iliad α.—διος Ἀχιλλευς. And in the same book—και αντιθεον Πολυφημον.

[8] As Luctatius calls Parnassus, umbilicum terræ.

[9] To the queen.

[10] An emphatical speech, and well reinforcing her greatness; being, by this match, more than either her brother, father, &c.

[11] Daughter to Frederick II. king of Denmark and Norway, sister to Christierne IV. now there reigning, and wife to James our sovereign.

[12] The prince Henry Frederick.

[13] Charles duke of Rothsey, and the lady Elizabeth.

[14] Bassus apud Macrob. l. i. Satur. cap. 9.

[15] Lib. 8. ep. 2.

[16] Fast. lib. 1.

But we rather follow, and that more particularly, the opinion of the ancients,[1] who have entitled him Quadrifrons, in regard of the year, which, under his sway, is divided into four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, and ascribe unto him the beginnings and ends of things. See M. Cic.[2] *Cumque in omnibus rebus vim haberent maximam prima et extrema, principem in sacrificando* Janum *esse voluerunt, quod*[3] *ab eundo nomen est deductum: ex quo transitiones perviæ* Jani, *foresque in liminibus prophanarum ædium, Janua nominatur, &c.* As also the charge and custody of the whole world, by Ovid:

Quicquid ubique vides, cælum, mare, nubila, terras,
Omnia sunt nostra clausa patentque manu.
Me penes est unum vasti custodia mundi,
Et jus vertendi cardinis omne meum est.[4]

About his four heads he hath a wreath of gold, in which was graven this verse,

TOT VULTUS MIHI NEC SATIS PUTAVI.[5]

Signifying, that though he had four faces, yet he thought them not enough, to behold the greatness and glory of that day; beneath, under the head, was written,

ET MODO SACRIFICO CLUSIUS ORE VOCOR.[6]

For being open, he was styled Patulcius, but then upon the coming of his majesty, being to be shut, he was to be called Clusius. Upon the outmost front of the building was placed the entire arms of the kingdom, with the garter, crown, and supporters, cut forth as fair and great as the life, with an hexastic written underneath, all expressing the dignity and power of him that should close that Temple.

QUI DUDUM ANGUSTIS TANTUM REGNAVIT IN ORIS
PARVOQUE IMPERIO SE TOTI PRÆBUIT ORBI
ESSE REGENDO PAREM, TRIA REGNA (UT NULLA DEESSET
VIRTUTI FORTUNA) SUO FELICITER UNI
JVNCTA SIMUL SENSIT: FAS UT SIT CREDERE VOTIS
NON JAM SANGUINEA FRUITUROS PACE BRITANNOS.

In a great frieze, below, that ran quite along the breadth of the building, were written these two verses out of Horace,[7]

JURANDASQUE SUUM PER NOMEN PONIMUS ARAS,
NIL ORITURUM ALIAS, NIL ORTUM TALE FATENTES.

The first and principal person in the temple, was

IRENE,

or Peace; she was placed aloft in a cant, her attire white, semined with stars, her hair loose and large: a wreath of olive on her head, on her shoulder a silver dove: in her left hand she held forth an olive branch, with an handful of ripe ears, in the other a crown of laurel, as notes of victory and plenty. By her stood

PLUTUS,

or Wealth,[8] a little boy, bare-headed, his locks curled, and spangled with gold, of a fresh aspect, his body almost naked, saving some rich robe cast over him; in his arms a heap of gold ingots to express riches, whereof he is the god. Beneath his feet lay

ENYALIUS,

or Mars, groveling, his armour scattered upon him in several pieces, and sundry sorts of weapons broken about him. Her word to all was

UNA TRIUMPHIS INNUMERIS POTIOR.

—— *pax optima rerum*
Quas homini novisse datum est, pax una triumphis
Innumeris potior.[9]

Signifying that peace alone was better, and more to be coveted than innumerable triumphs. Besides, upon the right hand of her, but with some little descent, in a hemicycle was seated

ESYCHIA,

or Quiet, the first handmaid of Peace; a woman of a grave and venerable aspect, attired in black, upon her head an artificial nest, out of which appeared storks heads, to manifest a sweet repose. Her feet were placed upon a cube, to shew stability, and in her lap she held a perpendicular or level, as the ensign of evenness and rest: on the top of it sat an halcyon, or king's-fisher. She had lying at her feet

TARACHE,

or Tumult, in a garment, of divers but dark colours, her hair wild, and disordered, a foul and troubled face; about her lay staves, swords, ropes, chains, hammers, stones, and such-like, to express turmoil. The word was,

PERAGIT TRANQUILLA POTESTAS.

Quod violenta nequit: mandataque fortius urget
Imperiosa quies.[10]

To shew the benefit of a calm and facile power, being able to effect in a state that which no violence can. On the other side the second handmaid was,

ELEUTHERIA,

or Liberty, her dressing white, and somewhat antique, but loose and free: her hair flowing down her back and shoulders: in her right hand she bare a club, on her left a hat, the characters of freedom and power: at her feet a cat was placed, the creature most affecting and expressing liberty. She trod on

DOULOSIS,

or Servitude, a woman in old and worn garments, lean and meagre, bearing fetters on her feet and hands; about her neck a yoke, to insinuate bondage, and the word

NEC UNQUAM GRATIOR,

alluding to that other of Claud.

Nunquam libertas gratior extat
Quam sub rege pio.[11]

And intimated that liberty could never appear more graceful and lovely, than now under so good a prince. The third handmaid was

SOTERIA,

or Safety, a damsel in carnation, the colour signifying cheer, and life; she sat high: upon her head she wore an antique helm, and in her right hand a spear for defence, and in her left a cup for medi-

[1] Lege Marlianum, lib. 4. cap. 8. Alb. in deorum.
[2] De nat. deorum, lib. 2.
[3] Quasi Eanus.
[4] Fast. ibid.
[5] Mart. lib. 8. ep. 2.
[6] Ov. Fast. 1.
[7] Lib. 2. epist. 1. ad Aug.
[8] So Cephisiodotus hath feigned him. See Paus. in Bœot. et Phil. in Imag. contrary to Aristoph. Theogn. Lucian, and others, who make him blind and deformed.
[9] Sil. Ital.
[10] Claud. de Malii Theo. cons. paneg.
[11] De laud. Stil. 1. 3.

cine: at her feet was set a pedestal, upon which a serpent rolled up did lie. Beneath was

PEIRA,

or Danger, a woman despoiled, and almost naked; the little garment she hath left her, of several colours, to note her various disposition. Besides her lies a torch out, and her sword broken, (the instrument of her fury) with a net and wolf's-skin (the ensigns of her malice) rent in pieces. The word,

TERGA DEDERE METUS,

borrowed from Mart.[1] and implying that now all fears have turned their backs, and our safety might become security, danger being so wholly depressed, and unfurnished of all means to hurt. The fourth attendant is,

EUDAIMONIA,

or Felicity, varied on the second hand, and apparelled richly in an embroidered robe, and mantle: a fair golden tress. In her right hand a Caduceus, the note of peaceful wisdom: in her left, a Cornucopiæ filled only with flowers, as a sign of flourishing blessedness; and crowned with a garland of the same. At her feet,

DYSPRAGIA,

or Unhappiness, a woman bare-headed, her neck, arms, breast, and feet naked, her look hollow and pale; she holds a Cornucopiæ turned downward, with all the flowers fallen out and scattered: upon her sits a raven, as the augury of ill fortune: and the soul was

REDEUNT SATURNIA REGNA,

out of Virgil,[2] to shew that now those golden times were returned again, wherein Peace was with us so advanced, Rest received, Liberty restored, Safety assured, and all blessedness appearing in every of these virtues, her particular triumph over her opposite evil. This is the dumb argument of the frame, and illustrated with this verse of Virgil, written in the under frieze,

NULLA SALUS BELLO:
PACEM TE POSCIMUS OMNES.[3]

The speaking part was performed, as within the temple, where there was erected an altar, to which, at the approach of the king, appears the Flamen

MARTIALIS.[4]

And to him,

GENIUS URBIS.

The Genius we attired before: to the Flamen we appoint this habit. A long crimson robe to witness his nobility, his tippet and sleeves white, as reflecting on purity in his religion, a rich mantle of gold with a train to express the dignity of his function. Upon his head a hat of delicate wool,[5] whose top ended in a cone, and was thence called *apex*, according to that of Lucan, lib. 1,

Attollensque apicem generoso vertice flamen.

This apex was covered with a fine net of yarn,[6] which they named apiculum, and was sustained with a bowed twig of pomegranate tree;[7] it was also in the hot time of summer to be bound with ribands, and thrown behind them, as Scaliger[8] teacheth. In his hand he bore a golden censer with perfume, and censing about the altar, (having first kindled his fire on the top) is interrupted by the Genius.

GENIUS.

Stay, what art thou, that in this strange attire,
Dar'st kindle stranger and unhallow'd fire
Upon this altar?

FLAMEN.

Rather what art thou
That dar'st so rudely interrupt my vow?
My habit speaks my name.

GENIUS.

A Flamen?

FLAMEN.

Yes,
And Martialis call'd.[9]

GENIUS.

I so did guess
By my short view; but whence didst thou ascend
Hither? or how? or to what mystic end?

FLAMEN.

The noise, and present tumult of this day,
Roused me from sleep, and silence, where I lay
Obscured from light: which when I wak'd to see,
I wondering thought what this great pomp might be.
When, looking in my kalendar, I found
The Ides of March[10] were enter'd, and I bound
With these, to celebrate the genial feast
Of Anna styled Perenna,[11] Mars's guest,[12]
Who, in this month of his, is yearly call'd
To banquet at his altars; and install'd

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[1] Lib. 12. ep. 6.

[2] Eclog. v.

[3] Æn. l. 11.

[4] One of the three Flamines that, as some think, Numa Pompilius first instituted; but we rather, with Varro, take him of Romulus's institution, whereof there were only two, he and Dialis: to whom he was next in dignity. He was always created out of the nobility, and did perform the rites to Mars, who was thought the father of Romulus.

[5] Scaliger in conject. in Var. saith, Totus pileus, vel potius velamenta, flammeum dicebatur, unde flamines dicti.

[6] To this looks that other conjecture of Varro, lib. 4. de lingua Latina: Flamines quod licio in capite velati erant semper, ac caput cinctum habebant filo, flamines dicti.

[7] Which in their attire was called Stroppus, in their wives' Inarculum.

[8] Scal. ibid. in con. Ponè enim regerebant apicem, ne gravis esset summis æstatis caloribus. Amentis enim, quæ offendices dicebantur sub mentum abductis, religabant; ut cum vellent, regererent, et ponè pendere permitterent.

[9] Of Mars, whose rites (as we have touch'd before) this Flamen did specially celebrate.

[10] With us the fifteenth of March, which was the present day of this triumph: and on which the great feast of Anna Perenna (among the Romans) was yearly, and with such solemnity remembered. Ovid. Fast. 3,

Idibus est, Annæ festum geniale Perennæ,
Haud procul à ripis, &c.

[11] Who this Anna should be (with the Romans themselves) hath been no trifling controversy. Some have thought her fabulously the sister of Dido, some a nymph of Numicius, some Io, some Themis. Others an old woman of Bovilla, that fed the seditious multitude in Monte Sacro, with wafers, and fine cakes, in time of their penury: to whom, afterwards (in memory of the benefit) their peace being made with the nobles, they ordained this feast. Yet they that have thought nearest, have missed all these, and directly imagined her the moon: and that she was called ANNA, Quia mensibus impleat annum, Ovid. ib. To which the vow that they used in her rites, somewhat confirmingly alludes, which was, ut Annare, et Perennare commode liceret. Macr. Sat. lib. 1. cap. 12.

[12] So Ovid, ibid. Fast. makes Mars speaking to her,

Mense meo coleris, junxi mea tempora tecum.

A goddess with him,[1] since she fills the year,
And knits[2] the oblique scarf that girts the sphere.
Whilst four-faced Janus turns his vernal look[3]
Upon their meeting hours, as if he took
High pride and pleasure.

GENIUS.

Sure thou still dost dream,
And both thy tongue, and thought rides on the stream
Of phantasy: behold here he nor she,
Have any altar, fane, or deity.
Stoop; read but this inscription:[4] and then view
To whom the place is consecrate. 'Tis true
That this is Janus' temple, and that now
He turns upon the year his freshest brow;
That this is Mars's month; and these the Ides,
Wherein his Anne was honour'd; both the tides,
Titles, and place, we know: but these dead rites
Are long since buried; and new power excites
More high and hearty flames. Lo, there is he,
Who brings with him a greater Anne than she:[5]
Whose strong and potent virtues have defaced[6]
Stern Mars's statues, and upon them placed
His,[7] and the world's best blessings: this hath brought
Sweet peace to sit in that bright state she ought,
Unbloody, or untroubled; hath forced hence
All tumults, fears, or other dark portents
That might invade weak minds; hath made men
Once more the face of welcome liberty: [see
And doth in all his present acts restore
That first pure world, made of the better ore.
Now innocence shall cease to be the spoil
Of ravenous greatness, or to steep the soil
Of rased peasantry with tears and blood;
No more shall rich men, for their little good,
Suspect to be made guilty; or vile spies
Enjoy the lust of their so murdering eyes:
Men shall put off their iron minds, and hearts;
The time forget his old malicious arts
With this new minute; and no print remain
Of what was thought the former age's stain.
Back, Flamen, with thy superstitious fumes,
And cense not here; thy ignorance presumes
Too much in acting any ethnic rite
In this translated temple: here no wight
To sacrifice, save my devotion, comes,
That brings, instead of those thy masculine gums,[8]
My city's heart; which shall for ever burn
Upon this altar, and no time shall turn
The same to ashes: here I fix it fast,
Flame bright, flame high, and may it ever last.
Whilst I, before the figure of thy peace,
Still tend the fire; and give it quick increase
With prayers, wishes, vows; whereof be these
The least, and weakest: that no age may leese
The memory of this so rich a day;
But rather that it henceforth yearly may
Begin our spring, and with our spring the prime,
And first account of years, of months,[9] of time;[10]
And may these Ides as fortunate appear
To thee, as they to Cæsar fatal were.[11]
Be all thy thoughts born perfect, and thy hopes
In their events still crown'd beyond their scopes.
Let not wide heav'n that secret blessing know
To give, which she on thee will not bestow.
Blind Fortune be thy slave; and may her store,
The less thou seek'st it, follow thee the more.
Much more I would: but see, these brazen gates
Make haste to close, as urged by thy fates.
Here ends my city's office, here it breaks:
Yet with my tongue, and this pure heart, she speaks
A short farewell: and lower than thy feet,
With fervent thanks, thy royal pains doth greet.
Pardon, if my abruptness breed disease:
" He merits not to offend, that hastes to please."

OVER THE ALTAR WAS WRITTEN THIS INSCRIPTION:

D. I. O. M.
BRITANNIARUM. IMP. PACIS. VINDICI. MARTE. MAJORI. P. P. F. S. AUGUSTO. NOVO. GENTIUM. CONJUNCTARUM. NUMINI. TUTELARI.

D. A.
CONSERVATRICI. ANNÆ. IPSÆ. PERENNÆ. DEABUSQUE. UNIVERSIS. OPTATIORI. SUI. FORTUNATISSIMI. THALAMI. SOCIÆ. ET CONSORTI. PULCHERRIMÆ. AUGUSTISSIMÆ. ET

H. F. P.
FILIO. SUO. NOBILISSIMO. OB. ADVENTUM. AD. URBEM. HANC. SUAM. EXPECTATISSIMUM. GRATISSIMUM. CELEBRATISSIMUM. CUJUS. NON. RADII. SED. SOLES. POTIUS. FUNESTISSIMAM. NUPER. AERIS. INTEMPERIEM. SERENARUNT.

S. P. Q. L.
VOTIS. X. VOTIS. XX. ARDENTISSIMIS.
L. M.
HANC. ARAM
P.

[1] Nuper erat dea facta, &c. Ibid.

[2] Where is understood the meeting of the zodiac in March, the month wherein she is celebrated.

[3] That face wherewith he beholds the spring.

[4] Written upon the altar, for which we refer you to col. 2 of this page.

[5] The queen: to which in our inscription we spake to the king MARTE MAJORI.

[6] The temple of Janus we apprehend to be both the house of war and peace: of war, when it is open; of peace, when it is shut: and that there, each over the other is interchangeably placed, to the vicissitude of times.

[7] Which are peace, rest, liberty, safety, &c. and were his actively, but the world's passively.

[8] Somewhat a strange epithet in our tongue, but proper to the thing: for they were only masculine odours, which were offered to the altars, Virg. Ecl. 8. Verbenasque adole pingueis, et mascula thura. And Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 12. cap. 14. speaking of these, saith, Quod ex rotunditate guttæ pependit, masculum vocamus, cum alias non ferè mas vocetur, ubi non sit fœmina: religioni tributum ne sexus alter usurparetur. Masculum aliqui putant à specie testium dictum. See him also lib. 34. cap. 11. And Arnob. lib. 7. advers. gent. Non si mille tu pondera masculi thuris incendas, &c.

[9] According to Romulus his institution, who made March the first month, and consecrated it to his father, of whom it was called Martius. Varr. Fest. in frag. Martius mensis initium anni fuit, et in Latio, et post Romam conditam, &c. And Ovid. Fast. 3. A te principium Romano dicimus anno: Primus de patrio nomine mensis erit. Vox rata fit, &c. See Macr. lib. 1. cap. 12. and Solin. in Polyhist. cap. 3. Quod hoc mense mercedes exolverint magistris, quas completas annus deberi fecisse, &c.

[10] Some, to whom we have read this, have taken it for a tautology, thinking Time enough expressed before in years and months. For whose ignorant sakes we must confess to have taken the better part of this travail, in noting a thing not usual, neither affected of us, but where there is necessity, as here, to avoid their dull censures. Where in years and months we alluded to that is observed in our former note: but by Time we understand the present, and that from this instant we should begin to reckon, and make this the first of our time. Which is also to be helped by emphasis.

[11] In which he was slain in the senate.

AND UPON THE GATE, BEING SHUT,
IMP. JACOBUS. MAX.
CÆSAR. AUG. P. P.
PACE POPULO BRITANNICO
TERRA MARIQUE PARTA
JANUM CLUSIT. S. C.

IN THE STRAND.

The invention was a rainbow, the moon, sun, and those seven stars, which antiquity hath styled the Pleiades or Vergiliæ, advanced between two magnificent pyramids of seventy foot in height, on which were drawn his majesty's several pedigrees Eng. and Scot. To which body (being framed before) we were to apt our soul. And finding that one of these seven lights, Electra, is rarely or not at all to be seen, as Ovid. *lib.* 4. *Fast.* affirmeth

Pleiades incipient humeros relevare paternos;
Quæ septem dici, sex tamen esse solent.

And by and by after,

Sive quod Electra Trojæ spectare ruinas
Non tulit; ante oculos opposuitque manum.

And *Festus Avien.*[1]

Fama vetus septem memorat genitore creatas
Longævo: sex se rutila inter sidera tantum
Sustollunt, &c.

And beneath,

——Cerni sex solas carmine Mynthes
Asserit: Electram cælo abscessisse profundo, &c.

We ventured to follow this authority, and made her the speaker: presenting her hanging in the air, in figure of a comet; according to Anonymus. *Electra non sustinens videre casum pronepotum fugerit; unde et illam dissolutis crinibus propter luctum ire asserunt, et propter comas quidam Cometen appellant.*

THE SPEECH.

ELECTRA.

The long laments[2] I spent for ruin'd Troy,
Are dried; and now mine eyes run tears of joy.
No more shall men suppose Electra dead,
Though from the consort of her sisters fled
Unto the arctic circle,[3] here to grace,
And gild this day with her serenest face:[4]
And see, my daughter Iris[5] hastes to throw
Her roseat wings, in compass of a bow,
About our state, as sign[6] of my approach:
Attracting to her seat from Mithra's coach,[7]
A thousand different and particular hues,
Which she throughout her body doth diffuse.
The sun, as loth to part from this half sphere,
Stands still; and Phœbe labours to appear
In all as bright, if not as rich, as he:
And, for a note of more serenity,
My six[8] fair sisters hither shift their lights,
To do this hour the utmost of her rites.
Where lest the captious, or profane might doubt,
How these clear heavenly bodies come about
All to be seen at once; yet neither's light
Eclips'd, or shadow'd by the other's sight:
Let ignorance know, great king, this day is thine,
And doth admit no night; but all do shine
As well nocturnal, as diurnal fires,
To add unto the flame of our desires.
Which are, now thou hast closed up Janus' gates,[9]
And given so general peace to all estates,
That no offensive mist, or cloudy stain,
May mix with splendor of thy golden reign;
But, as thou'st freed thy Chamber from the noise[10]
Of war and tumult; thou wilt pour those joys
Upon this place,[11] which claims to be the seat[12]
Of all the kingly race: the cabinet
To all thy counsels, and the judging chair
To this thy special kingdom. Whose so fair
And wholesome laws, in every court, shall strive
By equity, and their first innocence to thrive;
The base and guilty bribes of guiltier men
Shall be thrown back, and justice look, as when
She loved the earth, and fear'd not to be sold
For that,[13] which worketh all things to it, gold.
The dam of other evils, avarice,
Shall here lock down her jaws, and that rude vice
Of ignorant and pitied greatness, pride,
Decline with shame; ambition now shall hide
Her face in dust, as dedicate to sleep,
That in great portals wont her watch to keep.
All ills shall fly the light: thy court be free
No less from envy, than from flattery;
All tumult, faction, and harsh discord cease,
That might perturb the music of thy peace:
The querulous nature shall no longer find
Room for his thoughts: one pure consent of mind
Shall flow in every breast, and not the air,
Sun, moon, or stars shine more serenely fair.
This from that loud, blest oracle, I sing!
Who here, and first, pronounced thee Britain's king.
Long may'st thou live, and see me thus appear,
As ominous a comet,[14] from my sphere,

[1] Paraph. in Arat. Phænom.

[2] Fest. Avi. paraph. Pars ait Idææ deflentem incendia Trojæ, Et numerosa suæ lugentem funera gentis, Electram tetris mœstum dare nubibus orbem. Besides the reference to antiquity, this speech might be understood by allegory of the town here, that had been so ruined with sickness, &c.

[3] Hyginus. Sed postquam Troja fuit capta, et progenies ejus quæ à Dardano fuit eversa, dolore permotam ab his se removisse, et in circulo qui arcticus dicitur constitisse, &c.

[4] Electra signifies serenity itself, and is compounded of ἥλιος, which is the sun, and ἄθριος, that signifies serene. She is mentioned to be Anima sphæræ solis, by Proclus. Com. in Hesiod.

[5] She is also feigned to be the mother of the rain-bow. Nascitur enim Iris ex aqua et serenitate, à refractione radiorum scilicet. Arist. in meteorol.

[6] Val. Flac. Argonaut. 1. makes the rainbow indicem serenitatis.

Emicuit reserata dies cœlumque resolvit
Arcus, et in summos redierunt nubila montes.

[7] A name of the sun, Stat. The. l. 1. torquentem cornua Mithran. And Martian. Capel. l. 3. de nup. Mer. et Phil. Te Serapim. Nilus, Memphis veneratur Osirin; Dissona sacra Mithran, &c.

[8] Alcyone, Celæno, Taygete, Asterope, Merope, Maia, which are also said to be the souls of the other spheres, as Electra of the sun Proclus, ibi in com. Alcyone Veneris, Celæno Saturni, Taygete Lunæ, Asterope Jovis, Meropo Martis, Maia Mercurii.

[9] Alluding back to that of our temple.

[10] London.

[11] His city of Westminster, in whose name, and at whose charge, together with the dutchy of Lancaster, this arch was erected.

[12] Since here, they not only sat being crowned, but also first received their crowns.

[13] Hor. Car. lib. 4. ode 9. Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ

[14] For our more authority to induce her thus, see Fest Avien. paraph. in Arat. speaking of Electra, Nonnun

Unto thy reign; as that did auspicate[1]
So lasting glory to Augustus' state.

quam oceani tamen istam surgere ab undis, In convexa poli, sed sede carere sororum; Atque os discretum procul edere, detestatam: Germanosque choros sobolis lacrymare ruinas Diffusamque comas cerni, crinisque soluti Monstrari effigie, &c.

[1] All comets were not fatal, some were fortunately ominous, as this to which we allude; and wherefore we have Pliny's testimony, Nat. Hist. lib. 2. cap. 25. Cometes in uno totius orbis loco colitur in templo Romæ, admodum faustus Divo Augusto judicatus ab ipso: qui incipiente eo, apparuit ludis quos faciebat Veneri Genetrici, non multo post obitum patris Cæsaris, in collegio ab eo instituto. Namque his verbis id gaudium prodidit. Iis ipsis ludorum meorum diebus, sydus crinitum per septem dies in regione cœli, quæ sub septentrionibus est, conspectum. Id oriebatur circa undecimam horam diei, clarumque et omnibus terris conspicuum fuit. . Eo sydere significari vulgus credidit, Cæsaris animam inter Deorum immortalium numina receptam: quo nomine id insigne simulacro capitis ejus, quod mox in foro consecravimus, adjectum est. Hæc ille in publicum, interiore gaudio sibi illum natum seque in eo nasci interpretatus est. Et si verum fatemur, salutare id terris fuit.

A PANEGYRE

ON THE HAPPY ENTRANCE OF JAMES, OUR SOVEREIGN,

TO HIS

FIRST HIGH SESSION OF PARLIAMENT IN THIS HIS KINGDOM,

The 19th of March, 1603.

LICET TOTO NUNC HELICONE FRUI.—MART.

HEAVEN now not strives, alone, our breasts to fill
With joys; but urgeth his full favours still.
Again, the glory of our western world
Unfolds himself; and from his eyes are hurl'd
To-day, a thousand radiant lights that stream
To every nook and angle of his realm.
His former rays did only clear the sky;
But these his searching beams are cast, to pry
Into those dark and deep concealed vaults,
Where men commit black incest with their faults,
And snore supinely in the stall of sin:
Where murther, rapine, lust, do sit within,
Carousing human blood in iron bowls,
And make their den the slaughter-house of souls:
From whose foul reeking caverns first arise
Those damps, that so offend all good men's eyes,
And would, if not dispers'd, infect the crown,
And in their vapour her bright metal drown.
To this so clear and sanctified an end,
I saw, when reverend Themis did descend
Upon his state: let down in that rich chain,
That fast'neth heavenly power to earthly reign:
Beside her stoop'd on either hand, a maid,
Fair Dicè, and Eunomia, who were said
To be her daughters; and but faintly known
On earth, till now, they come to grace his throne.
Her third, Irene, help'd to bear his train;
And in her office vow'd she would remain,
Till foreign malice, or unnatural spight
(Which fates avert) should force her from her right.
With these he pass'd, and with his people's hearts,
Breath'd in his way; and souls, their better parts,
Hasting to follow forth in shouts, and cries,
Upon his face all threw their covetous eyes,
As on a wonder: some amazed stood,
As if they felt, but had not known their good.
Other would fain have shown it in their words;
But, when their speech so poor a help affords
Unto their zeal's expression, they are mute;
And only with red silence him salute.
Some cry from tops of houses; thinking noise
The fittest herald to proclaim true joys;
Others on ground run gazing by his side,
All, as unwearied, as unsatisfied:
And every window grieved it could not move
Along with him, and the same trouble prove.
They that had seen, but four short days before,
His gladding look, now long'd to see it more.
And as of late, when he through London went,
The amorous city spared no ornament,
That might her beauties heighten; but so drest,
As our ambitious dames, when they make feast,
And would be courted: so this town put on
Her brightest tire; and in it equal shone
To her great sister; save that modesty,
Her place, and years, gave her precedency.
The joy of either was alike, and full;
No age, nor sex, so weak, or strongly dull,
That did not bear a part in this consent
Of heart, and voices. All the air was rent,
As with the murmur of a moving wood;
The ground beneath did seem a moving flood;
Walls, windows, roofs, tow'rs, steeples, all were se
With several eyes, that in this object met.
Old men were glad their fates till now did last;
And infants, that the hours had made such haste,
To bring them forth: whilst riper aged, and apt
To understand the more, the more were rapt.
This was the people's love, with which did strive
The nobles zeal, yet either kept alive
The other's flame, as doth the wick and wax,
That, friendly temper'd, one pure taper makes.
Meanwhile the reverend Themis draws aside
The king's obeying will, from taking pride
In these vain stirs, and to his mind suggests
How he may triumph in his subjects' breasts,
With better pomp. She tells him first, "That kings
Are here on earth the most conspicuous things:
That they, by heav'n are placed upon his throne,
To rule like heav'n; and have no more their own,
As they are men, than men. That all they do
Though hid at home, abroad is search'd into:
And being once found out, discover'd lies
Unto as many envies there, as eyes.

That princes, since they know it is their fate,
Oft-times, to have the secrets of their state
Betray'd to fame, should take more care, and fear
In public acts what face and form they bear.
She then remember'd to his thought the place
Where he was going; and the upward race
Of kings, preceding him in that high court;
Their laws, their ends; the men she did report:
And all so justly, as his ear was joy'd
To hear the truth, from spight or flattery void.
She show'd him who made wise, who honest acts;
Who both, who neither: all the cunning tracts,
And thriving statutes, she could promptly note;
The bloody, base, and barbarous she did quote;
Where laws were made to serve the tyrant's will;
Where sleeping they could save, and waking kill;
Where acts gave license to impetuous lust
To bury churches in forgotten dust,
And with their ruins raise the pander's bowers:
When public justice borrow'd all her powers
From private chambers; that could then create
Laws, judges, counsellors, yea, prince and state.
All this she told, and more, with bleeding eyes;
For Right is as compassionate as wise."
Nor did he seem their vices so to love,
As once defend, what Themis did reprove.
For though by right, and benefit of times,
He own'd their crowns, he would not so their crimes.
He knew that princes, who had sold their fame
To their voluptuous lusts, had lost their name;
And that no wretch was more unblest than he,
Whose necessary good 'twas now to be
An evil king: and so must such be still,
Who once have got the habit to do ill.
One wickedness another must defend;
For vice is safe, while she hath vice to friend.
He knew that those who would with love command,
Must with a tender, yet a stedfast, hand
Sustain the reins, and in the check forbear
To offer cause of injury, or fear;
That kings, by their example, more do sway
Than by their power; and men do more obey
When they are led, than when they are compell'd.
In all these knowing arts our prince excell'd.
And now the dame had dried her drooping eyne,
When, like an April Iris, flew her shine
About the streets, as it would force a spring
From out the stones, to gratulate the king.
She blest the people, that in shoals did swim
To hear her speech; which still began in him,
And ceas'd in them. She told them what a fate
Was gently fall'n from heaven upon the state;
How dear a father they did now enjoy,
That came to save, what discord would destroy,
And entering with the power of a king,
The temperance of a private man did bring,
That wan affections ere his steps wan ground;
And was not hot, or covetous to be crown'd
Before men's hearts had crown'd him. Who (unlike
Those greater bodies of the sky, that strike
The lesser fires dim) in his access
Brighter than all, hath yet made no one less;
Though many greater: and the most, the best.
Wherein his choice was happy with the rest
Of his great actions, first to see, and do
What all men's wishes did aspire unto.
Hereat the people could no longer hold
Their bursting joys; but through the air was roll'd
The lengthen'd shout, as when th' artillery
Of heaven is discharg'd along the sky.
And this confession flew from every voice,
" Never had land more reason to rejoice,
Nor to her bliss could aught now added be,
Save, that she might the same perpetual see."
Which when time, nature, and the fates denied,
With a twice louder shout again they cried,
" Yet let blest Britain ask, without your wrong,
Still to have such a king, and this king long."

Solus rex et poeta non quotannis nascitur.

THE SATYR.

A Satyr, *lodged in a little spinet, by which her Majesty and the Prince were to come, at the report of certain cornets that were divided in several places of the park, to signify her approach, advanced his head above the top of the wood, wondering, and, with his pipe in his hand, began as followeth:*

HERE! there! and every where!
Some solemnities are near,
That these changes strike mine ear.
My pipe and I a part shall bear.

[*After a short strain with his pipe;*

Look, see!—beshrew this tree!
What may all this wonder be?
Pipe it who that list for me:
I'll fly out abroad, and see.

[*Here he leaped down, and gazed the Queen and the Prince in the face.*

That is Cyparissus' face!
And the dame hath Syrinx' grace!
O that Pan were now in place—
Sure they are of heavenly race.

[*Here he ran into the wood again, and hid himself, whilst to the sound of excellent soft music, that was concealed in the thicket, there came tripping up the lawn a bevy of Fairies, attending on Mab their queen, who falling into an artificial ring, began to dance a round, while their mistress spake as followeth.*

Mab. Hail and welcome, worthiest queen!
Joy had never perfect been,
To the nymphs that haunt this green,
Had they not this evening seen.
Now they print it on the ground
With their feet in figures round;
Marks that will be ever found,
To remember this glad stound.

Sat. [*Peeping out of the bush.*]
Trust her not, you bonnibell,
She will forty leasings tell;
I do know her pranks right well.

Mab. Satyr, we must have a spell
For your tongue, it runs too fleet.

Sat. Not so nimbly as your feet,
When about the cream-bowls sweet,
You and all your elves do meet.

[*Here he came hopping forth, and mixing himself with the Fairies, skipped in, out, and about their circle, while they made many offers to catch at him.*

This is Mab, the mistress Fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairy,
And can hurt or help the cherning,
As she please, without discerning.

1 *Fai.* Pug, you will anon take warning?

Sat. She that pinches country wenches,
If they rub not clean their benches,
And with sharper nails remembers
When they rake not up their embers:
But if so they chance to feast her,
In a shoe she drops a tester.

2 *Fai.* Shall we strip the skipping jester?

Sat. This is she that empties cradles,
Takes out children, puts in ladles:
Trains forth midwives in their slumber,
With a sieve the holes to number;
And then leads them from her burrows,
Home through ponds and water-furrows.

1 *Fai.* Shall not all this mocking stir us?

Sat. She can start our Franklin's daughters,
In their sleep, with shrieks and laughters;
And on sweet St. Anna's night,
Feed them with a promised sight,
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers.

1 *Fai.* Satyr, vengeance near you hovers.

Sat. And in hope that you would come here
Yester-eve, the lady Summer[1]
She invited to a banquet—
But (in sooth) I con you thank yet,
That you could so well deceive her
Of the pride which gan up-heave her!
And, by this, would so have blown her
As no wood-god should have known her.

[*Skips into the wood.*

Fai. Mistress, this is only spite:
For you would not yesternight
Kiss him in the cock-shut light.

Sat. [*returning.*]
By Pan, and thou hast hit it right.

Mab. Fairies, pinch him black and blue,
Now you have him, make him rue.

[*They lay hold on him, and nip him.*

Sat. O, hold, [mistress] Mab! I sue.

Fai. Nay, the devil shall have his due.

[*Here he ran quite away, and left them in a confusion.*

Mab. Pardon, lady, this wild strain,
Common with the sylvan train,
That do skip about this plain:—
Elves, apply your gyre again.

[1] For she was expected there on Midsummer-day at night, but came not till the day following.

And whilst some do hop the ring,
Some shall play, and some shall sing:
We'll express, in ev'ry thing,
Oriana's well-coming.[2]

SONG.

This is she, this is she
In whose world of grace
Every season, person, place,
That receive her happy be;
For with no less,
Than a kingdom's happiness,[3]
Doth she private Lares bless,[4]
And ours above the rest;
By how much we deserve it least.
Long live Oriana
T' exceed, whom she succeeds, our late Diana

Mab. Madam, now an end to make,
Deign a simple gift to take;
Only for the Fairies' sake,
Who about you still shall wake.

'Tis done only to supply
His suspected courtesy,
Who, since Thamyra did die,
Hath not brook'd a lady's eye,

Nor allow'd about his place,
Any of the female race.
Only we are free to trace
All his grounds, as he to chase.

For which bounty to us lent,
Of him unknowledg'd, or unsent,
We prepared this compliment,
And as far from cheap intent,

[*Gives her a jewel.*

In particular to feed
Any hope that should succeed,
Or our glory by the deed,
As yourself are from the need.

Utter not, we you implore,
Who did give it, nor wherefore:
And whenever you restore
Your self to us, you shall have more.

Highest, happiest queen, farewell;
But beware you do not tell.

Here the Fairies hopt away in a fantastic dance, when, on a sudden, the Satyr discovered himself again.

Sat. Not tell? ha! ha! I could smile
At this old and toothless wile.
Lady, I have been no sleeper;
She belies the noble keeper.
Say, that here he likes the groves,
And pursue no foreign loves:
Is he therefore to be deem'd
Rude, or savage? or esteem'd
But a sorry entertainer,
'Cause he is no common strainer,
After painted nymphs for favours,
Or that in his garb he savours
Little of the nicety,
In the sprucer courtiery;
As the rosary of kisses,
With the oath that never misses,

[2] Quasi Oriens ANNA.

[3] Bringing with her the prince, which is the greatest felicity of kingdoms.

[4] For households.

This, "believe me on the breast,"
And then telling some man's jest,
Thinking to prefer his wit,
Equal with his suit by it,
I mean his clothes? No, no, no;
Here doth no such humour flow.
He can neither bribe a grace,
Nor encounter my lord's face
With a pliant smile, and flatter,
Though this lately were some matter
To the making of a courtier.
Now he hopes he shall resort there,
Safer, and with more allowance;
Since a hand hath governance,
That hath given these customs chace,
And hath brought his own in place.
O that now a wish could bring,
The god-like person of a king!
Then should even envy find,
Cause of wonder at the mind
Of our woodman: but lo, where
His kingly image doth appear,
And is all this while neglected.
Pardon, lord, you are respected,
Deep as is the keeper's heart,
And as dear in every part.
See, for instance, where he sends
His son, his heir; who humbly bends

[*Fetches out of the wood the lord Spencer's eldest son, attired and appointed like a huntsman.*

Low as is his father's earth,
To the womb that gave you birth:
So he was directed first,
Next to you, of whom the thirst
Of seeing takes away the use
Of that part, should plead excuse
For his boldness, which is less
By his comely shamefacedness.
Rise up, sir, I will betray
All I think you have to say;
That your father gives you here
(Freely as to him you were)
To the service of this prince:
And with you these instruments
Of his wild and sylvan trade.
Better not Actæon had;
The bow was Phœbe's, and the horn,
By Orion often worn:
The dog of Sparta breed, and good,
As can RING within a WOOD;
Thence his name is: you shall try
How he hunteth instantly.
But perhaps the queen, your mother,
Rather doth affect some other
Sport, as coursing: we will prove
Which her highness most doth love.—
Satyrs, let the woods resound;
They shall have their welcome crown'd
With a brace of bucks to ground.

At that the whole wood and place resounded with the noise of cornets, horns, and other hunting music, and a brace of choice deer put out, and as fortunately killed, as they were meant to be, even in the sight of her majesty.

This was the First Night's Show.

The next day being Sunday, the Queen rested, and on Monday till after dinner; where there was a speech suddenly thought on, to induce a morris of the clowns thereabout, who most officiously presented themselves; but by reason of the throng of the country that came in, their speaker could not be heard, who was in the person of NOBODY, *to deliver this following speech, and attired in a pair of breeches which were made to come up to his neck, with his arms out at his pockets, and a cap drowning his face.*

If my outside move your laughter,
Pray Jove, my inside be thereafter.

QUEEN, PRINCE, DUKE, EARLS,
COUNTESSES, you courtly pearls!
(And I hope no mortal sin,
If I put less ladies in)
Fair saluted be you all!
At this time it doth befall,
We are the huisher to a morris,
A kind of masque, whereof good store is
In the country hereabout,
But this, the choice of all the rout,
Who, because that no man sent them,
Have got NOBODY to present them.
These are things have no suspicion
Of their ill-doing; nor ambition
Of their well: but as the pipe
Shall inspire them, mean to skip:
They come to see, and to be seen,
And though they dance afore the queen,
There's none of these doth hope to come by
Wealth to build another Holmby:
All those dancing days are done,
Men must now have more than one
Grace, to build their fortunes on,
Else our soles would sure have gone,
All by this time to our feet.—
I not deny where graces meet
In a man, that quality
Is a graceful property:
But when dancing is his best,
Beshrew me, I suspect the rest.
But I am Nobody, and my breath,
Soon as it is born, hath death.
Come on, clowns, forsake your dumps,
And bestir your hob-nail'd stumps,
Do your worst, I'll undertake,
Not a jerk you have shall make
Any lady here in love.
Perhaps your fool, or so, may move
Some lady's woman with a trick,
And upon it she may pick
A pair of revelling legs, or two,
Out of you, with much ado.
But see, the hobby-horse is forgot.
Fool, it must be your lot,
To supply his want with faces,
And some other buffoon graces,
You know how; piper, play,
And let Nobody hence away.

[*Here the morris-dancers entered*

There was also another parting speech, which was to have been presented in the person of a youth, and accompanied with divers gentlemen's younger sons of the country: but by reason of the multitudinous press, was also hindered. And which we have here adjoined.

And will you then, mirror of queens, depart?
Shall nothing stay you? not my master's heart,
That pants to lose the comfort of your light,
And see his day, ere it be old, grow night?
You are a goddess, and your will be done:
Yet this our last hope is, that as the sun
Cheers objects far removed, as well as near;
So, wheresoe'er you shine, you'll sparkle here.
And you, dear lord, on whom my covetous eye
Doth feed itself, but cannot satisfy,
O shoot up fast in spirit, as in years;
That when upon her head proud Europe wears
Her stateliest tire, you may appear thereon
The richest gem, without a paragon.
Shine bright and fixed as the arctic star:
And when slow time hath made you fit for war,
Look over the strict ocean, and think where
You may but lead us forth, that grow up here
Against a day, when our officious swords
Shall speak our actions, better than our words.
Till then, all good event conspire to crown
Your parents hopes, our zeal, and your renown.
Peace usher now your steps, and where you come,
Be Envy still struck blind, and Flattery dumb.

THE PENATES.

The King and Queen being entered in at the gate, the PENATES, *or household gods, received them, attired after the antique manner, with javelins in their hands, standing on each side of the porch.*

1 *Pen.* Leap, light hearts, in ev'ry breast,
Joy is now the fittest passion;
Double majesty hath blest
All the place, with that high grace
Exceedeth admiration!

2 *Pen.* Welcome, monarch of this isle,
Europe's envy, and her mirror;
Great in each part of thy style;
England's wish, and Scotland's bliss,
Both France and Ireland's terror.

1 *Pen.* Welcome are you; and no less,
Your admired queen: the glory
Both of state, and comeliness.
Every line of her divine
Form, is a beauteous story.

2 *Pen.* High in fortune, as in blood,
So are both; and blood renowned
By oft falls, that make a flood
In your veins: yet all these strains
Are in your virtues drowned.

1 *Pen.* House, be proud: for of earth's store
These two only are the wonder:
In them she's rich, and is no more.
Zeal is bound their praise to sound
As loud as fame, or thunder.

2 *Pen.* Note, but how the air, the spring
Concur in their devotions;
Pairs of turtles sit and sing
On each tree, o'er-joy'd to see
In them like love, like motions.

1 *Pen.* Enter, sir, this longing door,
Whose glad lord nought could have
Equally: I'm sure not more, [blessed
Than this sight: save of your right,
When you were first possessed.

2 *Pen.* That, indeed, transcended this.
Since which hour, wherein you gain'd
For this grace, both he and his, [it,
Every day, have learn'd to pray,
And now they have obtain'd it.

Here the Penates lead them in, thorough the house, into the garden, where Mercury received them, walking before them.

Mer. Retire, you household-gods, and leave these excellent creatures to be entertained by a more eminent deity. [*Exeunt* Pen.] Hail, king and queen of the Islands, called truly Fortunate, and by you made so. To tell you who I am, and wear all these notable and speaking ensigns about me, were to challenge you of most impossible ignorance, and accuse myself of as palpable glory: it is enough that you know me here, and come with the license of my father Jove, who is the bounty of heaven, to give you early welcome to the bower of my mother Maia, no less the goodness of earth. And may it please you to walk, I will tell you no wonderful story. This place, whereon you are now advanced (by the mighty power of poetry, and the help of a faith that can remove mountains) is the Arcadian hill Cyllene, the place where myself was both begot and born: and of which I am frequently called Cyllenius: Under yond' purslane tree stood sometime my cradle. Where now behold my mother Maia, sitting in the pride of their plenty, gladding the air with her breath, and cheering the spring with her smiles. At her feet, the blushing Aurora, who, with her rosy hand, casteth her honey-dews on those sweeter herbs, accompanied with that gentle wind Favonius, whose subtile spirit, in the breathing forth, Flora makes into flowers, and sticks them in the grass, as if she contended to have the embroidery of the earth richer than the cope of the sky. Here, for her month, the yearly delicate May keeps state; and from this mount takes pleasure to display these valleys, yond' lesser hills, those statelier edifices and towers, that seem enamoured so far off, and are rear'd on end to behold her, as if their utmost object were her beauties. Hither the Dryads of the valley, and nymphs of the great river come every morning to taste of her favours; and depart away with laps filled with her bounties. But, see! upon your approach, their pleasures are instantly remitted. The birds are hush'd, Zephyr is still, the morn forbears her office, Flora is dumb, and herself amazed, to behold two such marvels, that do more adorn place than she can time: pardon, your majesty, the fault, for it is that hath caused it; and till they

can collect their spirits, think silence and wonder the best adoration.

Here AURORA, ZEPHYRUS, *and* FLORA, *began this Song in three parts.*

See, see, O see who here is come a maying!
The master of the ocean;
And his beauteous Orian:
Why left we our playing?
To gaze, to gaze,
On them, that gods no less than men amaze.
Up, nightingale, and sing
Jug, jug, jug, jug, &c.
Raise, lark, thy note, and wing,
All birds their music bring,
Sweet robin, linet, thrush,
Record from every bush
The welcome of the king;
And queen:
Whose like were never seen,
For good, for fair;
Nor can be; though fresh May,
Should every day
Invite a several pair,
No, though she should invite a several pair.

Which ended, Maia (seated in her bower, with all those personages about her, as before described) began to raise herself, and, then declining, spake.

Mai. If all the pleasures were distill'd
Of every flower in every field,
And all that Hybla's hives do yield,
Were into one broad mazer fill'd;
If, thereto, added all the gums,
And spice that from Panchaia comes,
The odour that Hydaspes lends,
Or Phœnix proves before she ends;
If all the air my Flora drew,
Or spirit that Zephyre ever blew;
Were put therein; and all the dew
That ever rosy morning knew;
Yet all diffused upon this bower,
To make one sweet detaining hour,
Were much too little for the grace,
And honour, you vouchsafe the place.
But if you please to come again,
We vow, we will not then, with vain
And empty pastimes entertain
Your so desired, tho' grieved pain.
For we will have the wanton fawns,
That frisking skip about the lawns,
The Panisks, and the Sylvans rude,
Satyrs, and all that multitude,
To dance their wilder rounds about,
And cleave the air, with many a shout,
As they would hunt poor Echo out
Of yonder valley, who doth flout
Their rustic noise. To visit whom
You shall behold whole bevies come
Of gaudy nymphs, whose tender calls
Well-tuned unto the many falls
Of sweet, and several sliding rills,
That stream from tops of those less hills,
Sound like so many silver quills,
When Zephyre them with music fills.
For these, Favonius here shall blow
New flowers, which you shall see to grow,
Of which each hand a part shall take,
And, for your heads, fresh garlands make.
Wherewith, whilst they your temples round,
An air of several birds shall sound
An Io Pæan, that shall drown
The acclamations, at your crown.—
All this, and more than I have gift of saying,
May vows, so you will oft come here a maying.

Mer. And Mercury, her son, shall venture the displeasure of his father, with the whole bench of heaven, that day, but he will do his mother's intents all serviceable assistance. Till then, and ever, live high and happy, you, and your other you; both envied for your fortunes, loved for your graces, and admired for your virtues.

[*This was the morning's entertainment.*

After dinner, the king and queen coming again into the garden, Mercury the second time accosted them.

Mer. Again, great pair, I salute you; and with leave of all the gods, whose high pleasure it is, that Mercury make this your holiday. May all the blessings, both of earth and heaven, concur to thank you: for till this day's sun, I have faintly enjoyed a minute's rest to my creation. Now I do, and acknowledge it your sole, and no less than divine benefit. If my desire to delight you might not divert to your trouble, I would intreat your eyes to a new and strange spectacle; a certain son of mine, whom the Arcadians call a god, howsoever the rest of the world receive him: it is the horned Pan, whom in the translated figure of a goat I begot on the fair Spartan Penelope; May, let both your ears and looks forgive it; these are but the lightest escapes of us deities. And it is better in me to prevent his rustic impudence, by my blushing acknowledgment, than anon by his rude, and not insolent claim, be inforced to confess him. Yonder he keeps, and with him the wood nymphs, whose leader he is in rounds and dances, to this sylvan music. The place, about which they skip, is the fount of laughter, or Bacchus' spring; whose statue is advanced on the top; and from whose pipes, at an observed hour of the day, there flows a lusty liquor, that hath a present virtue to expel sadness; and within certain minutes after it is tasted, force all the mirth of the spleen into the face. Of this is Pan the guardian. Lo! the fountain begins to run, but the nymphs at your sight are fled, Pan and his satyrs wildly stand at gaze. I will approach, and question him: vouchsafe your ear, and forgive his behaviour, which even to me, that am his parent, will no doubt be rude enough, though otherwise full of salt, which except my presence did temper, might turn to be gall and bitterness; but that shall charm him.

Pan. O, it is Mercury! hollow them, agen.
What be all these, father, gods, or men?

Mer. All human. Only these two are deities on earth, but such, as the greatest powers of heaven may resign to.

Pan. Why did our nymphs run away, can you
Here be sweet beauties love Mercury well; [tell?
I see by their looks. How say you, great master?
[*Advances to the king.*
Will you be pleased to hear? shall I be your taster?

Mer. Pan, you are too rude.

Pan. It is but a glass,
By my beard, and my horns, 'tis a health, and shall
Were he a king, and his mistress a queen, [pass.
This draught shall make him a petulant spleen.
But trow, is he loose, or costive of laughter?
I'd know, to fill him his glass, thereafter,
Sure either my skill, or my sight doth mock,
Or this lording's look should not care for the smock;

And yet he should love both a horse and a hound,
And not rest till he saw his game on the ground:
Well, look to him, dame; beshrew me, were I
'Mongst these bonnibells, you should need a good eye.
Here, mistress; all out. Since a god is your skinker;
By my hand, I believe you were born a good drinker.
They are things of no spirit, their blood is asleep,
That, when it is offer'd them, do not drink deep.
Come, who is next? our liquor here cools.
Ladies, I'm sure, you all have not fools
At home to laugh at. A little of this,
Ta'en down here in private, were not amiss.
Believe it, she drinks like a wench that had store
Of lord for her laughter, then will you have more?
What answer you, lordings? will you any or none?
Laugh, and be fat, sir, your penance is known.
They that love mirth, let them heartily drink,
'Tis the only receipt to make sorrow sink.
The young nymph that's troubled with an old
Let her laugh him away, as fast as she can. [man,
Nay drink, and not pause, as who would say, Must you?
But laugh at the wench, that next doth trust you.
To you, sweet beauty; nay, 'pray you come
Ere you sit out, you'll laugh at a feather. [hither
I'll never fear you, for being too witty,
You sip so like a forsooth of the city.
Lords, for yourselves, your own cups crown,
The ladies, i'faith, else will laugh you down.
Go to, little blushet, for this, anan,
You'll steal forth a laugh in the shade of your fan.
This, and another thing, I can tell ye,
Will breed a laughter as low as your belly.
Of such sullen pieces, Jove send us not many,
They must be tickled, before they will any.
What! have we done? they that want let 'em
Gallants, of both sides, you see here is all [call,
Pan's entertainment: look for no more;
Only, good faces, I read you, make store
Of your amorous knights, and 'squires hereafter,
They are excellent sponges, to drink up your laughter.
Farewell, I must seek out my nymphs, that you frighted;
Thank Hermes, my father, if aught have delighted.
[*Exit.*

Mer. I am sure, thy last rudeness cannot; for it makes me seriously ashamed.—I will not labour his excuse, since I know you more ready to pardon, than he to trespass: but for your singular patience, tender you all abundance of thanks; and, mixing with the master of the place in his wishes, make them my divinations: That your loves be ever flourishing as May, and your house as fruitful: that your acts exceed the best, and your years the longest of your predecessors: that no bad fortune touch you, nor good change you. But still, that you triumph in this facility over the ridiculous pride of other princes; and for ever live safe in the love, rather than the fear, of your subjects.

AND THUS IT ENDED.

THE ENTERTAINMENT

OF THE

TWO KINGS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND DENMARK,

At Theobalds, July 24, 1606.

The Kings being entered the Inner Court; above, over the porch, sat the three Hours, upon clouds, as at the ports of heaven; crowned with several flowers: of which one bore a sun-dial; the other, a clock; the third, an hour-glass; signifying as by their names, Law, Justice, and Peace: and for those faculties chosen to gratulate their coming with this speech.

ENTER, O long'd-for princes, bless these bowers,
And us, the three, by you made happy, Hours:
We that include all time, yet never knew
Minute like this, or object like to you,
Two kings, the world's prime honours, whose access
Shews either's greatness, yet makes neither less:
Vouchsafe your thousand welcomes in this shewer;
The master vows, not Sybil's leaves were truer.

Expressed to the king of Denmark, thus:

Qui colit has ædeis, ingentia gaudia adumbrans,
Cernendo reges pace coire pares,
Nos tempestivas, ad limina, collocat Horas,
Quòd bona sub nobis omnia proveniant.
Unum ad lætitiæ cumulum tristatur abesse,
Quòd nequeat signis Lætitiam exprimere.
Sed quia res solùm ingentes hac parte laborant,
Utcunque expressam credidit esse satis.
At, quod non potuit dominus, supplevit abundè
Frondoso tellus munere facta loquax.
Eccos quam grati veniant quos terra salutat!
Verior his foliis nulla Sybilla fuit.

The inscriptions on the walls were,

DATE VENIAM SUBITIS.
DEBENTUR QVÆ SUNT, QUÆQUE FUTURA.

Epigrams hung up.

Ad Reges Serenissimos.

Sæpe Theobaldæ (sortis bonitate beatæ)
Excepere suos sub pia tecta deos;
Haud simul at geminos: sed enim potuisse negant:
Nec fas est tales posse putare duos. [*bant:*
Fortunata antehac, sed nunc domus undique fœlix,
At dominus quanto (si licet usque) magis!
Et licet, ô Magni, foliis si fiditis istis,
Queis Horæ summam contribuere fidem.

Ad Serenissimum Jacobum.

Miraris, cur hospitio te accepimus Horæ,
Cujus ad obsequium non satis annus erat?
Nempe quod adveniant ingentia gaudia rarò,
Et quando adveniant vix datur hora frui.

Ad Serenissimum Christianum.

Miraris, cur hospitio te accepimus Horæ,
Quas Solis famulas Græcia docta vocat?
Talis ab adventu vestro lux fulsit in ædeis,
Ut dominus solem crederet esse novum.

Others, at their departure.

Ad Serenissimum Jacobum.

Hospitio qui te cepit, famulantibus Horis,
Cedere abhinc, nulla concomitante, sinit;
Nempe omneis horas veniendi duxit amicas,
Sed discedendi nulla minuta probat.

Ad Serenissimum Christianum.

Te veniente, novo domus hæc frondebat amictu;
Te discessuro, non prout ante viret:
Nempe, sub accessu solis, novus incipit annus,
Et, sub discessu squalida sævit hyems.

AN

ENTERTAINMENT OF KING JAMES AND QUEEN ANNE,

AT THEOBALDS,

WHEN THE HOUSE WAS DELIVERED UP, WITH THE POSSESSION, TO THE QUEEN, BY THE EARL OF SALISBURY,

The 22d of May, 1607.

THE PRINCE JANVILE, BROTHER TO THE DUKE OF GUISE, BEING THEN PRESENT.

The King and Queen, with the princes of Wales and Lorrain, and the nobility, being entered into the gallery, after dinner there was seen nothing but a traverse of white across the room: which suddenly drawn, was discovered a gloomy obscure place, hung all with black silks, and in it only one light, which the Genius of the house held, sadly attired; his Cornucopiæ ready to fall out of his hand, his gyrland drooping on his head, his eyes fixed on the ground; when, out of this pensive posture, after some little pause, he brake and began.

GENIUS.

Let not your glories darken, to behold
The place, and me, her Genius here, so sad;
Who, by bold rumour, have been lately told,
That I must change the loved lord I had.
And he, now, in the twilight of sere age,
Begin to seek a habitation new;
And all his fortunes, and himself engage
Unto a seat, his fathers never knew.
And I, uncertain what I must endure,
Since all the ends of destiny are obscure.

MERCURY. [*From behind the darkness.*]

Despair not, Genius, thou shalt know thy fate.

And withal, the black vanishing, was discovered a glorious place, figuring the Lararium, or seat of the household gods, where both the Lares and Penates were painted in copper colour; erected with columns and architrave, frieze and cornice, in which were placed divers diaphanal glasses, filled with several waters, that shewed like so many stones of orient and transparent hues. Within, as farther off, in landscape, were seen clouds riding, and in one corner, a boy figuring Good Event attired in white, hovering in the air, with wings displayed, having nothing seen to sustain him by, all the time the shew lasted. At the other corner, a Mercury descended in a flying posture, with his caduceus in his hand, who spake to the three Parcæ, that sate low in a grate, with an iron roof, the one holding the rock, the other the spindle, and the third the sheers, with a book of adamant lying open before them. But first the Genius, surprized by wonder, urged this doubt.

GENIUS. [*Aside.*]

What sight is this, so strange, and full of state!
The son of Maia, making his descent
Unto the fates, and met with Good Event?—

MERCURY.

Daughters of Night and Secrecy, attend;
You that draw out the chain of destiny,
Upon whose threads, both lives and times depend,
And all the periods of mortality;
The will of Jove is, that you straight do look
The change, and fate unto this house decreed,
And speaking from your adamantine book,
Unto the Genius of the place it read;
That he may know, and knowing bless his lot,
That such a grace beyond his hopes hath got.

CLOTHO. [*Reads.*]

When underneath thy roof is seen
The greatest king, the fairest queen,
With princes an unmatched pair,
One, hope of all the earth, their heir;
The other styled of Lorrain,
Their blood: and sprung from Charlemaine.
When all these glories jointly shine,
And fill thee with a heat divine,
And these reflected, do beget
A splendent sun, shall never set,
But here shine fixed, to affright
All after-hopes of following night,
Then, Genius, is thy period come,
To change thy lord: thus fates do doom.

GENIUS.

But is my patron with this lot content,
So to forsake his father's monument?
Or is it gain, or else necessity,
Or will to raise a house of better frame,
That makes him shut forth his posterity
Out of his patrimony, with his name?

MERCURY.

Nor gain, nor need; much less a vain desire,
To frame new roofs, or build his dwelling higher;
He hath, with mortar, busied been too much,
That his affections should continue such.

GENIUS.

Do men take joy in labours, not t'enjoy?
Or doth their business all their likings spend?
Have they more pleasure in a tedious way,
Than to repose them at their journey's end?

MERCURY.

Genius, obey, and not expostulate;
It is your virtue: and such Powers as you,
Should make religion of offending fate,
Whose dooms are just, and whose designs are true.

LACHESIS.

The person for whose royal sake,
Thou must a change so happy make,
Is he, that governs with his smile
This lesser world, this greatest isle.
His lady's servant thou must be:
Whose second would great nature see,
Or Fortune, after all their pain,
They might despair to make again.

ATROPOS.

She is the grace of all that are:
And as Eliza, now a star,
Unto her crown, and lasting praise,
Thy humbler walls, at first, did raise,
By virtue of her best aspect;
So shall Bel-Anna them protect:
And this is all the Fates can say;
Which first believe, and then obey.

GENIUS.

Mourn'd I before? could I commit a sin
So much 'gainst kind, or knowledge, to protract
A joy, to which I should have ravish'd been,
And never shall be happy, till I act?
Vouchsafe, fair queen, my patron's zeal in me;
Who fly with fervor, as my fate commands,
To yield these keys: and wish, that you could see
My heart as open to you, as my hands.
There might you read my faith, my thoughts—
But oh!
My joys, like waves, each other overcome;
And gladness drowns where it begins to flow.
Some greater powers speak out, for mine are dumb.

At this, was the place filled with rare and choice music, to which was heard the following SONG, *delivered by an excellent voice, and the burden maintained by the whole quire.*

O blessed change!
And no less glad than strange!
Where we that lose have won;
And, for a beam, enjoy a sun.

Cho. So little sparks become great fires,
And high rewards crown low desires.

Was ever bliss
More full, or clear, than this!
The present month of May
Ne'er look'd so fresh, as doth this day

Cho. So gentle winds breed happy springs,
And duty thrives by breath of kings.

THE QUEEN'S MASQUES.

THE MASQUE OF BLACKNESS,

PERSONATED AT THE COURT AT WHITEHALL, ON THE TWELFTH-NIGHT, 1605.

Salve festa dies, meliorque revertere semper.—OVID.

THE honour and splendour of these Spectacles was such in the performance, as, could those hours have lasted, this of mine, now, had been a most unprofitable work. But when it is the fate even of the greatest, and most absolute births, to need and borrow a life of posterity, little had been done to the study of magnificence in these, if presently with the rage of the people, who, (as a part of greatness) are privileged by custom, to deface their carcasses, the spirits had also perished. In duty therefore to that Majesty, who gave them their authority and grace, and, no less than the most royal of predecessors, deserves eminent celebration for these solemnities, I add this later hand to redeem them as well from ignorance as envy, two common evils, the one of censure, the other of oblivion.

Pliny,[1] Solinus,[2] Ptolemy,[3] and of late Leo[4] the African, remember unto us a river in Æthiopia, famous by the name of Niger; of which the people were called Nigritæ, now Negroes; and are the blackest nation of the world. This river[5] taketh spring out of a certain lake, eastward; and after a long race, falleth into the western ocean. Hence (because it was her majesty's will to have them blackmoors at first) the invention was derived by me, and presented thus:

First, for the scene, was drawn a landtschap (landscape) consisting of small woods, and here and there a void place filled with huntings; which falling, an artificial sea was seen to shoot forth, as if it flowed to the land, raised with waves which seemed to move, and in some places the billows to break, as imitating that orderly disorder which is common in nature. In front of this sea were placed six tritons,[6] in moving and sprightly actions, their upper parts human, save that their hairs were blue, as partaking of the sea-colour: their desinent parts fish, mounted above their heads, and all varied in disposition. From their backs were borne out certain light pieces of taffata, as if carried by the wind, and their music made out of wreathed shells. Behind these, a pair of sea-maids, for song, were as conspicuously seated; between which, two great sea-horses, as big as the life, put forth themselves; the one mounting aloft, and writhing his head from the other, which seemed to sink forward; so intended for variation, and that the figure behind might come off better:[7] upon their backs, Oceanus and Niger were advanced.

Oceanus presented in a human form, the colour of his flesh blue; and shadowed with a robe of sea-green; his head gray, and horned,[8] as he is described by the ancients: his beard of the like mixed colour: he was garlanded with alga, or sea-grass; and in his hand a trident.

Niger, in form and colour of an Æthiop; his hair and rare beard curled, shadowed with a blue and bright mantle: his front, neck, and wrists adorned with pearl, and crowned with an artificial wreath of cane and paper-rush.

These induced the masquers, which were twelve nymphs, negroes, and the daughters of Niger; attended by so many of the Oceaniæ,[9] which were their light-bearers.

The masquers were placed in a great concave shell, like mother of pearl, curiously made to move on those waters and rise with the billow; the top thereof was stuck with a cheveron of lights, which indented to the proportion of the shell, struck a glorious beam upon them, as they were seated one above another: so that they were all seen, but in an extravagant order.

On sides of the shell did swim six huge sea-monsters, varied in their shapes and dispositions, bearing on their backs the twelve torch-bearers, who were planted there in several graces; so as the backs of some were seen; some in purfle, or side; others in face; and all having their lights burning out of whelks, or murex-shells.

The attire of the masquers was alike in all, with-

[1] Nat. Hist. l. 5. c. 8.

[2] Poly. Hist. c. 40, and 43.

[3] Lib. 4. c. 5.

[4] Descrip. Afric.

[5] Some take it to be the same with Nilus, which is by Lucan called Melas, signifying Niger. Howsoever Pliny in the place above noted, hath this: Nigri fluvio eadem natura, quæ Nilo, calamum, papyrum, et easdem gignit animantes. See Solin. abovementioned.

[6] The form of these tritons, with their trumpets, you may read lively described in Ov. Met. lib. 1. Cæruleum Tritona vocat, &c.; and in Virg. Æneid. l. 10. Hunc vehit immanis triton, et sequent.

[7] Lucian in PHTOP. Διδασ. presents Nilus so, Equo fluviatili insidentem. And Statius Neptune, in Theb.

[8] The ancients induced Oceanus always with a bull's head: propter vim ventorum, à quibus incitatur, et impellitur: vel quia tauris similem fremitum emittat; vel quia tanquam taurus furibundus, in littora feratur. Euripid. in Orest. Ὠκέανος ὃν ταυρόκρανος ἀγκαλαις ἐλισσων, κυκλεῖ χθονα. And rivers sometimes were so called. Look Virg. de Tiberi et Eridano. Georg. 4. Æneid 8. Hor. Car. lib. 4. ode 14, and Euripid. in Ione.

[9] The daughters of Oceanus and Tethys. See Hesiod. in Theogon. Orph. in Hym. and Virgil in Georg.

but difference: the colours azure and silver; but returned on the top with a scroll and antique dressing of feathers, and jewels interlaced with ropes of pearl. And for the front, ear, neck, and wrists, the ornament was of the most choice and orient pearl; best setting off from the black.

For the light-bearers, sea-green, waved about the skirts with gold and silver; their hair loose and flowing, gyrlanded with sea-grass, and that stuck with branches of coral.

These thus presented, the scene behind seemed a vast sea, and united with this that flowed forth, from the termination, or horizon of which (being the level of the state, which was placed in the upper end of the hall) was drawn by the lines of prospective, the whole work shooting downwards from the eye; which decorum made it more conspicuous, and caught the eye afar off with a wandering beauty: to which was added an obscure and cloudy night-piece, that made the whole set off. So much for the bodily part, which was of master Inigo Jones's design and act.

By this, one of the tritons, with the two seamaids, began to sing to the others' loud music, their voices being a tenor and two trebles.

SONG.

Sound, sound aloud
The welcome of the orient flood,
Into the west;
Fair Niger,[1] son to great Oceanus,
Now honour'd, thus,
With all his beauteous race:
Who, though but black in face,
Yet are they bright,
And full of life and light.
To prove that beauty best,
Which, not the colour, but the feature
Assures unto the creature.

Ocea. Be silent, now the ceremony's done
And, Niger, say, how comes it, lovely son,
That thou, the Æthiop's river, so far east,
Art seen to fall into the extremest west
Of me, the king of floods, Oceanus,
And in mine empire's heart, salute me thus?
My ceaseless current, now, amazed stands
To see thy labour through so many lands,
Mix thy fresh billow with my brackish stream;[2]
And, in the sweetness, stretch thy diadem
To these far distant and unequall'd skies,
This squared circle of celestial bodies.

Niger. Divine Oceanus, 'tis not strange at all,
That, since th' immortal souls of creatures mortal,
Mix with their bodies, yet reserve for ever
A power of separation, I should sever
My fresh streams from thy brackish, like things fix'd,
Though, with thy powerful saltness, thus far mix'd.
"Virtue, though chain'd to earth, will still live
And hell itself must yield to industry." [free;

Ocea. But what's the end of thy Herculean labours,
Extended to these calm and blessed shores?

Niger. To do a kind and careful father's part,
In satisfying every pensive heart
Of these my daughters, my most loved birth:
Who, though they were the first form'd dames of earth,[3]
And in whose sparkling and refulgent eyes,
The glorious sun did still delight to rise;
Though he, the best judge, and most formal cause
Of all dames beauties, in their firm hues, draws
Signs of his fervent'st love; and thereby shows
That in their black, the perfect'st beauty grows;
Since the fixt colour of their curled hair,
Which is the highest grace of dames most fair,
No cares, no age can change; or there display
The fearful tincture of abhorred gray;
Since death herself (herself being pale and blue,
Can never alter their most faithful hue;
All which are arguments, to prove how far
Their beauties conquer in great beauty's war,
And more, how near divinity they be,
That stand from passion, or decay so free.
Yet, since the fabulous voices of some few
Poor brain-sick men, styled poets here with you,
Have, with such envy of their graces, sung
The painted beauties other empires sprung;
Letting their loose and winged fictions fly
To infect all climates, yea, our purity;
As of one Phaëton,[4] that fired the world
And that, before his heedless flames were hurl'd
About the globe, the Æthiops were as fair
As other dames; now black, with black despair:
And in respect of their complexions chang'd,
Are eachwhere, since, for luckless creatures rang'd;[5]
Which, when my daughters heard, (as women are
Most jealous of their beauties) fear and care
Possess'd them whole; yea, and believing them,[6]
They wept such ceaseless tears into my stream,
That it hath thus far overflow'd his shore
To seek them patience: who have since, e'ermore
As the sun riseth,[7] charg'd his burning throne
With vollies of revilings; 'cause he shone
On their scorch'd cheeks with such intemperate
And other dames made queens of all desires. [fires,
To frustrate which strange error, oft I sought,
Tho' most in vain, against a settled thought
As women's are, till they confirm'd at length
By miracle, what I, with so much strength
Of argument resisted; else they feign'd:
For in the lake where their first spring they gain'd,
As they sat cooling their soft limbs, one night,
Appear'd a face, all circumfused with light;

[1] All rivers are said to be the sons of the Ocean; for, as the ancients thought, out of the vapours exhaled by the heat of the sun, rivers and fountains were begotten. And both by Orph. in Hym. and Homer, *Il.* ξ. Oceanus is celebrated tanquam pater, et origo diis, et rebus, quia nihil sine humectatione nascitur, aut putrescit.

[2] There wants not enough, in nature, to authorize this part of our fiction, in separating Niger from the ocean, (beside the fable of Alpheus, and that, to which Virgil alludes of Arethusa, in his 10. Eclog.

Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labêre Sicanos,
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.)

Examples of Nilus, Jordan, and others, whereof see Nican. lib. 1. de flumin. and Plut. in vita Syllæ, even of this our river (as some think) by the name of Melas.

[3] Read Diod. Sicul. lib. 3. It is a conjecture of the old ethnics, that they which dwell under the south, were the first begotten of the earth.

[4] Notissima fabula, Ovid. Met. lib. 2.

[5] Alluding to that of Juvenal, Satyr. 5. Et cui per mediam nolis occurrere noctem.

[6] The poets.

[7] A custom of the Æthiops, notable in Herod. and Diod. Sic. See Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 3. cap. 8.

(And sure they saw't, for Æthiops[1] never dream)
Wherein they might decipher through the stream,
These words:

> That they a land must forthwith seek,
> Whose termination, of the Greek,
> Sounds TANIA; where bright Sol, that heat
> Their bloods, doth never rise or set,[2]
> But in his journey passeth by,
> And leaves that climate of the sky,
> To comfort of a greater light,
> Who forms all beauty with his sight.

In search of this, have we three princedoms past,
That speak out Tania in their accents last;
Black Mauritania, first; and secondly,
Swarth Lusitania; next we did descry
Rich Aquitania: and yet cannot find
The place unto these longing nymphs design'd.
Instruct and aid me, great Oceanus,
What land is this that now appears to us?

Ocea. This land, that lifts into the temperate [air
His snowy cliff, is Albion the fair;[3]
So call'd of Neptune's son,[4] who ruleth here:
For whose dear guard, myself, four thousand year,
Since old Deucalion's days, have walk'd the round
About his empire, proud to see him crown'd
Above my waves.——

At this the Moon was discovered in the upper part of the house, triumphant in a silver throne, made in figure of a pyramis. Her garments white and silver, the dressing of her head antique, and crowned with a luminary, or sphere of light: which striking on the clouds, and heightened with silver, reflected as natural clouds do by the splendor of the moon. The heaven about her was vaulted with blue silk, and set with stars of silver, which had in them their several lights burning. The sudden sight of which made Niger to interrupt Oceanus with this present passion.

O see, our silver star!
Whose pure, auspicious light greets us thus far!
Great Æthiopia goddess of our shore,[5]
Since with particular worship we adore
Thy general brightness, let particular grace
Shine on my zealous daughters: shew the place
Which long their longings urg'd their eyes to see,
Beautify them, which long have deified thee.

Æthi. Niger, be glad: resume thy native cheer.
Thy daughters labours have their period here,
And so thy errors. I was that bright face
Reflected by the lake, in which thy race
Read mystic lines; which skill Pythagoras
First taught to men. by a reverberate glass.
This blessed isle doth with that TANIA end,
Which there they saw inscribed, and shall extend
Wish'd satisfaction to their best desires.
Britannia, which the triple world admires,
This isle hath now recover'd for her name;
Where reign those beauties that with so much fame
The sacred Muses' sons have honoured,
And from bright Hesperus to Eous spread.

With that great name Britannia, this blest isle
Hoth won her ancient dignity, and style,
A WORLD DIVIDED FROM THE WORLD: and tried
The abstract of it, in his general pride.
For were the world, with all his wealth, a ring,
Britannia, whose new name makes all tongues sing,
Might be a diamant worthy to inchase it,
Ruled by a sun, that to this height doth grace it:
Whose beams shine day and night, and are of force
To blanch an Æthiop, and revive a corse.
His light sciential is, and, past mere nature,
Can salve the rude defects of every creature.
Call forth thy honour'd daughters then:
And let them, 'fore the Britain men,
Indent the land, with those pure traces
They flow with, in their native graces.
Invite them boldly to the shore;
Their beauties shall be scorch'd no more:
This sun is temperate, and refines
All things on which his radiance shines.

Here the Tritons sounded, and they danced on shore, every couple, as they advanced, severally presenting their fans: in one of which were inscribed their mixt names, in the other a mute hieroglyphic, expressing their mixed qualities.[6] *Their own single dance ended, as they were about to make choice of their men: one, from the sea, was heard to call them with this* CHARM, *sung by a tenor voice.*

> Come away, come away,
> We grow jealous of your stay;
> If you do not stop your ear,
> We shall have more cause to fear
> Syrens of the land, than they
> To doubt the Syrens of the sea.

Here they danced with their men several measures and corantos. All which ended, they were again accited to sea, with a SONG *of two trebles, whose cadences were iterated by a double echo from several parts of the land.*

> Daughters of the subtle flood,
> Do not let earth longer entertain you;
> 1 *Ech.* Let earth longer entertain you.
> 2 *Ech.* Longer entertain you.
>
> 'Tis to them enough of good,
> That you give this little hope to gain you.
> 1 *Ech.* Give this little hope to gain you.
> 2 *Ech.* Little hope to gain you.
>
> If they love,
> You shall quickly see;
> For when to flight you move,
> They'll follow you, the more you flee.
> 1 *Ech.* Follow you, the more you flee
> 2 *Ech.* The more you flee.
>
> If not, impute it each to other's matter;
> They are but earth, and what you vow'd was water.
> 1 *Ech.* And what you vow'd was water.
> 2 *Ech.* You vow'd was water.

Æthi. Enough, bright nymphs, the night grows
And we are grieved we cannot hold [old,
You longer light; but comfort take.
Your father only to the lake
Shall make return: yourselves, with feasts,
Must here remain the Ocean's guests.
Nor shall this veil, the sun hath cast
Above your blood, more summers last,

---

[1] Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 5. cap. 8.

[2] Consult with Tacitus, in vita Agric. and the Paneg. ad Constant.

[3] Orpheus, in his Argonaut. calls it Λευκᾶιον χέρσον.

[4] Alluding to the right of styling princes after the name of their princedoms: so is he still Albion, and Neptune's son that governs. As also his being dear to Neptune, in being so embraced by him.

[5] The Æthiopians worshipped the moon by that surname. See Step. περι πόλεων, in voce ΑΙΘΙΟΠΙΟΝ.

[6] Which manner of symbol I rather chose, than imprese, as well for strangeness, as relishing of antiquity, and more applying to that original doctrine of sculpture, which the Egyptians are said first to have brought from the Æthiopians. Diod. Sicul. Herod.

For which you shall observe these rites:
Thirteen times thrice, on thirteen nights,
(So often as I fill my sphere
With glorious light throughout the year)
You shall, when all things else do sleep
Save your chaste thoughts, with reverence, steep
Your bodies in that purer brine,
And wholesome dew, call'd ros-marine:
Then with that soft and gentler foam,
Of which the ocean yet yields some
Whereof, bright Venus, beauty's queen,
Is said to have begotten been,
You shall your gentler limbs o'er-lave,
And for your pains perfection have:
So that, this night, the year gone round,
You do again salute this ground;
And in the beams of yond' bright sun,
Your faces dry,—and all is done.

At which, in a dance, they returned to sea, where they took their shell, and with this full SONG *went out.*

Now Dian, with her burning face,
Declines apace:
By which our waters know
To ebb, that late did flow.
Back seas, back nymphs; but with a forward grace,
Keep still your reverence to the place;
And shout with joy of favour, you have won,
In sight of Albion, Neptune's son.

So ended the first Masque; which, beside the singular grace of music and dances, had the success in the nobility of performance, as nothing needs to the illustration, but the memory by whom it was personated.

		THE NAMES.	THE SYMBOLS.
1.	The Queen . Co. of Bedford	EUPHORIS, AGLAIA,	A golden tree, laden with fruit.
2.	La. Herbert . Co. of Derby .	DIAPHANE, EUCAMPSE,	The figure Isocaedron of crystal.
3.	La. Rich . . Co. of Suffolk	OCYTE, KATHARE,	A pair of naked feet in a river.
4.	La. Bevill . . La. Effingham	NOTIS, PSYCHROTE,	The Salamander simple.
5.	La. El. Howard La. Sus. Vere	GLYCYTE, MALACIA,	A cloud full of rain dropping.
6.	La. Worth . . La. Walsingham	BARYTE, PERIPHERE,	An urn sphered with wine.

The Names of the OCEANIÆ *were,*[3]

DORIS, CYDIPPE, BEROE, IANTHE,
PETRAEA, GLAUCE, ACASTE, LYCORIS,
OCYRHOE, TYCHE, CLYTIA, PLEXAURE.

THE MASQUE OF BEAUTY.

Two years being now past, that her majesty had intermitted these delights, and the third almost come, it was her highness's pleasure again to glorify the court, and command that I should think on some fit presentment, which should answer the former, still keeping them the same persons, the daughters of Niger, but their beauties varied according to promise, and their time of absence excused, with four more added to their number.

To which limits, when I had apted my invention, and being to bring news of them from the sea, I induced Boreas, one of the winds, as my fittest messenger; presenting him thus:

In a robe of russet and white mixt, full and bagg'd; his hair and beard rough and horrid; his wings gray, and full of snow and icicles: his mantle borne from him with wires, and in several puffs; his feet[1] ending in serpents tails; and in his hand a leafless branch laden with icicles.

But before, in the midst of the hall, to keep the state of the feast and season, I had placed January[2] in a throne of silver; his robe of ash-colour, long, fringed with silver; a white mantle; his wings white, and his buskins; in his hand a laurel-bough; upon his head an anademe of laurel, fronted with the sign Aquarius, and the character: who, as Boreas blustered forth, discovered himself.

Boreas. Which, among these, is Albion, Neptune's son?

Januarius. What ignorance dares make that question?
Would any ask, who Mars were in the wars,
Or which is Hesperus among the stars?
Of the bright planets, which is Sol? or can
A doubt arise, 'mong creatures, which is man?
Behold, whose eyes do dart Promethean fire
Throughout this All; whose precepts do inspire
The rest with duty; yet commanding, cheer;
And are obeyed more with love, than fear.

Boreas. What Power art thou, that thus informest me?

Janu. Dost thou not know me? I too well know thee
By thy rude voice,[4] that doth so hoarsely blow;
Thy hair, thy beard, thy wings, o'er-hill'd with snow,
Thy serpent feet, to be that rough North-wind,
Boreas, that to my reign art still unkind.
I am the prince of months, call'd January;
Because by me, Janus[5] the year doth vary,
Shutting up wars, proclaiming peace, and feasts,
Freedom and triumphs; making kings his guests.

Boreas. To thee then thus, and by thee to that
That doth thee present honours, do I bring [king,
Present remembrance of twelve Æthiop dames:
Who, guided hither by the moon's bright flames,
To see his brighter light, were to the sea
Enjoin'd again, and (thence assign'd a day
For their return) were in the waves to leave
Their Blackness, and true Beauty to receive.

Janu. Which they received, but broke their day: and yet
Have not return'd a look of grace for it,

[1] So Paus. in Eliacis, reports him to have, as he was carved in arcâ Cipselli.

[2] See Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa.

[3] Hesiod. in Theog.

[4] Ovid Metam. lib. 6. near the end see,—horridus irâ, Quæ solita est illi, nimiumque domestica, vento, &c.

[5] See the offices and power of Janus, Ovid. Fast. 1.

Shewing a coarse and most unfit neglect.
Twice have I come in pomp here, to expect
Their presence; twice deluded, have been fain
With other rites[1] my feasts to entertain:
And now the third time, turn'd about the year,
Since they were look'd for, and yet are not here!

Boreas. It was nor will, nor sloth, that caus'd their stay;
For they were all prepared by their day,
And with religion, forward on their way:
When Proteus,[2] the gray prophet of the sea,
Met them, and made report, how other four
Of their black kind (whereof their sire had store)
Faithful to that great wonder, so late done
Upon their sisters, by bright Albion,
Had followed them to seek Britannia forth,
And there to hope like favour, as like worth,
Which Night envied, as done in her despite,[3]
And mad to see an Æthiop washed white,
Thought to prevent in these; lest men should deem
Her colour, if thus chang'd, of small esteem.
And so, by malice, and her magic, tost
The nymphs at sea, as they were almost lost,
Till, on an island, they by chance arriv'd,
That floated in the main;[4] where, yet, she had gyv'd
Them so, in chains of darkness, as no might
Should loose them thence, but their chang'd sisters sight.
Whereat the twelve, in piety mov'd, and kind,
Straight put themselves in act, the place to find;
Which was the Night's sole trust they so will do,
That she with labour might confound them too.
For ever since with error hath she held
Them wand'ring in the ocean, and so quell'd
Their hopes beneath their toil, as (desperate now
Of any least success unto their vow;
Nor knowing to return to express the grace,
Wherewith they labour to this prince, and place)
One of them meeting me at sea, did pray,
That for the love of my Orithya,[5]
Whose very name did heat my frosty breast,
And made me shake my snow-fill'd wings and crest,
To bear this sad report I would be won,
And frame their just excuse; which here I've done.

Janu. Would thou hadst not begun, unlucky Wind,
That never yet blew'st goodness to mankind;
But with thy bitter and too piercing breath,
Strik'st[6] horrors through the air as sharp as death.

Here a second wind came in, VULTURNUS, *in a blue coloured robe and mantle, puft as the former, but somewhat sweeter; his face black, and on his head a red sun, shewing he came from the east: his wings of several colours; his buskins white, and wrought with gold.*

Vult. All horrors vanish, and all name of death,
Be all things here as calm as is my breath.
A gentler wind, Vulturnus, brings you news
The isle is found, and that the nymphs now use
Their rest and joy. The Night's black charms are flown.
For being made unto their goddess known,
Bright Æthiopia, the silver moon,
As she was Hecate, she brake them soon:[8]
And now by virtue of their light, and grace,
The glorious isle, wherein they rest, takes place
Of all the earth for beauty. There, their queen[9]
Hath raised them a throne, that still is seen
To turn unto the motion of the world;
Wherein they sit, and are, like heaven, whirl'd
About the earth; whilst to them contrary,
(Following those noble torches of the sky)
A world of little Loves, and chaste Desires,
Do light their beauties with still moving fires.
And who to heaven's concent can better move,
Than those that are so like it, beauty and love?
Hither, as to their new Elysium,
The spirits of the antique Greeks are come,
Poets, and singers, Linus, Orpheus, all
That have excell'd in knowledge musical;[10]
Where set in arbors made of myrtle and gold,
They live, again, these beauties to behold.
And thence in flowery mazes walking forth,
Sing hymns in celebration of their worth.
Whilst, to their songs, two fountains flow, one hight
Of Lasting Youth, the other Chaste Delight,
That at the closes, from their bottoms spring,
And strike the air to echo what they sing.
But why do I describe what all must see?
By this time, near the coast, they floating be;
For so their virtuous goddess, the chaste moon,
Told them the fate of th' island should, and soon
Would fix itself unto thy continent,
As being the place, by destiny fore-meant,
Where they should flow forth, drest in her attires:
And that the influence of those holy fires,
First rapt from hence, being multiplied upon
The other four, should make their beauties one.
Which now expect to see, great Neptune's son,
And love the miracle which thyself hast done.

Here a curtain was drawn, in which the Night was painted, and the scene discovered, which (because the former was marine, and these, yet of necessity, to come from the sea) I devised, should be an island floating on a calm water. In the midst thereof was a seat of state, called the Throne of Beauty, erected. divided into eight squares, and distinguished by so many Ionic pilasters. In these squares, the sixteen masquers were placed by couples: behind them in the centre of the throne was a traluscent pillar, shining with several coloured lights, that reflected on their

[1] Two marriages, the one of the earl of Essex, 1606; the other of the Lord Hay, 1607.

[2] Read his description, with Vir. Geor. 4. Est in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates, Cæruleus Proteus.

[3] Because they were before of her complexion.

[4] To give authority to this part of our fiction, Pliny hath a chap. 95 of the 2. book, Nat. Hist. de insulis fluctuantibus. Et Card. lib. 1. de rerum vari. et cap. 7. reports one to be in his time known, in the lake of Lomond, in Scotland. To let pass that of Delos, &c.

[5] The daughter of Erectheus, king of Athens, whom Boreas ravished away into Thrace, as she was playing with other virgins by the flood Ilissus: or (as some will) by the fountain Cephisus.

[6] The violence of Boreas Ovid excellently describes in the place above quoted.

Hâc nubila pello,
Hâc freta concutio, nodosaque robora verto,
Induroque nives, et terras grandine pulso.

[7] According to that of Virgil——Denuntiat igneus Euros.

[8] She is called φωσφορ' Εκατη, by Eurip. in Helena, which is Lucifera, to which name we here presently allude.

[9] For the more full and clear understanding of that which follows, have recourse to the succeeding pages, where the scene presents itself.

[10] So Terence and the ancients called Poësie, artem musicam.

backs. From the top of which pillar went several arches to the pilasters, that sustained the roof of the throne, which was likewise adorned with lights and garlands: and between the pilasters, in front little Cupids in flying posture, waving of wreaths and lights, bore up the cornice: over which were placed eight figures, representing the elements of beauty, which advanced upon the Ionic, and being females had the Corinthian order. The first was

SPLENDOR,

in a robe of flame colour, naked breasted; her bright hair loose flowing: she was drawn in a circle of clouds, her face and body breaking through: and in her hand a branch, with two roses,[1] a white, and a red. The next to her was

SERENITAS,

in a garment of bright sky-colour, a long tress, and waved with a veil of divers colours, such as the golden sky sometimes shews: upon her head a clear and fair sun shining, with rays of gold striking down to the feet of the figure. In her hand a crystal,[2] cut with several angles, and shadowed with divers colours, as caused by refraction. The third,

GERMINATIO,

in green, with a zone of gold about her waste, crowned with myrtle, her hair likewise flowing, but not of so bright a colour: in her hand, a branch of myrtle.[3] Her socks of green and gold. The fourth,

LAETITIA,

in a vesture of divers colours, and all sorts of flowers embroidered thereon: her socks so fitted. A garland of flowers[4] in her hand; her eyes turning up, and smiling: her hair flowing, and stuck with flowers. The fifth,

TEMPERIES,

in a garment of gold, silver, and colours, weaved; in one hand she held a burning steel,[5] in the other an urn with water. On her head a garland of flowers, corn, vine-leaves, and olive-branches, interwoven. Her socks, as her garment. The sixth,

VENUSTAS,

in a silver robe, with a thin subtile veil over her hair, and it: pearl about her neck,[6] and forehead. Her socks wrought with pearl. In her hand she bore several coloured lilies.[7] The seventh was

DIGNITAS,

in a dressing of state, the hair bound up with fillets of gold, the garments rich, and set with jewels and gold; likewise her buskins; and in her hand a golden rod.[8] The eighth,

PERFECTIO,

in a vesture of pure gold, a wreath of gold upo her head. About her body the zodiac,[9] with th signs: in her hand a compass of gold, drawing a circle.

On the top of all the throne (as being made out of all these) stood

HARMONIA,

a personage, whose dressing had something of all the others, and had her robe painted full of figures. Her head was compass'd with a crown of gold, having in it seven jewels equally set.[10] In her hand a lyra, whereon she rested.

This was the ornament of the throne. The ascent to which consisting of six steps, was covered with a multitude of Cupids[11] (chosen out of the best, and most ingenious youth of the kingdom, noble, and others) that were the torch-bearers; and all arm'd with bows, quivers, wings, and other ensigns of love. On the sides of the throne were curious and elegant arbors appointed; and behind, in the back-part of the isle, a grove of grown trees laden with golden fruit, which other little Cupids plucked, and threw at each other, whilst on the ground leverets[12] picked up the bruised apples, and left them half eaten. The ground-plat of the whole was a subtle indented maze: and in the two foremost angles were two fountains that ran continually, the one Hebe's,[13] the other Hedone's:[14] in the arbors were placed the musicians, who represented the shades of the old poets, and were attired in a priest-like habit of crimson and purple, with laurel garlands.

The colours of the masquers were varied; the one half in orange-tawny, and silver: the other in sea-green and silver. The bodies and short skirts on white and gold to both.

The habit and dressing for the fashion was most curious, and so exceeding in riches, as the throne whereon they sat seem'd to be a mine of light, struck from their jewels and their garments.

This throne, as the whole island moved forward on the water, had a circular motion of its own, imitating that which we call *motum mundi*, from the east to the west, or the right to the left side. For so *Hom. Ilia. μ*, understands by δεξία, *Orientalia Mundi*: by ἀριστερα, *Occidentalia*. The steps whereon the Cupids sat had a motion con-

[1] The rose is called elegantly, by Achil. Tat. lib. 2. φυτῶν ἄγλαισμα, the splendor of plants, and is everywhere taken for the hieroglyphic of splendour.

[2] As this of serenity, applying to the optics reason of the rainbow, and the mythologists making her the daughter of Electra.

[3] So Hor. lib. 1 od. 4. makes it the ensign of the Spring. Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto, Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ, &c.

[4] They are everywhere the tokens of gladness, at all feasts and sports.

[5] The sign of temperature, as also her garland mixed of the four seasons.

[6] Pearls with the ancients were the special hieroglyphics of loveliness; in quibus nitor tantum et lævor expetebantur.

[7] So was the lily, of which the most delicate city of the Persians was called Susæ: signifying that kind of flower, in their tongue.

[8] The sign of honour and dignity.

[9] Both that, and the compass, are known ensigns of perfection.

[10] She is so described in Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa; his reason of seven jewels in the crown, alludes to Pythagoras's comment, with Macr. lib. 2. Som. Scip. of the seven planets and their spheres.

[11] The inducing of many Cupids wants not defence, with the best and most received of the ancients, besides Prop. Stat. Claud. Sido. Apoll. especially Phil. in Icon. Amor. whom I have particularly followed in this description.

[12] They were the notes of loveliness, and sacred to Venus. See Phil. in that place mentioned.

[13] Of youth.

[14] Of pleasure.

trary, with analogy *ad motum planetarum*, from the west to the east: both which turned with their several lights. And with these three varied motions, at once, the whole scene shot itself to the land.

Above which, the moon was seen in a silver chariot, drawn by virgins, to ride in the clouds, and hold them greater light: with the sign Scorpio, and the character, placed before her.

The order of the scene was carefully and ingeniously disposed; and as happily put in act (for the motions) by the king's master carpenter. The painters, I must needs say, (not to belie them,) lent small colour to any, to attribute much of the spirit of these things to their pencils. But that must not be imputed a crime, either to the invention or design.

Here the loud music ceased; and the musicians, which were placed in the arbors, came forth through the mazes to the other land: singing this full song, iterated in the closes by two Echoes, rising out of the fountains.

When Love at first, did move
From out of Chaos,[1] brightned
So was the world, and lightned,
As now.
1 *Ech.* As now!
2 *Ech.* As now!

Yield Night, then to the light,
As BLACKNESS hath to BEAUTY:
Which is but the same duty.
It was for Beauty[2] that the world was made,
And where she reigns,[3] Love's lights admit no shade.
1 *Ech.* Love's lights admit no shade.
2 *Ech.* Admit no shade.

Which ended, Vulturnus, the wind, spake to the river Thamesis, that lay along between the shores, leaning upon his urn that flowed with water, and crowned with flowers; with a blue cloth of silver robe about him; and was personated by master Thomas Giles, who made the dances.

Vul. Rise, Aged Thames, and by the hand
Receive these nymphs, within the land.
And in those curious squares, and rounds,
Wherewith thou flow'st betwixt the grounds
Of fruitful Kent, and Essex fair,
That lends the garlands for thy hair;
Instruct their silver feet to tread,
Whilst we, again, to sea are fled.

With which the Winds departed: and the river received them into the land, by couples and fours, their Cupids coming before them.

These dancing forth a most curious dance, full of excellent device and change, ended it in the figure of a diamond, and so, standing still, were by the musicians with a second SONG, sung by a loud tenor, celebrated.

So Beauty on the waters stood,
When Love had sever'd earth from flood![4]
So when he parted air from fire,
He did with concord all inspire!
And then a motion he them taught,
That elder than himself was thought.
Which thought was, yet, the child of earth,[5]
For Love is elder than his birth.

The song ended; they danced forth their second dance, more subtle and full of change than the former; and so exquisitely performed, as the king's majesty (incited first by his own liking, to that which all others there present wished) required them both again, after some time of dancing with the lords. Which time to give them respite was intermitted with a SONG; *first, by a treble voice, in this manner.*

If all these Cupids, now were blind,
As is their wanton brother:[6]
Or play should put it in their mind
To shoot at one another:
What pretty battle they would make,
If they their objects should mistake,
And each one wound his mother!

Which was seconded by another treble; thus,

It was no policy of court,
Albe' the place were charmed,
To let in earnest, or in sport,
So many Loves in, armed.
For say, the dames should, with their eyes,
Upon the hearts here mean surprize;
Were not the men like harmed?

To which a tenor answered.

Yes, were the Loves or false, or straying;
Or beauties not their beauty weighing:
But here no such deceit is mix'd,
Their flames are pure, their eyes are fix'd:
They do not war with different darts,
But strike a music of like hearts.

After which songs they danced galliards and corantos; and with those excellent graces, that the music appointed to celebrate them, shewed it could be silent no longer: but, by the first tenor, admired them thus

SONG.

Had those that dwelt in error foul,
And hold that women have no soul,[7]
But seen these move; they would have then
Said, women were the souls of men.
So they do move each heart and eye,
With the world's soul, true harmony.[8]

Here they danced a third most elegant and curious dance, and not to be described again by any art, but that of their own footing, which ending in the figure that was to produce the fourth, January from his state saluted them thus.

Janu. Your grace is great, as is your beauty, dames;
Enough my feasts have proved your thankful flames.
Now use your seat: that seat which was, before,
Thought straying, uncertain, floating to each shore,

[1] So is he feigned by Orpheus, to have appeared first of all the gods; awakened by Clotho: and is therefore called Phanes, both by him, and Lactantius.

[2] An agreeing opinion, both with divines and philosophers, that the great artificer, in love with his own idea, did therefore frame the world.

[3] Alluding to the name of Himerus, and his signification in the name, which is Desiderium post aspectum: and more than Eros, which is only Cupido, ex aspectu unare.

[4] As, in the creation, he is said by the ancients to have done.

[5] That is, born since the world, and out of those duller apprehensions that did not think he was before.

[6] I make these different from him, which they feign cæcum Cupidinem, or petulantem, as I express beneath in the third song, these being chaste Loves that attend a more divine beauty than that of Love's common parent.

[7] There hath been such a profane paradox published.

[8] The Platonic's opinion. See also Mac. lib. 1. and 2. Som. Sc.

And to whose having [1] every clime laid claim,
Each land and nation urged as the aim
Of their ambition, beauty's perfect throne,
Now made peculiar to this place alone;
And that by impulsion of your destinies,
And his attractive beams that lights these skies:
Who, though with th' ocean compass'd, never wets
His hair therein, nor wears a beam that sets.
Long may his light adorn these happy rites,
As I renew them; and your gracious sights
Enjoy that happiness, even to envy, as when
Beauty, at large, brake forth, and conquer'd men!

At which they danced their last dance into their throne again; and that turning, the scene closed with this full SONG.

Still turn and imitate the heaven
In motion swift and even;
And as his planets go,
Your brighter lights do so:
May youth and pleasure ever flow.
But let your state, the while,
Be fixed as the isle.

Cho. So all that see your beauties spheres,
May know the Elysian fields are here.

1 *Ech.* The Elysian fields are here.

2 *Ech.* Elysian fields are here.

The persons who were received on land by the river god were,

The QUEEN,	Lady ARABELLA,
Countess of ARUNDEL,	Lady KAT. PETER,
Countess of DERBY,	Lady ANNE WINTER,
Countess of BEDFORD,	Lady WINSOR,
Countess of MONTGOMERY,	Lady ANNE CLIFFORD,
Lady ELIZ. GUILFORD,	Lady MARY NEVILLE,
Lady ELIZ. HATTON,	Lady CHICHESTER.
Lady ELIZ. GARRARD,	Lady WALSINGHAM.

[1] For what country is it thinks not her own beauty fairest, yet?

HYMENÆI;

OR,

THE SOLEMNITIES OF MASQUE AND BARRIERS AT A MARRIAGE

HYMENÆI, &c.

It is a noble and just advantage that the things subjected to understanding have of those which are objected to sense; that the one sort are but momentary, and merely taking; the other impressing, and lasting: else the glory of all these solemnies had perished like a blaze, and gone out, in the beholders' eyes. So short lived are the bodies of all things, in comparison of their souls. And though bodies oftimes have the ill luck to be sensually preferred, they find afterwards the good fortune (when souls live) to be utterly forgotten. This it is hath made the most royal princes, and greatest persons (who are commonly the personaters of these actions) not only studious of riches, and magnificence in the outward celebration or shew, which rightly becomes them; but curious after the most high and hearty inventions, to furnish the inward parts: and those grounded upon antiquity, and solid learning: which though their voice be taught to sound to present occasions, their sense or doth or should always lay hold on more removed mysteries. And howsoever some may squeamishly cry out, that all endeavour of learning and sharpness in these transitory devices, especially where it steps beyond their little, or (let me not wrong them,) no brain at all, is superfluous: I am contented, these fastidious stomachs should leave my full tables, and enjoy at home their clean empty trenchers, fittest for such airy tastes; where perhaps a few Italian herbs, picked up and made into a sallad, may find sweeter acceptance than all the most nourishing and sound meats of the world.

For these men's palates, let not me answer, O Muses. It is not my fault, if I fill them out nectar, and they run to metheglin.

Vaticana bibant, si delectentur.

All the courtesy I can do them, is to cry again:

Prætereant, si quid non facit ad stomachum.

As I will from the thought of them, to my better subject.

On the night of the Masques (which were two, one of men, the other of women) the scene being drawn, there was first discovered an altar; upon which was inscribed, in letters of gold,

[1]Ioni. Oimæ. Mimæ.

UNIONI.

SACR.

To this altar entered five pages, attired in white, bearing five tapers of virgin wax;[2] behind them, one representing a bridegroom: his hair short,[3] and bound with party-coloured ribands, and gold twist; his garments purple and white.

On the other hand, entered HYMEN (the god of marriage) in a saffron-colour'd robe, his under vestures white, his socks yellow, a yellow veil of silk on his left arm, his head crowned with roses and marjoram,[4] in his right hand a torch of pine-tree.[5]

After him a youth attired in white,[6] bearing another light, of white thorn; under his arm, a little wicker flasket shut: behind him two others

[1] Mystically implying that both it, the place, and all the succeeding ceremonies were sacred to marriage, or Union; over which Juno was president: to whom there was the like alter erected, at Rome, as she was called Juga Juno, in the street, which thence was named Jugarius. See Fest.; and at which altar, the rite was to join the married pair with bands of silk, in sign of future concord.

[2] Those were the Quinque Cerei, which Plutarch in his Quæst. Roman. mentions to be used in nuptials.

[3] The dressing of the bridegroom (with the ancients) was chiefly noted in that, Quod tonderetur. Juv. Sat. 6. Jumque à tonsore magistro Pecteris. And Lucan, lib. 2, where he makes Cato negligent of the ceremonies in marriage, saith, Ille nec horrificam sancto dimovit ab ore Cæsariem.

[4] See how he is called out, by Catullus in Nup. Jul. et Manl. Cinge tempora floribus Suave olentis amaraci, &c.

[5] For so I preserve the reading there in Catul. Pineam quate tædam, rather than to change it Spineam; and moved by the authority of Virgil in Ciri. where he says, Pronuba nec castos incendet Pinus amores. And Ovid, Fast. lib. 2. Expectet puros pinea tæda dies. Though I deny not, there was also spinea tæda, &c. which Pliny calls Nuptiarum facibus auspicatissimam, Nat. Hist. lib. 16. cap. 18. and whereof Sextus Pompeius Fest. hath left so particular testimony. For which see the following note.

[6] This (by the ancients) was called Camillus, quasi minister (for so that signified in the Hetrurian tongue) and was one of the three, which by Sex. Pompei were said to be Patrimi et Matrimi, Pueri prætextati tres, qui nubentem deducunt: unus, qui facem præfert ex spina alba. Duo qui tenent nubentem. To which confer that of Varro, lib. 6. de lingua Lat. Dicitur in nuptiis camillus, qui cumerum fert: As also that of Fest. lib. 3. Cumerum vocabant antiqui vas quoddam quod opertum in nuptiis ferebant, in quo erant nubentis utensilia, quod et camillum dicebant: eo quod sacrorum minister κάμιλλον appellabant.

in white, the one bearing a distaff, the other a spindle. Betwixt these a personated bride, supported, her hair flowing, and loose sprinkled with gray; on her head a garland of roses, like a turret; her garments white: and on her back, a wether's fleece hanging down: her zone, or girdle about her waist of white wool, fastened with the Herculean knot.

In the midst went the Auspices;[1] after them, two that sung, in several coloured silks. Of which one bore the water, the other the fire; last of all the musicians,[2] diversly attired, all crowned with roses; and with this SONG began.

Bid all profane away;
None here may stay
To view our mysteries,
But who themselves have been,
Or will in time be seen,
The self-same sacrifice.
For Union, mistress of these rites,
Will be observed with eyes,
As simple as her nights.

Cho. Fly then all profane away,
Fly far off as hath the day;
Night her curtain doth display,
And this is Hymen's holy-day.

The song being ended, HYMEN *presented himself foremost, and, after some sign of admiration, began to speak.*

Hy. What more than usual light,
Throughout the place extended,
Makes Juno's fane so bright!
Is there some greater deity descended?

Or reign, on earth, those Powers
So rich, as with their beams
Grace Union more than ours;
And bound her influence in their happier streams?

'Tis so: this same is he,
The king, and priest of peace:
And that his empress, she,
That sits so crowned with her own increase!

O you, whose better blisses
Have proved the strict embrace
Of Union, with chaste kisses,
And seen it flow so in your happy race;

That know, how well it binds
The fitting seeds of things,
Wins natures, sexes, minds,
And every discord in true music brings:

Sit now propitious aids,
To rites so duly prized;
And view two noble maids,
Of different sex, to Union sacrificed.
In honour of that blest estate,
Which all good minds should celebrate.

Here out of a microcosm, or globe, (see p. 558) *figuring a man, with a kind of contentious music, issued forth the first masque of eight men.*

These represented the four Humours[3] *and four Affections, all gloriously attired, distinguished only by their several ensigns and colours; and, dancing out on the stage, in their return at the end of their dance, drew all their swords, offered to encompass the altar, and disturb the ceremonies. At which Hymen, troubled, spake:*

Hy. Save, save the virgins; keep your hallow'd lights
Untouch'd; and with their flame defend our rites.
The four untemper'd Humours are broke out,
And, with their wild Affections, go about
To ravish all religion. If there be
A power, like reason, left in that huge body
Or little world of man, from whence these came,
Look forth, and with thy bright and numerous flame[4]
Instruct their darkness, make them know and see,
In wronging these, they have rebell'd 'gainst thee.

Hereat, Reason, seated on the top of the globe, as in the brain, or highest part of man, figured in a venerable personage, her hair white, and trailing to her waist, crowned with light, her garments blue, and semined with stars, girded unto her with a white band filled with arithmetical figures, in one hand bearing a lamp, in the other a bright sword, descended and spake:

Rea. Forbear your rude attempt; what ignorance
Could yield you so profane, as to advance
One thought in act against these mysteries?
Are Union's[5] orgies of so slender price?
She that makes souls with bodies mix in love,
Contracts the world in one, and therein Jove;
Is spring and end of all things:[6] yet, most strange,

[1] Auspices were those that handfasted the married couple; that wished them good luck: that took care for the dowry; and heard them profess that they came together for the cause of children. Juven. Sat. 10. Veniet cùm signatoribus auspex. And Lucan. lib. 2. Junguntur taciti, contentique auspice Bruto. They are also styled Pronubi, Proxenetæ, Paranymphi.

[2] The custom of music at nuptials, is clear in all antiquity. Ter. Adel. act. 5. Verum hoc mihi mora est, Tibicina, et Hymenæum qui cantent. And Claud. in Epithal. Ducant pervigiles carmina tibiæ, &c.

[3] That they were personated in men hath already come under some grammatical exception. But there is more than grammar to release it. For, besides that humores and affectus are both masculine in genere, not one of the specials but in some language is known by a masculine word. Again, when their influences are common to both sexes, and more generally impetuous in the male, I see not why they should not, so, be more properly presented. And, for the allegory, though here it be very clear, and such as might well escape a candle, yet because there are some must complain of darkness, that have but thick eyes, I am contented to hold them this light. First, as in natural bodies so likewise in minds, there is no disease or distemperature, but is caused either by some abounding humour, or perverse affection; after the same manner, in politic bodies (where order, ceremony, state, reverence, devotion, are parts of the mind) by the difference or predominant will of what we metaphorically call humours and affections, all things are troubled and confused These, therefore, were tropically brought in, before marriage, as disturbers of that mystical body, and the rites, which were soul unto it; that afterwards, in marriage, being dutifully tempered by her power, they might more fully celebrate the happiness of such as live in that sweet union, to the harmonious laws of nature and reason.

[4] Alluding to that opinion of Pythagoras, who held all reason, all knowledge, all discourse of the soul to be mere number. See Plut. de Plac. Phil.

[5] Ὄργια, with the Greeks, value the same that ceremoniæ with the Latins; and imply all sorts of rites: howsoever (abusively) they have been made particular to Bacchus. See Serv. to that of Virg. Æneid. 4. Qualis commotis excita sacris Thyas.

[6] Macrob. in Som. Scip. lib. 1.

Herself nor suffers spring, nor end, nor change.
No wonder they were you, that were so bold;
For none but Humours and Affections would
Have dared so rash a venture. You will say
It was your zeal that gave your powers the sway;
And urge the masqued and disguised pretence
Of saving blood, and succouring innocence:
So want of knowledge still begetteth jars,
When humorous earthlings will control the stars.
Inform yourselves, with safer reverence,
To these mysterious rites, whose mystic sense,
Reason, which all things, but itself, confounds,
Shall clear unto you from the authentic grounds.

At this the Humours and Affections sheathed their swords, and retired amazed to the side of the stage, while Hymen began to rank the persons, and order the ceremonies: and REASON *proceeded to speak.*

Rea. The pair, which do each other side,
Though yet some space doth them divide,
This happy night must both make one;
Blest sacrifice to Union.
Nor is this altar but a sign
Of one more soft, and more divine.
The genial bed,[1] where Hymen keeps
The solemn orgies, void of sleeps:
And wildest Cupid, waking, hovers
With adoration 'twixt the lovers.
The tead of white and blooming thorn,
In token of increase, is born:
As also, with the ominous light,[2]
To fright all malice from the night.
Like are the fire and water set;[3]
That, e'en as moisture, mixt with heat,
Helps every natural birth to life:
So, for their race, join man and wife.
The blushing veil[4] shows shamefac'dness
Th' ingenuous virgin should profess
At meeting with the man; her hair,
That flows so liberal,[5] and so fair,
Is shed with gray, to intimate,
She entereth to a matron's state,
For which those utensils[6] are born.
And, that she should not labour scorn,
Herself a snowy fleece[7] doth wear,
And these her rock and spindle bear,[8]
To show, that nothing which is good
Gives check unto the highest blood.
The zone of wool[9] about her waist,
Which, in contrary circles cast,
Doth meet in one strong knot,[10] that binds,
Tells you, so should all married minds.
And lastly, these five waxen lights,
Imply perfection in the rites:

[1] Properly that which was made ready for the new-married bride, and was called Genialis, à generandis liberis. Serv. in 6 Æn.

[2] See Ovid. Fast. lib. 6.

Sic fatus spinam, quâ tristes pellere posset
A foribus noxas, hæc erat alba, dedit.

[3] Plutar. in Quæst. Rom. and Var. lib. 4. de ling. Lat.

[4] Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 21. cap. 8.

[5] Pomp. Fest. Briss. Hotto. de Rit. Nup.

[6] Var. lib. 6. de ling. Lat. and Fest. in Frag.

[7] Fest. ib.

[8] Plutar. in Quæst. Rom. et in Romul.

[9] Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 8. cap. 48.

[10] That was Nodus Herculeanus, which the husband at night untied, in sign of good fortune, that he might be happy in propagation of issue, as Hercules was, who left seventy children. See Fest. in voc. Cingul.

For five[11] the special number is,
Whence hallow'd Union claims her bliss.
As being all the sum that grows
From the united strength of those
Which male and female numbers we[12]
Do style, and are first two and three.
Which, joined thus, you cannot sever
In equal parts, but one will ever
Remain as common; so we see
The binding force of Unity:
For which alone the peaceful gods
In number always love the odds;
And even parts as much despise,
Since out of them all discords rise.

Here the upper part of the scene, which was all of clouds, and made artificially to swell, and ride like the rack, began to open; and the air clearing, in the top thereof was discovered Juno,[13] sitting in a throne, supported by two beautiful peacocks;[14] her attire rich, and like a queen,[15] a white diadem[16] on her head, from whence descended a veil, and that bound with a fascia of several colour'd silks,[17] set with all sorts of jewels, and raised in the top with lilies and roses:[18] in her right hand she held a sceptre, in the other a timbrel, at her golden feet the hide of a lion[19] was placed: round about her sat the spirits of the air in several colours, making music: above her the region of fire, with a continual motion, was seen to whirl circularly, and Jupiter standing in the top (figuring the heaven) brandishing his thunder: beneath her the rainbow, Iris, and on the two sides, eight ladies attired richly, and alike, in the most celestial colours, who represented her powers, as she is the governess of marriage,[20] and made the second masque. All which, upon the discovery, REASON *made narration of.*

Rea. And see where Juno, whose great name
Is Unio, in the anagram,
Displays her glittering state and chair,
As she enlightened all the air!

[11] Plutarch. in Quæst. Rom.

[12] See Mart. Capel. lib. 6. de Nupt. Phil. et Mor. in numero Pentade.

[13] With the Greeks, Juno was interpreted to be the air itself. And so Macr. de Som. Scipio. l. 1. c. 17. calls her. Mar. Cap. surnames her Aeria, of reigning there.

[14] They were sacred to Juno, in respect of their colours and temper, so like the air. Ovid de Arte Amand. Laudatas ostendit aves Junonia pennas: And Met. lib. 2.

Habili Saturnia curru
Ingreditur liquidum pavonibus Æthera pictis.

[15] She was called Regina Juno with the Latins, because she was soror et conjux Jovis, deorum et hominum regis.

[16] Read Apul. describing her, in his 10th of the Ass.

[17] After the manner of the antique bend, the varied colours implying the several mutations of the air, as showers, dews, serenity, force of winds, clouds, tempest, snow, hail, lightning, thunder, all which had their noises signified in her timbrel: the faculty of causing these being ascribed to her by Virg. Æneid. lib. 4. where he makes her say,

His ego nigrantem commista grandine nimbum
Desuper infundam, et tonitru, cælum omne ciebo.

[18] Lilies were sacred to Juno, as being made white with her milk that fell upon the earth, when Jove took Hercules away, whom by stealth he had laid to her breast: the rose was also called Junonia.

[19] So she was figured at Argos, as a step-mother, insulting on the spoils of her two privigni, Bacchus and Hercules.

[20] See Virg. Æneid. lib. 4. Junoni ante omnes cui vincla jugalia curæ: and in another place, Dant signum prima et Tellus et Pronuba Juno: and Ovid. in Phil. Epist. Junonemque terris quæ præsidet alma Maritis.

Hark how the charming tunes do beat
In sacred concords 'bout her seat!
And lo! to grace what these intend,
Eight of her noblest Powers descend,
Which are enstyled her faculties,[1]
That govern nuptial mysteries;
And wear those masques before their faces,
Lest dazzling mortals with their graces,
As they approach them, all mankind
Should be, like Cupid, strucken blind.
These Order waits for, on the ground,
To keep, that you should not confound
Their measured steps, which only move
About the harmonious sphere of love.

Their descent was made in two great clouds, that put forth themselves severally, and, with one measure of time, were seen to stoop, and fall gently down upon the earth. The manner of their habits came after some statues of Juno, no less airy than glorious. The dressings of their heads, rare; so likewise of their feet: and all full of splendor, sovereignty, and riches. Whilst they were descending, this Song *was sung at the altar.*

These, these are they,
Whom Humour and Affection must obey;
Who come to deck the genial bower,
And bring with them the grateful Hour
That crowns such meetings, and excites
The married pair to fresh delights:
As courtings, kissings, coyings, oaths, and vows,
Soft whisperings, embracements, all the joys
And melting toys,
That chaster love allows.

Cho. Haste, haste, for Hesperus his head down bows.

This song ended, they danced forth in pairs, and each pair with a varied and noble grace, to a rare and full music of twelve lutes, led on by Order, the servant of Reason, who was there rather a person of ceremony than use. His under garment was blue, his upper white, and painted full of arithmetical and geometrical figures; his hair and beard long, a star on his forehead, and in his hand a geometrical staff: to whom, after the dance, Reason *spake.*

Rea. Convey them, Order, to their places,
And rank them so, in several traces,
As they may set their mixed powers
Unto the music of the Hours;
And these, by joining with them, know
In better temper how to flow:
Whilst I, from their abstracted names,
Report the virtues of the dames.
First, Curis[2] comes to deck the bride's fair tress,
Care of the ointments Unxia[3] doth profess.
Juga,[4] her office to make one of twain:
Gamelia[5] sees that they should so remain.
Fair Iterduca[6] leads the bride her way;
And Domiduca[7] home her steps doth stay:
Cinxia[8] the maid, quit of her zone, defends.
Telia,[9] for Hymen, perfects all, and ends.

By this time the ladies were paired with the men, and the whole sixteen ranked forth, in order, to dance; and were with this Song *provoked.*

Now, now, begin to set
Your spirits in active heat
And, since your hands are met,
Instruct your nimble feet,
In motions swift and meet,
The happy ground to beat;

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[1] They were all eight called by particular surnames of Juno, ascribed to her for some peculiar property in marriage, as somewhere after is more fitly declared.

[2] This surname Juno received of the Sabines; from them the Romans gave it her: of the spear, which (in the Sabine tongue) was called curis, and was that which they named hasta celibaris, which had stuck in the body of a slain sword player, and wherewith the bride's head was drest, whereof Fest. in voce celibar. gives these reasons: Ut quemadmodum illa conjuncta fuerit cum corpore gladiatoris, sic ipsa cum viro sit; vel quia matronæ Junonis curitis in tutelâ sit, quæ ita appellabatur â ferenda hasta; vel quòd fortes viros genituras ominetur; vel quod nuptiali jure imperio viri subjicitur nubens, quia hasta summa armorum, et imperii est, &c. To most of which Plutarch, in his Quæst. Rom. consents, but adds a better in Romul. That when they divided the bride's hair with the point of the spear, συμβολον εἶναι τοῦ μετὰ μάχης καὶ πολεμικῶς τὸν πρῶτον γάμον γενεσθαι, it noted their first nuptials (with the Sabines) were contracted by force, and as with enemies. Howsoever, that it was a custom with them, this of Ovid. Fast. lib. 2. confirms. Comat virgineas hasta recurva comas.

[3] For the surname of Unxia, we have Mart. Capel. his testimony, De Nup. Phil. et Mercu. lib. 2. quòd unctionibus præest: as also Servius, libro quarto Æneid. where they both report it a fashion with the Romans, that before the new-married brides entered the houses of their husbands, they adorned the posts of the gates with woollen tawdries, or fillets, and anointed them with oils, or the fat of wolves and boars; being superstitiously possest that such ointments had the virtue of expelling evils from the family: and that thence were they called Uxores, quasi Unxores.

[4] She was named Juga, propter Jugum, (as Servius says,) for the yoke which was imposed, in matrimony, on those that were married, or (with Sex. Pomp. Fest.) quòd Juges sunt ejusdem Jugi Pares, unde et Conjuges, or in respect of the altar (which I have declared before) sacred to Juno, in Vico Jugario.

[5] As she was Gamelia, in sacrificing to her, they took away the gall, and threw it behind the altar; intimating, that (after marriage) there should be known no bitterness, nor hatred, between the joined couple, which might divide or separate them. See Plutarch. Connub. Præ. This rite I have somewhere following touched at.

[6] The title of Iterduca she had amongst them, quòd ad sponsi ædes sponsas comitabatur, or was a protectress of their journey. Mart. Capel. de Nupt. Philol. et Mercur. libro secundo.

[7] The like of Domiduca, quòd ad optatas domus duceret. Mart. ibid.

[8] Cinxia, the same author gives unto her, as the defendress of maids, when they had put off their girdle, in the bridal chamber; to which Festus, Cinxiæ Junonis nomen sanctum habebatur in nuptiis, quòd initio conjugis solutio erat cinguli, quo nova nupta erat cincta. And Arnobius, a man most learned in their ceremonies, lib. 3. advers. Gent. saith, Unctionibus superest Unxia. Cingulorum Cinxia replicationi.

[9] Telia signifies perfecta, or, as some translate it, Perfectrix; with Jul. Pol. Lib. 3. Onomast. Ἥρα τέλεια values Juno! Præses Nuptiarum: who saith, the attribute depends of τέλειος, which (with the ancients) signified marriage, and thence were they called τέλειοι that entered into that state. Servius interprets it the same with Gamelia Æneid. 4. ad verb. Et Junone secunda. But it implies much more, as including the faculty, too, mature and perfect. See the Greek Scholiast on Pind. Nem. in Hym. ad Thyæum Uliæ filium Argi. τέλειος δὲ ὁ γάμος διὰ τὸ κατασκευαζειν τὴν τελειότητα τοῦ βίου; that is, Nuptials are therefore called τέλειοι, because they affect perfection of life, and do note that maturity which should be in matrimony. For before nuptials, she is called Juno παρθένος, that is, Virgo; after nuptials, τέλεια, which is, Adulta, or Perfecta.

Cho. Whilst all this roof doth ring,
And each discording string,
With every varied voice,
In union doth rejoice.

Here they danced forth a most neat and curious measure, full of subtilty and device, which was so excellently performed, as it seemed to take away that spirit from the invention, which the invention gave to it: and left it doubtful, whether the forms flowed more perfectly from the author's brain, or their feet. The strains were all notably different, some of them formed into letters, very signifying to the name of the Bridegroom, and ended in the manner of a chain, linking hands: to which this was spoken.

Rea. Such was the golden chain[1] let down from heaven;
And not these links more even,
Than these: so sweetly temper'd, so combined
By union and refined.
Here no contention, envy, grief, deceit,
Fear, jealousy have weight;
But all is peace, and love, and faith, and bliss:
What harmony like this?
The gall behind the altar quite is thrown;
This sacrifice hath none.
Now no affections rage, nor humours swell;
But all composed dwell.
O Juno, Hymen, Hymen, Juno! who
Can merit with you two?
Without your presence, Venus can do nought,
Save what with shame is bought;
No father can himself a parent show,
Nor any house with prosperous issue grow.
O then, what deities will dare
With Hymen, or with Juno to compare?

This speech being ended, they dissolved: and all took forth other persons, (men and women) to dance other measures, galliards, and corantos: the whilst this Song *importuned them to a fit remembrance of the time.*

Think, yet, how night doth waste,
How much of time is past,
What more than winged haste
Your selves would take,
If you were but to taste
The joy the night doth cast
(O might it ever last)
On this bright virgin, and her happy make.

Their dances yet lasting, they were the second time importuned by speech.

Rea. See, see! the bright[2] Idalian star,
That lighteth lovers to their war,
Complains that you her influence lose;
While thus the night-sports you abuse.

Hym. The longing bridegroom,[3] in the porch,
Shews you again the bated torch;
And thrice hath Juno[4] mixt her air
With fire, to summon your repair.

Rea. See, now she clean withdraws her light;
And, as you should, gives place to night,
That spreads her broad and blackest wing
Upon the world, and comes to bring
A[5] thousand several-colour'd loves,
Some like sparrows, some like doves,
That hop about the nuptial-room,
And fluttering there, against you come,
Warm the chaste bower, which[6] Cypria strows,
With many a lily, many a rose.

Hym. Haste, therefore, haste, and call, away
The gentle night is prest to pay
The usury of long delights,
She owes to these protracted rites.

At this, the whole scene being drawn again, and all covered with clouds, as a night, they left off their intermixed dances, and returned to their first places; where, as they were but beginning to move, this Song, *the third time, urged them.*

O know to end, as to begin:
A minute's loss in love is sin.
These humours will the night out-wear
In their own pastimes here;
You do our rites much wrong,
In seeking to prolong
These outward pleasures:
The night hath other treasures
Than these, though long conceal'd,
Ere day to be reveal'd.
Then, know to end, as to begin;
A minute's loss in love is sin.

Here they danced their last dances, full of excellent delight and change, and, in their latter strain, fell into a fair orb or circle; Reason *standing in the midst, and speaking.*

Rea. Here stay, and let your sports be crown'd:
The perfect'st figure is the round.
Nor fell you in it by adventure,
When reason was your guide and centre.
This, this that beauteous ceston is
Of lovers many-colour'd bliss.

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[1] Mentioned by Homer, *Ilia.* θ, which many have interpreted diversely, all allegorically. Pla. in Thæteto, understands it to be the Sun, which while he circles the world in his course, all things are safe, and preserved: others vary it. Macrob. (to whose interpretation I am specially affected in my allusion) considers it thus; in Som. Scip. libr. 1. cap. 14. Ergo cùm ex summo Deo mens, ex mente anima sit; anima vero et condat, et vita compleat omnia quæ sequuntur, cunctaque hic unus fulgor illuminet, et in universis appareat, ut in multis speculis, per ordinem positis, vultus unus: cumque omnia continuis successionibus se sequantur, degenerantia per ordinem ad imum meandi: invenietur pressius intuenti à summo Deo usque ad ultimam rerum fæcem una mutuis se vinculis religans, et nusquam interrupta connexio. Et hæc est Homeri Catena aurea, quam pendere de cælo in terras Deum jussisse commemorat. To which strength and evenness of connexion, I have not absurdly likened this uniting of Humours and Affections by the sacred Powers of marriage.

[2] Stella Veneris, or Venus, which when it goes before the sun, is called Phosphorus, or Lucifer; when it follows, Hesperus, or Noctifer (as Cat. translates it.) See Cic. 2. de Nat. Deor. Mar. Cap. de Nup. Phil. et Mer. l. 8. The nature of this star Pythagoras first found out: and the present office Clau. expresseth in Fescen. Atollens thalamis Idalium. jubar Dilectus Veneri nascitur Hesperus.

[3] It was a custom for the man to stand there, expecting the approach of his bride. See Hotto. de Rit. Nupt.

[4] Alluding to that of Virg. Æneid. 4. Prima et Tellus, et Pronuba Juno

Dant signum: fulsere ignes, et conscius æther
Connubil, &c.

[5] Stat. in Epit. Fulcra, torosque deæ, tenerum premit agmen Amorum. And Claud. in Epith. Pennati passim pueri, quo quemque vocavit Umbra, jacent. Both which proved the ancients feigned many Cupids. Read also Prop. eleg. 29. l. 2.

[6] Venus is so induced by Stat., Claud., and others, to celebrate nuptials.

[7] Venus's girdle, mentioned by Homer, *Ili.* ξ. which was feigned to be variously wrought with the needle, and in it woven love, desires, sweetness, soft parley, graceful ness, persuasion, and all the powers of Venus.

Come, Hymen, make an inner ring,
And let the sacrificers sing;
Chear up the faint and trembling bride,
That quakes to touch her bridegroom's side:
Tell her what Juno is to Jove,
The same shall she be to her love;
His wife: which we do rather measure
A [1] name of dignity than pleasure.
Up, youths! hold up your lights in air,
And shake abroad [2] their flaming hair.
Now move united, and in gait,
As you, in pairs, do front the state,
With grateful honours thank his grace
That hath so glorified the place:
And as, in circle, you depart
Link'd hand in hand; so, heart in heart,
May all those bodies still remain
Whom he with so much sacred pain
No less hath bound within his realms
Than they are with the ocean's streams.
Long may his Union find increase,
As he, to ours, hath deign'd his peace!

With this, to a soft strain of music, they paced once about, in their ring, every pair making their honours, as they came before the state: and then dissolving, went down in couples, led on by Hymen, the bride, and auspices following, as to the nuptial bower. After them, the musicians with this SONG.

Glad time is at his point arrived,
For which love's hopes were so long lived.
Lead, Hymen, lead away;
And let no object stay,
Nor banquets, but sweet kisses,
The turtles from their blisses.
[3]'Tis Cupid calls to arm;
And this his last alarm.

Of this SONG, *then, only one staff was sung, but because I made it both in form and matter to emulate that kind of poem, which was called Epithalamium,*[4] *and by the ancients used to be sung when the bride was led into her chamber, I have here set it down whole; and do heartily forgive their ignorance whom it chanceth not to please. Hoping that* nemo doctus me jubeat Thalassionem verbis dicere non Thalassionis.

EPITHALAMION.

Glad time is at his point arrived,
For which love's hopes were so long lived.
Lead, Hymen, lead away;
And let no object stay,
Nor banquets, but sweet kisses,
The turtles from their blisses.
'Tis Cupid calls to arm;
And this his last alarm.

Shrink not, soft virgin, you will love,
Anon, what you so fear to prove.
This is no killing war,
To which you pressed are;
But fair and gentle strife,
Which lovers call their life.
'Tis Cupid cries, to arm,
And this his last alarm.

Help, youths and virgins, help to sing
The prize which Hymen here doth bring.
And did so lately[5] rap
From forth the mother's lap,
To place her by that side
Where she must long abide.
On Hymen, Hymen call,
This night is Hymen's all.

See! Hesperus is yet in view.
What star can so deserve of you?
Whose light doth still adorn
Your bride, that, ere the morn,
Shall far more perfect be,
And rise as bright as he;
When,[6] like to him, her name
Is changed, but not her flame.

Haste, tender lady, and adventure;
The covetous house would have you enter,
That it might wealthy be,
And you, her[7] mistress, see:
Haste your own good to meet;
And[8] lift your golden feet
Above the threshold high,
With prosperous augury.

Now, youths, let go your pretty arms;
The place within chants other charms.
Whole showers of roses flow;
And violets seem to grow,
Strew'd in the chamber there,
As Venus' mead it were.
On Hymen, Hymen call,
This night is Hymen's all.

Good matrons, that so well are known
To aged husbands of your own,
Place you our bride to-night;
And[9] snatch away the light:
That[10] she not hide it dead
Beneath her spouse's bed;
Nor[10] he reserve the same
To help the funeral flame.

So! now you may admit him in;
The act he covets is no sin,
But chaste and holy love,
Which Hymen doth approve;
Without whose hallowing fires
All aims are base desires.
On Hymen, Hymen call,
This night is Hymen's all.

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[1] See the words of Ælius Verus in Spartian.

[2] So Cat. in Nupt. Jul. et Manlii hath it. Viden' ut faces splendidas quatiunt comas? and by and by after, aureas quatiunt comas.

[3] This poem had for the most part versum intercalarem, or carmen amæbæum: yet that not always one, but oftentimes varied, and sometimes neglected in the same song, as in ours you shall find observed.

[4] It had the name à Thalamo; dictum est autem θάλαμος cubiculum Nuptiale primo suo significatu, παρὰ τὸ θάλειν ἅμα, quod est simul genialem vitam agere. Scal. in Poet.

[5] The bride was always feigned to be ravished ex gremio matris: or (if she were wanting) ex proximâ necessitudine, because that had succeeded well to Romulus, who, by force, gat wives for him and his, from the Sabines. See Fast. and that of Catul. Qui rapis teneram ad virum virginem.

[6] When he is Phosphorus, yet the same star, as I have noted before.

[7] At the entrance of the bride, the custom was to give her the keys, to signify that she was absolutely mistress of the place, and the whole disposition of the family at her care. Fest.

[8] This was also another rite: that she might not touch the threshold as she entered, but was lifted over it. Servius saith, because it was sacred to Vesta. Plut. in Quæst. Rom. remembers divers causes. But that, which I take to come nearest the truth, was only the avoiding of sorcerous drugs, used by witches to be buried under that place, to the destroying of marriage amity, or the power of generation. See Alexand. in Genialibus, and Christ. Landus upon Catul.

[9] For this, look Fest. in Voc. Rapi.

[10] Quo utroque mors propinqua alterius ulterius captari putatur. Fest. ib.

Now free from vulgar spite or noise,
May you enjoy your mutual joys;
Now, you no fear controls,
But lips may mingle souls;
And soft embraces bind
To each the other's mind,
Which may no power untie,
Till one or both must die!

And look, before you yield to slumber,
That your delights be drawn past number;
Joys, got with strife, increase.
Affect no sleepy peace;
But keep the bride's fair eyes
Awake with her own cries,
Which are but maiden fears:
And kisses dry such tears.

Then coin them 'twixt your lips so sweet,
And let not cockles closer meet;
Nor may your murmuring loves
Be drown'd by [1]Cypris' doves:
Let ivy not so bind
As when your arms are twined:
That you may both ere day,
Rise perfect every way.

And, Juno, whose great powers protect
The marriage-bed, with good effect,
The labour of this night
Bless thou, for future light:

And thou, thy happy charge,
Glad Genius,[2] enlarge;
That they may both, ere day,
Rise perfect, ev'ry way.

And Venus,[3] thou, with timely seed,
Which may their after-comforts breed,
Inform the gentle womb;
Nor let it prove a tomb:
But, ere ten moons be wasted,
The birth, by Cynthia hasted.
So may they both, ere day,
Rise perfect every way.

And, when the babe to light is shown.
Let it be like each parent known;
Much of the father's face,
More of the mother's grace;
And either grandsire's spirit,
And fame, let it inherit.
That men may bless th' embraces,
That joined two such races.

Cease, youths and virgins, you have done;
Shut fast the door: and as they soon
To their perfection haste,
So may their ardours last.
So either's strength outlive
All loss that age can give:
And, though full years be told,
Their forms grow slowly old.

[1] A frequent surname of Venus, not of the place, as Cypria: but quòd parere faciat, ἢ τὸ κυειν παρεχούσα, Theoph. Phurnut. and the grammarians upon Homer, see them.

[2] Deus Naturæ, sive gignendi. And is the same in the male, as Juno in the female. Hence Genialis Lectus, qui nuptiis sternitur, in honorem Genii. Fest. Genius meus, quia me genuit.

[3] She hath this faculty given by all the ancients. See Hom *Iliad.* θ. Lucret. in prim. Virg. in 2. Georg, &c.

Hitherto extended the first night's solemnity, whose grace in the execution, left not where to add unto it, with wishing: I mean (nor do I court them) in those, that sustained the nobler parts. Such was the exquisite performance, as, beside the pomp, splendor, or what we may call apparelling of such presentments, that alone (had all else been absent) was of power to surprize with delight, and steal away the spectators from themselves. Nor was there wanting whatsoever might give to the furniture or complement; either in richness, or strangeness of the habits, delicacy of dances, magnificence of the scene, or divine rapture of music. Only, the envy was, that it lasted not still, or, now it is past, cannot by imagination, much less description, be recovered to a part of that spirit it had in the gliding by.

Yet, that I may not utterly defraud the reader of his hope, I am drawn to give it those brief touches, which may leave behind some shadow of what it was: and first of the attires.

That of the lords, had part of it, for the fashion, taken from the antique Greek statues, mixed with some modern additions: which made it both graceful and strange. On their heads they wore Persic crowns, that were with scrolls of gold plate turned outward, and wreathed about with a carnation and silver net-lawn; the one end of which hung carelessly on the left shoulder; the other was tricked up before, in several degrees of folds, between the plaits, and set with rich jewels and great pearl. Their bodies were of carnation cloth of silver, richly wrought, and cut to express the naked, in manner of the Greek thorax; girt under the breasts with a broad belt of cloth of gold, embroidered, and fastened before with jewels: their labels were of white cloth of silver, laced, and wrought curiously between, suitable to the upper half of their sleeves; whose nether parts with their bases, were of watchet cloth of silver, cheveroned all over with lace. Their mantles were of several-coloured silks, distinguishing their qualities, as they were coupled in pairs; the first, sky-colour; the second, pearl-colour; the third, flame-colour; the fourth, tawny; and these cut in leaves, which were subtily tacked up, and embroidered with O's, and between every rank of leaves a broad silver race. They were fastened on the right shoulder, and fell compass down the back in gracious folds, and were again tied with a round knot to the fastening of their swords. Upon their legs they wore silver greaves, answering in work to their labels. And these were their accoutrements.

The ladies attire was wholly new, for the invention, and full of glory; as having in it the most true impression of a celestial figure: the upper part of white cloth of silver, wrought with Juno's birds and fruits; a loose under garment, full gathered, of carnation, striped with silver, and parted with a golden zone; Beneath that, another flowing garment, of watchet cloth of siver, laced with gold; through all which, though they were round, and swelling, there yet appeared some touch of their delicate lineaments, preserving the sweetness of proportion, and expressing itself beyond expression. The attire of their heads did answer, if not exceed; their hair being carelessly (but yet with more art than if more affected) bound under the circle of a rare and rich coronet, adorned with all variety, and choice of jewels; from the top of which flowed a transparent veil, down to the ground; whose verge returning up, was fastened to either side in most sprightly manner. Their shoes were azure and gold, set with rubies and diamonds; so were all their garments; and every part abounding in ornament.

No less to be admired, for the grace and greatness, was the whole machine of the spectacle from whence they came: the first part of which was a ΜΙΚΡΟΚΟΣΜΟΣ, or globe, filled with countries, and those gilded; where the sea was exprest, heightened with siver waves. This stood, or rather hung (for no axle was seen to support it) and turning softly, discovered the first masque (as we have before, but too runningly, declared) which was of the men, sitting in fair composition, within a mine of several metals: to which the lights were so placed, as no one was seen; but seemed as if only Reason, with the splendor of her crown, illumined the whole grot.

On the sides of this, which began the other part, were placed two great statues, feigned of gold, one of Atlas, the

other of Hercules, in varied postures, bearing up the clouds, which were of relievo, embossed, and tralucent as naturals: to these a cortine of painted clouds joined, which reached to the utmost roof of the hall; and suddenly opening, revealed the three regions of air: in the highest of which sat Juno, in a glorious throne of gold, circled with comets, and fiery meteors, engendered in that hot and dry region; her feet reaching to the lowest: where was made a rainbow, and within it musicians seated, figuring airy spirits, their habits various, and resembling the several colours caused in that part of the air by reflection. The midst was all of dark and condensed clouds, as being the proper place where rain, hail, and other watery meteors are made; out of which two concave clouds from the rest thrust forth themselves (in nature of those Nimbi, wherein, by Homer, Virgil, &c., the gods are feigned to descend) and these carried the eight ladies over the heads of the two terms;[1] who, as the engine moved, seemed also to bow themselves (by virtue of their shadows) and discharge their shoulders of their glorious burden: when having set them on the earth, both they and the clouds gathered themselves up again, with some rapture of the beholders.

But that, which (as above in place, so in the beauty) was most taking in the spectacle, was the sphere of fire, in the top of all, encompassing the air, and imitated with such art and industry, as the spectators might discern the motion (all the time the shews lasted) without any mover; and that so swift, as no eye could distinguish any colour of the light, but might form to itself five hundred several hues out of the tralucent body of the air, objected betwixt it and them.

And this was crowned with a statue of Jupiter the Thunderer.

THE BARRIERS.

On the next night, whose solemnity was of Barriers, (all mention of the former being utterly removed and taken away) there appeared, at the lower end of the hall, a mist made of delicate perfumes; out of which (a battle being sounded under the stage) did seem to break forth two ladies, the one representing Truth, the other Opinion; but both so like attired, as they could by no note be distinguished. The colour of their garments was blue, their socks white; they were crowned with wreaths of palm, and in their hand each of them sustained a palm-bough. These, after the mist was vanished, began to examine each other curiously with their eyes, and approaching the state, the one expostulated the other in this manner:

Truth. Who art thou, thus that imitat'st my
In steps, in habit, and resembled face? [grace,

Opin. Grave Time[2] and Industry my parents are;
My name is Truth, who, through these sounds of war,
Which figure the wise mind's discursive sight,
In mists by nature wrapt, salute the light.

Truth. I am that Truth, thou some illusive spright;
Whom to my likeness, the black sorceress Night
Hath of these dry, and empty fumes created.

Opin. Best herald of thine own birth, well related,
Put me and mine to proof of words, and facts,
In any question this fair hour exacts.

Truth. I challenge thee, and fit this time of love,
With this position, which Truth comes to prove;
That the most honour'd state of man and wife,
Doth far exceed the insociate virgin life.

Opin. I take the adverse part; and she that best
Defends her side, be Truth by all confest.

Truth. It is confirm'd. With what an equal brow
To Truth,[3] Opinion's confident! and how,
Like Truth, her habit shews to sensual eyes;
But whosoe'er thou be, in this disguise,
Clear Truth, anon, shall strip thee to the heart;
And shew how mere phantastical thou art.

Know, then, the first production of things
Required two; from mere one nothing springs:
Without that knot the theme thou gloriest in,
(The unprofitable virgin,) had not been.
The golden tree of marriage began
In Paradise, and bore the fruit of man;
On whose sweet branches angels sat and sung,
And from whose firm root all society sprung.
Love (whose strong virtue wrapt heaven's soul in earth,
And made a woman glory in his birth)
In marriage opens his inflamed breast;
And lest in him nature should stifled rest,
His genial fire about the world he darts;
Which lips with lips combines, and hearts with hearts.
Marriage Love's object is; at whose bright eyes,
He lights his torches, and calls them his skies.
For her he wings his shoulders; and doth fly
To her white bosom as his sanctuary:
In which no lustful finger can profane him,
Nor any earth with black eclipses wane him.
She makes him smile in sorrows, and doth stand
'Twixt him and all wants, with her silver hand.
In her soft locks his tender feet are tied;
And in his fetters he takes worthy pride.
And as geometricians have approved,
That lines and superficies are not moved
By their own forces, but do follow still
Their bodies' motions; so the self-loved will
Of man or woman should not rule in them,
But each with other wear the anadem.
Mirrors, though deck'd with diamonds, are nought worth,
If the like forms of things they set not forth;
So men or women are worth nothing neither,
If either's eyes and hearts present not either.

Opin. Untouch'd Virginity, laugh out; to see
Freedom in fetters placed, and urg'd 'gainst thee.
What griefs lie groaning on the nuptial bed?
What dull society? in what sheets of lead
Tumble and toss the restless married pair,
Each, oft, offended with the other's air?

[1] Atlas and Hercules, the figures mentioned before.

[2] Truth is feigned to be the daughter of Saturn: who indeed, with the ancients, was no other than time, and so his name alludes, Κρόνος. Plut. in Quæst. To which confer the Greek Adage, ἄγει δὲ πρὸς φῶς τήν ἀλήθειαν χρόνος.

[3] Hippocrat. in a certain epistle to Philopœm. describeth her, Mulierem, quæ non mala videatur, sed audacior aspectu et concitatior. To which Cesare Ripa, in his Iconolog. alludeth in these words, Faccia, nè bella, nè dispiacevole, &c.

From whence springs all-devouring avarice,
But from the cares which out of wedlock rise?
And, where there is in life's best-temper'd fires
An end, set in itself to all desires,
A settled quiet, freedom never check'd;
How far are married lives from this effect?
Euripus,[1] that bears ships in all their pride,
'Gainst roughest winds, with violence of his tide,
And ebbs and flows seven times in every day,
Toils not more turbulent or fierce than they.
And then what rules husbands prescribe their wives!
In their eyes circles, they must bound their lives.
The moon, when farthest from the sun she shines,
Is most refulgent, nearest, most declines:
But your poor wives far off must never roam,
But waste their beauties near their lords at home:
And when their lords range out, at home must hide,
[Most] like to begged monopolies, all their pride.
When their lords list to feed a serious fit,
They must be serious; when to shew their wit
In jests and laughter, they must laugh and jest;
When they wake, wake; and when they rest, must rest.
And to their wives men give such narrow scopes,
As if they meant to make them walk on ropes:
No tumblers bide more peril of their necks
In all their tricks, than wives in husband's checks.
Where virgins, in their sweet and peaceful state,
Have all things perfect; spin their own free fate;
Depend on no proud second; are their own
Centre and circle; now, and always one.
To whose example we do still hear nam'd
One God, one nature, and but one world fram'd,
One sun, one moon, one element of fire,
So of the rest; one king, that doth inspire
Soul to all bodies, in their royal sphere.

Truth. And where is marriage more declar'd than there?
Is there a band more strict than that doth tie
The soul and body in such unity?
Subjects to sovereigns; doth one mind display
In the one's obedience, and the other's sway?
Believe it, marriage suffers no compare,
When both estates are valued, as they are.
The virgin were a strange, and stubborn thing,
Would longer stay a virgin, than to bring
Herself fit use and profit in a make.

Opin. How she doth err, and the whole heaven mistake!
Look, how a flower that close in closes grows,
Hid from rude cattle, bruised with no ploughs,
Which th' air doth stroke, sun strengthen, showers shoot higher,
It many youths, and many maids desire;
The same, when cropt by cruel hand 'tis wither'd,
No youths at all, no maidens have desired:
So a virgin, while untouch'd she doth remain
Is dear to hers; but when with body's stain
Her chaster flower is lost, she leaves to appear
Or sweet to young men, or to maidens dear.
That conquest then may crown me in this war,
Virgins, O virgins, fly from Hymen far.

Truth. Virgins, O virgins, to sweet Hymen yield,
For as a lone vine, in a naked field,
Never extols her branches, never bears
Ripe grapes, but with a headlong heaviness wears
Her tender body, and her highest sprout
Is quickly levell'd with her fading root;
By whom no husbandman, no youths will dwell;
But if by fortune, she be married well
To the elm her husband, many husbandmen
And many youths inhabit by her, then:
So whilst a virgin doth, untouch'd, abide,
All unmanur'd, she grows old with her pride;
But when to equal wedlock, in fit time,
Her fortune, and endeavour lets her climb,
Dear to her love, and parents she is held.
Virgins, O virgins, to sweet Hymen yield.

Opin. These are but words; hast thou a knight
By stroke of arms, the simple verity? [will try,

Truth. To that high proof I would have dared thee.
I'll straight fetch champions for the bride and me.

Opin. The like will I do for virginity.

Here they both descended the hall, where at the lower end, a march being sounded with drums and fifes, there entered (led forth by the Earl of Nottingham, who was Lord High Constable for that night, and the Earl of Worcester, Earl Marshal) sixteen knights armed with pikes, and swords; their plumes and colours, carnation and white; all richly accoutred, and making their honours to the state, as they marched by in pairs, were all ranked on one side of the hall. They placed sixteen others like accoutred for riches, and arms, only that their colours were varied to watchet and white; who were by the same earls led up, and passing in like manner by the state, placed on the opposite side.

By this time, the Bar *being brought up,* Truth *proceeded.*

Truth. Now join; and if this varied trial fail,
To make my truth in wedlock's praise prevail,
I will retire, and in more power appear,
To cease this strife, and make our question clear.

Whereat Opinion *insulting, followed her with this speech.*

Opin. Ay, do; it were not safe thou shouldst abide:
This speaks thy name, with shame to quit thy side.

Here the champions on both sides addrest themselves for fight, first single; after, three to three: and performed it with that alacrity, and vigour, as if Mars himself had been to triumph before Venus, and invented a new masque. When on a sudden, (the last six having scarcely ended) a striking light seemed to fill all the hall, and out of it an Angel *or messenger of glory appearing.*

Angel. Princes, attend a tale of height and wonder,
Truth is descended in a second thunder,
And now will greet you, with judicial state,
To grace the nuptial part in this debate;
And end with reconciled hands these wars.
Upon her head she wears a crown of stars,
Through which her orient hair waves to her waste,
By which believing mortals hold her fast,
And in those golden cords are carried even,
Till with her breath she blows them up to heaven.
She wears a robe enchased with eagles eyes,
To signify her sight in mysteries:
Upon each shoulder sits a milk-white dove,
And at her feet do witty serpents move:
Her spacious arms do reach from east to west,
And you may see her heart shine through her breast.
Her right-hand holds a sun with burning rays,
Her left a curious bunch of golden keys,
With which heaven's gates she locketh and displays.

[1] A narrow sea, between Aulis, a port of Bœotia, and the isle Eubœa. See Pomp. Mela, lib. 2.

A crystal mirror hangeth at her breast,
By which men's consciences are search'd, and drest:
On her coach-wheels Hypocrisy lies rack'd;
And squint-eyed Slander, with Vain-glory back'd.
Her bright eyes burn to dust, in which shines Fate:
An angel ushers her triumphant gate,
Whilst with her fingers fans of stars she twists,
And with them beats back Error, clad in mists.
Eternal Unity behind her shines,
That fire and water, earth and air combines.
Her voice is like a trumpet loud and shrill,
Which bids all sounds in earth, and heaven be still.
And see! descended from her chariot now,
In this related pomp she visits you.

Enter TRUTH.

Truth. Honour to all that honour nuptials,
To whose fair lot, in justice, now it falls,
That this my counterfeit be here disclosed,
Who, for virginity, hath herself opposed.
Nor though my brightness do undo her charms,
Let these her knights think, that their equal arms
Are wrong'd therein: For valour wins applause,
That dares but to maintain the weaker cause.
And princes, see, 'tis mere Opinion
That in Truth's forced robe, for Truth hath gone!
Her gaudy colours, pieced with many folds,
Shew what uncertainties she ever holds:
Vanish, adulterate Truth! and never dare
With proud maids praise, to press where nuptials are.
And, champions, since you see the truth I held,
To sacred Hymen, reconciled, yield:
Nor (so to yield) think it the least despight:
"It is a conquest to submit to right."
This royal judge of our contention
Will prop, I know, what I have undergone;
To whose right sacred highness I resign,
Low at his feet this starry crown of mine,
To shew his rule and judgment is divine;
These doves to him I consecrate withal,
To note his innocence, without spot, or gall;
These serpents, for his wisdom: and these rays,
To shew, his piercing splendour: these bright keys
Designing power to ope the ported skies,
And speak their glories to his subjects' eyes.
Lastly, this heart, with which all hearts be true:
And truth in him make treason ever rue.

With this they were led forth, hand in hand, reconciled as in triumph. And thus the solemnities ended.

Vivite concordes, et nostrum discite munus.

THE HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID

THE worthy custom of honouring worthy marriages, with these noble solemnities, hath of late years advanced itself frequently with us; to the reputation no less of our court, than nobles; expressing besides (through the difficulties of expense and travel, with the cheerfulness of undertaking) a most real affection in the personaters, to those, for whose sake they would sustain these persons. It behoves then us, that are trusted with a part of their honour in these celebrations, to do nothing in them beneath the dignity of either. With this proposed part of judgment, I adventure to give that abroad, which in my first conception I intended honourably fit: and, though it hath labour'd since, under censure, I, that know truth to be always of one stature, and so like a rule, as who bends it the least way, must needs do an injury to the right, cannot but smile at their tyrannous ignorance, that will offer to slight me (in these things being an artificer) and give themselves a peremptory license to judge who have never touched so much as to the bark, or utter shell of any knowledge. But their daring dwell with them. They have found a place to pour out their follies; and I a seat, to sleep out the passage.

The scene to this Masque, was a high, steep, red cliff, advancing itself into the clouds, figuring the place, from whence (as I have been, not fabulously, informed) the honourable family of the Radcliffs first took their name, *a clivo rubro*, and is to be written with that orthography; as I have observed out of master Camden, in his mention of the earls of Sussex. This cliff was also a note of height, greatness, and antiquity. Before which, on the two sides, were erected two pilasters, charged with spoils and trophies of Love and his mother, consecrate to marriage: amongst which, were old and young persons figured, bound with roses, the wedding garments, rocks and spindles, hearts transfixed with arrows, others flaming, virgins' girdles, garlands, and worlds of such like; all wrought round and bold: and over head two personages, Triumph and Victory, in flying postures, and twice so big as the life, in place of the arch, and holding a garland of myrtle for the key. All which, with the pillars, seemed to be of burnished gold, and embossed out of the metal. Beyond the cliff was seen nothing but clouds, thick, and obscure; till on the sudden, with a solemn music, a bright sky breaking forth, there were discovered first two doves,[1] then two swans[1] with silver geers, drawing forth a triumphant chariot; in which Venus sat, crowned with her star, and beneath her the three Graces, or Charites, Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, all attired according to their antique figures. These, from their chariot, alighted on the top of the cliff, and descending by certain abrupt and winding passages, Venus having left her star only flaming in her seat, came to the earth, the Graces throwing garlands all the way, and began to speak.

Ven. It is no common cause, ye will conceive,
My lovely Graces, makes your goddess leave
Her state in heaven, to-night, to visit earth.
Love late is fled away, my eldest birth,
Cupid, whom I did joy to call my son;
And, whom long absent, Venus is undone.
Spy, if you can, his footsteps on this green;
For here, as I am told, he late hath been,
With divers of his brethren,[2] lending light
From their best flames, to gild a glorious night;
Which I not grudge at, being done for her,
Whose honours, to mine own, I still prefer.
But he not yet returning, I'm in fear,
Some gentle Grace, or innocent Beauty here,
Be taken with him: or he hath surprised
A second Psyche, and lives here disguised.
Find ye no track of his stray'd feet?

1 *Gra.* Not I.

2 *Gra.* Nor I.

3 *Gra.* Nor I.

Ven. Stay, nymphs, we then will try
A nearer way. Look all these ladies' eyes,
And see if there he not concealed lies;
Or in their bosoms, 'twixt their swelling breasts;
The wag affects to make himself such nests:
Perchance he hath got some simple heart, to hide
His subtle shape in; I will have him cry'd,
And all his virtues told! that, when they'd know
What spright he is, she soon may let him go,
That guards him now; and think herself right blest,
To be so timely rid of such a guest.
Begin, soft GRACES, and proclaim reward
To her that brings him in. Speak to be heard.

1 *Grace.* Beauties, have ye seen this toy,
Called Love, a little boy,[3]
Almost naked, wanton, blind;
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say?
He is Venus' runaway.

2 *Grace.* She that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How, or where herself would wish:
But, who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss, and another.

3 *Grace.* He hath marks about him plenty:
You shall know him among twenty.

[1] Both doves and swans were sacred to this goddess, and as well with the one as the other, her chariot is induced by Ovid, lib. 10 and 11 Metamor.

[2] Alluding to the Loves (the torch-bearers) in the Queen's Masque before.

[3] In this Love, I express Cupid, as he is Veneris filius, and owner of the following qualities, ascribed him by the antique and later poets.

All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That being shot, like lightning, in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

1 *Grace.* At his sight, the sun hath turn'd,[1]
Neptune in the waters burn'd;
Hell hath felt a greater heat;[2]
Jove himself forsook his seat:
From the centre to the sky,
Are his trophies reared high.[3]

2 *Grace.* Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But not stay in any part;
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself, in kisses.

3 *Grace.* He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shafts; where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

1 *Grace.* Still the fairest are his fuel.
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food;
And his baths their warmest blood:
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

2 *Grace.* Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit;
Every gift it is a bait;
Not a kiss but poison bears;
And most treason in his tears.

3 *Grace.* Idle minutes are his reign;
Then, the straggler makes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think them joys:
'Tis the ambition of the elf,
To have all childish as himself.

1 *Grace.* If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

2 *Grace.* Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.

3 *Grace.* Since you hear his falser play;
And that he's Venus' runaway.

At this, from behind the trophies, Cupid *discovered himself, and came forth armed; attended with twelve boys, most antickly attired, that represented the Sports, and pretty Lightnesses that accompany Love, under the titles of Joci and Risus; and are said to wait on Venus, as she is Præfect of Marriage.*[4]

Cup. Come, my little jocund Sports,
Come away; the time now sorts
With your pastime: this same night
Is Cupid's day. Advance your light.
With your revel fill the room,
That our triumphs be not dumb.

Wherewith they fell into a subtle capricious dance, to as odd a music, each of them bearing two torches, and nodding with their antic faces, with other variety of ridiculous gesture, which gave much occasion of mirth and delight to the spectators. The dance ended, Cupid went forward.

Cup. Well done, anticks! now my bow,
And my quiver bear to show;
That these beauties, here, may know,
By what arms this feat was done,
That hath so much honour won
Unto Venus and her son.

At which, his mother apprehended him: and circling him in, with the Graces, began to demand.

Ven. What feat, what honour is it that you boast,
My little straggler? I had given you lost,
With all your games, here.

Cup. Mother!

Ven. Yes, sir, she.
What might your glorious cause of triumph be?
Have you shot Minerva[5] or the Thespian dames?
Heat aged Ops again,[6] with youthful flames?
Or have you made the colder Moon to visit
Once more, a sheepcote? Say, what conquest is it
Can make you hope such a renown to win?
Is there a second Hercules brought to spin?
Or, for some new disguise, leaves Jove his thunder?

Cup. Nor that, nor those, and yet no less a wonder—[7] [*He espies* Hymen.
Which to tell, I may not stay.
Hymen's presence bids away;
'Tis, already, at his night,
He can give you further light.
You, my Sports, may here abide,
Till I call to light the bride. [*Slips from her.*

Enter Hymen.

Hy. Venus, is this a time to quit your car?
To stoop to earth, to leave alone your star,
Without your influence, and, on such a night,[8]
Which should be crown'd with your most cheering sight,
As you were ignorant of what were done
By Cupid's hand, your all-triumphing son?
Look on this state; and if you yet not know,
What crown there shines, whose sceptre here doth grow;
Think on thy loved Æneas, and what name,
Maro, the golden trumpet of his fame,
Gave him, read thou in this. A prince that draws
By example more, than others do by laws:[9]
That is so just to his great act, and thought,
To do, not what kings may, but what kings ought.

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[1] See Lucian. Dial. Deor.

[2] And Claud. in raptu Proserp.

[3] Such was the power ascrib'd him, by all the ancients: whereof there is extant an elegant Greek epigram. Phil. Poe. wherein he makes all the other deities despoiled by him, of their ensigns; Jove of his thunder, Phœbus of his arrows, Hercules of his club, &c.

[4] Which Horat. consents to, Car. lib. 1. ode 2,

——Erycina ridens,
Quam Jocus circum volat, et Cupido.

[5] She urges these as miracles, because Pallas, and the Muses, are most contrary to Cupid. See Luc. Dial. Ven. et Cupid.

[6] Rhea, the mother of the gods, whom Lucian, in that place, makes to have fallen franticly in love by Cupid's means, with Atys. So of the Moon, with Endymion, Hercules, &c.

[7] Here Hymen, the god of marriage, entered; and was so induced here, as you have him described in my Hymenæi.

[8] When she is nuptiis præfecta, with Juno, Suadela, Diana, and Jupiter himself. Paus. in Messeniac. et Plut. in Problem.

[9] Æneas, the son of Venus, Virgil makes throughout, the most exquisite pattern of piety, justice, prudence, and all other princely virtues, with whom (in way of that excellence) I confer my sovereign, applying in his description his own word usurped of that poet, Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

Who, out of piety, unto peace is vow'd,
To spare his subjects, yet to quell the proud;
And dares esteem it the first fortitude,
To have his passions, foes at home, subdued.
That was reserv'd, until the Parcæ spun
Their whitest wool; and then his thread begun,
Which thread, when treason would have burst,[1] a
To-day renown'd, and added to my roll,[2] [soul
Opposed; and, by that act, to his name did bring
The honour to be saver of his king.
This king whose worth, if gods for virtue love,
Should Venus with the same affections move,
As her Æneas; and no less endeâr
Her love to his safety, than when she did cheer,
After a tempest,[3] long-afflicted Troy,
Upon the Lybian shore; and brought them joy.

Ven. I love, and know his virtues, and do boast
Mine own renown, when I renown him most.
My Cupid's absence I forgive, and praise,
That me to such a present grace could raise.
His champion shall, hereafter, be my care:
But speak his bride, and what her virtues are.

Hy. She is a noble virgin, styled, The Maid
Of the Red-cliff, and hath her dowry weigh'd
No less in virtue, blood, and form, than gold;
Thence, where my pillar's rear'd, you may behold,
Fill'd with love's trophies, doth she take her name.
Those pillars did uxorious Vulcan frame,[4]
Against this day, and underneath that hill,
He, and his Cyclopes, are forging still
Some stange and curious piece, to adorn the night,
And give these graced nuptials greater light.

Here Vulcan *presented himself, as overhearing Hymen, attired in a cassock girt to him, with bare arms, his hair and beard rough; his hat of blue, and ending in a cone; in his hand a hammer and tongs, as coming from the forge.*

Vul. Which I have done; the best of all my life;
And have my end, if it but please my wife,
And she commend it, to the labour'd worth.
Cleave, solid rock! and bring the wonder forth.

At which with a loud and full music, the cliff parted in the midst, and discovered an illustrious concave, filled with an ample and glistering light, in which an artificial sphere was made of silver, eighteen foot in the diameter, that turned perpetually: the coluri were heightened with gold; so were the arctic and antarctic circles, the tropics, the equinoctial, the meridian and horizon; only the zodiac was of pure gold: in which the masquers, under the characters of the twelve signs, were placed, answering them in number; whose offices, with the whole frame, as it turned, Vulcan went forward to describe.

It is a sphere, I've formed round and even,
In due proportion to the sphere of heaven,
With all his lines and circles; that compose
The perfect'st form, and aptly do disclose
The heaven of marriage: which I title it:
Within whose zodiac, I have made to sit,
In order of the signs, twelve sacred powers,
That are presiding at all nuptial hours:

The first, in Aries' place, respecteth pride
Of youth, and beauty; graces in the bride.

In Taurus, he loves strength and manliness;
The virtues which the bridegroom should profess

In Gemini, that noble power is shown,
That twins their hearts, and doth of two make one.

In Cancer, he that bids the wife give way
With backward yielding to her husband's sway.

In Leo, he that doth instil the heat
Into the man: which from the following seat

Is temper'd so, as he that looks from thence
Sees yet they keep a Virgin innocence.

In Libra's room, rules he that doth supply
All happy beds with sweet equality.

The Scorpion's place he fills, that makes the jars,
And stings in wedlock; little strifes and wars:

Which he, in th' Archer's throne, doth soon remove,
By making, with his shafts, new wounds of love.

And those the follower with more heat inspires,
As, in the Goat, the sun renews his fires.

In wet Aquarius' stead, reigns he that showers
Fertility upon the genial bowers.

Last, in the Fishes place, sits he doth say,
In married joys, all should be dumb as they.

And this hath Vulcan for his Venus done,
To grace the chaster triumph of her son.

Ven. And for this gift, will I to heaven return,
And vow for ever, that my lamp shall burn
With pure and chastest fire; or never shine,[5]
But when it mixeth with thy sphere and mine.

Here Venus returned to her chariot, with the Graces; while Vulcan, calling out the priests of Hymen, who were the musicians, was interrupted by Pyracmon.[6]

Vul. Sing then, ye priests.

Pyrac. Stay, Vulcan, shall not these
Come forth and dance?

Vul. Yes, my Pyracmon, please
The eyes of these spectators with our art.[7]

Pyrac. Come here then, Brontes, bear a Cyclop's part,
And Steropes, both with your sledges stand,
And strike a time unto them as they land;
And as they forwards come, still guide their paces,
In musical and sweet proportion'd graces;

[1] In that monstrous conspiracy of E. Gowry.

[2] Titulo tunc crescere posses,
Nunc per te titulus.

[3] Virg. Æneid. lib. 1.

[4] The ancient poets, whensoever they would intend any thing to be done with great mastery, or excellent art, made Vulcan the artificer, as Hom. Il Σ. in the forging of Achilles's armour, and Virg. for Æneas, Æneid. 8. He is also said to be the god of fire and light. Sometime taken for the purest beam: and by Orph. in Hym. celebrated for the sun and moon. But more especially by Eurip. in Troad. he is made Facifer in Nuptiis. Which present office we give him here, as being Calor Naturæ, and Præses Luminis. See Plat. in Cratyl. For his description, read Pausan. in Eliac.

[5] As Catul. hath it in nup. Jul. et Manl. without Hymen, which is marriage, Nil potest Venus, fama quod bona comprobet, &c.

[6] One of the Cyclops, of whom, with the other two, Brontes and Steropes, see Virg. Æneid.
Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro,
Brontesque, Steropesque et nudus membra Pyracmon, &c.

[7] As when Hom. Iliad. Σ, makes Thetis for her son Achilles, to visit Vulcan's house, he feigns that Vulcan had made twenty tripods, or stools with golden wheels, to move of themselves miraculously, and go out and return fitly. To which the invention of our dance alludes, and is in the poet a most elegant place, and worthy the tenth reading.

While I upon the work and frame attend,
And Hymen's priests forth, at their seasons, send
To chaunt their hymns; and make this square ad-
Our great artificer, the god of fire. [mire

Here the musicians, attired in yellow, with wreaths of marjoram, and veils like Hymen's priests, sung the first staff of the following Epithalamion: which, because it was sung in pieces between the dances, shewed to be so many several songs; but was made to be read an entire poem. After the song, they came (descending in an oblique motion) from the Zodiac, and danced their first dance; then music interposed, (but varied with voices, only keeping the same chorus) they danced their second dance. So after, their third and fourth dances, which were all full of elegancy and curious device. And thus it ended.[1]

EPITHALAMION.

Up, youths and virgins, up, and praise
The god, whose nights outshine his days;
Hymen, whose hallowed rites
Could never boast of brighter lights;
Whose bands pass liberty.
Two of your troop, that with the morn were free,
Are now waged to his war.
And what they are,
If you'll perfection see,
Yourselves must be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!

What joy or honours can compare
With holy nuptials, when they are
Made out of equal parts
Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts!
When in the happy choice,
The spouse and spoused have the foremost voice!
Such, glad of Hymen's war,
Live what they are,
And long perfection see:
And such ours be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!

The solemn state of this one night
Were fit to last an age's light;
But there are rites behind
Have less of state, but more of kind:
Love's wealthy crop of kisses,
And fruitful harvest of his mother's blisses.
Sound then to Hymen's war:
That what these are,
Who will perfection see,
May haste to be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!

Love's commonwealth consists of toys;
His council are those antic boys,
Games, Laughter, Sports, Delights,
That triumph with him on these nights:
To whom we must give way,
For now their reign begins, and lasts till day
They sweeten Hymen's war,
And, in that jar,
Make all, that married be,
Perfection see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!

Why stays the bridegroom to invade
Her, that would be a matron made?
Good-night, whilst yet we may
Good-night, to you a virgin, say:
To-morrow rise the same
Your mother is,[2] and use a nobler name.
Speed well in Hymen's war,
That, what you are,
By your perfection, we
And all may see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!

To-night is Venus' vigil kept.
This night no bridegroom ever slept;
And if the fair bride do,
The married say, 'tis his fault too.
Wake then, and let your lights
Wake too; for they'll tell nothing of your nights
But, that in Hymen's war,
You perfect are.
And such perfection, we
Do pray should be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!

That, ere the rosy-finger'd morn
Behold nine moons, there may be born
A babe, t'uphold the fame
Of Ratcliffe's blood, and Ramsey's name:
That may, in his great seed,
Wear the long honours of his father's deed.
Such fruits of Hymen's war
Most perfect are:
And all perfection, we
Wish you should see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!

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[1] The two latter dances were made by master Thomas Giles, the two first by master Hier. Herne: who, in the persons of the two Cyclopes, beat a time to them with their hammers. The tunes were master Alphonso Ferrabosco's. The device and act of the scene master Inigo Jones's, with addition of the trophies. For the invention of the whole, and the verses, Assertor qui dicat esse meos, imponet plagiario pudorem.

The attire of the masquers throughout was most graceful and noble; partaking of the best both ancient and later figure. The colours carnation and silver, enriched both with embroidery and lace. The dressing of their heads, feathers and jewels; and so excellently ordered to the rest of the habit, as all would suffer under any description, after the shew. Their performance of all, so magnificent and illustrious, that nothing can add to the seal of it, but the subscription of their names:

The Duke of LENOX,	Lord of WALDEN,
Earl of ARUNDELL,	Lord HAY,
Earl of PEMBROKE,	Lord SANKRE,
Earl of MONTGOMERY,	Sir RO. RICHE,
Lord D'AUBIGNY,	Sir JO. KENNETHIE,

Master ERSKINE.

[2] A wife or matron: which is a name of more dignity than Virgin. D. Heins. in Nup. Ottonis Heurnii. Cras matri similis tuæ redibis.

THE MASQUE OF QUEENS;

CELEBRATED FROM THE HOUSE OF FAME;

BY THE QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN, WITH HER LADIES,

At Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

[DEDICATION.]

TO THE GLORY OF OUR OWN, AND GRIEF OF OTHER NATIONS, MY LORD

HENRY,

PRINCE OF GREAT BRITAIN, ETC.

SIR,—When it hath been my happiness (as would it were more frequent) but to see your face, and, as passing by, to consider you; I have with as much joy, as I am now far from flattery in professing it, called to mind that doctrine of some great inquisitors in *Nature*, who hold every royal and *heroic* form to partake and draw much to it of the heavenly virtue. For, whether it be that a divine soul, being to come into a body, first chooseth a palace for itself; or, being come, doth make it so; or that *Nature* be ambitious to have her work equal; I know not: but what is lawful for me to understand and speak, that I dare; which is, that both your *virtue* and your *form* did deserve your *fortune*. The one claimed that you should be born a *prince*, the other makes that you do become it. And when *Necessity* (excellent lord) the mother of the *Fates*, hath so provided, that your *form* should not more insinuate you to the eyes of men, than your *virtue* to their minds: it comes near a wonder to think how sweetly that habit flows in you, and with so hourly testimonies, which to all posterity might hold the dignity of examples. Amongst the rest, your favour to letters, and these gentler studies, that go under the title of *Humanity*, is not the least honour of your wreath. For, if once the worthy professors of these learnings shall come (as heretofore they were) to be the core of *princes*, the crowns their *sovereigns* wear will not more adorn their temples; nor their stamps live longer in their medals, than in such subjects' labours. *Poetry*, my lord, is not born with every man, nor every day: and in her general right, it is now my minute to thank your *Highness*, who not only do honour her with your care, but are curious to examine her with your eye, and enquire into her beauties and strengths. Where though it hath proved a work of some difficulty to me, to retrieve the particular *authorities* (according to your gracious command, and a desire born out of judgment) to those things, which I writ out of fullness and memory of my former readings: yet, now I have overcome it, the reward that meets me is double to one act: which is, that thereby your excellent understanding will not only justify me to your own knowledge, but decline the stiffness of other's original ignorance, already armed to censure. For which singular bounty, if my *fate* (most excellent *Prince*, and *only delicacy* of *mankind*) shall reserve me to the age of your actions, whether in the camp or the council-chamber, that I may write, at nights, the deeds of your days; I will then labour to bring forth some work as worthy of your fame, as my ambition therein is of your pardon.

By the most true admirer of your *Highness's* virtues,

And most hearty celebrater of them, BEN JONSON.

IT increasing now to the third time of my being used in these services to her majesty's personal presentations, with the ladies whom she pleaseth to honour; it was my first and special regard, to see that the nobility of the invention should be answerable to the dignity of their persons. For which reason I chose the argument to be, *A celebration of honourable and true Fame, bred out of Virtue:* observing that rule of the best artist,[1] to suffer no object of delight to pass without his mixture of profit and example. And because her majesty (best knowing that a principal part of life, in these spectacles, lay in their variety) had commanded me to think on some dance, or shew, that might precede hers, and have the place of a foil, or false masque; I was careful to decline, not only from others, but mine own steps in that kind, since the last year,[2] I had an anti-masque of boys; and therefore now devised, that twelve women, in the habit of hags, or witches, sustaining the persons of Ignorance, Suspicion, Credulity, &c. the opposites to good Fame, should fill that part; not as a masque, but a spectacle of strangeness, producing multiplicity of gesture, and not unaptly sorting with the current, and whole fall of the device.

His majesty, then, being set, and the whole company in full expectation, the part of the scene which first presented itself was an ugly Hell; which flaming beneath, smoked unto the top of the roof. And in respect all evils are morally said to come from hell; as also from that observation of Torrentius upon Horace's *Canidia*,[3] *quæ tot instructa venenis, ex Orci faucibus profecta videri possit:* these witches, with a kind of hollow and infernal music, came forth from thence. First one, then two, and three, and more, till their number increased to eleven; all differently attired: some with rats on their heads, some on their shoulders; others with ointment-pots at their girdles; all with spindles, timbrels, rattles, or other venefical instruments, making a confused noise, with strange gestures. The device of their attire was master Jones's, with the invention, and architecture of the whole scene, and machine. Only I prescribed them their properties of vipers, snakes, bones, herbs, roots, and other ensigns of their magic, out of the authority of ancient and late writers, wherein the faults are mine, if there be any found; and for that cause I confess them.

[1] Hor. in Art. Poetic.

[2] In the masque at my lord Haddington's wedding.

[3] Vide Lævin. Tor. comment. in Hor. Epod. lib. ode 5.

These eleven WITCHES beginning to dance, (which is an usual ceremony[1] at their convents or meetings, where sometimes also they are vizarded and masked,) on the sudden one of them missed their chief, and interrupted the rest with this speech

Hag. Sisters, stay, we want our Dame ;[2]
Call upon her by her name,
And the charm we use to say ;
That she quickly anoint,[3] and come away.

1 *Charm.* Dame, dame! the watch is set:
Quickly come, we all are met.—
From the lakes, and from the fens,[4]
From the rocks, and from the dens,
From the woods, and from the caves,
From the church-yards, from the graves,
From the dungeon, from the tree
That they die on, here are we!

Comes she not yet?
Strike another heat.

2 *Charm.* The weather is fair, the wind is good,
Up, dame, on your horse of wood :[5]
Or else tuck up your gray frock,
And saddle your goat,[6] or your green cock,[7]
And make his bridle a bottom of thread,
To roll up how many miles you have rid.
Quickly come away ;
For we all stay.

Nor yet? nay, then,
We'll try her agen.

3 *Charm.* The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain,
The ant and the mole sit both in a hole,
And the frog peeps out o' the fountain ;
The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels play,
The spindle is now a turning ;[8]
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,
But all the sky is a burning :
The ditch is made,[9] and our nails the spade,
With pictures full, of wax and of wool ;
Their livers I stick, with needles quick ;
There lacks but the blood, to make up the flood.
Quickly, dame, then bring your part in,
Spur, spur upon little Martin,[10]

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1 See the king's majesty's book (our sovereign) of Demonology, Bodin. Remig. Delrio. Mal. Maleficarum. and a world of others in the general: but let us follow particulars.

2 Amongst our vulgar witches, the honour of dame. (for so I translate it) is given with a kind of pre-eminence to some special one at their meetings: which Delrio insinuates, Disquis. Mag. lib. 2. quæst. 9. quoting that of Apuleius, lib. de Asin. aureo. de quadam caupona, regina Sagarum. And adds, ut scias etiam tum quasdam ab iis hoc titulo honoratas. Which title M. Philipp. Ludwigus Elich. Dæmonomagiæ, quæst. 10. doth also remember.

3 When they are to be transported from place to place, they use to anoint themselves, and sometimes the things they ride on. Beside Apul. testimony, see these later, Remig. Dæmonolatriæ lib. 1. cap. 14. Delrio, Disquis. Mag. l. 2. quæst. 16. Bodin. Dæmonoman. l. 2. c. 14. Barthol. de Spina. quæst. de Strigib. Philippo Ludwigus Elich. quæst. 10. Paracelsus in magn. et occul. Philosophia, teacheth the confection. Unguentum ex carne recens natorum infantium, in pulmenti forma coctum, et cum herbis somniferis, quales sunt Papaver, Solanum, Cicuta, &c. And Giov. Bapti. Porta, lib. 2. Mag. Natur. cap. 16.

4 These places, in their own nature dire and dismal, are reckoned up as the fittest from whence such persons should come, and were notably observed by that excellent Lucan in the description of his Erichtho, lib. 6. To which we may add this corollary out of Agrip. de occult. philosop. l. 1. c. 48. Saturno correspondent loca quævis fœtida, tenebrosa, subterranea, religiosa et funesta, ut cœmeteria, busta, et hominibus deserta habitacula, et vetustate caduca, loca obscura, et horrenda, et solitaria antra, cavernæ, putei: præterea piscinæ, stagna, paludes, et ejusmodi. And in lib. 3. c. 42. speaking of the like, and in lib. 4. about the end, Aptissima sunt loca plurimum experientia visionum, nocturnarumque incursionum et consimilium phantasmatum, ut cœmeteria, et in quibus fieri solent executiones criminalis judicii, in quibus recentibus annis publicæ strages factæ sunt, vel ubi occisorum cadavera, necdum expiata, nec ritè sepulta, recentioribus annis subhumata sunt.

5 Delrio, Disq. Mag. lib. 2. quæst. 6. has a story out of Triezius of this horse of wood: but that which our witches call so, is sometimes a broom-staff, sometimes a reed, sometimes a distaff. See Remig. Dæmonol. lib. 1. cap. 14. Bodin. l. 2. cap. 4. &c.

6 The goat is the Devil himself, upon whom they ride often to their solemnity, as appears by their confessions in Rem. and Bodin. ibid. His majesty also remembers the story of the devil's appearance to those of Calicut, in that form, Dæmonol. lib. 2. cap. 3.

7 Of the green cock we have no other ground (to confess ingenuously) than a vulgar fable of a witch, that with a cock of that colour, and a bottom of blue thread, would transport herself through the air; and so escaped (at the time of her being brought to execution) from the hand of justice. It was a tale when I went to school; and somewhat there is like it in Mart. Delr. Disq. Mag. lib. 2. quæst. 6. of one Zyti, a Bohemian, that, among other his dexterities, aliquoties equis rhedariis vectum, gallis gallinaceis ad epirrhedium suum alligatis, subsequebatur.

8 All this is but a periphrasis of the night, in their charm, and their applying themselves to it with their instruments, whereof the spindle in antiquity was the chief: and beside the testimony of Theocritus, in Pharmaceutria (who only used it in amorous affairs) was of special act to the troubling of the moon. To which Martial alludes, lib. 9. ep. 30. Quæ nunc Thessalico Lunam deducere rhombo, &c. And lib. 12. ep. 57. Cum secta Colcho Luna vapulat rhombo.

9 This rite also of making a ditch with their nails is frequent with our witches, whereof see Bodin. Remig. Delr. Malleus Mal. Godelman. l. 2. de Lamiis, as also the antiquity of it most vively exprest by Hor. Satyr. 8. lib. 1. where he mentions the pictures, and the blood of a black lamb. All which are yet in use with our modern witchcraft. Scalpere terram (speaking of Canidia and Sagana)

Unguibus, et pullam divellere mordicus agnam
Cœperunt: cruor in fossam confusus, ut inde
Manes elicerent animas responsa daturas,
Lanea et effigies erat, altera cerea, &c.

And then by and by,

——Serpentes atque videres
Infernas errare canes, Lunamque rubentem,
Ne foret his testis, post magna latere sepulchra.

Of this ditch Homer makes mention in Circe's speech to Ulysses, Odyss. K. about the end, Βοθρον ὀρύξαι, &c. And Ovid. Metam. lib. 7. in Medea's magic,

Haud procul egesta scrobibus tellure duabus
Sacra facit, cultrosque in gutture velleris atri
Conjicit, et patulas perfundit sanguine fossas.

And of the waxen images, in Hypsipyle's epistle to Jason, where he expresseth that mischief also of the needles:

Devovet absentes, simulacraque cerea fingit;
Et miserum tenues in jecur urget acus.

Bodin. Dæmon. lib. 2. cap. 8. hath, (beside the known story of king Duffe out of Hector Boetius) much of the witches later practice in that kind, and reports a relation of a French ambassador's, out of England, of certain pictures of wax, found in a dunghill near Islington, of our late queen's: which rumour I myself (being then very young) can yet remember to have been current.

10 Their little Martin is he that calls them to their conventicles, which is done in a human voice, but coming forth, they find him in the shape of a great buck goat,

Merrily, merrily, make him sail,
A worm in his mouth, and a thorn in his tail,
Fire above, and fire below,
With a whip in your hand, to make him go

O, now she's come!
Let all be dumb.

At this the DAME[1] *entered to them, naked-armed, bare-footed, her frock tucked, her hair knotted, and folded with vipers; in her hand a torch made of a dead man's arm, lighted, girded with a snake. To whom they all did reverence, and she spake, uttering, by way of question, the end wherefore they came.*[2]

Dame. Well done, my Hags! And come we fraught with spite,
To overthrow the glory of this night?
Holds our great purpose?

Hag. Yes.

Dame. But wants there none
Of our just number?

Hags. Call us one by one,
And then our dame shall see.

Dame. First, then advance,[3]
My drowsy servant, stupid Ignorance,
Known by thy scaly vesture; and bring on
Thy fearful sister, wild Suspicion,

[*As she names them they come forward*

Whose eyes do never sleep; let her knit hands
With quick Credulity, that next her stands,
Who hath but one ear, and that always ope;
Two-faced Falsehood follow in the rope;
And lead on Murmur, with the cheeks deep hung;
She, Malice, whetting of her forked tongue;
And Malice, Impudence, whose forehead's lost;
Let Impudence lead Slander on, to boast
Her oblique look; and to her subtle side,
Thou, black-mouth'd Execration, stand applied;
Draw to thee Bitterness, whose pores sweat gall;
She, flame-ey'd Rage; Rage, Mischief.

Hags. Here we are all.

Dame. Join now our hearts, we faithful opposites[4]
To Fame and Glory. Let not these bright nights
Of honour blaze, thus to offend our eyes:
Shew ourselves truly envious, and let rise
Our wonted rages: do what may beseem
Such names, and natures; Virtue else will deem
Our powers decreas'd, and think us banish'd earth,
No less than heaven. All her antique birth,
As Justice, Faith, she will restore; and, bold
Upon our sloth, retrieve her age of gold.
We must not let our native manners, thus,
Corrupt with ease. Ill lives not, but in us.
I hate to see these fruits of a soft peace,
And curse the piety gives it such increase.
Let us disturb it then,[5] and blast the light;
Mix hell with heaven, and make nature fight

upon whom they ride to their meetings, Delr. Disq. Mag. quæst. 16. lib. 2. And Bod. Dæmon. lib. 2. cap. 4. have both the same relation from Paulus Grillandus, of a witch. Adveniente nocte et hora evocabatur voce quadam velut humana ab ipso Dæmone, quem non vocant Dæmonem, sed Magisterulum, aliæ Magistrum Martinettum, sive Martinellum. Quæ sic evocata, mox sumebat pyxidem unctionis et linebat corpus suum in quibusdam partibus et membris, quo linito exibat ex domo, et inveniebat Magisterulum suum in forma hirci illam expectantem apud ostium, super quo mulier equitabat, et applicare solebat fortiter manus ad crineis, et statim hircus ille adscendebat per aerem, et brevissimo tempore deferebat ipsam, &c.

[1] This dame I make to bear the person of Ate, or Mischief, (for so I interpret it) out of Homer's description of her. Il. A. where he makes her swift to hurt mankind, strong, and sound of her feet; and Iliad. T. walking upon men's heads; in both places using one and the same phrase to signify her power, Βλαπτοῦσ' ἀνθρώπους, Lædens homines. I present her barefooted, and her frock tucked, to make her seem more expedite, by Horace's authority, Sat. 8. lib. 1. Succinctam vadere palla Canidiam pedibus nudis, passoque capillo. But for her hair, I rather respect another place of his, Epod. lib. ode 5. where she appears Canidia brevibus implicata viperis Crineis, et incomptum caput. And that of Lucan, lib. 6. speaking of Erichtho's attire,

Discolor, et vario Furialis cultus amictu
Induitur, vultusque aperitur crine remoto,
Et coma vipereis substringitur horrida sertis.

For her torch, see Remig. lib. 2. cap. 3.

[2] Which if it had been done either before, or otherwise, had not been so natural. For to have made themselves their own decipherers, and each one to have told upon their entrance what they were, and whither they would, had been a piteous hearing, and utterly unworthy any quality of a poem: wherein a writer should always trust somewhat to the capacity of the spectator, especially at these spectacles; where men, beside inquiring eyes, are understood to bring quick ears, and not those sluggish ones of porters and mechanics, that must be bored through at every act with narrations.

[3] In the chaining of these vices, I make as if one link produced another, and the Dame were born out of them all, so as they might say to her, Sola tenes scelerum quicquid possedimus omnes. Nor will it appear much violenced, if their series be considered, when the opposition to all virtue begins out of Ignorance, that Ignorance begets Suspicion, (for Knowledge is ever open and charitable) that Suspicion, Credulity, as it is a vice; for being a virtue, and free, it is opposite to it: but such as are jealous of themselves, do easily credit any thing of others whom they hate. Out of this Credulity springs Falsehood, which begets Murmur: and that of Murmur presently grows Malice, which begets Impudence: and that Impudence, Slander: that Slander, Execration: Execration, Bitterness: Bitterness, Fury: and Fury, Mischief. Now for the personal presentation of them, the authority in poetry is universal. But in the absolute Claudian, there is a particular and eminent place, where the poet not only produceth such persons, but almost to a like purpose, in Ruf. lib. 1. where Alecto, envious of the times,

——— infernas ad limina tetra sorores
Concilium deforme vocat, glomerantur in unum
Innumeræ pestes Erebi, quascunque sinistro
Nox genuit fœtu: nutrix discordia belli,
Imperiosa fames, leto vicina senectus,
Impatiensque sui morbus, livorque secundis
Anxius, et scisso mœrens velamine luctus,
Et timor, et cæco præceps audacia vultu:

with many others, fit to disturb the world, as ours the night.

[4] Here again by way of irritation, I make the dame pursue the purpose of their coming, and discover their natures more largely: which had been nothing, if not done as doing another thing, but moratio circa vilem patulumque orbem; than which, the poet cannot know a greater vice; he being that kind of artificer, to whose work is required so much exactness, as indifferency is not tolerable.

[5] These powers of troubling nature, frequently ascribed to witches, and challenged by themselves wherever they are induced, by Homer, Ovid, Tibullus, Pet. Arbiter, Seneca, Lucan, Claudian, to whose authorities I shall refer more anon. For the present, hear Socrat. in Apul. de Asin. aureo, l. 1. describing Meroe the witch. Saga et divinipotens cœlum deponere, terram suspendere, fontes durare, monteis diluere, manes sublimare, deos infimare,

Within herself; loose the whole hinge of things;
And cause the ends run back into their springs.

Hags. What our Dame bids us do,
We are ready for.

Dame. Then fall to.
But first relate me,[1] what you have sought,
Where you have been, and what you have brought.

1 *Hag.* I have been all day, looking after[2]
A raven, feeding upon a quarter;
And, soon, as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth.

2 *Hag.* I have been gathering wolves hairs,
The mad dog's foam, and the adder's ears;
The spurging of a dead-man's eyes,
And all since the evening star did rise.

3 *Hag.* I last night lay all alone
On the ground, to hear the mandrake groan;
And pluck'd him up, though he grew full low;
And, as I had done, the cock did crow.

4 *Hag.* And I have been choosing out this scull,
From charnel houses, that were full;
From private grots, and public pits:
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 *Hag.* Under a cradle I did creep,
By day; and when the child was asleep,
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6 *Hag.* I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Kill'd an infant to have his fat.

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sidera extinguere, tartarum ipsum illuminare· and l. 2. Byrrhena to Lucius, of Pamphile. Maga primi nominis, et omnis carminis sepulcralis magistra creditur, quæ surculis et lapillis, et id genus frivolis inhalatis, omnem istam lucem mundi sideralis, imis tartari et in vetustum chaos mergit: as also this latter of Remigius, in his most elegant arguments before his Dæmonolatria. Quâ possit evertere funditus orbem, Et maneis superis miscere, hæc unica cura est. And Lucan. Quarum quicquid non creditur, ars est.

[1] This is also solemn in their witchcraft, to be examined, either by the devil or their dame, at their meetings, of what mischief they have done: and what they can confer to a future hurt. See M. Philippo Ludwigus Elich. Dæmonomagiæ lib. quæst. 10. But Remigius, in the very form, lib. 1. Dæmonolat. c. 22. Quemadmodum solent heri in villicis procuratoribus, cum eorum rationes expendunt, segnitiem negligentiamque durius castigare; ita Dæmon, in suis comitiis, quod tempus examinandis cujusque rebus atque actionibus ipse constituit, eos pessimè habere consuevit, qui ñihil afferunt quo se nequiores ac flagitiis cumulatiores doceant. Nec cuiquam adeo impune est, si à superiore conventu nullo se scelere novo obstrinxerit; sed semper oportet, qui gratus esse volet in alium, novum aliquod facinus fecisse: And this doth exceedingly solicit them all, at such times, lest they should come unprepared. But we apply this examination of ours to the particular use; whereby, also, we take occasion, not only to express the things (as vapours, liquors, herbs, bones, flesh, blood, fat, and such like, which are called Media magica) but the rites of gathering them, and from what places, reconciling, as near as we can, the practice of antiquity to the neoteric, and making it familiar with our popular witchcraft.

[2] For the gathering pieces of dead flesh, Cornel. Agrip. de occult. Philosoph. lib. 3. cap. 42. and lib. 4. cap. ult. observes, that the use was to call up ghosts and spirits, with a fumigation made of that (and bones of carcasses) which I make my witch here, not to cut herself, but to watch the raven, as Lucan's Erichtho, lib. 6:

Et quodcunque jacet nuda tellure cadaver
Ante feras volucresque sedet: nec carpere membra
Vult ferro manibusque suis, morsusque luporum
Expectat siccis raptura à faucibus artus.

As if that piece were sweeter which the wolf had bitten, or the raven had pick'd, and more effectuous: and to do it, at her turning to the south, as with the prediction of a storm. Which, though they be but minutes in ceremony, being observed, make the act more dark and full of horror.

2. Spuma canum, lupi crines, nodus hyenæ, oculi draconum, serpentis membrana, aspidis aures, are all mentioned by the ancients in witchcraft. And Lucan particularly, lib. 6.

Huc quicquid fœtu genuit natura sinistro
Miscetur, non spuma canum, quibus unda timori est,
Viscera non lyncis, non duræ nodus hyenæ
Defuit, &c.

And Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 7. reckons up others. But for the spurging of the eyes, let us return to Lucan, in the same book, which piece (as all the rest) is written with an admirable height.

Ast ubi servantur saxis, quibus intimus humor
Ducitur, et tracta durescunt tabe medullæ
Corpora, tunc omneis avidè desævit in artus,
Immersitque manus oculis, gaudetque gelatos
Effodisse orbeis, et siccæ pallida rodit
Excrementa manus.

3. Pliny writing of the mandrake, Nat Hist. l. 25. c. 13. and of the digging it up, hath this ceremony, Cavent effossuri contrarium ventum, et tribus circulis ante gladio circumscribunt, postea fodiunt ad occasum spectantes. But we have later tradition, that the forcing of it up is so fatally dangerous, as the groan kills, and therefore they do it with dogs, which I think but borrowed from Josephus's report of the root Bæras, lib. 7. de Bel. Judaic. Howsoever, it being so principal an ingredient in their magic, it was fit she should boast, to be the plucker up of it herself. And, that the cock did crow, alludes to a prime circumstance in their work: for they all confess, that nothing is so cross, or baleful to them in their nights, as that the cock should crow before they have done. Which makes that their little masters or martinets, whom I have mentioned before, use this form in dismissing their conventions. Eja, facessite propere hinc omnes, nam jam galli canere incipiunt. Which I interpret to be, because that bird is the messenger of light, and so, contrary to their acts of darkness. See Remig. Dæmonolat. lib. 1. cap. 4. where he quotes that of Apollonius, de umbra Achillis, Philostr. lib. 4. cap. 5. And Euseb. Cæsariens. in confutat. contra Hierocl. 4. de gallicinio.

4. I have touched at this before, in my note upon the first, of the use of gathering flesh, bones, and sculls: to which I now bring that piece of Apuleius, lib. 3. de Asino aureo, of Pamphile. Priusque apparatu solito instruxit feralem officinam, omne genus aromatis, et ignorabiliter laminis literatis, et infœlicium navium durantibus clavis defletorum, sepultorum etiam cadaverum expositis multis admodum membris, hic nares et digiti, illic carnosi clavi pendentium, alibi trucidatorum servatus cruor, et extorta dentibus ferarum trunca calvaria: And for such places, Lucan makes his witch to inhabit them, lib. 6. Desertaque busta Incolit, et tumulos expulsis obtinet umbris.

5. For this rite, see Barthol. de Spina, quæst. de Strigibus, cap. 8. Mal. Malefic. tom. 2. where he disputes at large the transformation of witches to cats, and their sucking both their spirits and the blood, calling them Striges, which Godelman, lib. de Lamiis, would have à stridore, et avibus fœdissimis ejusdem nominis, which I the rather incline to, out of Ovid's authority. Fast. lib. 6. where the poet ascribes to those birds, the same almost that these do to the witches.

Nocte volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egenteis.
Et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis:
Carpere dicuntur lactentia viscera rostris,
Et plenum poto sanguine guttur habent.

6. Their killing of infants is common, both for confection of their ointment (whereto one ingredient is the fat

A piper it got, at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow wind in the tail.

7 *Hag.* A murderer, yonder, was hung in chains,
The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins;
I bit off a sinew; I clipp'd his hair,
I brought off his rags that danced in the air.

8 *Hag.* The screech-owl's eggs, and the feathers black,
The blood of the frog, and the bone in his back,
I have been getting; and made of his skin
A purset, to keep sir Cranion in.

9 *Hag.* And I have been plucking, plants among,
Hemlock, henbane, adder's-tongue,
Night-shade, moon-wort, libbard's-bane;
And twice, by the dogs, was like to be ta'en.

10 *Hag.* I, from the jaws of a gardener's bitch,
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch:
Yet went I back to the house again,
Kill'd the black cat, and here's the brain.

11 *Hag.* I went to the toad breeds under the wall,
I charm'd him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before,
I tore the bat's wing; what would you have more?

Dame. Yes, I have brought, to help our vows,
Horned poppy, cypress boughs,
The fig-tree wild that grows on tombs,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basilisk's blood, and the viper's skin:
And now our orgies let us begin.

Here the Dame put herself in the midst of them, and began her following Invocation:[1]

You[2] fiends and furies (if yet any be
Worse than ourselves) you that have quaked to see
These[3] knots untied, and shrunk, when we have charm'd.
You, that to arm us, have yourselves disarm'd,

---

boiled, as I have shewed before out of Paracelsus and Porta) as also out of a lust to do murder. Sprenger in Mal. Malefic. reports that a witch, a midwife in the diocese of Basil, confessed to have killed above forty infants (ever as they were new born, with pricking them in the brain with a needle) which she had offered to the devil. See the story of the three witches in Rem. Dæmonola. lib. cap. 3, about the end of the chapter. And M. Philippo Ludwigus Elich. Quæst. 8. And that it is no new rite, read the practice of Canidia, Epod. Horat. lib. ode 5. and Lucan, lib. 6. whose admirable verses I can never be weary to transcribe:

Nec cessant à cæde manus, si sanguine vivo
Est opus, erumpat jugulo qui primus aperto.
Nec refugit cædes, vivum si sacra cruorem
Extaque funereæ poscunt trepidantia mensæ.
Vulnere si ventris, non quâ natura vocabat,
Extrahitur partus calidis ponendus in aris;
Et quoties sævis opus est, et fortibus umbris
Ipsa facit manes. Hominum mors omnis in usu est.

7. The abuse of dead bodies in their witchcraft, both Porphyrio and Psellus are grave authors of. The one lib. de sacrif. de vero cultu. The other lib. de Dæmo. which Apuleius toucheth too, lib. 2. de Asin. aureo. But Remigius, who deals with later persons, and out of their own mouths, Dæmonol. lib. 2. cap. 3. affirms, Hæc et nostræ ætatis maleficis hominibus moris est facere, præsertim si cujus supplicio affecti cadaver exemplo datum est, et in crucem sublatum. Nam non solum inde sortilegiis suis materiam mutuantur: sed et ab ipsis carnificinæ instrumentis, reste, vinculis, palo, ferramentis. Siquidem iis vulgi etiam opinione inesse ad incantationes magicas vim quandam et potestatem. And to this place I dare not, out of religion to the divine Lucan, but bring his verses from the same book.

Laqueum nodosque nocentes
Ore suo rupit, pendentia corpora carpsit,
Abrasitque cruces, percussaque viscera nimbis
Vulsit, et, incoctas admisso sole medullas.
Insertum manibus chalybem nigramque per artus
Stillantis tabi saniem, virusque coactum
Sustulit, et nervo morsus retinente pependit.

8. These are Canidia's furniture, in Hora. Epod. lib. ode 5. Et uncta turpis ova ranæ sanguine, plumamque nocturnæ strigis. And part of Medea's confection in Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 7. Strigis infames, ipsis cum carnibus, alas. That of the skin (to make a purse for her fly) was meant ridiculous, to mock the keeping of their familiars.

9. Cicuta, hyoscyamus, ophioglosson, solanum, martagon, doronicum, aconitum, are the common venefical ingredients remembered by Paracelsus, Porta, Agrippa, and others; which I make her to have gathered, as about a castle, church, or some vast building (kept by dogs) among ruins and wild heaps.

10. Ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ canis, Horace gives Canidia, in the place before quoted. Which jejunæ, I rather change to gardener's, as imagining such persons to keep mastiffs for the defence of their grounds, whither this hag might also go for simples: where, meeting with the bones, and not content with them, she would yet do a domestic hurt, in getting the cat's brains: which is another special ingredient; and of so much more efficacy, by how much blacker the cat is, if you will credit Agr. Cap. de Suffitibus.

11. These also, both by the confessions of witches, and testimony of writers, are of principal use in their witchcraft. The toad mentioned in Virg. Geor. lib. 1. Inventusque ca..is Bufo. Which by Pliny is called Rubeta, Nat. Hist. l. 32. c. 5. and there celebrated for the force in magic. Juvenal toucheth at it twice within my memory, Satyr. 1. and 6; and of the owl's eyes, see Corn. Agrip. de occult. Philosoph. l. 1. c. 15.. As of the bat's blood and wings there: and in the 25th chapter with Bapt. Porta, l. 2. c. 26.

12. After all their boasted labours, and plenty of materials, as they imagine, I make the dame not only to add more, but stranger, and out of their means to get, (except the first, Papaver cornutum, which I have touch'd at in the confection,) as Sepulchris caprificos erutas, et cupressos funebreis, as Horace calls them, where he arms Canidia, Epod. lib. ode 5. Then Agaricum Laricis, of which see Porta, lib. 2. de Nat. Mag. against Pliny. And Basilisci, quem et Saturni sanguinem vocant venifici, tantasque vires habere ferunt. Cor. Agrip. de occult. Philos. l. 1. c. 42. With the viper remembered by Lucan; lib. 6. and the skins of serpents.

Innataque rubris
Æquoribus custos pretiosæ vipera conchæ,
Aut viventis adhuc Lybicæ membrana cerastæ.

And Ovid lib 7.

Nec defuit illis
Squamea ciniphei tenuis membrana chelydri.

[1] Wherein she took occasion to boast all the power attributed to witches by the ancients, of which every poet (or the most) do give some: Homer to Circe, in the Odyss. Theocritus to Simatha, in Pharmaceutria; Virgil to Alphesibæus, in his Eclogue, Ovid to Dipsas, in Amor. to Medea and Circe, in Metamorph. Tibullus to Saga; Horace to Canidia, Sagana, Veia, Folia; Seneca to Medea, and the nurse, in Herc. Œte. Petr. Arbiter to his Saga, in Frag. and Claudian to Megæra, lib. 1. in Rufinum; who takes the habit of a witch, as they do, and supplies that historical part in the poem, beside her moral person of a Fury; confirming the same drift in ours.

[2] These invocations are solemn with them, whereof we may see the forms in Ovid. Metam. lib. 7. in Sen. Trag. Med. in Luc. lib. 6. which of all is the boldest and most horrid, beginning, Eumenides, Stygiumque nefas, pœnæque nocentum, &c.

[3] The untying of their knots is, when they are going to

And to our powers resign'd your whips and brands
When we went forth, the scourge of men and lands.
You that have seen me ride, when Hecate
Durst not take chariot; when the boisterous sea,
Without a breath of wind, hath knock'd the sky;
And that hath thundered, Jove not knowing why:
When we have set the elements at wars,
Made midnight see the sun, and day the stars;
When the wing'd lightning, in the course hath
And swiftest rivers have run back, afraid, [staid;
To see the corn remove, the groves to range,
Whole places alter, and the seasons change:
When the pale moon, at the first voice down fell
Poison'd, and durst not stay the second spell.
You, that have oft been conscious of these sights;
And thou,[1] three-formed star, that on these nights
Art only powerful, to whose triple name
Thus we incline, once, twice, and thrice the same;
If now with rites profane, and foul enough,
We do invoke thee; darken all this roof,
With present fogs: exhale earth's rot'nest vapours,
And strike a blindness through these blazing tapers.
Come, let a murmuring charm resound,
The whilst we[2] bury all i' the ground.
But first, see every[3] foot be bare;
And every knee.

Hag. Yes, Dame, they are.

4 *Charm.* Deep,[4] O deep we lay thee to sleep;
We leave thee drink by, if thou chance to be dry;
Both milk and blood, the dew and the flood.
We breathe in thy bed, at the foot and the head;
We cover thee warm, that thou take no harm:
And when thou dost wake,

Dame earth shall quake,
And the houses shake,
And her belly shall ake,
As her back were brake,
Such a birth to make,
As is the blue drake:
Whose form thou shalt take.

Dame. Never a star yet shot!
Where be the ashes?

Hag. Here in the pot.

Dame. 5Cast them up; and the flint-stone
Over the left shoulder bone;
Into the west.

Hag. It will be best.

5 *Charm.* The sticks are across, there can be no loss,
The sage is rotten, the sulphur is gotten
Up to the sky, that was in the ground.
Follow it then with our rattles, round;
Under the bramble, over the brier,
A little more heat will set it on fire:
Put it in mind to do it kind,
Flow water and blow wind.
Rouncy is over, Robble is under,
A flash of light, and a clap of thunder,
A storm of rain, another of hail.
We all must home in the egg-shell sail;
The mast is made of a great pin,
The tackle of cobweb, the sail as thin,
And if we go through and not fall in——

Dame. 6Stay, all our charms do nothing win
Upon the night; our labour dies,
Our magic feature will not rise—
Nor yet the storm! we must repeat
More direful voices far, and beat
The ground with vipers, till it sweat.

6 *Charm.* Bark dogs, wolves howl,
Seas roar, woods roll,
Clouds crack, all be black,
But the light our charms do make.

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some fatal business; Sagana is presented by Horace: Expedita, per totum domum spargens Avernalcis aquas, horret capillis ut marinus asperis echinus, aut currens aper.

[1] Hecate, who is called Trivia, and Triformis, of whom Virgil, Æneid. lib. 4. Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ. She was believed to govern in witchcraft; and is remembered in all their invocations: see Theocr. in Pharmaceut. χαιρ' Ἑκάτα δασπλῆτι, and Medea in Senec. Meis vocata sacris noctium sidus veni, pessimos induta vultus: fronte non unâ minax. And Ericht. in Luc. Persephone, nostræque Hecatis pars ultima, &c.

[2] This rite of burying their materials is often confessed in Remigius, and described amply in Hor. Sat. 8. lib. 1. Utque lupi barbam variæ cum dente colubræ abdiderint furtim terris, &c.

[3] The ceremony also, of baring their feet, is expressed by Ovid Metamorph. lib. 7. as of their hair:

Egreditur tectis vestes induta recinctas,
Nuda pedem, nudos humeris infusa capillos.

And Horat. ibid. Pedibus nudis passoque capillo. And Senec. in tragœd. Med. Tibi more gentis, vinculo solvens comam, secreta nudo nemora lustravi pede.

[4] Here they speak, as if they were creating some new feature, which the devil persuades them to be able to do often, by the pronouncing of words and pouring out of liquors on the earth. Hear what Agrippa says, De occul. Phil. lib. 4, near the end. In evocationibus umbrarum fumigamus cum sanguine recenti, cum ossibus mortuorum, et carne, cum ovis, lacte, melle, oleo, et similibus, quæ aptum medium tribuunt animabus, ad sumenda corpora; and a little before. Namque animæ cognitis mediis, per quæ quondam corporibus suis conjungebantur, per similes vapores, liquores, nidoresque facile alliciuntur. Which doctrine he had from Apuleius, without all doubt or question, who in lib. 3, de Asin. aureo, publisheth the same. Tunc decantatis spirantibus fibris litat vario latice; nunc rore fontano, nunc lacte vaccino, nunc melle montano, libet et mulsâ. Sic illos capillas in mutuos nexus obditos, atque nodatos, cum multis odoribus dat vivis carbonibus adolendos. Tunc protinus inexpugnabili magicæ disciplinæ potestate, et cœca numinum coactorum violentia illa corpora quorum fumabant stridentes capilli, spiritum mutuantur humanum et sentiunt, et audiunt, et ambulant. Et qua nidor suarum ducebat exuviarum veniunt. All which are mere arts of Satan, when either himself will delude them with a false form, or troubling a dead body, makes them imagine these vanities the means: as, in the ridiculous circumstances that follow, he doth daily.

[5] This throwing of ashes and sand, with the flint-stone, cross sticks, and burying of sage, &c. are all used (and believed by them) to the raising of storm and tempest. See Remig. lib. 1. Dæmon. cap. 25. Nider Formicari. cap. 4 Bodin. Dæmon. lib. 2. cap. 8. And here Codelman. lib. 2. cap. 6. Nam quando Dæmoni grandines ciendi potestatem facit Deus, tum maleficas instruit; ut quandoque silices post tergum in occidentem versus projiciant, aliquando ut arenam aquæ torrentis in aërem conjiciant, plerumque scopas in aquam intingant, cœlumque versus spargunt, vel fossulâ facta et lotio infuso, vel aquâ digitum moveant: subinde in ollâ porcorum pilos bulliant, nonnunquam trabes vel ligna in ripa transversâ e collocent, et alia id genus deliramenta efficiant. And when they see the success, they are more confirmed, as if the event followed their working. The like illusion is of their phantasie, in sailing in egg-shells, creeping through auger-holes, and such like, so vulgar in their confessions.

[6] This stop, or interruption shewed the better, by causing that general silence, which made all the following noises, inforced in the next charm, more direful, first imitating that of Lucan. Miratur Erichtho Has fatis licuisse moras; irataque morti Verberat immotum vivo serpente cadaver.

6. And then their barking, howling, hissing, and con

Dame. Not yet! my rage begins to swell;
Darkness, Devils, Night and Hell,
Do not thus delay my spell.
I call you once, and I call you twice;
I beat you again, if you stay my thrice:
Thorough these crannies where I peep,
I'll let in the light to see your sleep.[1]
And all the secrets of your sway
Shall lie as open to the day,
As unto me. Still are you deaf!
Reach me a bough,[2] that ne'er bare leaf,
To strike the air: and Aconite,[3]
To hurl upon this glaring light;
A rusty knife[4] to wound mine arm;
And as it drops I'll speak a charm,
Shall cleave the ground, as low as lies
Old shrunk-up Chaos, and let rise,
Once more, his dark and reeking head,
To strike the world, and nature dead,
Until my magic birth be bred.

7 *Charm.* Black go in, and blacker come out;
At thy going down we give thee a shout.
Hoo![5]
At thy rising again, thou shalt have two,
And if thou dost what we would have thee do,
Thou shalt have three, thou shalt have four,
Thou shalt have ten, thou shalt have a score.
Hoo! Har! Har! Hoo!

3 *Charm.* A cloud of pitch, a spur and a switch,
To haste him away, and a whirlwind play,
Before and after, with thunder for laughter,
And storms for joy, of the roaring boy;
His head of a drake, his tail of a snake.

9 *Charm.* About, about, and about,
Till the mists arise, and the lights fly out,
The images neither be seen, nor felt;
The woollen burn, and the waxen melt;
Sprinkle your liquors upon the ground,
And into the air; around, around.
Around, around,
Around, around,
Till a music sound,[6]
And the pace be found,
To which we may dance,
And our charms advance.

At which, with a strange and sudden music, they fell into a magical dance,[7] full of preposterous change and gesticulation.[8]

In the heat of their dance, on the sudden was heard a sound of loud music, as if many instruments had made one blast; with which not only the hags themselves, but the hell into which they ran, quite vanished, and the whole face of the scene altered, scarce suffering the memory of such a thing; but in the place of it appeared a glorious and magnificent building, figuring the HOUSE OF FAME, *in the top of which were discovered the twelve Masquers, sitting upon a throne triumphal, erected in form of a pyramid, and circled with all store of light. From whom a person by this time descended, in the furniture of Perseus, and expressing heroic and masculine Virtue, began to speak.*

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fusion of noise expressed by the same author, in the same person.

Tunc vox Lethæos cunctis pollentior herbis
Excantare deos, confundit murmura primùm
Dissona, et humanæ multum discordia linguæ.
Latratus habet illa canum, gemitusque luporum,
Quod trepidus bubo, quod strix nocturna queruntur,
Quod strident ululantque feræ, quod sibilat anguis
Exprimit, et planctus illisæ cautibus undæ,
Sylvarumque sonum, fractæque tonitrua nubis.
Tot rerum vox una fuit.

See Remig. too, Dæmonolat. lib. 1. cap. 19.

[1] This is one of their common menaces, when their magic receives the least stop. Hear Erichtho again, ibid.

Tibi pessime mundi
Arbiter immittam ruptis Titana cavernis,
At subito feriere die.

And a little before to Proserpina:

Eloquar immenso terræ sub pondere quæ te
Contineant, Ennæ, dapes, &c.

[2] That wither'd straight, as it shot out, which is called ramus feralis, by some, and tristis by Senec. Trag. Med.

[3] A deadly poisonous herb, feigned by Ovid. Metam. lib. 7. to spring out of Cerberus's foam. Pliny gives it another beginning of name. Nat. Hist. lib. 27. cap. 3. Nascitur nudis cautibus, quas aconas vocant, et inde aconitum dixere, nullo juxta ne pulvere quidem nutriente. Howsoever the juice of it is like that liquor which the devil gives witches to sprinkle abroad, and do hurt, in the opinion of all the magic masters.

[4] A rusty knife I rather give her, than any other, as fittest for such a devilish ceremony, which Seneca might mean by sacro cultro in the tragedy, where he arms Medea to the like rite, (for any thing I know,) Tibi nudato pectore Mœnas, sacro feriam brachia cultro: manet noster sanguis ad aras.

[5] These shouts and clamours, as also the voice har, har, are very particular with them, by the testimony of Bodin, Remig. Delrio, and M. Phil. Ludwigus Elich. who out of them reports it thus. Tota turba colluviesque pessima fescenninos in honorem Dæmonum cantat obscœnissimos: hæc canit *Har. Har.* Illa, Diabole, Diabole, salta huc, salta illuc; altera, Lude hic, lude illic; alia, Sabaoth, sabaoth, &c. Imo clamoribus, sibilis, ululatibus, popysmis furit, ac debacchatur: pulveribus, vel venenis acceptis, quæ hominibus pecudibusque spargant.

[6] Nor do they want music, and in a strange manner given them by the devil, if we credit their confessions in Remig. Dæm. lib. 1. cap. 19. Such as the Syrbenæan Quires were, which Athenæus remembers out of Clearchus, Deipnos. lib. 15, where every one sung what he would, without hearkening to his fellow; like the noise of divers oars, falling in the water. But be patient of Remigius's relation. Miris modis illic miscentur, ac turbantur omnia, nec ullâ oratione satis exprimi queat, quàm strepant sonis inconditis, absurdis, ac discrepantibus. Canit hic Dæmon ad tibiam, vel verius ad contum, aut baculum aliquod, quod fortè humi repertum, buccæ seu tibiam admovet. Ille pro lyra equi calvariam pulsat, ac digitis concrepat. Alius fuste vel clavâ graviore quercum tundit, unde exauditur sonus, ac boatus veluti tympanorum vehementius pulsatorum. Intercinunt raucidè, et composito ad lituì morem clangore Dæmones, ipsumque cœlum fragosa aridaque voce feriunt.

[7] The manner also of their dancing is confest in Bodin. lib. 2. cap. 4. And Remig. lib. 1. cap. 17 and 18. The sum of which M. Phil. Lud. Elich. relates thus, in his Dæmonom. quæst. 10. Tripudiis interdum intersunt facie liberâ et apertâ, interdum obductâ larvâ, linteo, cortice, reticulo, peplo, vel alio velamine, aut farrinario excerniculo involutâ. And a little after, Omnia fiunt ritu absurdissimo, et ab omni consuetudine hominum alienissimo, dorsis invicem obversis, et in orbem junctis manibus, saltando circumeunt perinde sua jactantes capita, ut qui æstro agitantur. Remigius adds out of the confession of Sibylla Morelia, Gyrum semper in lævam progredi. Which Pliny observes in the priests of Cybele, Nat. Hist. lib. 28. cap. 2. and to be done with great religion. Bodin adds, that they use brooms in their hands, with which we armed our witches; and here we leave them.

[8] But most applying to their property: who at their meetings do all things contrary to the custom of men, dancing back to back, and hip to hip, their hands joined, and making their circles backward, to the left-hand, with strange fantastic motions of their heads and bodies. All which were excellently imitated by the maker of the dance, M. Hierome Herne, whose right it is here to be named.

HEROIC VIRTUE.

So should, at Fame's loud sound, and Virtue's sight,
All dark and envious witchcraft fly the light.
I[1] did not borrow Hermes' wings, nor ask
His crooked sword, nor put on Pluto's casque,
Nor on mine arm advanced with Pallas' shield,
(By which, my face aversed, in open field
I slew the Gorgon) for an empty name:
When Virtue cut off Terror, he gat Fame.
And if, when Fame was gotten, Terror died,
What black Erynnis, or more hellish Pride,
Durst arm these hags, now she is grown and great,
To think they could her glories once defeat?
I was her parent, and I am her strength,
Heroic Virtue sinks not under length
Of years, or ages; but is still the same,
While he preserves, as when he got good fame.
My daughter, then, whose glorious house you see
Built all of sounding brass, whose columns be
Men-making poets, and those well-made men,
Whose strife it was to have the happiest pen
Renown them to an after-life, and not
With pride to scorn the muse, and die forgot;
She, that enquireth into all the world,
And hath about her vaulted palace hurled
All rumours and reports, or true or vain,
What utmost lands, or deepest seas contain,
But only hangs great actions on her file;
She, to this lesser world, and greatest isle,
To-night sounds honour, which she would have seen
In yond' bright bevy, each of them a queen.
Eleven of them are of times long gone.
[2] PENTHESILEA,[3] the brave Amazon,
Swift-foot CAMILLA,[4] queen of Volscia,
Victorious THOMYRIS[5] of Scythia,
Chaste ARTEMISIA,[6] the Carian dame,
And fair-hair'd BERONICE,[7] Egypt's fame,

Bellatrix. Non illa colo, calathisve Minervæ
Fœmineas assueta manus, sed prælia virgo
Dura pati, cursuque pedum prævertere ventos.
Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas:
Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumenti,
Ferret iter, celeris nec tingeret æquore plantas.

And afterwards tells her attire and arms, with the admiration that the spectators had of her. All which, if the poet created out of himself, without nature, he did but shew how much so divine a soul could exceed her.

[1] The ancients expressed a brave and masculine virtue in three figures (of Hercules, Perseus, and Bellerophon.) Of which we choose that of Perseus, armed as we have described him out of Hesiod. Scut. Herc. See Apollodor. the grammarian, lib. 2. de Perseo.

[2] And here we cannot but take the opportunity to make some more particular description of their scene, as also of the persons they presented; which, though they were disposed rather by chance, than election, yet it is my part to justify them all: and then the lady that will own her presentation, may.

[3] To follow, therefore, the rule of chronology, which I have observed in my verse, the most upward in time was PENTHESILEA. She was queen of the Amazons, and succeeded Otrera, or (as some will) Orithya; she lived and was present at the siege of Troy, on their part, against the Greeks, and (as Justin gives her testimony) Inter fortissimos viros, magna ejus virtutis documenta extitere. She is no where named but with the preface of honour and virtue; and is always advanced in the head of the worthiest women. Diodorus Siculus* makes her the daughter of Mars. She was honoured in her death to have it the act of Achilles. Of which Propertius† sings this triumph to her beauty,

Aurea cui postquam nudavit cassida frontem,
Vicit victorem candida forma virum.

[4] Next follows CAMILLA, queen of the Volscians, celebrated by Virgil,‡ than whose verses nothing can be imagined more exquisite, or more honouring the person they describe. They are these, where he reckons up those that came on Turnus's part, against Æneas:

Hos super advenit Volsca de gente Camilla,
Agmen agens equitum, et florenteis ære catervas,

[5] The third lived in the age of Cyrus, the great Persian monarch, and made him leave to live, THOMYRIS, queen of the Scythians, or Massagets. A heroine of a most invincible and unbroken fortitude: who, when Cyrus had invaded her, and taking her only son, (rather by treachery than war, as she objected,) had slain him; not touched with the grief of so great a loss, in the juster comfort she took of a great revenge, pursued not only the occasion and honour of conquering so potent an enemy, with whom fell two hundred thousand soldiers: but (what was right memorable in her victory) left not a messenger surviving of his side to report the massacre. She is remembered both by Herodotus,* and Justin†, to the great renown and glory of her kind, with this elogy:—Quod potentissimo Persarum Monarchæ bello congressa est, ipsumque et vita et castris spoliavit, ad justè ulciscendum filii ejus indignissimam mortem.

[6] The fourth was honoured to life in time of Xerxes, and was present at his great expedition into Greece; ARTEMISIA, the queen of Caria: whose virtue Herodotus,‡ not without some wonder, records. That a woman, a queen, without a husband, her son a ward, and she administering the government, occasioned by no necessity, but a mere excellence of spirit, should embark herself for such a war: and there so to behave her, as Xerxes, beholding her fight, should say:—Viri quidem extiterunt mihi feminæ, feminæ autem viri.§ She is no less renowned for her chastity, and love to her husband Mausolus,‖ whose bones (after he was dead) she preserved in ashes, and drank in wine, making herself his tomb; and yet built to his memory a monument, deserving a place among the seven wonders of the world, which could not be done by less than a wonder of women.

[7] The fifth was the fair-haired daughter of Ptolomæus Philadelphus, by the elder Arsinoë; who, married to her brother Ptolomæus, surnamed Evergetes, was after queen of Egypt. I find her written both BERONICE and BERENICE. This lady, upon an expedition of her new-wedded lord into Assyria, vowed to Venus, if he returned safe, and conqueror, the offering of her hair: which vow of her's (exacted by the success) she afterward performed. But her father missing it, and therewith displeased, Conon, a mathematician, who was then in household with Ptolomy, and knew well to flatter him, persuaded the king that it was taken up to heaven, and made a constollation; shewing him those seven stars, ad caudam Leonis, which are since called Coma Berenices. Which story then presently celebrated by Callimachus, in a most elegant poem, Catullus more elegantly converted: wherein they call her the magnanimous even from a virgin: Alluding (as Hyginus¶ says) to a rescue she made of her father in his flight, and restoring the courage and honour of his army, even to a victory. Their words are,

Cognôram à parva virgine magnanimam.**

* Hist. lib. 2.
† Lib. 3. eleg. 10.
‡ Æneid. lib. 7

* In Clio.
† Epit. lib. 1.
‡ In Polyhymn.
§ Herod. in Urania.
‖ Val. Max. lib. 4. cap. 6. and A. Gel. lib. . . cap. 18.
¶ Astronom. lib. 2. in Leo.
** Catul. de Coma Beronic.

HYPSICRATEA,[1] glory of Asia,
CANDACE,[2] pride of Ethiopia,
The Britain honour, VOADICEA,[3]
The virtuous Palmyrene, ZENOBIA,[4]
The wise and warlike Goth, AMALASUNTA,
The bold VALASCA[6] of Bohemia;
These, in their lives, as fortunes, crown'd the choice
Of womankind, and 'gainst all opposite voice
Made good to time, had, after death, the claim
To live eterniz'd in the House of Fame.
Where hourly hearing (as what there is old?)
The glories of BEL-ANNA[7] so well told,

[1] The sixth, that famous wife of Mithridates, and queen of Pontus, HYPSICRATEA, no less an example of virtue than the rest: who so loved her husband, as she was assistant to him in all labours and hazard of the war, in a masculine habit. For which cause (as Valerius Maximus* observes) she departed with the chief ornament of her beauty. Tonsis enim capillis, equo se et armis assuefecit, quo facilius laboribus et periculis ejus interesset. And afterward, in his flight from Pompey, accompanied his misfortune, with a mind and body equally unwearied. She is so solemnly registered by that grave author, as a notable precedent of marriage loyalty and love: virtues that might raise a mean person to equality with a queen; but a queen to the state and honour of a deity.

[2] The seventh, that renown of Ethiopia, CANDACE: from whose excellency the succeeding queens of that nation were ambitious to be called so. A woman of a most haughty spirit against enemies, and a singular affection to her subjects. I find her celebrated by Dion,† and Pliny,‡ invading Egypt in the time of Augustus: who, though she were enforced to a peace by his lieutenant Petronius, doth not the less worthily hold her place here; when every where this elogy remains of her fame: that she was maximi animi mulier, tantique in suos meriti, ut omnes deinceps Æthiopium reginæ ejus nomine fuerint appellatæ. She governed in Meroë.

[3] The eighth, our own honour, VOADICEA, or BOADICEA; by some Bunduica, and Bunduca, queen of the Iceni, a people that inhabited that part of our island which was called East-Anglia, and comprehended Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, and Huntingdon shires. Since she was born here at home, we will first honour her with a home-born testimony; from the grave and diligent Spenser:§

——————— Bunduca Britoness,
Bunduca, that victorious conqueress,
That lifting up her brave heroic thought
'Bove woman's weakness, with the Romans fought;
Fought, and in field against them thrice prevail'd, &c.

To which see her orations in story, made by Tacitus‖ and Dion:¶ wherein is expressed all magnitude of a spirit, breathing to the liberty and redemption of her country. The latter of whom, doth honest her beside with a particular description: — Bunduica Britannica fœmina, orta stirpe regia, quæ non solùm eis cum magna dignitate præfuit, sed etiam bellum omne administravit; cujus anima virilis potius quam muliebris erat. And afterwards, Fœmina, forma honestissima, vultu severo, &c. All which doth weigh the more to her true praise, in coming from the mouths of Romans, and enemies. She lived in the time of Nero.

[4] The ninth, in time, but equal in fame, and (the cause of it) virtue, was the chaste ZENOBIA, queen of the Palmyrenes, who, after the death of her husband Odenatus, had the name to be reckoned among the thirty that usurped the Roman empire from Galienus. She continued a long and brave war against several chiefs; and was at length triumphed on by Aurelian: but, ea specie, ut nihil pompabilius P. Rom. videretur. Her chastity was such, ut ne virum suum quidem sciret, nisi tentatis conceptionibus. She lived in a most royal manner, and was adored after the custom of the Persians. When she made orations to her soldiers, she had always her casque on. A woman of a most divine spirit, and incredible beauty. In Trebellius Pollio** read the most notable description of a queen and her, that can be uttered with the dignity of an historian.

[5] The tenth, succeeding, was that learned and heroic AMALASUNTA, queen of the Ostrogoths, daughter to Theodoric, that obtained the principality of Ravenna and almost all Italy. She drave the Burgundians and Almaines out of Liguria, and appeared in her government rather an example than a second. She was the most eloquent of her age, and cunning in all languages of any nation that had commerce with the Roman empire. It is recorded of her,* that Sine veneratione eam viderit nemo, pro miraculo fuerit ipsam audire loquentem. Tantaque illi in discernendo gravitas, ut criminis convicti, cum plecterentur, nihil sibi acerbum pati viderentur.

[6] The eleventh was that brave Bohemian queen, VALASCA, who, for her courage, had the surname of Bold: that to redeem herself and her sex from the tyranny of men, which they lived in, under Primislaus, on a night, and at an hour appointed, led on the women to the slaughter of their barbarous husbands and lords. And possessing themselves of their horses, arms, treasure, and places of strength, not only ruled the rest, but lived many years after with the liberty and fortitude of Amazons. Celebrated by Raphael Volateranus,† and in an elegant tract of an Italian‡ in Latin, who names himself Philalethes, Poiytopiensis civis, inter præstantissimas fœminas.

[7] The twelfth, and worthy sovereign of all, I make BEL-ANNA, royal queen of the ocean: of whose dignity and person, the whole scope of the invention doth speak throughout: which, to offer you again here, might but prove offence to that sacred modesty, which hears any testimony of others iterated with more delight than her own praise. She being placed above the need of such cere mony, and safe in her princely virtue, against the good or ill of any witness. The name of Bel-anna I devised, to honour hers proper by; as adding to it the attribute of Fair: and is kept by me in all my poems, wherein I mention her majesty with any shadow or figure. Of which, some may come forth with a longer destiny than this age commonly gives to the best births, if but helped to light by her gracious and ripening favour.

But here I discern a possible objection, arising against me; to which I must turn: as, How I can bring persons of so different ages, to appear properly together? or why (which is more unnatural) with Virgil's Mezentius, I join the living with the dead? I answer to both these at once. Nothing is more proper; nothing more natural. For these all live, and together, in their fame: and so I present them. Besides, if I would fly to the all-daring power of poetry, where could I not take sanctuary? or in whose poem? For other objections, let the looks and noses of judges hover thick; so they bring the brains: or if they do not, I care not. When I suffered it to go abroad, I departed with my right: and now, so secure an interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise nor dispraise shall affect me.

There rests only that we give the description we promised of the scene, which was the house of Fame. The structure and ornament of which (as is profest before) was entirely master Jones's invention and design. First, for the lower columns, he chose the statues of the most excellent poets, as Homer, Virgil, Lucan, &c. as being the substantial supporters of Fame. For the upper, Achilles,

* Lib. 4. cap. 6. de amor. conjug.
† Hist. Rom. lib. 54.
‡ Nat. Hist. lib. 6. cap. 29.
‖ Ruins of Time.
§ Annal. lib. 14.
¶ Epit. Joan. Xiphilin. in Ner.
** In trigin. Tyrann.

* M. Anton. Cocci. Sabel. (out of Cassiod.) Ennead. 7 lib. 2.
† In Geograph. l. 2.
‡ Forcia. Quæst.

Queen of the Ocean; how that she alone
Possest all virtues, for which one by one
They were so fam'd: and wanting then a head
To form that sweet and gracious pyramid
Wherein they sit, it being the sov'reign place
Of all that palace, and reserv'd to grace
The worthiest queen: these, without envy' on her,
In life, desired that honour to confer,
Which, with their death, no other should enjoy.
She this embracing with a virtuous joy,
Far from self-love, as humbling all her worth
To him that gave it, hath again brought forth
Their names to memory; and means this night,
To make them once more visible to light:
And to that light, from whence her truth of spirit
Confesseth all the lustre of her merit.
To you, most royal and most happy king,
Of whom Fame's house in every part doth ring
For every virtue, but can give no increase:
Not, though her loudest trumpet blaze your peace.
Lo you, that cherish every great example
Contracted in yourself; and being so ample
A field of honour, cannot but embrace
A spectacle, so full of love, and grace
Unto your court: where every princely dame
Contends to be as bounteous of her fame
To others, as her life was good to her.
For by their lives they only did confer
Good on themselves; but, by their fame, to yours,
And every age, the benefit endures.

Here the throne wherein they sat, being machina versatilis, *suddenly changed; and in the place of it appeared* Fama bona, *as she is described (in* Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa) *attired in white, with white wings, having a collar of gold about her neck, and a heart hanging at it: which* Orus Apollo, *in his hierogl. interprets the note of a good Fame. In her right-hand she bore a trumpet, in her left an olive-branch. and for her state, it was, as Virgil*[1] *describes her, at the full, her feet on the ground, and her head in the clouds. She, after the music had done, which waited on the turning of the machine, called from thence to Heroic Virtue, and spake this following speech.*

FAME

Virtue, my father and my honour; thou
That mad'st me good as great; and dar'st avow
No Fame for thine but what is perfect: aid,
To-night, the triumphs of thy white-wing'd maid.
Do those renowned queens all utmost rites
Their states can ask. This is a night of nights.
In mine own chariots let them, crowned, ride;
And mine own birds and beasts, in geers applied
To draw them forth. Unto the first car tie
Far-sighted eagles, to note Fame's sharp eye.
Unto the second, griffons, that design
Swiftness and strength, two other gifts of mine.
Unto the last, our lions, that imply
The top of graces, state, and majesty.
And let those hags be led as captives, bound
Before their wheels, whilst I my trumpet sound.

At which the loud music sounded as before, to give the masquers time of descending.

Æneas, Cæsar, and those great heroes, which these poets had celebrated. All which stood as in massy gold. Between the pillars, underneath, were figured land-battles, sea-fights, triumphs, loves, sacrifices, and all magnificent subjects of honour, in brass, and heightened with silver. In which he profest to follow that noble description made by Chaucer of the place. Above were sited the masquers, over whose heads he devised two eminent figures of Honour and Virtue for the arch. The friezes, both below and above, were filled with several-coloured lights, like emeralds, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, &c. the reflex of which, with our lights, placed in the concave, upon the masquers' habits, was full of glory. These habits had in them the excellency of all device and riches; and were worthily varied by his invention, to the nations whereof they were queens. Nor are these alone his due; but divers other accessions to the strangeness and beauty of the spectacle: as the hell, the going about of the chariots, and binding the witches, the turning machine, with the presentation of Fame. All which I willingly acknowledge for him: since it is a virtue planted in good natures, that what respects they wish to obtain fruitfully from others, they will give ingenuously themselves.

[1] Æneid. 4.

By this time, imagine the masquers descended; and again mounted into three triumphant chariots, ready to come forth. The first four were drawn with eagles, (whereof I gave the reason, as of the rest, in Fame's speech) their four torch-bearers attending on the chariots sides, and four of the hags bound before them. Then followed the second, drawn by griffons, with their torch-bearers, and four other hags. Then the last, which was drawn by lions, and more eminent, (wherein her Majesty was) and had six torch-bearers more, peculiar to her, with the like number of hags. After which, a full triumphant music, singing this SONG, while they rode in state about the stage:

Help, help, all tongues, to celebrate this wonder:
The voice of Fame should be as loud as thunder.
Her house is all of echo made,
Where never dies the sound;
And as her brow the clouds invade,
Her feet do strike the ground.
Sing then, good Fame, that's out of Virtue born:
For, who doth Fame neglect, doth Virtue scorn.

Here they lighted from their chariots, and danced forth their first dance: then a second, immediately following it: both right curious, and full of subtle and excellent changes, and seemed performed with no less spirits, than of those they personated. The first was to the cornets, the second to the violins. After which, they took out the men, and danced the measures; entertaining the time, almost to the space of an hour, with singular variety: when, to give them rest, from the music which attended the chariots, by that most excellent tenor voice, and exact singer (her Majesty's servant, master Jo. Allin) this ditty was sung:

When all the ages of the earth
Were crown'd, but in this famous birth;
And that, when they would boast their store
Of worthy queens, they knew no more:
How happier is that age, can give
A queen, in whom all they do live!

After it, succeeded their third dance; than which, a more numerous composition could not be seen: graphically disposed into letters, and honouring the name of the most sweet and ingenious prince, CHARLES duke of York. Wherein, beside that principal grace of perspicuity, the motions were so even and apt, and their expression so just, as if mathematicians had lost proportion, they might there have found it. The author was master

Thomas Giles. After this, they danced galliards and corrantos. And then their last dance, no less elegant in the place than the rest, with which they took their chariots again, and triumphing about the stage, had their return to the House of Fame celebrated with this last SONG; whose notes (as the former) were the work and honour of my excellent friend, Alfonso Ferrabosco.

Who, Virtue, can thy power forget,
That sees these live, and triumph yet?
Th' Assyrian pomp, the Persian pride,
Greeks glory, and the Romans' dy'd
And who yet imitate
Their noises tarry the same fate.
Force greatness all the glorious ways
You can, it soon decays;
But so good Fame shall never:
Her triumphs, as their causes, are for ever.

To conclude which, I know no worthier way of epilogue, than the celebration of who were the celebraters.

The QUEEN'S MAJESTY.
The Co. of ARUNDEL.
The Co. of DERBY.
The Co. of HUNTINGDON.
The Co. of BEDFORD.
The Co. of ESSEX.
The Co. of MONTGOMERY.
The Visc. of CRANBORNE.
The La. Eliz. GUILFORD.
The La. ANNE WINTER.
The La. WINDSOR.
The La. ANNE CLIFFORD.

THE SPEECHES

AT

PRINCE HENRY'S BARRIERS.

The LADY OF THE LAKE *discovered.*

Lady. A silence, calm as are my waters, meet
Your rais'd attentions, whilst my silver feet
Touch on the richer shore; and to this seat
Vow my new duties, and mine old repeat.
Lest any yet should doubt, or might mistake
What nymph I am, behold the ample Lake
Of which I'm styled; and near it MERLIN'S tomb,
Grave of his cunning, as of mine the womb.
By this it will not ask me to proclaim
More of myself, whose actions, and whose name
Were so full feign'd in British ARTHUR'S court;
No more than it will fit me to report
What hath before been trusted to our 'squire
Of me, my knight, his fate, and my desire
To meet, if not prevent, his destiny,
And style him to the court of Britany;
Now when the island hath regain'd her fame
Intire, and perfect, in the ancient name,
And that a monarch equal good and great,
Wise, temperate, just, and stout, CLAIMS ARTHUR'S SEAT.
Did I say equal? O too prodigal wrong
Of my o'er-thirsty and unequal tongue!
How brighter far than when our Arthur liv'd,
Are all the glories of this place reviv'd!
What riches do I see; what beauties here!
What awe, what love, what reverence, joy, and fear!
What ornaments of counsel as of court!
All that is high, or great, or can comport
Unto the style of majesty, that knows
No rival, but itself, this place here shows.
Only the house of Chivalry (howe'er
The inner parts and store be full, yet here
In that which gentry should sustain) decay'd,
Or rather ruin'd seems; her buildings laid
Flat with the earth, that were the pride of time,
And did the barbarous Memphian heaps outclimb.
Those obelisks and columns broke, and down,
That struck the stars, and rais'd the British crown
To be a constellation: shields and swords,
Cobwebb'd, and rusty; not a helm affords
A spark of lustre, which were wont to give
Light to the world, and made the nation live;
When in a day of honour fire was smit
To have put out Vulcan's, and have lasted yet.
O, when this edifice stood great and high,
That in the carcase hath such majesty,
Whose very skeleton boasts so much worth,
What grace, what glories did it then send forth!
When to the structure went more noble names
Than the Ephesian temple lost in flames:
When every stone was laid by virtuous hands;
And standing so,—O that it yet not stands!
More truth of architecture there was blazed,
Than liv'd in all the ignorant Goths have razed.
There porticos were built, and seats for knights
That watch'd for all adventures, days and nights,
The niches fill'd with statues to invite
Young valours forth, by their old forms to fight.
With arcs triumphal for their actions done,
Out-striding the Colossus of the Sun.
And trophies, rear'd of spoiled enemies,
Whose tops pierc'd through the clouds, and hit the skies.

ARTHUR *discovered as a star above.*

Arth. And thither hath thy voice pierc'd. Stand not mazed,
Thy eyes have here on greater glories gazed,
And not been frighted. I, thy Arthur, am
Translated to a star: and of that frame
Or constellation that was call'd of me
So long before, as showing what I should be,
Arcturus, once thy king, and now thy star,
Such the rewards of all good princes are!
Nor let it trouble thy design, fair dame,
That I am present to it with my flame
And influence; since the times are now devolv'd
That Merlin's mystic prophecies are absolv'd,
In Britain's name, the union of this isle,
And claim both of my sceptre and my style.
Fair fall his virtue, that doth fill that throne,
In which I joy, to find myself so' out-shone:
And for the greater, wish, men should him take,
As it is nobler to restore than make.
Proceed in thy great work; bring forth thy knight
Preserved for his times, that by the might
And magic of his arm he may restore
These ruin'd seats of virtue, and build more.
Let him be famous, as was Tristram, Tor,
Launcelot, and all our list of knighthood; or
Who were before, or have been since: his name
Strike upon heaven, and there stick his fame.
Beyond the paths and searches of the sun,
Let him tempt fate; and when a world is won,
Submit it duly to this state, and throne,
Till time, and utmost stay make that his own.
But first receive this shield: wherein is wrought
The truth that he must follow; and (being taught
The ways from heaven) ought not be despised.
It is a piece, was by the fates devised
To arm his maiden valour; and to show
Defensive arms th' offensive should forego.

Endow him with it, Lady of the Lake.
And for the other mysteries here, awake
The learned MERLIN; when thou shut'st him there,
Thou buried'st valour too, for letters rear
The deeds of honour high, and make them live.
If then thou seek to restore prowess, give
His spirit freedom; then present thy knight:
For arms and arts sustain each others right.

Lady. My error I acknowledge, though too late
To expiate it; there's no resisting fate.
Arise, great soul! fame by surreption got
May stead us for the time, but lasteth not.
O, do not rise with storm, and rage. [*Thunder, lightning, &c.*] Forgive
Repented wrongs. I'm cause thou now shalt live
Eternally, for being deprest awhile,
Want makes us know the price of what we avile.

MERLIN *arising out of the tomb.*

Mer. I neither storm, nor rage; 'tis earth; blame her
That feels these motions when great spirits stir:
She is affrighted, and now chid by heaven,
Whilst we walk calmly on, upright and even.
Call forth the fair MELIADUS, thy knight,
They are his fates that make the elements fight,
And these but usual throes, when time sends forth
A wonder or a spectacle of worth.
At common births the world feels nothing new;
At these she shakes; mankind lives in a few.

Lady. The heavens, the fates, and thy peculiar stars,
Meliadus, shew thee! and conclude all jars.

MELIADUS, *and his six assistants here discovered.*

Mer. Ay, now the spheres are in their tunes again.
What place is this so bright that doth remain
Yet undemolish'd? or but late built? O,
I read it now; ST. GEORGE'S PORTICO!
The supreme head of all the world, where now
Knighthood lives honour'd with a crowned brow.
A noble scene, and fit to show him in
That must of all worlds fame the garland win.

Lady. Does he not sit like Mars, or one that had
The better of him, in his armour clad?
And those his six assistants, as the pride
Of the old Grecian heroes had not died?
Or like Apollo, rais'd to the world's view,
The minute after he the Python slew?

Mer. 'Tis all too little, Lady, you can speak.
My thought grows great of him, and fain would break.
Invite him forth, and guide him to his tent,
That I may read this shield his fates present.

Lady. Glory of knights, and hope of all the earth,
Come forth; your fostress bids! who from your birth
Hath bred you to this hour, and for this throne;
This is the field to make your virtue known.—
If he were now, he says, to vow his fires
Of faith, of love, of service, then his 'squires
Had utter'd nothing for him: but he hopes
In the first tender of himself, his scopes
Were so well read, as it were no decor'm
Where truth is studied, there to practise form.

Mer. No, let his actions speak him; and this shield
Let down from heaven, that to his youth will yield
Such copy of incitement: not the deeds
Of antique knights, to catch their fellows' steeds,
Or ladies palfreys, rescue from the force
Of a fell giant, or some score to unhorse.
These were bold stories of our Arthur's age;
But here are other acts; another stage,
And scene appears; it is not since as then:
No giants, dwarfs, or monsters here, but men.
His arts must be to govern, and give laws
To peace no less than arms. His fate here draws
An empire with it, and describes each state
Preceding there, that he should imitate.
First, fair Meliadus, hath she wrought an isle,
The happiest of the earth (which to your style
In time must add) and in it placed high
Britain, the only name made Cæsar fly.
Within the nearer parts, as apt, and due
To your first speculation you may view
The eye of justice shooting through the land,
Like a bright planet strengthen'd by the hand
Of first, and warlike Edward; then th' increase
Of trades and tillage, under laws and peace,
Begun by him, but settled and promov'd
By the third hero of his name, who lov'd
To set his own a-work, and not to see
The fatness of his land a portion be
For strangers. This was he, erected first
The trade of clothing, by which art were nurs'd
Whole millions to his service, and relieved
So many poor, as since they have believed
The golden fleece, and need no foreign mine,
If industry at home do not decline.
To prove which true, observe what treasure here
The wise and seventh Henry heap'd each year,
To be the strength and sinews of a war,
When Mars should thunder, or his peace but jar.
And here how the eighth Henry, his brave son,
Builds forts, made general musters, train'd youth on
In exercise of arms, and girt his coast
With strength; to which (whose fame no tongue can boast
Up to her worth, though all best tongues be glad
To name her still) did great Eliza add
A wall of shipping, and became thereby
The aid, or fear, of all the nations nigh.
These, worthiest Prince, are set you near to read,
That civil arts the martial must precede:
That laws and trade bring honours in and gain,
And arms defensive a safe peace maintain.
But when your fate shall call you forth t'assure
Your virtue more, though not to make secure,
View here, what great examples she hath placed.
First, two brave Britain heroes, that were graced
To fight their Saviour's battles, and did bring
Destruction on the faithless; one a king
Richard, surnamed with the lion's heart,
The other Edward, and the first, whose part
(Then being but prince) it was to lead these wars
In the age after, but with better stars.
For here though Cœur de Lion like a storm
Pour on the Saracens, and do perform
Deeds past an angel, arm'd with wrath and fire,
Ploughing whole armies up, with zealous ire,
And walled cities, while he doth defend
That cause that should all wars begin and end;
Yet when with pride, and for humane respect
The Austrian colours he doth here deject
With too much scorn, behold at length how fate
Makes him a wretched prisoner to that state;

And leaves him, as a mark of fortune's spight,
When princes tempt their stars beyond their light:
Whilst upright Edward shines no less than he,
Under the wings of golden victory,
Nor lets out no less rivers of the blood
Of infidels, but makes the field a flood,
And marches through it, with St. George's cross,
Like Israel's host to the Egyptians' loss,
Through the Red Sea; the earth beneath him cold,
And quaking such an enemy to behold.
For which his temper'd zeal, see providence
Flying in here, and arms him with defence
Against th' assassinate made upon his life
By a foul wretch, from whom he wrests the knife,
And gives him a just hire: which yet remains
A warning to great chiefs, to keep their trains
About them still, and not, to privacy,
Admit a hand that may use treachery.
Nearer than these, not for the same high cause.
Yet for the next (what was his right by laws
Of nations due) doth fight that Mars of men
The black prince Edward, 'gainst the French, who
At Cressy field had no more years than you; [then
Here his glad father has him in the view
As he is entering in the school of war,
And pours all blessings on him from afar
That wishes can; whilst he, that close of day,
Like a young lion newly taught to prey,
Invades the herds, so fled the French, and tears
From the Bohemian crown the plume he wears,
Which after for his crest he did preserve
To his father's use, with this fit word, I SERVE.
But here at Poictiers he was Mars indeed.
Never did valour with more stream succeed
Than he had there; he flow'd out like a sea
Upon their troops, and left their arms no way:
Or like a fire carried with high winds
Now broad, and spreading, by and by it finds
A vent upright, to look which way to burn;
Then shoots along again, or round doth turn,
Till in the circling spoil it hath embraced
All that stood nigh, or in the reach to waste:
Such was his rage that day; but then forgot,
Soon as his sword was sheath'd, it lasted not,
After the king, the dauphin, and French peers
By yielding to him, wisely quit their fears,
Whom he did use with such humanity,
As they complain'd not of captivity;
But here to England without shame came in:
To be his captives, was the next to win.
Yet rests the other thunderbolt of war,
Harry the fifth, to whom in face you are
So like, as fate would have you so in worth,
Illustrious prince. This virtue ne'er came forth,
But Fame grew greater for him, than she did
For other mortals; Fate herself did bid
To save his life: the time it reach'd unto,
War knew not how to give him enough to do.
His very name made head against his foes.
And here at Agincourt, where first it rose,
It there hangs still a comet over France,
Striking their malice blind, that dare advance
A thought against it, lighten'd by your flame
That shall succeed him both in deeds and name.
I could report more actions yet of weight
Out of this orb, as here of eighty-eight,
Against the proud Armada, styled by Spain
The INVINCIBLE; that cover'd all the main,
As if whole islands had broke loose, and swam,
Or half of Norway with her fir trees came,
To join the continents, it was so great;
Yet by the auspice of Eliza beat:
That dear-beloved of heaven, whom to preserve
The winds were call'd to fight, and storms to serve.
One tumour drown'd another, billows strove
T' out-swell ambition, water air out-drove:
Though she not wanted, on that glorious day,
An ever-honour'd Howard to display
St. George's ensign; and of that high race
A second, both which plied the fight and chase:
And sent first bullets, then a fleet of fire,
Then shot themselves like ordnance; and a tire
Of ships for pieces, through the enemies moon,
That waned before it grew; and now they soon
Are rent, spoil'd, scatter'd, tost with all disease,
And for their thirst of Britain drink the seas.
The fish were never better fed than then,
Although at first they fear'd the blood of men
Had chang'd their element, and Neptune shook,
As if the Thunderer had his palace took.
So here in Wales, Low Countries, France and Spain,
You may behold both on the land and main,
The conquest got, the spoils, the trophies rear'd
By British kings, and such as noblest heard
Of all the nation, which may make to invite
Your valour upon need, but not to incite
Your neighbour princes, give them all their due,
And be prepared if they will trouble you.
He doth but scourge himself, his sword that draws
Without a purse, a counsel, and a cause.
But all these spurs to virtue, seeds of praise,
Must yield to this that comes. Here's one will raise
Your glory more, and so above the rest,
As if the acts of all mankind were prest
In his example. Here are kingdoms mix'd
And nations join'd, a strength of empire fix'd
Conterminate with heaven; the golden vein
Of Saturn's age is here broke out again.
Henry but join'd the roses, that ensign'd
Particular families, but this hath join'd
The rose and thistle, and in them combined
A union, that shall never be declined.
Ireland, that more in title, than in fact,
Before was conquer'd, is his laurels act!
The wall of shipping by Eliza made,
Decay'd (as all things subject are to fade)
He hath new-built, or so restored, that men
For noble use, prefer it afore then:
Royal and mighty James, whose name shall set
A goal for all posterity to sweat,
In running at, by actions hard and high:
This is the height at which your thoughts must fly.
He knows both how to govern, how to save,
What subjects, what their contraries should have,
What can be done by power, and what by love,
What should to mercy, what to justice move:
All arts he can, and from the hand of Fate
Hath he enforced the making his own date.
Within his proper virtue hath he placed
His guards 'gainst Fortune, and there fixed fast
The wheel of chance, about which kings are hurl'd,
And whose outrageous raptures fill the world.

Lady. Ay, this is he, Meliadus, whom you
Must only serve, and give yourself unto;
And by your diligent practice to obey
So wise a master, learn the art of sway.
Merlin, advance the shield upon his tent.
And now prepare, fair knight, to prove the event

Of your bold Challenge. Be your virtues steel'd,
And let your drum give note you keep the field.
[*Drum beats.*
—Is this the land of Britain so renown'd
For deeds of arms, or are their hearings drown'd
That none do answer?

Mer. Stay, methinks I see
A person in yon cave. Who should that be?
I know her ensigns now; 'tis CHIVALRY
Possess'd with sleep, dead as a lethargy:
If any charm will wake her, 'tis the name
Of our Meliadus. I'll use his fame.
Lady, Meliadus, lord of the isles,
Princely Meliadus, and whom fate now styles
The fair Meliadus, hath hung his shield
Upon his tent, and here doth keep the field,
According to his bold and princely word;
And wants employment for his pike and sword.

CHIVALRY, *coming forward.*

Chi. Were it from death, that name would wake me. Say,
Which is the knight? O, I could gaze a day
Upon his armour that hath so reviv'd
My spirits, and tells me that I am long-liv'd
In his appearance. Break, you rusty doors,
That have so long been shut, and from the shores
Of all the world, come, knighthood, like a flood
Upon these lists, to make the field here good,
And your own honours, that are now call'd forth
Against the wish of men to prove your worth!

THE BARRIERS.

After which MERLIN *speaks to the Prince.*

Mer. Nay, stay your valour, 'tis a wisdom high
In princes to use fortune reverently.
He that in deeds of arms obeys his blood,
Doth often tempt his destiny beyond good.
Look on this throne, and in his temper view
The light of all that must have grace in you:
His equal justice, upright fortitude
And settled prudence, with that peace endued
Of face, as mind, always himself and even.
So Hercules, and good men bear up heaven.
I dare not speak his virtues, for the fear
Of flattering him, they come so nigh and near
To wonders; yet thus much I prophesy
Of him and his. All ears your selves apply.
You, and your other you, great king and queen,
Have yet the least of your bright fortune seen,
Which shall rise brighter every hour with time,
And in your pleasure quite forget the crime
Of change; your age's night shall be her noon.
And this young knight, that now puts forth so soon
Into the world, shall in your names achieve
More garlands for this state, and shall relieve
Your cares in government; while that young lord
Shall second him in arms, and shake a sword
And lance against the foes of God and you.
Nor shall less joy your royal hopes pursue
In that most princely maid, whose form might call
The world to war, and make it hazard all
His valour for her beauty; she shall be
Mother of nations, and her princes see
Rivals almost to these. Whilst you sit high,
And led by them, behold your Britain fly
Beyond the line, when what the seas before
Did bound, shall to the sky then stretch his shore

OBERON, THE FAIRY PRINCE;

A MASQUE OF PRINCE HENRY'S.

The first face of the scene appeared all obscure, and nothing perceived but a dark rock, with trees beyond it, and all wildness that could be presented: till, at one corner of the cliff, above the horizon, the moon began to shew, and rising, a SATYR *was seen by her light to put forth his head and call.*

1 *Sat.* CHROMIS![1] Mnasil![1] none appear?
See you not who riseth here?
You saw Silenus, late, I fear.[2]—
I'll prove, if this can reach your ear.

He wound his cornet, and thought himself answered; but was deceived by the echo.

O, you wake then! come away,
Times be short are made for play;
The humorous moon too will not stay:—
What doth make you thus delay?
Hath his tankard[3] touch'd your brain?
Sure, they're fallen asleep again:
Or I doubt it was the vain
Echo, did me entertain.
Prove again—

[*Wound his cornet the second time, and found it.*]

I thought 'twas she!
Idle nymph, I pray thee be
Modest, and not follow me:
I not love myself, nor thee.[4]

Here he wound the third time, and was answered by another Satyr, who likewise shewed himself.

Ay, this sound I better know:
List! I would I could hear moe.

At this they came running forth severally, to the number of ten, from divers parts of the rock, leaping and making antick actions and gestures; some of them speaking, some admiring: and amongst them a SILENE, *who is ever the prefect of the Satyrs, and so presented in all their chori and meetings.*

2 *Sat.* Thank us, and you shall do so.
3 *Sat.* Ay, our number soon will grow.
2 *Sat.* See Silenus![5]
3 *Sat.* CERCOPS too!
4 *Sat.* Yes. What is there now to do?
5 *Sat.* Are there any nymphs to woo?
4 *Sat.* If there be, let me have two.[6]
Silen. Chaster language![7] These are nights,
Solemn to the shining rites
Of the Fairy Prince, and knights:
While the moon their orgies lights.
2 *Sat.* Will they come abroad, anon?
3 *Sat.* Shall we see young OBERON?
4 *Sat.* Is he such a princely one,
As you spake him long agon?
Silen. Satyrs, he doth fill with grace
Every season, every place;
Beauty dwells but in his face;
He's the height of all our race.[8]

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[1] They are the names of two young Satyrs, I find in Virgil Eclog. 6. that took Silenus sleeping; who is feigned to be the pædagogue of Bacchus: as the Satyrs are his collusores, or play-fellows. So doth Diodor. Siculus, Synesius, Julian, in Cæsarib. report them.

[2] A proverbial speech, when they will tax one the other of drinking or sleepiness: alluding to that former place in Virgil:

———Chromis et Mnasilus in antro
Silenum, pueri, somno videre jacentem,
Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, Iaccho.

[3] Silenus is every where made a lover of wine, as in Cyclops Eurip. and known by the notable ensign, his tankard: out of the same place of Virgil: Et gravis attrita pendebat cantharus ansa. As also out of that famous piece of sculpture, in a little gem or piece of jasper, observed by Mons. Casaubon, in his tract de Satyrica Poësi, from Rascasius Bagarrius: wherein is described the whole manner of the scene, and chori of Bacchus, with Silenus, and the Satyrs. An elegant and curious antiquity, both for the subtilty and labour: where, in so small a compass, (to use his words) there is Rerum, personarum, actionum plane stupenda varietas.

[4] Respecting that known fable of Echo's following Narcissus; and his self-love.

[5] In the pomps of Dionysius, or Bacchus, to every company of Satyrs, there was still given a Silene for their overseer or governor. And in that which is described by Athenæus in his fifth book. Bini Sileni non semel commemorantur, qui totidem plurium Satyrorum gregibus præsint. Erant enim eorum epistatæ, præsules, et coryphæi, propter grandem ætatem. He was also purpureo pallio vestitus cum albis soleis, et petasatus, aureum caduceum parvum ferens. Vid. Athenæ. Dipnos. lib. 6. de pompâ Ptolemaicâ.

[6] The nature of the Satyrs the wise Horace expressed well, in the word, when he called them Risores et Dicaces, as the Greek poets, Nonnus, &c. style them *φιλοκερτομους*. Nec solum dicaces, sed et proni in venerem, et saltatores assidui et credebantur, et fingebantur.

Unde Satyrica saltatio, quæ *σικιννις* dicebatur, et à qua Satyri ipsi *σικινιστα*ι. Vel à Sicino inventore, vel *ἀπὸ τῆς κινήσεως*, id est, a motu saltationis satyrorum, qui est concitatissimus.

[7] But in the Silenes was nothing of this petulance and lightness, but, on the contrary, all gravity and profound knowledge of most secret mysteries. Insomuch as the most learned of poets, Virgil, when he would write a poem of the beginnings, and hidden nature of things, with other great antiquities, attributed the parts of disputing them, to Silenus, rather than any other. Which whosoever thinks to be easily, or by chance done by the most prudent writer, will easily betray his own ignorance or folly. To this, see the testimonies of Plato, Synesius, Herodotus, Strabo, Philostratus, Tertullian, &c.

[8] Among the ancients, the kind, both of the Centaurs,

Our Pan's father, god of tongue,[1]
Bacchus, though he still be young,
Phœbus, when he crowned sung,[2]
Nor Mars, when first his armour rung,[3]
Might with him be named that day:
He is lovelier, than in May
Is the spring, and there can stay
As little, as he can decay.

Omn. O, that he would come away!

3 *Sat.* Grandsire, we shall leave to play[4]
With Lyæus[5] now; and serve
Only OBERON.

Silen. He'll deserve
All you can, and more, my boys.

4 *Sat.* Will he give us pretty toys,
To beguile the girls withal?

3 *Sat.* And to make them quickly fall

Silen. Peace, my wantons! he will do
More than you can aim unto.

4 *Sat.* Will he build us larger caves?

Silen. Yes, and give you ivory staves,
When you hunt; and better wine—

1 *Sat.* Than the master of the vine?

2 *Sat.* And rich prizes, to be won,
When we leap, or when we run?

1 *Sat.* Ay, and gild our cloven feet?

3 *Sat.* Strew our heads with powder sweet?

1 *Sat.* Bind our crooked legs in hoops
Made of shells, with silver loops?

2 *Sat.* Tie about our tawny wrists
Bracelets of the fairy twists?

4 *Sat.* And, to spight the coy nymphs' scorns,
Hang upon our stubbed horns
Garlands, ribands, and fine posies—

3 *Sat.* Fresh as when the flower discloses?

1 *Sat.* Yes, and stick our pricking ears
With the pearl that Tethys wears.

2 *Sat.* And to answer all things else,
Trap our shaggy thighs with bells;
That as we do strike a time,
In our dance shall make a chime—

3 *Sat.* Louder than the ratling pipes
Of the wood gods—

1 *Sat.* Or the stripes
Of the taber;[6] when we carry
Bacchus up, his pomp to vary.

Omn. O, that he so long doth tarry!

Silen. See! the rock begins to ope,
Now you shall enjoy your hope;
'Tis about the hour, I know.

There the whole scene opened, and within was discovered the frontispiece of a bright and glorious palace, whose gates and walls were transparent. Before the gates lay two SYLVANS, *armed with their clubs, and drest in leaves, asleep. At this the Satyrs wondering, Silenus proceeds:*

Silen. Look! does not his palace show
Like another sky of lights?
Yonder, with him, live the knights,
Once, the noblest of the earth,
Quicken'd by a second birth:
Who, for prowess, and for truth,
There are crown'd with lasting youth:
And do hold, by Fate's command,
Seats of bliss in Fairy land.
But their guards, methinks, do sleep!
Let us wake them.—Sirs, you keep
Proper watch, that thus do lie
Drown'd in sloth!

1 *Sat.* They have ne'er an eye
To wake withal.

2 *Sat.* Nor sense, I fear;
For they sleep in either ear.[7]

3 *Sat.* Holla, Sylvans!—sure they're caves
Of sleep these, or else they're graves.

4 *Sat.* Hear you, friends!—who keeps the keepers?

1 *Sat.* They are the eighth and ninth sleepers

2 *Sat.* Shall we cramp them?

Silen. Satyrs, no.

3 *Sat.* Would we had Boreas here, to blow
Off their heavy coats, and strip them.

4 *Sat.* Ay, ay, ay; that we might whip them.

3 *Sat.* Or that we had a wasp or two
For their nostrils.

1 *Sat.* Hairs will do
Even as well: take my tail.

2 *Sat.* What do you say to a good nail
Through their temples?

2 *Sat.* Or an eel,
In their guts, to make them feel?

---

and Satyrs, is confounded; and common with either. As sometimes the Satyrs are said to come of the Centaurs, and again the Centaurs of them. Either of them are διφυὲς, but after a diverse manner. And Galen observes out of Hippocrates, Comment. 3. in 6. Epidemicor. that both the Athenians and Ionians called the Satyrs φηρας, or φηρέας, which name the Centaurs have with Homer: from whence, it were no unlikely conjecture, to think our word Fairies to come. Viderint critici.

[1] Mercury, who for the love of Penelope, while she was keeping her father Icarius's herds on the mountain Taygetas, turned himself into a fair buck-goat; with whose sports and flatteries the nymph being taken, he begat on her Pan: who was born, Capite cornuto, barbaque ac pedibus hircinis. As Homer hath it in Hymnis: And Lucian, in dialogo Panis et Mercurii. He was called the giver of grace, χαριδοτὴς, φαίδρος, καὶ λευκὸς. Hilaris et albus, nitens Cyllenius alis. As Bacchus was called ανθιος, floridus; and Hebo, à lanugine et molli ætate, semper virens.

[2] Apollo is said, after Jupiter had put Saturn to flight, to have sung his father's victory to the harp, Purpurea toga decorus, et laura coronatus, mirificeque deos omnes qui accubuerant, in convivio delectavisse. Which Tibullus, in lib. 2. Elegiar. points to:

> Sed nitidus, pulcherque veni. Nunc indue vestem
> Purpuream, longas nunc bene necte comas.
> Qualem te memorant Saturno rege fugato
> Victoris laudes tunc cecinisse Jovis.

[3] He was then lovely, as being not yet stained with blood, and called χρυσοπήλεξ Ἄρης, quasi aureum flagellum (vel rectius auream galeam) habens.

[4] In Julius Pollux, lib. 4. cap. 19. in that part, which he entitles de satyricis personis, we read, that Silenus is called παππος, that is, avus, to note his great age: as amongst the comic persons, the reverenced for their years were called πάπποι: and with Julian in Cæs. Bacchus, when he speaks him fair, calls him παππίδιον.

[5] A name of Bacchus, Lyæus, of freeing men's minds from cares: παρα τὸ λύω, solvo.

[6] Erat solenne Baccho in pompa tenerorum more puerorum gestari à Sileno, et Satyris, Bacchis præcedentibus, quarum una semper erat Tympanistra, altera Tibicina, &c. Vide Athenæ.

[7] For they sleep IN EITHER EAR.] The Latin phrase is, In utramvis aurem dormire; and means to sleep soundly, without any thoughts of care.—WHAL.

They had it from the Greek: it is rightly rendered by Whalley.

Επ' αμφοτερα νυ χ' η 'πικληρος ουατα
Μελλει καθευδησειν. Men. Frag.

4 *Sat.* Shall we steal away their beards?
3 *Sat.* For Pan's goat, that leads the herds?
2 *Sat.* Or try, whether is more dead,
His club, or the other's head?
Silen. Wags, no more: you grow too bold.
1 *Sat.* I would fain now see them roll'd
Down a hill, or from a bridge
Headlong cast, to break their ridge-
Bones: or to some river take 'em,
Plump; and see if that would wake 'em.
2 *Sat.* There no motion yet appears.
Silen. Strike a charm into their ears.

At which the Satyrs fell suddenly into this catch.

Buz, quoth the blue flie,
Hum, quoth the bee:
Buz and hum they cry,
And so do we.
In his ear, in his nose,
Thus, do you see?—[*They tickle them.*
He eat the dormouse;
Else it was he.

The two Sylvans starting up amazed, and betaking themselves to their arms, were thus questioned by Silenus:

Silen. How now, Sylvans! can you wake?
I commend the care you take
In your watch! Is this your guise,
To have both your ears and eyes
Seal'd so fast; as these mine elves
Might have stol'n you from yourselves?
3 *Sat.* We had thought we must have got
Stakes, and heated them red-hot,
And have bored you through the eyes,
With the Cyclops,[1] ere you'd rise.
2 *Sat.* Or have fetch'd some trees to heave
Up your bulks, that so did cleave
To the ground there.
4 *Sat.* Are you free
Yet of sleep, and can you see
Who is yonder up aloof?
1 *Sat.* Be your eyes yet moon-proof?
1 *Syl.* Satyrs, leave your petulance,
And go frisk about and dance;
Or else rail upon the moon:
Your expectance is too soon.
For before the second cock
Crow, the gates will not unlock;
And, till then, we know we keep
Guard enough, although we sleep.
1 *Sat.* Say you so? then let us fall
To a song, or to a brawl:
Shall we, grandsire? Let us sport,
And make expectation short.
Silen. Do, my wantons, what you please.
I'll lie down and take mine ease.
1 *Sat.* Brothers, sing then, and upbraid,
As we use, yond' seeming maid.

SONG.

Now, my cunning lady: moon,
Can you leave the side so soon,
Of the boy, you keep so hid?
Midwife Juno sure will say,
This is not the proper way,
Of your paleness to be rid.
But, perhaps, it is your grace
To wear sickness in your face,
That there might be wagers laid
Still, by fools, you are a maid.
Come, your changes overthrow,
What your look would carry so;
Moon, confess then, what you are,
And be wise, and free to use
Pleasures that you now do lose
Let us Satyrs have a share.
Though our forms be rough and rude,
Yet our acts may be endued
With more virtue: every one
Cannot be Endymion.

Here they fell suddenly into an antick dance full of gesture and swift motion, and continued it till the crowing of the cock: at which they were interrupted by Silenus.

Silen. Stay, the cheerful chanticleer
Tells you that the time is near:—
See, the gates already spread!
Every Satyr bow his head.

There the whole palace opened, and the nation of Faies were discovered, some with instruments, some bearing lights, others singing; and within afar off in perspective, the knights masquers sitting in their several sieges: at the further end of all, Oberon, *in a chariot, which, to a loud triumphant music, began to move forward, drawn by two white bears, and on either side guarded by three Sylvans, with one going in front.*

SONG.

Melt earth to sea, sea flow to air,
And air fly into fire,
Whilst we in tunes, to Arthur's chair
Bear Oberon's desire;
Than which there's nothing can be high'r,
Save James, to whom it flies:
But he the wonder is of tongues, of ears, of eyes

Who hath not heard, who hath not seen,
Who hath not sung his name?
The soul that hath not, hath not been;
But is the very same
With buried sloth, and knows not fame,
Which doth him best comprise:
For he the wonder is of tongues, of ears, of eyes.

By this time the chariot was come as far forth as the face of the scene. And the Satyrs beginning to leap, and express their joy for the unused state and solemnity, the foremost Sylvan *began to speak.*

1 *Syl.* Give place, and silence; you were rude too late;
This is a night of greatness, and of state,
Not to be mixt with light and skipping sport
A night of homage to the British court,
And ceremony due to Arthur's chair,
From our bright master, Oberon the fair;
Who, with these knights, attendants, here preserv'd
In Fairy land, for good they have deserv'd
Of yond' high throne, are come of right to pay
Their annual vows; and all their glories lay
At's feet, and tender to this only great,
True majesty, restored in this seat;
To whose sole power and magic they do give
The honour of their being; that they live
Sustain'd in form, fame, and felicity,
From rage of fortune, or the fear to die.
Silen. And may they well. For this indeed is he,
My boys, whom you must quake at, when you see.
He is above your reach; and neither doth,
Nor can he think, within a Satyr's tooth:
Before his presence you must fall or fly.
He is the matter of virtue, and placed high.
His meditations, to his height, are even:
And all their issue is akin to heaven.

[1] Vid. Cyc. Euripid. ubi Satiri Ulyssi auxilio sint ad imburendum oculum Cyclopis.

He is a god o'er kings; yet stoops he then
Nearest a man, when he doth govern men;
To teach them by the sweetness of his sway,
And not by force. He's such a king as they,
Who're tyrants' subjects, or ne'er tasted peace,
Would, in their wishes, form for their release.
'Tis he that stays the time from turning old,
And keeps the age up in a head of gold.
That in his own true circle still doth run;
And holds his course as certain as the sun.
He makes it ever day, and ever spring,
Where he doth shine, and quickens every thing,
Like a new nature: so that true to call
Him, by his title, is to say, He's all.

1 *Syl.* I thank the wise Silenus for his praise.
Stand forth, bright FAIES and ELVES, and tune your lays
Unto his name; then let your nimble feet
Tread subtile circles, that may always meet
In point to him; and figures, to express
The grace of him and his great emperess.
That all, that shall to-night behold the rites,
Perform'd by princely Oberon, and these knights,
May, without stop, point out the proper heir
Design'd so long to Arthur's crowns and chair.

SONG

BY TWO FAIES.

1 *Faie.* Seek you majesty, to strike?
Bid the world produce his like.
2 *Faie.* Seek you glory, to amaze?
Here let all eyes stand at gaze.
Cho. Seek you wisdom, to inspire?
Touch then at no other's fire.

1 *Faie.* Seek you knowledge, to direct?
Trust to his without suspect.
2 *Faie.* Seek you piety, to lead?
In his footsteps only tread.
Cho. Every virtue of a king,
And of all, in him, we sing.

Then the lesser Faies dance forth their dance; which ended, a full SONG follows, by all the voices.

The solemn rites are well begun;
And though but lighted by the moon,
They shew as rich, as if the sun
Had made this night his noon.
But may none wonder that they are so bright,
The moon now borrows from a greater light:
Then, princely *Oberon*,
Go on,
This is not every night.

OBERON and the knights dance out the first masque dance: which was followed with this

SONG.

Nay, nay,
You must not stay,
Nor be weary yet;
This is no time to cast away;
Or for Faies so to forget
The virtue of their feet.
Knotty legs, and plants of clay,
Seek for ease, or love delay.
But with you it still should fare
As with the air of which you are.

After which, they danced forth their second masque-dance, and were again excited by a

SONG.

1 *Faie.* Nor yet, nor yet, O you in this night blest,
Must you have will, or hope to rest.
2 *Faie.* If you use the smallest stay,
You'll be overta'en by day
1 *Faie.* And these beauties will suspect
That their forms you do neglect,
If you do not call them forth.
2 *Faie.* Or that you have no more worth
Than the coarse and country Fairy,
That doth haunt the hearth, or dairy.

Then followed the measures, corantos, galliards, &c., till PHOSPHORUS the day-star appeared, and called them away; but first they were invited home by one of the Sylvans, with this

SONG.

Gentle knights,
Know some measure of your nights.
Tell the high-graced *Oberon*,
It is time that we were gone.
Here be forms so bright and airy,
And their motions so they vary,
As they will enchant the Fairy,
If you longer here should tarry.

Phos. To rest, to rest! the herald of the day,
Bright Phosphorus, commands you hence; obey.
The moon is pale, and spent; and winged night
Makes headlong haste to fly the morning's sight:
Who now is rising from her blushing wars,
And with her rosy hand puts back the stars.
Of which myself the last, her harbinger,
But stay to warn you, that you not defer
Your parting longer: then do I give way,
As Night hath done, and so must you, to Day.

After this, they danced their last dance into the work. And with a full SONG *the star vanished, and the whole machine closed.*

O yet how early, and before her time,
The envious morning up doth climb,
Though she not love her bed!
What haste the jealous Sun doth make,
His fiery horses up to take,
And once more shew his head!
Lest, taken with the brightness of this night,
The world should wish it last, and never miss his light.

LOVE FREED FROM IGNORANCE AND FOLLY;

A MASQUE OF HER MAJESTY'S.

So soon as the King's majesty was set, and in expectation, there was heard a strange music of wild instruments. To which a SPHYNX [1] *came forth dancing, leading* LOVE *bound.*

Sphynx. COME, sir Tyrant, lordly Love,
You that awe the gods above,
As their creatures here below,
With the sceptre call'd your bow;
And do all their forces bear
In the quiver that you wear,
Whence no sooner you do draw
Forth a shaft, but is a law;
Now they shall not need to tremble,
When you threaten, or dissemble,
Any more; and, though you see
Whom to hurt, you have not free
Will, to act your rage. The bands
Of your eyes, now tie your hands.
All the triumphs, all the spoils
Gotten by your arts, and toils,
Over foe and over friend,
O'er your mother, here must end.
And you now, that thought to lay
The world waste, must be my prey.

Love. Cruel Sphynx, I rather strive
How to keep the world alive,
And uphold it; without me,
All again would chaos be.
Tell me, monster, what should move
Thy despight, thus, against Love?
Is there nothing fair, and good,
Nothing bright, but burns thy blood?
Still thou art thyself, and made
All of practice, to invade
Clearest bosoms. Hath this place
None will pity Cupid's case?
Some soft eye, while I can see
Who it is that melts for me,
Weep a fit. Are all eyes here
Made of marble? But a tear,
Though a false one; it may make
Others true compassion take.
I would tell you all the story
If I thought you would be sorry,
And in truth, there's none have reason,
Like yourselves, to hate the treason.
For it practis'd was on Beauty,
Unto whom Love owes all duty.
Let your favour but affright
Sphynx here, I shall soon recite
Every passage, how it was.

Sphynx. Do, I'll laugh, or cry, alas!
Thinks, poor Love, can ladies' looks
Save him from the Sphynx's hooks?

Love. No; but these can witness bear
Of my candor, when they hear
What thy malice is: or, how
I became thy captive now:
And it is no small content,
Falling, to fall innocent.
Know then, all you Glories here,
In the utmost East there were
Eleven daughters of the morn.
Ne'er were brighter bevies born,
Nor more perfect beauties seen.
The eldest of them was the queen
Of the Orient, and 'twas said,
That she should with Phœbus wed.
For which high-vouchsafed grace,
He was loved of all their race.
And they would, when he did rise,
Do him early sacrifice
Of the rich and purest gum,
That from any plant could come;
And would look at him as far
As they could discern his car:
Grieving that they might not ever
See him; and when night did sever
Their aspects, they sat and wept
Till he came, and never slept:
Insomuch, that at the length
This their fervor gat such strength,
As they would a journey prove,
By the guard, and aid of Love,
Hither to the farthest West:
Where they heard, as in the East,
He a palace, no less bright,
Had, to feast in every night
With the Ocean, where he rested
Safe, and in all state invested.—
I, that never left the side
Of the fair, became their guide,
But behold, no sooner landing
On this isle,[2] but this commanding

[1] By this Sphynx was understood Ignorance, who is always the enemy of Love and Beauty, and lies still in wait to entrap them. For which Antiquity has given her the upper parts and face of a woman: the nether parts of a lion, the wings of an eagle, to shew her fierceness, and swiftness to evil, where she hath power.

[2] The meaning of this is, that these ladies being the perfect issue of beauty, and all worldly grace, were carried by Love to celebrate the majesty and wisdom of the king, figured in the sun, and seated in these extreme parts of the world; where they were rudely received by Ignorance, on their first approach, to the hazard of their affection, it being her nature to hinder all noble actions; but that the Love which brought them thither, was no

Monster Sphynx, the enemy
Of all actions great, and high,
Knowing, that these rites were done
To the wisdom of the sun,
From a cliff surprised them all:
And, though I did humbly fall
At her lion's feet, and pray'd
As she had the face of maid,
That she would compassion take
Of these ladies, for whose sake
Love would give himself up; she
Swift to evil, as you see
By her wings, and hooked hands,
First did take my offer'd bands,
Then, to prison of the night
Did condemn those sisters bright,
There for ever to remain,
'Less they could the knot unstrain
Of a riddle, which she put
Darker, than where they are shut:
Or, from thence, their freedoms prove
With the utter loss of Love.
They unwilling to forego
One, who had deserved so
Of all beauty, in their names,
Were content to have their flames
Hid in lasting night, ere I
Should for them untimely die.
I, on t'other side as glad
That I such advantage had,
To assure them mine, engaged
Willingly myself, and waged
With the Monster, that if I
Did her riddle not untie,
I would freely give my life
To redeem them and the strife.

Sphynx. Have you said, sir? will you try,
Now, your known dexterity?
You presume upon your arts,
Of tying, and untying hearts;
And it makes you confident:
But, anon, you will repent.

Love. No, Sphynx, I do not presume;
But some little heart assume
From my judges here, that sit
As they would not lose Love yet.

Sphynx. You are pleasant, sir, 'tis good,

Love. Love does often change his mood.

Sphynx. I shall make you sad agen.

Love. I shall be the sorrier, then.

Sphynx. Come, sir, lend it your best ear.

Love. I begin t' have half a fear.

Sphynx. First, Cupid, you must cast about
To find a world the world without,
Wherein what's done, the eye doth do;
And is the light and treasure too.
This eye still moves, and still is fix'd,
And in the pow'rs thereof are mix'd
Two contraries; which time, till now,
Nor fate knew where to join, or how.
Yet, if you hit the right upon,
You must resolve these, all, by one.

Love. Sphynx, you are too quick of tongue:
Say't again, and take me along.

Sphynx. I say; you first must cast about
To find a world the world without.

Love. I say, that is already done,
And is the new world in the moon.

Sphynx. Cupid, you do cast too far;
This world is nearer by a star:
So much light I'll give you to't.

Love. Without a glass? well, I shall do't.
Your world's a lady, then: each creature
Human, is a world in feature,
Is it not?

Sphynx. Yes, but find out
A world you must, the world without.

Love. Why, if her servant be not here,
She doth a single world appear
Without her world.

Sphynx. Well you shall run!

Love. Nay, Sphynx, thus far is well begun.

Sphynx. Wherein what's done, the eye doth do,
And is the light and treasure too.

Love. That's clear as light; for wherein lies
A lady's power but in her eyes?
And not alone her grace and power,
But oftentimes, her wealth and dower.

Sphynx. I spake but of an eye, not eyes.

Love. A one-eyed mistress that unties.

Sphynx. This eye still moves, and still is fix'd.

Love. A rolling eye, that native there,
Yet throws her glances every where;
And being but single, fain would do
The offices, and arts of two.

Sphynx. And in the powers thereof are mix'd
Two contraries.

Love. That's smiles and tears,
Or fire and frost; for either bears
Resemblance apt.

Sphynx. Which time, till now,
Nor fate knew where to join, or how.—
How now, Cupid! at a stay?
Not another word, to say?
Do you find by this, how long
You have been at fault, and wrong?

Love. Sphynx, it is your pride to vex
Whom you deal with, and perplex
Things most easy: Ignorance
Thinks she doth herself advance;
If of problems clear, she make
Riddles, and the sense forsake,
Which came gentle from the Muses,
Till her uttering, it abuses.

Sphynx. Nay, your railing will not save you,
Cupid, I of right must have you.
Come my fruitful issue forth,
Dance, and shew a gladness, worth
Such a captive, as is Love,
And your mother's triumph prove.

Here the FOLLIES, *which were twelve* SHE-FOOLS, *enter and dance.*

Sphynx. Now, go take him up, and bear him
To the cliff,[1] where I will tear him
Piece-meal, and give each a part
Of his raw and bleeding heart.

Love. Ladies, have your looks no power
To help Love at such an hour?

willing to forsake them, no more than they were to abandon it; yet was it enough perplex'd, in that the monster Ignorance still covets to enwrap itself in dark and obscure terms and betray that way, whereas true Love affects to express itself with all clearness and simplicity.

[1] This shews, that Love's expositions are not always serious, till it be divinely instructed; and that sometimes it may be in the danger of ignorance and folly, who are the mother and issue: for no folly but is born of ignorance.

Will you lose him thus? Adieu!
Think, what will become of you.
Who shall praise you, who admire?
Who shall whisper by the fire
As you stand, soft tales? who bring you
Pretty news, in rhymes who sing you?
Who shall bathe him in the streams
Of your blood, and send you dreams
Of delight?

Sphynx. Away, go bear him
Hence, they shall no longer hear him.

Here the MUSES PRIESTS, *in number twelve, advance to his rescue, and sing this* SONG *to a measure.*

Gentle Love,[1] be not dismay'd.
See the Muses pure, and holy,
By their priests have sent thee aid
Against this brood of Folly.
It is true, that Sphynx their dame
Had the sense first from the Muses
Which in uttering she doth lame,
Perplexeth, and abuses.
But they bid that thou should'st look
In the brightest face here shining,
And the same, as would a book,
Shall help thee in divining.

Love. 'Tis done! 'tis done! I've found it out—
Britain's the world the world without.
The king's the eye, as we do call
The sun the eye of this great all.
And is the light and treasure too;
For 'tis his wisdom all doth do.
Which still is fixed in his breast,
Yet still doth move to guide the rest.
The contraries which time till now
Nor fate knew where to join, or how,
Are Majesty and Love; which there,
And no where else, have their true sphere.
Now, Sphynx, I've hit the right upon,
And do resolve these all by one:
That is, that you meant ALBION.

Priests. 'Tis true in him, and in no other,
Love, thou art clear absolved.
Vanish, Follies, with your mother,
The riddle is resolved.
Sphynx must fly, when Phœbus shines,
And to aid of Love inclines.
[Sphynx *retires with the* Follies.

Love. Appear then, you my brighter charge,
And to light yourselves enlarge,
To behold that glorious star,
For whose love you came so far,
While the monster with her elves,
Do precipitate themselves.

Here the GRACES *enter, and sing this* SONG, *crowning Cupid.*

A Crown, a crown for Love's bright head,
Without whose happy wit
All form and beauty had been dead,
And we had died with it.
For what are all the graces
Without good forms, and faces?
Then, Love, receive the due reward
Those Graces have prepar'd.
Cho. And may no hand, no tongue, no eye
Thy merit, or their thanks envy.

CHORUS *and* GRACES.

Cho. What gentle forms are these that move,
To honour Love?
Gra. They are the bright and golden lights
That grace his nights.
Cho. And shot from beauty's eyes,
They look like fair Aurora's streams.
Gra. They are her fairer daughter's beams,
Who now doth rise.
Cho. Then night is lost, or fled away;
For where such beauty shines, is ever day.

The Masque Dance followed.

Which done, one of the Priests alone sung.

1 *Priest.* O what a fault, nay, what a sin
In fate, or fortune had it been,
So much beauty to have lost!
Could the world with all her cost
Have redeem'd it?
Cho. No, no, no.
Priest. How so?
Cho. It would nature quite undo,
For losing these, you lost her too.

The Measures and Revels follow.

2 *Priest.* How near to good is what is fair!
Which we no sooner see,
But with the lines, and outward air
Our senses taken be.
We wish to see it still, and prove,
What ways we may deserve;
We court, we praise, we more than love:
We are not griev'd to serve.

The last Masque-Dance.

And after it, this full

SONG.

What just excuse had aged Time,
His weary limbs now to have eased,
And sate him down without his crime,
While every thought was so much pleased!
But he so greedy to devour
His own, and all that he brings forth,
Is eating every piece of hour
Some object of the rarest worth.
Yet this is rescued from his rage,
As not to die by time, or age:
For beauty hath a living name,
And will to heaven, from whence it came.

Grand Chorus at going out.

Now, now, gentle Love is free, and beauty blest
With the sight it so much long'd to see.
Let us the Muses priests, and Graces go to rest,
For in them our happy labours be.
Then, then, * * * music sound, and teach our feet,
How to move in time, and measure meet:
Thus should the Muses priests, and Graces go to rest
Bowing to the sun, throned in the west.

[1] Here is understood the power of Wisdom in the Muses ministers; by which name all that have the spirit of prophecy, are styled, and such they are that need to encounter Ignorance and Folly: and are ever ready to assist Love in any action of honour and virtue, and inspire him with their own soul.

LOVE RESTORED,

IN A MASQUE AT COURT,

BY GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S SERVANTS.

The King and Court being seated, and in expectation,

Enter MASQUERADO

I would I could make them a show myself! In troth, ladies, I pity you all. You are in expectation of a device to-night, and I am afraid you can do little else but expect it. Though I dare not shew my face, I can speak truth under a vizard. Good faith, an't please your majesty, your Masquers are all at a stand; I cannot think your majesty will see any show to-night, at least worth your patience. Some two hours since, we were in that forwardness, our dances learned, our masquing attire on and attired. A pretty fine speech was taken up of the poet too, which if he never be paid for now, it's no matter: his wit costs him nothing. Unless we should come in like a morrice-dance, and whistle our ballad ourselves, I know not what we should do: we have neither musician to play our tunes, but the wild music here; and the rogue play-boy, that acts Cupid, is got so hoarse, your majesty cannot hear him half the breadth of your chair.

Enter PLUTUS, *as* CUPID.

See, they have thrust him out, at adventure. We humbly beseech your majesty to bear with us. We had both hope and purpose it should have been better, howsoever we are lost in it.

Plu. What makes this light, feather'd vanity here? away, impertinent folly! Infect not this assembly.

Masq. How, boy!

Plu. Thou common corruption of all manners and places that admit thee.

Masq. Have you recovered your voice to rail at me?

Plu. No, vizarded impudence. I am neither player nor masquer: but the god himself, whose deity is here profaned by thee. Thou, and thy like, think yourselves authorized in this place to all license of surquedry. But you shall find custom hath not so grafted you here, but you may be rent up, and thrown out as unprofitable evils. I tell thee, I will have no more masquing; I will not buy a false and fleeting delight so dear: the merry madness of one hour shall not cost me the repentance of an age.

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Rob. How! no masque, no masque? I pray you say, are you sure on't? no masque, indeed! What do I here then? can you tell?

Masq. No, faith.

Rob. Slight, I'll be gone again, an there be no masque; there's a jest. Pray you resolve me. Is there any? or no? a masque?

Plu. Who are you?

Rob. Nay. I'll tell you that when I can. Does any body know themselves here, think you? I would fain know if there be a masque or no.

Plu. There is none, nor shall be, sir; does that satisfy you?

Rob. Slight, a fine trick! a piece of England's Joy, this! Are these your court sports? would I had kept me to my gambols o' the country still, selling of fish, short service, shoeing the wild mare, or roasting of robin-redbreast. These were better, than, after all this time, no masque: you look at me. I have recovered myself now for you, I am the honest plain country spirit, and harmless; Robin Goodfellow, he that sweeps the hearth and the house clean, riddles for the country maids, and does all their other drudgery, while they are at hot-cockles: one that has discoursed with your court spirits ere now; but was fain to-night to run a thousand hazards to arrive at this place: never poor goblin was so put to his shifts to get in to see nothing. So many thorny difficulties as I have past, deserved the best masque; the whole shop of the revels. I would you would admit some of my feats, but I have little hope of that, i'faith, you let me in so hardly.

Plu. Sir, here's no place for them nor you. Your rude good-fellowship must seek some other sphere for your admitty.

Rob. Nay, so your stiff-necked porter told me at the gate, but not in so good words. His staff spoke somewhat to that boisterous sense: I am sure he concluded all in a non-entry, which made me e'en climb over the wall, and in by the wood-yard, so to the terrace, where when I came, I found the oaks of the guard more unmoved, and one of them, upon whose arm I hung, shoved me off o' the ladder, and dropt me down like an acorn. 'Twas well there was not a sow in the verge, I had been eaten up else. Then I heard some talk of the carpenters' way, and I attempted that; but there the wooden rogues let a huge trap-door fall on my head. If I had not been a spirit, I had been mazarded. Though I confess I am none of those subtle ones, that can creep through at a key-hole, or the cracked pane of a window. I must come in at a door, which made me once think of a trunk; but that I would not imitate so catholic a

coxcomb as Coryat. Therefore I took another course. I watched what kind of persons the door most opened to, and one of their shapes I would belie to get in with. First I came with authority, and said, I was an engineer, and belonged to the motions. They asked me if I were the fighting bear of last year, and laughed me out of that, and said the motions were ceased. Then I took another figure, of an old tire-woman; but tired under that too, for none of the masquers would take note of me, the mark was out of my mouth. Then I pretended to be a musician, marry I could not shew mine instrument, and that bred a discord. Now there was nothing left for me that I could presently think on, but a feather-maker of Blackfriars, and in that shape I told them, Surely I must come in, let it be opened unto me; but they all made as light of me, as of my feathers; and wondered how I could be a Puritan, being of so vain a vocation. I answered, We are all masquers sometimes: with which they knock'd Hypocrisy o' the pate, and made room for a bombard man, that brought bouge for a country lady or two, that fainted, he said, with fasting for the fine sight since seven o'clock in the morning. O how it grieved me, that I was prevented of that shape, and had not touched on it in time, it liked me so well; but I thought I would offer at it yet. Marry, before I could procure my properties, alarum came that some of the whimlens had too much; and one shew'd how fruitfully they had watered his head, as he stood under the grices; and another came out, complaining of a cataract shot into his eyes by a planet, as he was star-gazing. There was that device defeated! By this time I saw a fine citizen's wife or two let in: and that figure provoked me exceedingly to take it; which I had no sooner done, but one of the black-guard had his hand in my vestry, and was groping of me as nimbly as the Christmas cut-purse. He thought he might be bold with me, because I had not a husband in sight to squeak to. I was glad to forego my form, to be rid of his hot steeming affection, it so smelt of the boiling house. Forty other devices I had of wiremen and the chandrie, and I know not what else: but all succeeded alike. I offered money too, but that could not be done so privately, as it durst be taken, for the danger of an example. At last a troop of strangers came to the door, with whom I made myself sure to enter: but before I could mix, they were all let in, and I left alone without, for want of an interpreter. Which, when I was fain to be to myself, a Colossus [of] the company told me, I had English enough to carry me to bed; with which all the other statues of flesh laughed. Never till then did I know the want of an hook and a piece of beef, to have baited three or four of those goodly wide mouths with. In this despair, when all invention and translation too failed me, I e'en went back, and stuck to this shape you see me in of mine own, with my broom and my candles, and came on confidently, giving out, I was a part of the Device; at which, though they had little to do with wit, yet, because some on't might be used here to-night, contrary to their knowledge, they thought it fit, way should be made for me; and as it falls out, to small purpose.

Plu. Just as much as you are fit for. Away, idle spirit; and thou the idle cause of his adventuring hither, vanish with him. 'Tis thou, that art not only the sower of vanities in these high places, but the call of all other light follies to fall, and feed on them. I will endure thy prodigality nor riots no more; they are the ruin of states. Nor shall the tyranny of these nights hereafter impose a necessity upon me of entertaining thee. Let them embrace more frugal pastimes. Why should not the thrifty and right worshipful game of Post and Pair content them; or the witty invention of Noddy, for counters; or God make them rich, at the tables? but masquing and revelling! Were not these ladies and their gentlewomen more housewifely employed, a dozen of them to a light, or twenty (the more the merrier) to save charges, in their chambers at home, and their old night-gowns, at draw-gloves, riddles, dreams, and other pretty purposes, rather than to wake here, in their flaunting wires and tires, laced gowns, embroidered petticoats, and other taken up braveries? Away, I will no more of these superfluous excesses. They are these make me hear so ill, both in town and country, as I do; which if they continue, I shall be the first shall leave them.

Masq. Either I am very stupid, or this is a reformed Cupid.

Rob. How! does any take this for Cupid? the Love in court?

Masq. Yes, is't not he?

Rob. Nay, then we spirits, I see, are subtler yet, and somewhat better discoverers. No; it is not he, nor his brother Anti-cupid, the love of virtue, though he pretend to it with his phrase and face: 'tis that impostor Plutus, the god of money, who has stolen Love's ensigns; and in his belied figure rules the world, making friendships, contracts, marriages, and almost religion; begetting, breeding, and holding the nearest respects of mankind: and usurping all those offices in this age of gold, which Love himself performed in the golden age. 'Tis he that pretends to tie kingdoms, maintain commerce, dispose of honours, make all places and dignities arbitrary from him, even to the very country, where Love's name cannot be razed out, he has yet gained there upon him by a proverb, *Not for Love or Money.* There Love lives confined, by his tyranny, to a cold region, wrapt up in furs like a Muscovite, and almost frozen to death: while he, in his inforced shape, and with his ravished arms, walks as if he were to set bounds and give laws to destiny. 'Tis you, mortals, that are fools; and worthy to be such, that worship him: for if you had wisdom, he had no godhead. He should stink in the grave with those wretches, whose slave he was; contemn him, and he is one. Come, follow me. I'll bring you where you shall find Love, and by the virtue of this majesty, who projecteth so powerful beams of light and heat through this hemisphere, thaw his icy fetters, and scatter the darkness that obscures him. Then, in despight of this insolent and barbarous Mammon, your sports may proceed, and the solemnities of the night be complete, without depending on so earthly an idol.

Plu. Ay, do; attempt it: 'tis like to find most necessary and fortunate event, whatsoever is enterprised without my aids. Alas, how bitterly the spirit of poverty spouts itself against my weal and felicity! but I feel it not. I cherish and make much of myself, flow forth in ease and delicacy while that murmurs and starves.

Enter CUPID *in his chariot, guarded with the Masquers, in number ten.*

SONG.

O, how came Love, that is himself a fire,
To be so cold?
Yes, tyrant Money quencheth all desire,
Or makes it old.
But here are beauties will revive
Love's youth, and keep his heat alive:
As often as his torch here dies,
He need but light it at fresh eyes.
Joy, joy, the more: for in all courts,
If Love be cold, so are his sports.

Cup. I have my spirits again, and feel my limbs.
Away with this cold clould, that dims
My light! lie there, my furs and charms,
Love feels a heat, that inward warms,
And guards him naked, in these places,
As at his birth, or 'mongst the Graces.
Impostor Mammon, come, resign
This bow and quiver; they are mine.
Thou hast too long usurp'd my rites,
I now am lord of mine own nights.
Be gone, whilst yet I give thee leave.
When thus the world thou wilt deceive,
Thou canst in youth and beauty shine,
Belie a godhead's form divine,
Scatter thy gifts, and fly to those
Where thine own honour may dispose;
But when to good men thou art sent,
By Jove's direct commandment,
Thou then art aged, lame, and blind,
And canst nor path nor persons find.
Go, honest spirit, chase him hence,
To his caves; and there let him dispense
For murders, treasons, rapes, his bribes
Unto the discontented tribes;
Where let his heaps grow daily less,
And he and they still want success.
The majesty that here doth move,
Shall triumph, more secured by Love,
Than all his earth; and never crave
His aids, but force him as a slave.
To those bright beams I owe my life,
And I will pay it in the strife
Of duty back. See, here are ten,
The spirits of courts, and flower of men,
Led on by me, with flam'd intents,
To figure the ten ornaments,
That do each courtly presence grace.
Nor will they rudely strive for place,
One to precede the other; but
As music them in form shall put,
So will they keep their measures true,
And make still their proportions new,
Till all become one harmony,
Of honour, and of courtesy,
True valour and urbanity,
Of confidence, alacrity,
Of promptness, and of industry,
Hability, reality.
Nor shall those graces ever quit your court,
Or I be wanting to supply their sport.

HERE THE FIRST DANCE.

SONG.

This motion was of Love begot,
It was so airy, light, and good,
His wings into their feet he shot,
Or else himself into their blood.
But ask not how: the end will prove,
That Love's in them, or they're in Love

SECOND DANCE.

SONG.

Have men beheld the Graces dance,
Or seen the upper orbs to move?
So these did turn, return, advance,
Drawn back by Doubt, put on by Love.
And now like earth, themselves they fix,
Till greater pow'rs vouchsafe to mix
Their motions with them. Do not fear
You brighter planets of the sphere:
Not one male heart you see,
But rather to his female eyes
Would die a destin'd sacrifice,
Than live at home, and free.

THIRD DANCE.

SONG.

Give end unto thy pastimes, Love,
Before they labours prove:
A little rest between,
Will make thy next shows better seen.
Now let them close their eyes, and see
If they can dream of thee,
Since morning hastes to come in view;
And all the morning dreams are true.

A CHALLENGE AT TILT,

AT A MARRIAGE.

THE DAY AFTER THE MARRIAGE.

The Court being in expectation, as before.

Enter Two CUPIDS, *striving.*

1 *Cup.* It is my right, and I will have it.

2 *Cup.* By what law or necessity? Pray you come back.

1 *Cup.* I serve the man, and the nobler creature.

2 *Cup.* But I the woman, and the purer; and therefore the worthier. Because you are a handful above me, do you think to get a foot afore me, sir? No, I appeal to you, ladies.

1 *Cup.* You are too rude, boy, in this presence.

2 *Cup.* That cannot put modesty in me, to make me come behind you though; I will stand for mine inches with you, as peremptory as an ambassador: ladies, your sovereignties are concerned in me; I am the wife's page.

1 *Cup.* And I the husband's.

2 *Cup.* How!

1 *Cup.* Ha!

2 *Cup.* One of us must break the wonder; and therefore I that have best cause to be assured of mine own truth, demand of thee, by what magic thou wear'st my ensigns? or hast put on my person?

1 *Cup.* Beware, young ladies, of this impostor; and mothers, look to your daughters and nieces: a false Cupid is abroad: it is I that am the true, who to do these glad solemnities their proper rites, have been contented, not to put off, but to conceal my deity, and in this habit of a servant do attend him who was yesterday the happy Bridegroom, in the compliment of his nuptials, to make all his endeavours and actions more gracious and lovely.

2 *Cup.* He tells my tale, he tells my tale; and pretends to my act. It was I that did this for the Bride: I am the true Love, and both this figure and those arms are usurped by most unlawful power: can you not perceive it? do not I look liker a Cupid than he? am I not more a child? ladies, have none of you a picture of me in your bosom? is the resemblance of Love banished your breasts? Sure they are these garments that estrange me to you! if I were naked, you would know me better: no relick of love left in an old bosom here! what should I do?

1 *Cup.* My little shadow is turned furious.

2 *Cup.* What can I turn other than a fury itself, to see thy impudence? If I be a shadow, what is substance? was it not I that yesternight waited on the bride into the nuptial chamber, and, against the bridegroom came, made her the throne of love? had I not lighted my torches in her eyes, planted my mother's roses in her cheeks; were not her eye-brows bent to the fashion of my bow, and her looks ready to be loosed thence, like my shafts? had I not ripened kisses on her lips, fit for a Mercury to gather, and made her language sweeter than his upon her tongue? was not the girdle about her, he was to untie, my mother's, wherein all the joys and delights of love were woven?

1 *Cup.* And did not I bring on the blushing bridegroom to taste those joys? and made him think all stay a torment? did I not shoot myself into him like a flame, and made his desires and his graces equal? were not his looks of power to have kept the night alive in contention with day, and made the morning never wished for? Was there a curl in his hair, that I did not sport in, or a ring of it crisped, that might not have become Juno's fingers? his very undressing was it not Love's arming? did not all his kisses charge? and every touch attempt? but his words, were they not feathered from my wings, and flew in singing at her ears, like arrows tipt with gold?

2 *Cup.* Hers, hers did so into his: and all his virtue was borrowed from my powers in her, as thy form is from me. But, that this royal and honoured assembly be no longer troubled with our contention, behold, I challenge thee of falshood; and will bring, upon the first day of the new year, into the lists, before this palace, ten knights armed, who shall undertake against all assertion, that I am a child of Mars and Venus: and, in the honour of that lady (whom it is my ambition to serve) that that love is the most true and perfect that still waiteth on the woman, and is the servant of that sex.

1 *Cup.* But what gage gives my confident counterfeit of this?

2 *Cup.* My bow and quiver, or what else I can make.

1 *Cup.* I take only them; and in exchange give mine, to answer, and punish this thy rashness, at thy time assigned, by a just number of knights, who, by their virtue, shall maintain me to be the right Cupid; and true issue of valour and beauty: and that no love can come near either truth or perfection, but what is manly, and derives his proper dignity from thence.

2 *Cup.* It is agreed.

1 *Cup.* In the mean time, ladies, suspend your censures which is the right: and to entertain your thoughts till the day, may the court hourly present you with delicate and fresh objects, to beget on you pretty and pleasing fancies! may you feed on pure meats, easy of concoction, and drink that will quickly turn into blood, to make your dreams the clearer, and your imaginations the finer!

So they departed.

On New-year's-day, he that before is numbered the second CUPID, *came now the first, with his ten Knights, attired in the Bride's colours, and lighting from his chariot, spake:*

1 *Cup.* Now, ladies, to glad your aspects once again with the sight of Love, and make a spring smile in your faces, which must have looked like winter without me; behold me, not like a servant now, but a champion, and in my true figure, as I used to reign and revel in your faces, tickling your soft ears with my feathers, and laying little straws about your hearts, to kindle bonfires shall flame

out at your eyes; playing in your bloods like fishes in a stream, or diving like the boys in the bath, and then rising on end like a monarch, and treading humour like water, bending those stiff pickardils of yours under this yoke my bow; or, if they would not bend, whipping your rebellious vardingales with my bow-string, and made them run up into your waists (they have lain so flat) for fear of my indignation. What! is Cupid of no name with you? have I lost all reputation, or what is less, opinion, by once putting off my deity? Because I was a page at this solemnity, and would modestly serve one, for the honour of you all, am I therefore dishonoured by all? and lost in my value so, that every juggler that can purchase him a pair of wings and a quiver, is committed with me in balance, and contends with me for sovereignty? Well, I will chastise you, ladies; believe it, you shall feel my displeasure for this; and I will be mighty in it. Think not to have those accesses to me you were wont; you shall wait four of those galleries off, and six chambers for me; ten doors locked between you and me hereafter, and I will allow none of you a key: when I come abroad, you shall petition me, and I will not hear you; kneel, and I will not regard you; I will pass by like a man of business, and not see you, and I will have no Master of Requests for you. There shall not the greatest pretender to a state-face living put on a more supercilious look, than I will do upon you. Trust me—ha! what's this?

Enter 2 CUPID, *with his company of ten Knights.*

2 *Cup.* O, are you here, sir! you have got the start of me now, by being challenger, and so the precedency, you think. I see you are resolved to try your title by arms then; you will stand to be the right Cupid still? how now! what ails you that you answer not? are you turned a statue upon my appearance? or did you hope I would not appear, and that hope has deceived you?

1 *Cup.* Art thou still so impudent to belie my figure? that in what shape soever I present myself, thou wilt seem to be the same; not so much as my chariot, but resembled by thee? and both the doves and swans I have borrowed of my mother to draw it? the very number of my champions emulated, and almost their habits! what insolence is this?

2 *Cup.* Good little one, quarrel not; you have now put yourself upon others valour, not your own, and you must know you can bring no person hither to strengthen your side, but we can produce an equal. Be it Persuasion you have got there, the peculiar enchantress of your sex; behold we have Mercury here to charm against her, who gives all lovers their true and masculine eloquence; or are they the Graces you presume on, your known clients, Spring, Beauty, and Cheerfulness? here are Youth, Audacity, and Favour, to encounter them, three more manly perfections, and much more powerful in working for Love: child, you are all the ways of winning too weak, there is no thinking, either with your honour or discretion kept safe, to continue on a strife, wherein you are already vanquished; yield, be penitent early, and confess it.

1 *Cup.* I will break my bow and quiver into dust first (restore me mine own arms) or be torn in pieces with Harpies, marry one of the Furies, turn into Chaos again, and dissolve the harmony of nature.

2 *Cup.* O, most stiffly spoken, and fit for the sex you stand for! Well, give the sign then: let the trumpets sound, and upon the valour and fortune of your champions put the right of your cause.

1 *Cup.* 'Tis done.

Here the TILTING *took place.*

After which,

2 *Cup.* Now, sir, you have got mightily by this contention, and advanced your cause to a most high degree of estimation with these spectators! have you not?

1 *Cup.* Why, what have you done, or won?

2 *Cup.* It is enough for me who was called out to this trial, that I have not lost, or that my side is not vanquished.

Enter HYMEN.

Hy. Come, you must yield both; this is neither contention for you, nor time fit to contend: there is another kind of tilting would become Love better than this; to meet lips for lances; and crack kisses instead of staves: which there is no beauty here, I presume, so young, but can fancy, nor so tender, but would venture. Here is the palm for which you must strive: which of you wins this bough, is the right and best Cupid; and whilst you are striving, let Hymen, the president of these solemnities, tell you something of your own story, and what yet you know not of yourselves. You are both true Cupids, and both the sons of Venus by Mars, but this the first born, and was called Eros; who upon his birth proved a child of excellent beauty, and right worthy his mother; but after his growth not answering his form, not only Venus, but the Graces, who nursed him, became extremely solicitous for him; and were impelled, out of their grief and care, to consult the oracle about him. Themis (for Apollo was not yet of years) gave answer, there wanted nothing to his perfection, but that they had not enough considered, or looked into the nature of the infant, which indeed was desirous of a companion only; for though Love, and the true, might be born of Venus single and alone, yet he could not thrive and encrease alone. Therefore if she affected his growth, Venus must bring forth a brother to him, and name him Anteros; that with reciprocal affection, might pay the exchange of Love. This made that thou wert born her second birth. Since when, your natures are, that either of you, looking upon other, thrive, and by your mutual respects and interchange of ardor, flourish and prosper; whereas, if the one be deficient or wanting to the other, it fares worse with both. This is the Love that Hymen requires, without which no marriage is happy: when the contention is not, who is the true Love, but, being both true, who loves most; cleaving the bough between you, and dividing the palm. This is a strife wherein you both win, and begets a concord worthy all married minds' emulation, when the lover transforms himself into the person of his beloved, as you two do now; by whose example, let your knights (all honourable friends and servants of Love) affect the like peace, and depart the lists equal in their friendships for ever, as to-day they have been in their fortunes. And may this royal court never know more difference in humours; or these well-graced nuptials more discord in affections, than what they presently feel, and may ever avoid!

1. 2 *Cup.* To this Love says, Amen.

THE IRISH MASQUE,

AT COURT,

BY GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S SERVANTS.

The King being set in expectation, out ran a fellow attired like a citizen: after him, three or four footmen, DENNISE, DONNELL, DERMOCK, *and* PATRICK.

Pat. For chreeshes sayk, phair ish te king? phich ish he, ant be? show me te shweet faish, quickly. By got, o' my conshence, tish ish he! ant tou be king Yamish, me name is Dennish, I sherve ti majesties owne cashtermonger, be me trote; and cry peepsh, and pomwatersh in ti mayesties shervice, 'tis five year now. Ant tou vilt not trush me now, call up ti clarke o' ti kitchen, be ant be, shall give hish wort, upon hish book, ish true.

Don. Ish it te fashion, to beate te imbasheters, here, and knocke 'hem o'te heads phit te phoit stick?

Der. Ant make ter meshage run out a ter mouthsh, before tey shpeake vit te king?

Den. Peash Dermock, here ish te king.

Der. Phair ish te king?

Don. Phich ish te king?

Den. Tat ish te king.

Der. Ish tat te king? Got blesh him!

Den. Peash, and take heet, vat tou shaysht, man.

Der. Creesh blesh him, I shay. Phat reason I tayk heet, for tat?

Don. Creesh blesh ti shweet faish, king Yamish; and my mistresh faish too: pre te, hear me now. I am come a great vay of miles to she te now, by my fayt and trote, and graish o' got.

Den. Phat ish te meaning o' tish, Donnell? didsh tou not shay, a gotsh name, I should tell ty tale for tee? ant entrayt me come to te court, and leave me vare at shiede, and seven? by got, ish true now.

Don. Yesh. But I thanke got I can tell my tayle my shelfe, now I be here, I warrant tee: pre de hear me, king Yamish.

Den. Pree dee heare me, king Yamish: I can tell tee better ten he.

Pat. Pree dee heare neder noder on 'hem: here'sh Dermock will shpeake better ten eder oder on 'hem.

Der. No fayt, shweet hart, tow lyesht. Patrick here ish te vesht man of hish tongue, of all de foure; pre tee now heare him.

Pat. By chreesh shave me, tow lyesht. I have te vorsht tongue in de company at thy shervish. Vill shome body shpeak?

Don. By my fayt, I vill not.

Der. By my goship's hand, I vill not.

Pat. Speake Dennish ten.

Den. If I speake, te divell tayke me. I vill give tee leave to cram my mouth phit shamrokes and butter, and vater creeshes instead of pearsh and peepsh.

Pat. If no body will shpeake, I vill shpeake. Pleash ty shweet faish, we come from Ireland.

Der. We be Irish men, an't pleash tee.

Don. Ty good shubshects of Ireland, and pleash ty mayesty.

Den. Of Connough, Leymster, Ulster, Munster. I mine one shelfe vash born in the English payle, and pleash ty mayesty.

Pat. Sacrament o' chreesh, tell ty tale ty shelfe, and be all tree.

Den. And pleash ty graish I vill tell tee, tere vash a great newesh in Ireland of a great brideal of one o' ty lords here ant be.

Pat. Ty man Robyne, tey shay.

Don. Mary ty man Toumaish, his daughter, tey shay.

Der. Ay, ty good man, Toumaish o' Shuffolke.

Don. He knoke ush o'te payt here, ash we come by, by a good token.

Der. I' fayt, tere ish very much phoyt stick here stirring to-njght. He takes ush for no shquires I tinke.

Pat. No, he tinksh not ve be imbasheters.

Don. No fayt, I tinke sho too. But tish marriage bring over a doshen of our besht mayshters, to be merry perht tee shweet faish, an't be; and daunsh a fading at te vedding.

Den. But tey vere leeke to daunsh naked, and pleash ty mayesty; for tey villanous vild Irish sheas have casht away all ter fine cloysh, as many ash cosht a towsand cowes, and garraves, I warrant tee.

Der. And te prishe of a cashtell or two upon teyr backs.

Don. And tey tell ty mayesty, tey have ner a great fish now, nor a shea moynsbter to shave teyr cloyth alive now.

Pat. Nor a devoish vit a clowd to fesh 'hem out o' te bottom o' te vayter.

Der. But tey musht eene come and daunsh in teyr mantles now; and show tee how teye can foot te fading and te fadow, and te phip a' Dunboyne, I trow.

Don. I pre dee now, let not ty sweet faysh ladies make a mock on 'hem and scorn to daunsht vit 'hem now, becash tey be poor.

Pat. Tey drink no bonny clabbe, i' fayt, now.

Don. It ish better ten usquebagh to daunsh vit, Patrick.

Pat. By my fater's hand, tey vill daunsh very vell.

Der. Ay, by St. Patrick vill tey; for tey be nimble men.

Den. And vill leap ash light, be creesh save me, ash he tat veares te biggest fether in ty court, king Yamish.

Der. For all tey have no good vindsh to blow tem heter, nor elementsh to preserve 'hem.

Don. Nor all te four cornersh o' te world. to creep out on.

Pat. But tine own kingdomes.

Don. Tey be honesht men.

Pat. And goot men: tine own shubshects.

Der. Tou hast very good shubshects in Ireland.

Den. A great goot many, o' great goot shubshects.

Don. Tat love ty mayesty heartily.

Den. And vill run t'rough fire and vater for tee, over te bog and te bannoke, be te graish o' got, and graish o' king.

Der. By got, tey vill fight for tee, king Yamish, and for my mistresh tere.

Den. And my little maishter.

Pat. And te vfrow, ty daughter, tat is in Tuchland.

Don. Tey vill spend ter heart in ter belly for tee, as vell as ter legs in ter heelsh.

Der. By creesh, tey vill shpend all teyr cowesh for tee.

Den. Pre tee make mush on t'em.

Pat. Pre tee, sweet faysh, do.

Don. Be not angry vit te honesh men, for te few rebelsh, and knavesh.

Pat. Nor beleeve no tayles, king Yamish.

Der. For, by got, tey love tee in Ireland.

Don. Predee, bid 'em welcome, and got make tm rish for tee.

Der. Tey vill make tem shelves honesht.

Den. Tou hasht not a hundret tousand sush men, by my trote.

Pat. No, nor forty, by my hant.

Don. By justish Delounes hant, not twenty.

Der. By my lord Deputish hant, not ten, in all ti great Brittayne. Shall I call hem to tee?

Don. Tey shit like poore men i' te porsh yonder.

Pat. Shtay, tee peepe ish come! [*Bagpipe, &c., enter,*] harke, harke!

Der. Let ush daunsh ten. Daunsh, Dennish.

Den. By creesh sa'me, I ha' forgot.

Don. A little till our mayshtersh be ready.

Here the Footmen had a DANCE, *being six men, and six boys, to the bagpipe, and other rude music; after which they had a* SONG, *and then they cried,*

Peash! Peash! Now room for our mayshters! Room for our mayshters!

Then the GENTLEMEN *dance forth a dance in their Irish mantles, to a solemn music of harps: which done, the Footmen fall to speak again.*

Der. How like tou tish, Yamish? and tey had fine cloyshs now, and liveries, like tine own men ant be!

Don. But te rugs make t'em shrug a little.

Der. Tey have shit a great phoyle i' te cold, ant be.

Don. Isht not pity te cloysh be drown'd now?

Pat. Pre tee shee another daunsh, and be not veary.

Here they were interrupted by a civil GENTLEMAN *of the nation, who brought in a* BARD.

Gent. He may be of your rudeness. Hold your tongues,
And let your coarser manners seek some place,
Fit for their wildness: this is none; be gone!
Advance, immortal Bard, come up and view
The gladding face of that great king, in whom
So many prophecies of thine are knit.
This is that James of which long since thou sung'st,
Should end our countries most unnatural broils:
And if her ear, then deafen'd with the drum,
Would stoop but to the music of his peace,
She need not with the spheres change harmony.
This is the man thou promis'dst should redeem,
If she would love his counsels as his laws,
Her head from servitude, her feet from fall,
Her fame from barbarism, her state from want,
And in her all the fruits of blessings plant.
Sing then some charm, made from his present looks,
That may assure thy former prophecies,
And firm the hopes of these obedient spirits,
Whose love no less than duty hath call'd forth
Their willing powers: who if they had much more,
Would do their all, and think they could not move
Enough to honour that, which he doth love.

Here the Bard sings to two harps.

SONG.

Bow both your heads at once, and hearts;
Obedience doth not well in parts.
It is but standing in his eye,
You'll feel yourselves chang'd by and by
Few live, that know, how quick a spring
Works in the presence of a king:
'Tis done by this; your slough let fall,
And come forth new-born creatures all.

During this Song, the Masquers let fall their mantles, and discover their masquing apparel. Then they dance forth.

After the dance the Bard sings this

SONG.

So breaks the sun earth's rugged chains,
Wherein rude winter bound her veins;
So grows both stream and source of price,
That lately fetter'd were with ice.
So naked trees get crisped heads,
And colour'd coats the roughest meads,
And all get vigour, youth, and spright,
That are but look'd on by his light.

THUS IT ENDED.

MERCURY
VINDICATED FROM THE ALCHEMISTS,
AT COURT,
BY GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S SERVANTS.

Loud music. After which the Scene is discovered; being a Laboratory or Alchemist's work-house: VULCAN *looking to the registers, while a* CYCLOPE, *tending the fire, to the cornets began to sing.*

Cyc. Soft, subtile fire, thou soul of art,
Now do thy part
On weaker nature, that through age is lamed.
Take but thy time, now she is old,
And the sun her friend grown cold,
She will no more in strife with thee be named.

Look, but how few confess her now,
In cheek or brow!
From every head, almost, how she is frighted!
The very age abhors her so,
That it learns to speak and go,
As if by art alone it could be righted.

The Song ended, MERCURY *appeared, thrusting out his head, and afterward his body, at the tunnel of the middle furnace: which* VULCAN *espying, cried out to the* CYCLOPS.

Vul. Stay, see! our Mercury is coming forth; art and all the elements assist! Call forth our philosophers. He will be gone, He will evaporate. Dear Mercury! help. He flies. He is scaped. Precious golden Mercury, be fixt: be not so volatile! Will none of the sons of art appear?

In which time MERCURY *having run once or twice about the room, takes breath, and speaks.*

Mer. Now the place and goodness of it protect me. One tender-hearted creature or other, save Mercury, and free him. Ne'er an old gentlewoman in the house, that has a wrinkle about her to hide me in? I could run into a serving-woman's pocket now; her glove, any little hole. Some merciful verdingale among so many, be bounteous, and undertake me: I will stand close up, any where, to escape this polt-footed philosopher, old Smug here of Lemnos, and his smoaky family. Has he given me time to breathe! O the variety of torment that I have endured in the reign of the Cyclops, beyond the most exquisite wit of tyrants! The whole household of them are become Alchemists, since their trade of armour-making failed them, only to keep themselves in fire, for this winter; for the mischief a secret that they know, above the consuming of coals, and drawing of usquebagh! howsoever they may pretend, under the specious names of Geber, Arnold, Lully, Bombast of Hohenhein, to commit miracles in art, and treason against nature. And, as if the title of philosopher, that creature of glory, were to be fetched out of a furnace, abuse the curious and credulous nation of metal-men through the world, and make Mercury their instrument. I am their crude, and their sublimate; their precipitate, and their unctuous; their male and their female; sometimes their hermaphrodite: what they list to style me. It is I, that am corroded, and exalted, and sublimed, and reduced, and fetch'd over, and filtered, and wash'd, and wiped; what between their salts and their sulphurs, their oils and their tartars, their brines and their vinegars, you might take me out now a soused Mercury, now a salted Mercury, now a smoaked and dried Mercury, now a powdered and pickled Mercury: never herring, oyster, or cucumber past so many vexations. My whole life with them hath been an exercise of torture: one, two, three, four, and five times an hour have they made me dance the philosophical circle, like an ape through a hoop, or a dog in a wheel. I am their turnspit indeed: they eat and smell no roast-meat but in my name. I am their bill of credit still, that passes for their victuals and house-room. It is through me, they have got this corner of the Court to cozen in, where they shark for a hungry diet below stairs, and cheat upon your under-officers, promising mountains for their meat, and all upon Mercury's security. A poor page of the larder, they have made obstinately believe, he shall be physician for the household next summer; they will give him a quantity of the quintessence, shall serve him to cure kibes or the mormal o' the shin, take away the pustules in the nose, and Mercury is engaged for it. A child of the scullery steals all their coals for them too, and he is bid sleep secure, he shall find a corner of the philosopher's stone for't under his bolster, one day, and have the proverb inverted. Against which, one day I am to deliver the buttery in, so many firkins of *aurum potabile*, as it delivers out bombards of bouge to them, between this and that. For the pantry, they are at a certainty with me, and keep a tally, an ingot, a loaf, or a wedge of some five pounds weight, which is nothing of nothing, a trifle. And so the black-guards are pleased with any lease of life, (for some 999,) especially those of the boiling-house.

they are to have Medea's kettle hung up, that they may souse into it when they will, and come out renewed like so many stript snakes at their pleasure. But these are petty engagements, and, as I said, below the stairs; marry above here, perpetuity of beauty, (do you hear, ladies?) health, riches, honour; a matter of immortality is nothing. They will calcine you a grave matron, as it might be a mother o' the maids, and spring up a young virgin, out of her ashes, as fresh as a Phœnix: lay you an old courtier on the coals like a sausage, or a bloat herring, and after they have broiled him enough, blow a soul into him with a pair of bellows, till he start up into his galliard, that was made when Monsieur was here. They profess familiarly to melt down all the old sinners of the suburbs once in a half-year, into fresh gamesters again; get all the crack'd maidenheads, and cast them into new ingots: half the wenches of the town are alchemy. See, they begin to muster again, and draw their forces out against me! the Genius of the place defend me! You that are both the Sol and Jupiter of this sphere, Mercury invokes your majesty against the sooty tribe here; for in your favour only, I grow recovered and warm.

At which time VULCAN *entering with a troop of threadbare* ALCHEMISTS, *prepares them to the first* ANTIMASQUE.

Vul. Begin your charm, sound music, circle him in, and take him: if he will not obey, bind him.

They all danced about MERCURY *with variety of changes, whilst he defends himself with his Caduceus, and after the* DANCE, *speaks.*

Mer. It is in vain, Vulcan, to pitch your net in the sight of the fowl thus: I am no sleepy Mars, to be catch'd in your subtile toils. I know what your aims are, sir, to tear the wings from my head and heels, lute me up in a glass with my own seals, while you might wrest the Caduceus out of my hand, to the adultery and spoil of nature, and make your accesses by it, to her dishonor, more easy. Sir, would you believe it should be come to that height of impudence, in mankind, that such a nest of fire-worms as these are, because their patron Mulciber heretofore has made stools stir, and statues dance, a dog of brass to bark, and (which some will say, was his worst act) a woman to speak, should therefore with their heats call'd *Balnei Cineris*, or horse-dung, profess to outwork the sun in virtue, and contend to the great act of generation, nay almost creation? It is so, though: for in yonder vesels which you see in their laboratory, they have inclosed materials to produce men, beyond the deeds of Deucalion, or Prometheus; of which, one, they say, had the philosopher's stone, and threw it over his shoulder, the other the fire, and lost it. And what men are they, they are so busy about, think you? not common ordinary creatures, but of rarity and excellence, such as the times wanted, and the age had a special deal of need of: such as there was a necessity, they should be artificial; for nature could never have thought or dreamt of their composition. I can remember some of their titles to you, and the ingredients; do not look for Paracelsus' man among them, that he promised you out of white bread, and Dele-wine, for he never came to light. But of these let me see; the first that occurs; a master of the duel, a carrier of the differences. To him went spirit of ale, a good quantity, with the amalgama of sugar and nutmegs, oil of oaths, sulphur of quarrel, strong waters, valour precipitate, vapoured o'er the helm with tobacco, and the rosin of Mars with a drachm of the business, for that's the word of tincture, the *business*. Let me alone with the business. I will carry the business. I do understand the business. I do find an affront in the business. Then another is a fencer in the mathematics, or the town's cunning-man, a creature of art too; a supposed secretary to the stars; but, indeed, a kind of lying intelligencer from those parts. His materials, if I be not deceived, were juice of almanacs, extraction of ephemerides, scales of the globe, filings of figures, dust of the twelve houses, conserve of questions, salt of confederacy, a pound of adventure, a grain of skill, and a drop of truth. I saw vegetals too, as well as minerals, put into one glass there, as adder's-tongue, title-bane, nitre of clients, tartar of false conveyance, *aurum palpabile*, with a huge deal of talk, to which they added tincture of conscience, with the faces of honesty; but for what this was, I could not learn; only I have overheard one of the artists say, out o' the corruption of a lawyer was the best generation of a broker in suits: whether this were he or no, I know not.

Vul. Thou art a scorner, Mercury, and out of the pride of thy protection here, makest it thy study to revile art, but it will turn to thine own contumely soon. Call forth the creatures of the first class, and let them move to the harmony of our heat, till the slanderer have sealed up his own lips, to his own torment.

Mer. Let them come, let them come, I would not wish a greater punishment to thy impudence.

Enter the second ANTIMASQUE, *of imperfect creatures, with helms of limbecks on their heads: whose dance ended,* MERCURY *proceeded.*

Mer. Art thou not ashamed, Vulcan, to offer, in defence of thy power and art, against the excellence of the sun and nature, creatures more imperfect than the very flies and insects that are her trespasses and scapes? Vanish, with thy insolence, thou and thy impostors, and all mention of you melt before the majesty of this light, whose Mercury henceforth I profess to be, and never again the philosophers'. Vanish, I say, that all who have but their senses, may see and judge the difference between thy ridiculous monsters and his absolute features.

At which the whole scene changed to a glorious bower, wherein NATURE *was placed, with* PROMETHEUS *at her feet, and the twelve Masquers standing about them. After they had been a while viewed,* PROMETHEUS *descended, and* Nature *after him, singing.*

Nat. How young and fresh am I to-night,
To see't kept day by so much light.
And twelve my sons stand in their maker's sight?
Help, wise Prometheus, something must be done,
To shew they are the creatures of the Sun;
That each to other
Is a brother,
And Nature here no step-dame, but a mother.

Cho. Come forth, come forth, prove all the numbers then
That make perfection up, and may absolve you men

Nat. But shew thy winding ways and arts,
Thy risings, and thy timely starts,
Of stealing fire from ladies eyes and hearts.
Those softer circles are the young man's heaven,
And there more orbs and planets are than seven,
To know whose motion
Were a notion
As worthy of youth's study, as devotion.

Chor. Come forth, come forth, prove all the time will gain,
For Nature bids the best, and never bade in vain.

HERE THE FIRST DANCE.

After which this

SONG.

Pro. How many 'mongst these ladies here,
Wish now they such a mother were!
Nat. Not one, I fear,
And read it in their laughters:
There's more, I guess, would wish to be my daughters.
Pro. You think they would not be so old,
For so much glory.
Nat. I think that thought so told
Is no false piece of story.
'Tis yet with them but beauty's noon,
They would not grandames be too soon.
Pro. Is that your sex's humour?
'Tis then since Niobe was chang'd that they have
left that tumour.

Cho. Move, move again, in forms as heretofore.

Nat. 'Tis form allures.
Then move, the ladies here are store.
Pro. Nature is Motion's mother, as she's yours.

Cho. The spring whence order flows, that all directs,
And knits the causes with the effects.

HERE THEY DANCE THE MAIN DANCE.

Then they dance with the Ladies;

Then their last Dance.

AFTER WHICH, PROMETHEUS CALLS TO THEM IN THIS

SONG.

Pro. What! have you done
So soon?
And can you from such beauty part?
You'll do a wonder more than I.
I woman with her ills did fly;
But you their good, and them deny.

Cho. Sure each hath left his heart
In pawn to come again, or else he durst not start.

Nat. They are loth to go
I know,
Or sure they are no sons of mine.
There is no banquet, boys, like this,
If you hope better, you will miss;
Stay here, and take each one a kiss.

Cho. Which if you can refine,
The taste knows no such cates, nor yet the palate wine.
No cause of tarrying shun,
They are not worth his light, go backward from the sun.

WITH WHICH IT ENDED

THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED,

IN A MASQUE AT COURT, 1615,

BY THE LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S SERVANTS.

The Court being seated, and in expectation, Loud music: PALLAS *in her chariot descending, to a softer music.*

Look, look! rejoice and wonder
That you, offending mortals, are
(For all your crimes) so much the care
Of him that bears the thunder.

Jove can endure no longer,
Your great ones, should your less invade;
Or that your weak, though bad, be made
A prey unto the stronger,

And therefore means to settle
Astræa in her seat again;
And let down in his golden chain
The Age of better metal.

Which deed he doth the rather,
That even Envy may behold
Time not enjoy'd his head of gold
Alone beneath his father.

But that his care conserveth,
As time, so all time's honours too,
Regarding still what heav'n should do,
And not what earth deserveth.

[*A tumult, and clashing of arms heard within.*

But hark! what tumult from yon cave is heard?
What noise, what strife, what earthquake and
As troubled Nature for her maker fear'd; [alarms,
And all the Iron Age were up in arms!

Hide me, soft cloud, from their profaner eyes,
Till insolent Rebellion take the field:
And as their spirits with their counsels rise,
I frustrate all with showing but my shield.

[*She retires behind a cloud.*

The IRON AGE *presents itself, calling forth the* EVILS.

I. Age. Come forth, come forth, do we not hear
What purpose, and how worth our fear,
The king of gods hath on us?
He is not of the Iron breed,
That would, though Fate did help the deed,
Let Shame in so upon us.

Rise, rise then up, thou grandame Vice
Of all my issue, Avarice,
Bring with thee Fraud and Slander,
Corruption with the golden hands,
Or any subtler Ill, that stands
To be a more commander.

Thy boys, Ambition, Pride, and Scorn,
Force, Rapine, and thy babe last born,
Smooth Treachery, call hither.
Arm Folly forth, and Ignorance,
And teach them all our Pyrrhic dance:
We may triúmph together,

Upon this enemy so great,
Whom if our forces can defeat,
And but this once bring under,
We are the masters of the skies,
Where all the wealth, height, power lies,
The sceptre, and the thunder.

Which of you would not in a war
Attempt the price of any scar,
To keep your own states even?
But here, which of you is that he,
Would not himself the weapon be,
To ruin Jove and heaven?

About it then, and let him feel
The Iron Age is turn'd to steel,
Since he begins to threat her:
And though the bodies here are less
Than were the giants; he'll confess
Our malice is far greater.

The EVILS *enter for the Antimasque and* DANCE, *to two drums, trumpets, and a confusion of martial music: At the end of which,* PALLAS *re-appears, shewing her shield. The* EVILS *are turned to Statues.*

Pal. So change, and perish, scarcely knowing how,
That 'gainst the gods do take so vain a vow,
And think to equal with your mortal dates,
Their lives that are obnoxious to no fates.—
'Twas time t'appear, and let their folly see,
'Gainst whom they fought, and with what destiny.
Die all, that can remain of you, but stone
And that be seen a while, and then be none!
Now, now descend, you both belov'd of Jove,
And of the good on earth no less the love;

[*The scene changes; and she calls*

ASTRÆA *and the* GOLDEN AGE.

Descend, you long, long wish'd and wanted pair,
And as your softer times divide the air,
So shake all clouds off with your golden hair;
For Spite is spent: the Iron Age is fled,
And, with her power on earth, her name is dead.

ASTRÆA *and the* GOLDEN AGE *descending with a*

SONG.

Ast. G. Age. And are we then
To live agen,
With men?
Ast. Will Jove such pledges to the earth restore
As justice?
G. Age. Or the purer ore?
Pal. Once more.
G. Age. But do they know,
How much they owe?
Below?
Ast. And will of grace receive it, not as due?
Pal. If not, they harm themselves, not you.
Ast. True.
G. Age. True.

Cho. Let narrow natures, how they will, mistake,
The great should still be good for their own sake.

[*They come forward.*

Pal. Welcome to earth, and reign
Ast. G. Age. But how, without a train
Shall we our state sustain?
Pal. Leave that to Jove: therein you are
No little part of his Minerva's care.

Expect awhile.——

You far-fam'd spirits of this happy isle,
That, for your sacred songs have gain'd the style
Of Phœbus' sons, whose notes the air aspire
Of th' old Egyptian, or the Thracian lyre,
That CHAUCER, GOWER, LIDGATE, SPENSER, hight,
Put on your better flames, and larger light,
To wait upon the Age that shall your names new nourish,
Since Virtue press'd shall grow, and buried Arts shall flourish.

Chau. Gow. We come.
Lid. Spen. We come.
Omnes. Our best of fire,
Is that which Pallas doth inspire.
[*They descend.*

Pal. Then see you yonder souls, set far within the shade,
That in Elysian bowers the blessed seats do keep,
That for their living good, now semi-gods are made,
And went away from earth, as if but tam'd with sleep?
These we must join to wake; for these are of the strain
That justice dare defend, and will the age sustain.

Cho. Awake, awake, for whom these times were kept,
O wake, wake, wake, as you had never slept!
Make haste and put on air, to be their guard,
Whom once but to defend, is still reward.

Pal. Thus Pallas throws a lightning from her shield. [*The scene of light discovered.*
Cho. To which let all that doubtful darkness yield.
Ast. Now Peace.
G. Age. And Love.
Ast. Faith.
G. Age. Joys.
Ast. G. Age. All, all increase. [*A pause.*
Chau. And Strife,
Gow. And Hate,
Lid. And Fear,
Spen. And Pain,
Omnes. All cease.
Pal. No tumour of an iron vein.
The causes shall not come again.

Cho. But, as of old, all now be gold.
Move, move then to the sounds;
And do not only walk your solemn rounds,
But give those light and airy bounds,
That fit the Genii of these gladder grounds.

The first DANCE.

Pal. Already do not all things smile?
Ast. But when they have enjoy'd awhile
The Age's quickening power:
Age. That every thought a seed doth bring,
And every look a plant doth spring,
And every breath a flower:
Pal. The earth unplough'd shall yield her crop,
Pure honey from the oak shall drop,
The fountain shall run milk:
The thistle shall the lily bear,
And every bramble roses wear,
And every worm make silk.

Cho. The very shrub shall balsam sweat,
And nectar melt the rock with heat,
Till earth have drank her fill:
That she no harmful weed may know,
Nor barren fern, nor mandrake low,
Nor mineral to kill.

Here the main DANCE.

After which,

Pal. But here's not all: you must do more,
Or else you do but half restore
The Age's liberty.
Poe. The male and female us'd to join,
And into all delight did coin
That pure simplicity.

Then Feature did to Form advance,
And Youth call'd Beauty forth to dance,
And every Grace was by:
It was a time of no distrust,
So much of love had nought of lust,
None fear'd a jealous eye.
The language melted in the ear,
Yet all without a blush might hear,
They liv'd with open vow.

Cho. Each touch and kiss was so well placed,
They were as sweet as they were chaste,
And such must yours be now.

Here they dance with the Ladies.

Ast. What change is here? I had not more
Desire to leave the earth before,
Than I have now to stay;
My silver feet, like roots, are wreath'd
Into the ground, my wings are sheath'd,
And I cannot away.

Of all there seems a second birth,
It is become a heaven on earth,
And Jove is present here.
I feel the god-head; nor will doubt
But he can fill the place throughout,
Whose power is every where.

This, this, and only such as this,
The bright Astræa's region is,
Where she would pray to live,
And in the midst of so much gold,
Unbought with grace, or fear unsold,
The law to mortals give.

Here they dance the Galliards and Corantos.

Pallas. [*ascending, and calling the Poets.*]
'Tis now enough; behold you here,
What Jove hath built to be your sphere,
You hither must retire.
And as his bounty gives you cause
Be ready still without your pause,
To shew the world your fire.

Like lights about Astræa's throne,
You here must shine, and all be one,
In fervour and in flame;
That by your union she may grow,
And you, sustaining her, may know
The Age still by her name.

Who vows, against or heat or cold,
To spin your garments of her gold,
That want may touch you never;
And making garlands every hour,
To write your names in some new flower,
That you may live for ever.

Cho. To Jove, to Jove, be all the honour given,
That thankful hearts can raise from earth to heaven.

THE MASQUE OF CHRISTMAS

AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COURT, 1616.

The Court being seated,

Enter CHRISTMAS, *with two or three of the guard, attired in round hose, long stockings, a close doublet, a high-crowned hat, with a brooch, a long thin beard, a truncheon, little ruffs, white shoes, his scarfs and garters tied cross, and his drum beaten before him.*

WHY, gentlemen, do you know what you do? ha! would you have kept me out? CHRISTMAS, old Christmas, Christmas of London, and captain Christmas? Pray you, let me be brought before my lord chamberlain, I'll not be answered else: *'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all:* I have seen the time you have wish'd for me, for a merry Christmas; and now you have me, they would not let me in: *I must come another time!* a good jest, as if I could come more than once a year: Why I am no dangerous person, and so I told my friends of the guard. I am old Gregory Christmas still, and though I come out of Pope's-head alley, as good a Protestant as any in my parish. The truth is, I have brought a Masque here, out o' the city, of my own making, and do present it by a set of my sons, that come out of the lanes of London, good dancing boys all. It was intended, I confess, for Curriers-Hall; but because the weather has been open, and the Livery were not at leisure to see it till a frost came, that they cannot work, I thought it convenient, with some little alterations, and the groom of the revels' hand to't, to fit it for a higher place; which I have done, and though I say it, another manner of device than your New-year's-night. Bones o' bread, the king! (*seeing James*) Son Rowland! son Clem! be ready there in a trice: quick, boys!

Enter his SONS *and* DAUGHTERS, *(ten in number,) led in, in a string, by* CUPID, *who is attired in a flat cap, and a prentice's coat, with wings at his shoulders.*

MISRULE, *in a velvet cap, with a sprig, a short cloak, great yellow ruff, like a reveller, his torch-bearer bearing a rope, a cheese, and a basket.*

CAROL, *a long tawney coat, with a red cap, and a flute at his girdle, his torch-bearer carrying a song-book open.*

MINCED-PIE, *like a fine cook's wife, drest neat; her man carrying a pie, dish and spoons.*

GAMBOL, *like a tumbler, with a hoop and bells; his torch-bearer arm'd with a colt-staff, and a binding cloth.*

POST AND PAIR, *with a pair-royal of aces in his hat; his garment all done over with pairs and purs; his squire carrying a box, cards, and counters.*

NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT, *in a blue coat, serving-man like, with an orange, and a sprig of rosemary gilt on his head, his hat full of brooches, with a collar of ginger bread, his torch-bearer carrying a march-pane with a bottle of wine on either arm.*

MUMMING, *in a masquing pied suit, with a vizard, his torch-bearer carrying the box, and ringing it.*

WASSEL, *like a neat sempster and songster; her page bearing a brown bowl, drest with ribands, and rosemary before her.*

OFFERING, *in a short gown, with a porter's staff in his hand, a wyth born before him, and a bason, by his torch-bearer.*

BABY-CAKE, *drest like a boy, in a fine long coat, biggin-bib, muckender, and a little dagger; his usher bearing a great cake, with a bean and a pease.*

They enter singing.

Now God preserve, as you well do deserve,
Your majesties all, two there;
Your highness small, with my good lords all,
And ladies, how do you do there?

Give me leave to ask, for I bring you a masque
From little, little, little London;
Which say the king likes, I have passed the pikes,
If not, old Christmas is undone. [*Noise without*

Chris. Ha, peace! what's the matter there?

Gam. Here's one o' Friday-street would come in.

Chris. By no means, nor out of neither of the Fish-streets, admit not a man; they are not Christmas creatures: fish and fasting days, foh! Sons, said I well? look to't.

Gam. No body out o' Friday-street, nor the two Fish-streets there, do you hear?

Car. Shall John Butter o' Milk street come in? ask him.

Gam. Yes, he may slip in for a torch-bearer, so he melt not too fast, that he will last till the masque be done.

Chris. Right, son.

Our dance's freight is a matter of eight,
And two, the which are wenches:
In all they be ten, four cocks to a hen,
And will swim to the tune like tenches.

Each hath his knight for to carry his light,
Which some would say are torches;
To bring them here, and to lead them there,
And home again to their own porches.

Now their intent.——

Enter VENUS, *a deaf tire-woman.*

Ven. Now, all the lords bless me! where am I, trow? where is Cupid? "Serve the king!" they may serve the cobler well enough, some of 'em, for any courtesy they have, I wisse; they have need o' mending: unrude people they are, your

courtiers; here was thrust upon thrust indeed! was it ever so hard to get in before, trow?

Chris. How now? what's the matter?

Ven. A place, forsooth, I do want a place: I would have a good place, to see my child act in before the king and queen's majesties, God bless 'em! to-night.

Chris. Why, here is no place for you.

Ven. Right, forsooth, I am Cupid's mother, Cupid's own mother, forsooth; yes, forsooth: I dwell in Pudding-lane:—ay, forsooth, he is prentice in Love-lane, with a bugle maker, that makes of your bobs, and bird-bolts for ladies.

Chris. Good lady Venus of Pudding-lane, you must go out for all this.

Ven. Yes, forsooth, I can sit any where, so I may see Cupid act: he is a pretty child, though I say it, that perhaps should not, you will say. I had him by my first husband, he was a smith, forsooth, we dwelt in Do-little-lane then: he came a month before his time, and that may make him somewhat imperfect; but I was a fishmonger's daughter.

Chris. No matter for your pedigree, your house: good Venus, will you depart?

Ven. Ay, forsooth, he'll say his part, I warrant him, as well as e'er a play-boy of 'em all: I could have had money enough for him, an I would have been tempted, and have let him out by the week to the king's players. Master Burbage has been about and about with me, and so has old master Hemings too, they have need of him: where is he, trow, ha! I would fain see him——pray God they have given him some drink since he came.

Chris. Are you ready, boys! Strike up, nothing will drown this noise but a drum: a' peace, yet! I have not done. Sing—

Now their intent is above to present—

Car. Why, here be half of the properties forgotten, father.

Offer. Post and Pair wants his pur-chops, and his pur dogs.

Car. Have you ne'er a son at the groom porter's, to beg or borrow a pair of cards quickly?

Gamb. It shall not need, here's your son Cheater without, has cards in his pocket.

Offer. Ods so! speak to the guards to let him in, under the name of a property.

Gamb. And here's New-year's-gift has an orange and rosemary, but not a clove to stick in't.

New-Year. Why let one go to the spicery.

Chris. Fy, fy, fy! it's naught, it's naught, boys!

Ven. Why, I have cloves, if it be cloves you want, I have cloves in my purse, I never go without one in my mouth.

Car. And Mumming has not his vizard neither.

Chris. No matter! his own face shall serve, for a punishment, and 'tis bad enough; has Wassel her bowl, and Minced-pie her spoons?

Offer. Ay, ay: but Misrule doth not like his suit: he says, the players have lent him one too little, on purpose to disgrace him.

Chris. Let him hold his peace, and his disgrace will be the less: what! shall we proclaim where we were furnish'd? Mum! mum! a' peace! be ready, good boys.

Now their intent, is above to present,
With all the appurtenances,
A right Christmas, as of old it was,
To be gathered out of the dances.
Which they do bring, and afore the king,
The queen, and prince, as it were now
Drawn here by love; who over and above,
Doth draw himself in the geer too.

Here the drum, and fife sounds, and they march about once. In the second coming up, CHRISTMAS *proceeds in his* SONG.

Hum drum, sauce for a coney;
No more of your martial music;
Even for the sake o' the next new stake,
For there I do mean to use it.

And now to ye, who in place are to see
With roll and farthingale hooped:
I pray you know, though he want his bow,
By the wings, that this is Cupid.

He might go back, for to cry *What you lack?*
But that were not so witty:
His cap and coat are enough to note,
That he is the Love o' the city.

And he leads on, though he now be gone,
For that was only his-rule:
But now comes in, Tom of Bosoms-inn,
And he presenteth Mis-rule.

Which you may know, by the very show,
Albeit you never ask it:
For there you may see, what his ensigns be,
The rope, the cheese, and the basket.

This Carol plays, and has been in his days
A chirping boy, and a kill-pot:
Klt cobler it is, I'm a father of his,
And he dwells in the lane called Fill-pot.

But who is this? O, my daughter Cis,
Minced-pie; with her do not dally
On pain o' your life: she's an honest cook's wife,
And comes out of Scalding-alley.

Next in the trace, comes Gambol in place;
And, to make my tale the shorter,
My son Hercules, tane out of Distaff-lane,
But an active man, and a porter.

Now Post and Pair, old Christmas's heir,
Doth make and a gingling sally;
And wot you who, 'tis one of my two
Sons, card-makers in Pur-alley.

Next in a trice, with his box and his dice,
Mac'-pipin my son, but younger,
Brings Mumming in; and the knave will win,
For he is a costermonger.

But New-year's-gift, of himself makes shift,
To tell you what his name is:
With orange on head, and his ginger-bread,
Clem Waspe of Honey-lane 'tis.

This, I you tell, is our jolly Wassel,
And for Twelfth-night more meet too:
She works by the ell, and her name is Nell,
And she dwells in Threadneedle-street too.

Then Offering, he, with his dish and his tree,
That in every great house keepeth,
Is by my son, young Little-worth, done,
And in Penny-rich street he sleepeth.

Last, Baby-cake, that an end doth make
Of Christmas' merry, merry vein-a,
Is child Rowlan, and a straight young man,
Though he come out of Crooked-lane-a.

There should have been, and a dozen I ween,
But I could find but one more
Child of Christmas, and a Log it was,
When I them all had gone o'er.

I prayed him, in a time so trim,
That he would make one to prance it:
And I myself would have been the twelfth
O' but Log was too heavy to dance it

Now, Cupid, come you on.

Cup. *You worthy wights, king, lords, and knights,*
Or queen and ladies bright:
Cupid invites you to the sights
He shall present to-night.

Ven. 'Tis a good child, speak out; hold up your head, Love.

Cup. *And which Cupid—and which Cupid—*

Ven. Do not shake so, Robin; if thou be'st a-cold, I have some warm waters for thee here.

Chris. Come, you put Robin Cupid out with your waters, and your fisling; will you be gone?

Ven. Ay, forsooth, he's a child, you must conceive, and must be used tenderly; he was never in such an assembly before, forsooth, but once at the Warmoll Quest, forsooth, where he said grace as prettily as any of the sheriff's hinch-boys, forsooth.

Chris. Will you peace, forsooth?

Cup. *And which Cupid—and which Cupid,—*

Ven. Ay, that's a good boy, speak plain, Robin: how does his majesty like him, I pray? will he give eight-pence a day, think you? Speak out, Robin.

Chris. Nay, he is out enough, you may take him away, and begin your dance: this it is to have speeches.

Ven. You wrong the child, you do wrong the infant; I 'peal to his majesty.

Here they dance.

Chris. Well done, boys, my fine boys, my bully boys!

THE EPILOGUE.

Sings. Nor do you think that their legs is all
The commendation of my sons,
For at the Artillery garden they shall
As well forsooth use their guns,

And march as fine, as the Muses nine,
Along the streets of London:
And in their brave tires, to give their false fires,
Especially Tom my son.

Now if the lanes and the allies afford
Such an ac-ativity as this;
At Christmas next, if they keep their word,
Can the children of Cheapside miss?

Though, put the case, when they come in place,
They should not dance, but hop:
Their very gold lace, with their silk, would 'em grace,
Having so many knights o' the shop.

But were I so wise, I might seem to advise
So great a potentate as yourself:
They should, sir, I tell ye, spare't out of their belly,
And this way spend some of their pelf.
Ay, and come to the court, for to make you some sport,
At the least once every year;
As Christmas hath done, with his seventh or eighth son,
And his couple of daughters dear.

AND THUS IT ENDED.

A MASQUE,

PRESENTED IN THE HOUSE OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD HAY,

BY DIVERS OF NOBLE QUALITY HIS FRIENDS,

FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF MONSIEUR LE BARON DE TOUR,

EXTRAORDINARY AMBASSADOR FOR THE FRENCH KING,

On Saturday, February 22, 1617.

QUID TITULUM POSCIS? VERSUS DUO TRESVE LEGANTUR.—MART.

THE MASQUE OF LETHE.

The FRONT *before the* SCENE *was an* ARCH-TRIUMPHAL,

On the top of which, HUMANITY, *placed in figure, sat with her lap of flowers, scattering them with her right-hand; and holding a golden chain in her left hand: to shew both the freedom and the bond of courtesy, with this inscription:*

SUPER OMNIA VULTUS.

On the two sides of the arch, CHEERFULNESS *and* READINESS, *her servants.*

CHEERFULNESS, *in a loose flowing garment, filling out wine from an antique piece of plate; with this word,*

ADSIT LÆTITIÆ DATOR.

READINESS, *a winged maid, with two flaming bright lights in her hands; and her word,*

AMOR ADDIDIT ALAS.

The SCENE *discovered, is, on the one side, the head of a boat, and in it* CHARON *putting off from the shore, having landed certain imagined ghosts, whom* MERCURY *there receives, and encourageth to come on towards the river* LETHE, *who appears lying in the person of an old man. The* FATES *sitting by him on his bank; a grove of myrtles behind them, presented in perspective, and growing thicker to the outer-side of the scene. Mercury, perceiving them to faint, calls them on, and shews them his golden rod.*

Mer. Nay, faint not now, so near the fields of rest.
Here no more Furies, no more torments dwell,
Than each hath felt already in his breast;
Who hath been once in love, hath proved his hell.
Up then, and follow this my golden rod,
That points you next to aged Lethe's shore,
Who pours his waters from his urn abroad,
Of which but tasting, you shall faint no more.

Lethe. Stay; who or what fantastic shades are these
That Hermes leads?

Mer. They are the gentle forms
Of lovers, tost upon those frantic seas,
Whence Venus sprung.

Lethe. And have rid out her storms?

Mer. No.

Lethe. Did they perish?

Mer. Yes.

Lethe. How?

Mer. Drown'd by Love,
That drew them forth with hopes as smooth as were
Th' unfaithful waters he desired them prove.

Lethe. And turn'd a tempest when he had them there?

Mer. He did, and on the billow would he roll,
And laugh to see one *throw his heart away;*
Another sighing, *vapour forth his soul;*
A third, to *melt himself in tears, and say,*
O love, I now to salter water turn
Than that I die in; then a fourth, to cry
Amid the surges, *Oh! I burn, I burn.*
A fifth laugh out, *It is my ghost, not I.*
And thus in pairs I found them. Only one
There is, that walks, and stops, and shakes his head,
And shuns the rest, as glad to be alone,
And whispers to himself, *he is not dead.*

Fates. No more are all the rest.

Mer. No!

1 *Fate.* No.

Mer. But why
Proceeds this doubtful voice from destiny?

Fates. It is too sure.

Mer. Sure!

2 *Fate.* Ay. Thinks Mercury,
That any things or names on earth do die,
That are obscured from knowledge of the Fates
Who keep all rolls?

3 *Fate.* And know all nature's dates?

Mer. They say themselves, *they are dead.*

1 *Fate.* It not appears,
Or by our rock,

2 *Fate.* Our spindle,

3 *Fate.* Or our shears.

Fates. Here all their threads are growing yet, none cut.
Mer. I 'gin to doubt, that Love with charms hath put
This phant'sie in them; and they only think
That they are ghosts.
1 *Fate.* If so, then let them drink
Of Lethe's stream.
2 *Fate.* 'Twill make them to forget
Love's name.
3 *Fate.* And so, they may recover yet.
Mer. Go, bow unto the reverend lake: [*To the Shades.*
And having touch'd there; up and shake
The shadows off, which yet do make
Us you, and you yourselves mistake.

Here they all stoop to the water, and dance forth their Antimasque in several gestures, as they lived in love: and retiring into the grove, before the last person be off the stage, the first Couple appear in their posture between the trees, ready to come forth, changed.

Mer. See! see! they are themselves again.
1 *Fate.* Yes, now they are substances and men.
2 *Fate.* Love at the name of Lethe flies.
Lethe. For, in oblivion drown'd, he dies.
3 *Fate.* He must not hope, though other states
He oft subdue, he can the Fates.
Fates. 'Twere insolence to think his powers
Can work on us, or equal ours.

Cho. Return, return,
Like lights to burn,
On earth
For others good:
Your second birth
Will fame old Lethe's flood;
And warn a world,
That now are hurl'd
About in tempest, how they prove
Shadows for Love.
Leap forth: your light it is the nobler made,
By being struck out of a shade.

Here they dance forth their entry, or first dance: after which CUPID——*appearing, meets them.*

Cup. Why, now you take me! these are rites
That grace Love's days, and crown his nights!
These are the motions I would see,
And praise in them that follow me!
Not sighs, nor tears, nor wounded hearts,
Nor flames, nor ghosts: but airy parts
Tried and refined as yours have been,
And such they are, I glory in.

Mer. Look, look unto this snaky rod,
And stop your ears against the charming god;
His every word falls from him is a snare:
Who have so lately known him, should beware.

Here they dance their Main Dance.

Cup. Come, do not call it Cupid's crime,
You were thought dead before your time;
If thus you move to Hermes' will
Alone, you will be thought so still.
Go, take the ladies forth, and talk,
And touch, and taste too: ghosts can walk.
'Twixt eyes, tongues, hands, the mutual strife
Is bred that tries the truth of life.
They do, indeed, like dead men move,
That think they live, and not in love!

Here they take forth the Ladies, and the REVELS *follow.*

After which.

Mer. Nay, you should never have left off;
But staid, and heard your Cupid scoff,
To find you in the line you were.
Cup. Your too much wit, breeds too much fear.
Mer. Good fly, good night.
Cup. But will you go?
Can you leave Love, and he entreat you so?
Here, take my quiver and my bow,
My torches too; that you, by all, may know
I mean no danger to your stay:
This night, I will create my holiday,
And be yours naked and entire.
Mer. As if that Love disarm'd were less a fire!
Away, away.

They dance their going out: which done,

Mer. Yet lest that Venus' wanton son
Should with the world be quite undone,
For your fair sakes (you brighter stars,
Who have beheld these civil wars)
Fate is content these lovers here
Remain still such; so Love will swear
Never to force them act to do,
But what he will call Hermes to.
Cup. I swear; and with like cause thank Mercury,
As these have to thank him and Destiny.

Cho. All then take cause of joy; for who hath not?
Old Lethe, that their follies are forgot:
We, that their lives unto their fates they fit;
They, that they still shall love, and love with wit.

AND THUS IT ENDED.

THE VISION OF DELIGHT;

PRESENTED AT COURT IN CHRISTMAS, 1617.

The SCENE,—*A Street in Perspective of fair building discovered.*

DELIGHT

Is seen to come as afar off, accompanied with GRACE, LOVE, HARMONY, REVEL, SPORT, LAUGHTER; *and followed by* WONDER.

Stilo recitativo.

Del. Let us play and dance, and sing,
Let us now turn every sort
Of the pleasures of the spring,
To the graces of a court.

From air, from cloud, from dreams, from toys,
To sounds, to sense, to love, to joys;
Let your shows be new, as strange,
Let them oft and sweetly vary;
Let them haste so to their change,
As the seërs may not tarry.
Too long t' expect the pleasing'st sight.
Doth take away from the delight.

Here the first ANTIMASQUE *entered.*

A She-monster delivered of six BURRATINES, *that dance with six* PANTALOONS: *which done,*

Del. Yet hear what your Delight doth pray:
All sour and sullen looks away,
That are the servants of the day;
Our sports are of the humorous Night,
Who feeds the stars that give her light,
And useth than her wont more bright,
To help the VISION OF DELIGHT.

NIGHT *rises slowly, and takes her chariot bespangled with stars.*

See, see, her scepter and her crown
Are all of flame, and from her gown
A train of light comes waving down.
This night, in dew she will not steep
The brain, nor lock the sense in sleep;
But all awake with phantoms keep,
And those to make delight more deep.

By this time the Night and Moon being both risen; NIGHT *hovering over the place, sung.*

Night. Break, Phant'sie, from thy cave of cloud,
And spread thy purple wings;
Now all thy figures are allow'd,
And various shapes of things;
Create of airy forms a stream,
It must have blood, and nought of phlegm;
And though it be a waking dream,
Cho. Yet let it like an odour rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music in their ear.

The Scene here changed to cloud, from which PHANT'SIE *breaking forth, spake.*

Phan. Bright Night, I obey thee, and am come at thy call,
But it is no one dream that can please these all;
Wherefore I would know what dreams would delight 'em:
For never was Phant'sie more loth to affright 'em.
And Phant'sie, I tell you, has dreams that have wings, [stings:
And dreams that have honey, and dreams that have
Dreams of the maker, and dreams of the teller,
Dreams of the kitchen, and dreams of the cellar:
Some that are tall, and some that are dwarfs,
Some that are halter'd, and some that wear scarfs;
Some that are proper, and signify o' thing,
And some another, and some that are nothing.—
For say the French verdingale, and the French hood
Were here to dispute; must it be understood
A feather for a wisp were a fit moderator?
Your ostrich, believe it, 's no faithful translator
Of perfect Utopian; and then 'twere an odd piece
To see the conclusion peep forth at a cod-piece.
The politic pudding hath still his two ends,
Though the bellows and bag-pipe were ne'er so good friends:
And who can report what offence it would be
For a squirrel to see a dog climb a tree?
If a dream should come in now to make you afeard,
With a windmill on his head, and bells at his beard;
Would you straight wear your spectacles here at your toes, [your nose?
And your boots on your brows, and your spurs on
Your whale he will swallow a hogshead for a pill;
But the maker o' the mousetrap is he that hath skill.
And the nature of the onion is to draw tears,
As well as the mustard: peace, pitchers have ears,
And shittle-cocks wings, these things do not mind 'em,
If the bell have any sides, the clapper will find 'em:
There's twice so much music in beating the tabor,
As in the stock-fish, and somewhat less labour.
Yet all this while, no proportion is boasted
'Twixt an egg and an ox, though both have been roasted;
For grant that most barbers can play on the cittern,
Is it requisite a lawyer should plead to a ghittern?
You will say now the morris-bells were but bribes
To make the heel forget that e'er it had kibes;
I say, let the wine make ne'er so good jelly,
The conscience of the bottle is much in the belly:
For why? do but take common council i' your way,
And tell me who'll then set a bottle of hay
Before the old usurer, and to his horse
A slice of salt butter, perverting the course
Of civil society? open that gap,
And out skip your fleas, four and twenty at a clap,
With a chain and a trundle-bed following at th' heels,
And will they not cry then, the world runs a-wheels?
As for example, a belly, and no face,
With the bill of a shoveler may here come in place:

The haunches of a drum, with the feet of a pot,
And the tail of a Kentish man to it: why not?
Yet would I take the stars to be cruel,
If the crab and the rope-maker ever fight duel,
On any dependence, be it right, be it wrong:
But, mum: a thread may be drawn out too long.

Here the second Antimasque of Phantasms came forth, and danced.

Phan. Why, this you will say was phantastical now,
As the Cock and the Bull, the Whale and the Cow,
But vanish! away! [*They retire.*] I have change to present you,
And such as I hope will more truly content you.—
Behold the gold-hair'd Hour descending here,
That keeps the gate of heaven, and turns the year,
Already with her sight how she doth cheer,
And makes another face of things appear.

Here one of the HOURS *descending, the whole scene changed to the bower of* ZEPHYRUS, *whilst* PEACE *sung as followeth:*

Peace. Why look you so, and all turn dumb,
To see the opener of the new year come;
My presence rather should invite,
And aid and urge, and call to your delight;
The many pleasures that I bring
Are all of youth, of heat, of life and spring,
And were prepared to warm your blood,
Not fix it thus, as if you statues stood.

Cho. We see, we hear, we feel, we taste,
We smell the change in every flow'r,
We only wish that all could last,
And be as new still as the hour.

Wonder. Wonder must speak or break; what is this? grows
The wealth of nature here, or art? it shows
As if Favonius, father of the spring,
Who in the verdant meads doth reign sole king,
Had roused him here, and shook his feathers, wet
With purple swelling nectar; and had let
The sweet and fruitful dew fall on the ground
To force out all the flowers that might be found:
Or a Minerva with her needle had
The enamour'd earth with all her riches clad,
And made the downy Zephyr as he flew
Still to be followed with the Spring's best hue.
The gaudy peacock boasts not in his train
So many lights and shadows, nor the rain-
Resolving Iris, when the Sun doth court her,
Nor purple pheasant while his aunt doth sport her
To hear him crow, and with a perched pride
Wave his discolour'd neck and purple side.
I have not seen the place could more surprise,
It looks, methinks, like one of Nature's eyes,
Or her whole body set in art: behold!
How the blue bindweed doth itself infold
With honey-suckle, and both these intwine
Themselves with bryony and jessamine,
To cast a kind and odoriferous shade.

Phan. How better than they are, are all things
By Wonder? But awhile refresh thine eye, [made
I'll put thee to thy oftener, What and Why?

Here, to a loud music, the Bower opens, and the MASQUERS *are discovered as the Glories of the Spring.*

Won. Thou wilt indeed; what better change appears?
Whence is it that the air so sudden clears,
And all things in a moment turn so mild?
Whose breath or beams have got proud earth with child,
Of all the treasure that great Nature's worth,
And makes her every minute to bring forth?
How comes it winter is so quite forced hence,
And lock'd up under ground? that every sense
Hath several objects? trees have got their heads,
And fields their coats? that now the shining meads
Do boast the paunce, the lily, and the rose;
And every flower doth laugh as Zephyr blows?
That seas are now more even than the land?
The rivers run as smoothed by his hand;
Only their heads are crisped by his stroke:—
How plays the yearling with his brow scarce broke
Now in the open grass! and frisking lambs
Make wanton salts about their dry-suck'd dams!
Who to repair their bags do rob the fields.
How is't each bough a several music yields?
The lusty throstle, early nightingale,
Accord in tune, though vary in their tale;
The chirping swallow call'd forth by the sun,
And crested lark doth his division run?
The yellow bees the air with murmur fill,
The finches carol, and the turtles bill?
Whose power is this? what god?

Phan. Behold a king,
Whose presence maketh this perpetual spring;
The glories of which spring grow in that bower,
And are the marks and beauties of his power.

Cho. 'Tis he, 'tis he, and no power else,
That makes all this what Phant'sie tells;
The founts, the flowers, the birds, the bees,
The herds, the flocks, the grass, the trees,
Do all confess him; but most these
Who call him lord of the four seas,
King of the less and greater isles,
And all those happy when he smiles.
Advance, his favour calls you to advance,
And do your this night's homage in a dance.

Here they danced their ENTRY, *after which they sung again.*

Cho. Again! again! you cannot be
Of such a true delight too free,
Which, who once saw, would ever see:
And if they could the object prize,
Would, while it lasts, not think to rise,
But wish their bodies all were eyes.

Here they danced their Main Dance, after which they sung.

Cho. In curious knots and mazes so,
The Spring at first was taught to go;
And Zephyr, when he came to woo
His Flora, had their motions too:
And thence did Venus learn to lead
The Idalian brawls, and so to tread
As if the wind, not she, did walk;
Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalk.

Here they danced with the LADIES, *and the whole* REVELS *followed; after which* AURORA *appeared, (the Night and Moon being descended,) and this Epilogue followed.*

Aur. I was not wearier where I lay
By frozen Tithon's side to-night;
Than I am willing now to stay,
And be a part of your delight.
But I am urged by the Day,
Against my will, to bid you come away.

Cho. They yield to time, and so must all.
As night to sport, day doth to action call;
Which they the rather do obey,
Because the Morn with roses strews the way.

Here they danced their going off:

AND THUS IT ENDED.

PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VIRTUE:

A MASQUE;

As it was presented at Court, before King James, 1619.

The Scene was the Mountain

ATLAS,

Who had his top ending in the figure of an old man, his head and beard all hoary, and frost, as if his shoulders were covered with snow; the rest wood and rock. A grove of ivy at his feet; out of which, to a wild music of cymbals, flutes and tabors, is brought forth COMUS, *the god of cheer, or the Belly, riding in triumph, his head crown'd with roses and other flowers, his hair curled: they that wait upon him crown'd with ivy, their javelins done about with it; one of them going with* HERCULES *his bowl bare before him, while the rest present him with this*

HYMN.

FULL CHORUS.

Room! room! make room for the Bouncing Belly,
First father of sauce, and deviser of jelly;
Prime master of arts, and the giver of wit,
That found out the excellent engine the spit;
The plough and the flail, the mill and the hopper,
The hutch and the boulter, the furnace and copper,
The oven, the baven, the mawkin, the peel,
The hearth and the range, the dog and the wheel:
He, he first invented the hogshead and tun,
The gimlet and vice too, and taught them to run,
And since with the funnel and Hippocras bag,
He has made of himself, that now he cries swag!
Which shows, though the pleasure be but of four inches,
Yet he is a weasel, the gullet that pinches
Of any delight, and not spares from his back
Whatever to make of the belly a sack!
Hail, hail, plump paunch! O the founder of taste,
For fresh meats, or powder'd, or pickle, or paste,
Devourer of broil'd, baked, roasted, or sod;
And emptier of cups, be they even or odd:
All which have now made thee so wide in the waist,
As scarce with no pudding thou art to be laced;
But eating and drinking until thou dost nod,
Thou break'st all thy girdles, and break'st forth a god.

Bowl bearer. Do you hear, my friends? to whom did you sing all this now? Pardon me only that I ask you, for I do not look for an answer; I'll answer myself: I know it is now such a time as the Saturnals for all the world, that every man stands under the eves of his own hat, and sings what pleases him; that's the right and the liberty of it. Now you sing of god Comus, here, the belly-god; I say it is well, and I say it is not well; it is well as it is a ballad, and the belly worthy of it, I must needs say, an 'twere forty yards of ballad more, as much ballad as tripe. But when the belly is not edified by it, it is not well; for where did you ever read or hear that the belly had any ears? Come, never pump for an answer, for you are defeated: our fellow Hunger there, that was as ancient a retainer to the Belly as any of us, was turn'd away for being unseasonable; not unreasonable, but unseasonable; and now is he, poor thin-gut, fain to get his living with teaching of starlings, magpies, parrots, and jack-daws, those things he would have taught the Belly. Beware of dealing with the Belly, the Belly will not be talk'd to, especially when he is full; then there is no venturing upon Venter, he will blow you all up, he will thunder indeed la! Some in derision call him the father of farts; but I say he was the first inventor of great ordnance, and taught us to discharge them on festival days, would we had a fit feast for him, i' faith, to shew his activity; I would have something now fetched in to please his five senses, the throat; or the two senses, the eyes: pardon me for my two senses; for I that carry Hercules's bowl in the service, may see double by my place; for I have drunk like a frog to-day: I would have a tun now brought in to dance, and so many bottles about him. Ha! you look as if you would make a problem of this; do you see, do you see? a problem: Why bottles, and why a tun? and why a tun and why bottles, to dance? I say, that men that drink hard, and serve the Belly in any place of quality, (as the jovial tinkers, or the lusty kindred,) are living measures of drink, and can transform themselves, and do every day, to bottles or tuns, when they please: and when they have done all they can, they are as I say again (for I think I said somewhat like it afore) but moving measures of drink, and there is a piece in the cellar can hold more than all they. This will I make good, if it please our new god but to give a nod, for the Belly does all by signs; and I am for the belly, the truest clock in the world to go by.

Here the first ANTIMASQUE, *danced by Men in the shape of bottles, tuns, &c.*

Enter HERCULES.

Her. What rites are these? breeds earth more monsters yet?
Antæus scarce is cold: what can beget
This store? and, stay!—such contraries upon her!
Is earth so fruitful of her own dishonour?
Or 'cause his vice was inhumanity,
Hopes she by vicious hospitality
To work an expiation first? and, then,
(Help virtue,) these are sponges and not men;

Bottles; mere vessels; half a ton of paunch!
How? and the other half thrust forth in haunch!
Whose feast? the Belly's? Comus! and my cup
Brought in to fill the drunken orgies up,
And here abus'd; that was the crown'd reward
Of thirsty heroes, after labour hard!
Burdens and shames of nature, perish, die!
For yet you never liv'd, but in the sty
Of vice have wallow'd, and, in that swine's strife,
Been buried under the offence of life:
So reel and fall under the load you make,
Till your swollen bowels burst with what you take.
Can this be pleasure, to extinguish man,
Or so quite change him in his figure? can
The Belly love his pain, and be content
With no delight but what's a punishment?
These monsters plague themselves, and fitly too,
For they do suffer what, and all they do.
But here must be no shelter, nor no shrowd
For such: Sink, grove, or vanish into cloud!

At this the Grove and Antimasque vanished, and the whole Music was discovered, sitting at the foot of the mountain, with PLEASURE *and* VIRTUE *seated above them.*

Cho. Great friend and servant of the good,
Let cool awhile thy heated blood,
And from thy mighty labour cease.
Lie down, lie down,
And give thy troubled spirits peace:
Whilst Virtue, for whose sake
Thou dost this godlike travail take
May of the choicest herbage make,
Here on this mountain bred,
A crown, a crown
For thy immortal head.

Here HERCULES *lay down at their feet, and the second Antimasque, which was of* PIGMIES, *appeared.*

1 *Pig.* Antæus dead, and Hercules yet live!
Where is this Hercules? what would I give
To meet him now? meet him! nay, three such other,
If they had hand in murder of our brother?
With three! with four, with ten, nay, with as many
As the name yields? pray anger, there be any
Whereon to feed my just revenge, and soon!
How shall I kill him? hurl him 'gainst the moon,
And break him in small portions! give to Greece
His brain, and every tract of earth a piece!
2 *Pig.* He's yonder.
1 *Pig.* Where?
3 *Pig.* At the hill-foot asleep.
1 *Pig.* Let one go steal his club.
2 *Pig.* My charge;—I'll creep.
4 *Pig.* He's ours!
1 *Pig.* Yes, peace.
3 *Pig.* Triumph! we have him, boy.
4 *Pig.* Sure, sure, he's sure.
1 *Pig.* Come, let us dance for joy. [*Music.*

At the end of their DANCE *they thought to surprise him, when suddenly, being awaked by the music, he roused himself, and they all ran into holes.*

SONG.

Wake, Hercules, awake; but heave up thy black eye,
'Tis only ask'd from thee to look, and these will die,
Or fly:—
Already they are fled,
Whom scorn had else left dead.

At which MERCURY *descended from the Hill, with a garland of poplar, to crown him.*

Mer. Rest still, thou active friend of Virtue:
Should not disturb the peace of Hercules: [these
Earth's worms, and honour's dwarfs, at too great odds,
Prove or provoke the issue of the gods. [
See here a crown the aged Hill hath sent thee,
My grandsire Atlas, he that did present thee
With the best sheep that in his fold were found,
Or golden fruit in the Hesperian ground,
For rescuing his fair daughters, then the prey
Of a rude pirate, as thou cam'st this way;
And taught thee all the learning of the sphere,
And how, like him, thou might'st the heavens up-bear,
As that thy labour's virtuous recompense.
He, though a mountain now, hath yet the sense
Of thanking thee for more, thou being still
Constant to goodness, guardian of the hill;
Antæus by thee suffocated here,
And the voluptuous Comus, god of cheer,
Beat from his grove, and that defaced: but now
The time's arriv'd that Atlas told thee of, how
B' unalter'd law, and working of the stars,
There should be a cessation of all jars,
'Twixt virtue and her noted opposite,
Pleasure; that both should meet here ir the sight
Of Hesperus, the glory of the west,
The brightest star that from his burning crest
Lights all on this side the Atlantic seas,
As far as to thy pillars, Hercules!
See where he shines, Justice and Wisdom placed
About his throne, and those with honour graced,
Beauty and Love! it is not with his brother
Bearing the world, but ruling such another
Is his renown; PLEASURE, for his delight
Is RECONCILED TO VIRTUE, and this night
Virtue brings forth twelve princes have been bred
In this rough mountain, and near Atlas' head,
The hill of knowledge; one, and chief of whom,
Of the bright race of Hesperus is come,
Who shall in time the same that he is be,
And now is only a less light than he:
These now she trusts with Pleasure, and to these
She gives an entrance to the Hesperides,
Fair beauty's garden; neither can she fear
They should grow soft, or wax effeminate here;
Since in her sight, and by her charge all's done
Pleasure the servant, Virtue looking on.

Here the whole choir of music called the twelve MASQUERS *forth from the top of the mountain, which then opened, with this*

SONG.

Ope, aged Atlas, open then thy lap,
And from thy beamy bosom strike a light,
That men may read in the mysterious map
All lines,
And signs
Of royal education, and the right

See how they come and show
That are but born to know.
Descend,
Descend;
Though pleasure lead,
Fear not to follow:
They who are bred
Within the hill
Of skill,
May safely tread
What path they will.
No ground of good is hollow,

In their descent from the hill, DÆDALUS *came down before them.*

Her. But, Hermes, stay, a little let me pause;
Who's this that leads?
Mer. A guide that gives them laws
To all their motions, Dædalus the wise.
Her. And doth in sacred harmony comprise
His precepts?
Mer. Yes.
Her. They may securely prove,
Then, any labyrinth, though it be of love.

Here, while they put themselves in form, DÆDALUS *had his first*

SONG.

Dæd. Come on, come on! and where you go,
So interweave the curious knot,
As ev'n the observer scarce may know
Which lines are Pleasure's, and which not.

First figure out the doubtful way,
At which a while all youth should stay,
Where she and Virtue did contend,
Which should have Hercules to friend.

Then as all actions of mankind
Are but a labyrinth or maze:
So let your dances be entwined,
Yet not perplex men unto gaze.

But measured, and so numerous too,
As men may read each act they do;
And when they see the graces meet
Admire the wisdom of your feet.

For dancing is an exercise,
Not only shows the mover's wit,
But maketh the beholder wise,
As he hath power to rise to it.

HERE THE FIRST DANCE.

After which

SONG.

Dæd. O more and more! this was so well,
As praise wants half his voice to tell,
Again yourselves compose;
And now put all the aptness on,
Of figure, that proportion
Or colour can disclose:

That if those silent arts were lost,
Design and picture, they might boast
From you a newer ground;
Instructed by the height'ning sense
Of dignity and reverence,
In their true motions found.

Begin, begin; for look, the fair
Do longing listen to what air
You form your second touch:
That they may vent their murmuring hymns
Just to the [time] you move your limbs,
And wish their own were such.

Make haste, make haste; for this
The labyrinth of beauty is.

HERE THE SECOND DANCE.

After which,

SONG.

Dæd. It follows now you are to prove
The subtlest maze of all, that's love,
And if you stay too long,
The fair will think you do them wrong.

Go choose among——but with a mind
As gentle as the stroking wind
Runs o'er the gentler flowers.
And so let all your actions smile
As if they meant not to beguile
The ladies, but the hours.

Grace, laughter, and discourse may meet,
And yet the beauty not go less:
For what is noble should be sweet,
But not dissolv'd in wantonness.

Will you that I give the law
To all your sport, and sum it?
It should be such should envy draw,
But——overcome it.

Here they danced with the LADIES, *and the whole* REVELS *followed; which ended,* MERCURY *called to* DÆDALUS *in this speech: which was after repeated in* SONG *by two trebles, two tenors, a base, and the whole Chorus.*

SONG.

Mer. An eye of looking back were well,
Or any murmur that would tell
Your thoughts, how you were sent,
And went
To walk with Pleasure, not to dwell.

These, these are hours by Virtue spared,
Herself, she being her own reward
But she will have you know,
That though
Her sports be soft, her life is hard.

You must return unto the Hill,
And there advance
With labour, and inhabit still
That height and crown,
From whence you ever may look down
Upon triumphed chance.

She, she it is in darkness shines,
'Tis she that still herself refines,
By her own light to every eye;
More seen, more known, when Vice stands by:
And though a stranger here on earth,
In heaven she hath her right of birth.

There, there is Virtue's seat:
Strive to keep her your own;
'Tis only she can make you great,
Though place here make you known.

After which, they danced their last DANCE, *and returned into the scene, which closed, and was a mountain again, as before.*

AND SO IT ENDED

This pleased the king so well, as he would see it again when it was presented with these additions——

FOR THE HONOUR OF WALES.

The SCENE *standing, as before, a Mountain; but now the name changed from Atlas to Craig-Eriri.*

Enter GRIFFITH, JENKIN, *and* EVAN, *a Welsh Attorney.*

Grif. Cossin, I know what belongs to this place symwhat petter than you; and therefore give me leave to be pold to advise you. 'Is not a small matter to offer yourself into presence of a king, and aull his court? Be not too byssie and forward, till you be caull'd; I tauke reason to you.

Jen. Cym, never tauke any taukes; if the king of Gread Prittaine keep it assizes here, I will cym into court; loog yow, do you see now, and please Got.

Grif. *Taw, d yn ynbhyd, y, dhwyti-n abl i anabhy, pob peth oth folineb, ag y tyny gwatwar ar dy wlac.*

Jen. *Gad vyn lonyth.* I say, I will appear in court.

Ev. Appear as yow s'ud do then, Dab Jenkin, in good sort; do not discredit the nation, and pyt wrong upon us aull by your rassnes.

Jen. What do yow caull rassnes, Evan y Gynrn? is not all the cyntrie, and aull Welse, and the prince of Wales too, abused in him? By this hand, I will tell it the king's own ears every 'oord, do you see him now? Bless your ursip, pray got is in heaven bless every ince of your ursip; and Wales is commend it to your ursip, from top to toe, with aull his hearts aull over, by got utch me, and would be glad as a silling to see yow in him. Come it down once a day, and try; I tell yow now, yow s'all be as welcomely there as where you were in yowr own cyntries last two symmers, and pershance we'll made yow as good s'eere too: we'll promise yowr ursip as good a piece of seeze, as yow need pyt in your head, and pleas' yow s'all be toasted too. Go to, see him once upon a time yowr own sellive, is more good mean yow, than is aware of: by got' is very hard, but s'all make yow a shestice of peace the first days you come; and pershance (say nothing) knight o' the s'ire too: 'is not Worsters, nor Pembrokes, nor Montgymeries, s'all carry him from yow. But aull this while s'all I tell you a liddell now? 'Is a great huge deal of anger upon yow, from all Wales and the nation, that your ursip would suffer our young master Sarles, your ursip's son and heir, and prince of Wales, the first time he ever play dance, to be pit up in a mountain (got knows where) by a palterly poet, how do you say him, Evan?

Ev. *Libia.*

Jen. *Vellhy! Libia.* And how do yow caull him the mountain? his name is——

Ev. *Adlas.*

Jen. *Hynno, hynno, Adlas?* Ay, please your ursip, 'is a Welse atturney, and a preddilie schollers, a wear him his long coat, lined with seepes-skin, as yow see every days o' the week. A very sufficient litigious fellows in the terms, and a finely poets out o' the terms; he has a sprig of lawrel already towards his girlonds. He was get in here a Twelfe-night and see aull; what do you call it, your matters, and says is naught, naught, stark naught.

Ev. I do say, an't please his madestee, I do not like him with all his heart; he is plug'd in by the ears, without aull piddies or mercies of propriedies or decorums. I will do injuries to no man before his madestee; but 'is a very vile and absurd as a man would wiss, that I do say, to pyt the prince of Wales in an outlandis mountain; when he is known, his highness has as goodly mountains, and as tawll a hills of his own, (look yow, do yow see now) and of as good standing, and as good discent as the proudest Adlas christned.

Jen. Ay, good Evan, I pray you reckon his madestee some of the Welse hills, the mountains.

Ev. Why there is Talgarth.

Jen. Well sayd.

Ev. Eliennieth.

Jen. Well sayd, Evan.

Ev. Caider Arthur.

Jen. Toudge him, toudge him.

Ev. Pen-maen-maur.

Jen. Is good boys, Evan.

Ev. And Craig-Eriri.

Jen. *Aw, Vellhy!* Why law you now, 'is not Pen-maen-maur and Craig-Eriri as good sound as Adlas every whit of him?

Ev. 'Is caull'd the British Aulpes, Craig-Eriri, a very sufficient hills.

Jen. By got, we will play with him hills for hills, for sixteen and forty s'illings when he dares.

Ev. I pray you let it alone your wachers a liddle while, cossin Davy ap Jenkin, and give it leave I may give his madestee and the court informations toudging now the reformations.

Jen. Why, cannot yow and I tauke too, cossin? the haull (God bless it) is big inough to hold both our taukes, and we were twice as much as we are.

Ev. Why tauke it all then, if you think is reason in you.

Jen. No; I know is no reason, Evan, I confess him; but every man would shew himselve a good subject as he can to his means; I am a subject by my place, and two heads is better than one I imagine under correction.

Ev. Got's ownes! here is no corrections, man; imagine what yow please, do in got's name, imagine, imagine, why do you not imagine? here is no penyrths of corrections.

Grif. *Awgdwin Tawson.*

Ev. 'Is so invincibles, so inmercifullys ignorant,

a man knows not upon what inces of ground to stand to him; does conceive it no more as I am a true Welse Christian, than (sirreverence o' the company) the hilts of his dagger.

Jen. Go to, I will make the hilts conceive a knock upon your pate, and pershance a bump too, if you tauke.

Ev. How! upon my pate?

Jen. Yes, upon your pate, your poetly pate, and your law pate too.

Grif. *Tawson, Tawson!* For' got yow will go nere to hazard a thumb, and a fowre finger of your best hand, if you knock him here; you may knock him better s'eape at Ludlow a great deal: do you know the place where it is?

Ev. Well, I can be patient, I trust, I trust, it is in a presence, I presume, that loves no quarrels nor replies, nor the lies, nor the shallenge, nor the duels: but——I will do my byssiness now, and make this a byssiness for another days hereafter: pleas' your madestee——By got I am out of my tempers terribly well, got forgive me, and pyt me in my selve again. How does your highness——I know not a 'oord or a syllable what I say; 'is do me that vexations.

Grif. O Evan, for the honour of Wales!

Ev. I remember him now, 'tis enough:—blessings upon me, is out o' my head again; lost, quite lost: this knock o' my pate has knock aull my wits out o' my brains, I think, and turn my reasons out of doors. Believe it, I will rub, and break your s'ins for this, I will not come so high as your head, but I will take your nose in my way, very sufficiently.

Jen. Hang your sufficiency.

Ev. 'Tis well, very well, 'tis better, better exceedingly well.

Enter Howell *and* Rheese, *with their Harps.*

How. What!——you mean ho! to make us so long tarry here, ha?

Grif. Marry, here is aull undone with distempers, methinks, and angers, and passions.

Rheese. Who is angry?

Ev. Why it is I is angry, and hungry too, if you mark me; I could eat his Flintseer face now: offer to knock my pate in the hearing of all these, and more too! well, before his madestee I do yet forgive him now with all my heart, and will be revenged another time.

How. Why that is good Evan, honest, brave Evan.

Rheese. Ha' yow told the king's madestee of the alterations?

Ev. I am now once again about him; peace: please your madestee, the Welse nation hearing that the prince of Wales was to come into the hills again, afore your madestee, have a desire of his highness, for the honour of Wales, to make him a Welse hills, which is done without any manner of sharshese to your madestee, only shanging his name: he is caull now Craig-Eriri, a mountain in Carnarvanseere: has as grey beard, and as much snow upon his head aull the year long—

Jen. As Adlas for his guts.

Ev. He tells your madestee true, for aull he is a liddle out of season: but cym every man tell as much as he can now; my quality is, I hope, sufficiently known to his madestee, that I am Rector Chori is all my ambitions, and that I would have it aull Welse, that is the short and the long of the requests. The prince of Wales we know is all over Welse.

Jen. And then my lord marquis.

Ev. Both my lord marquis is as good, noble, true Briton, as any ever is come out of Wales.

Jen. My lord Montgymery is as sound Welse too as flese and blood can make him.

How. And the Howards by got, is Welse as strait as any arrow.

Ev. Houghton is a town bear his name there by Pipidiauke.

How. And Erwin, his name is Wyn; but the Dutsmen come here in Wales, and caull him Heer-win.

Rheese. Then Car is plain Welse, Caerleon, Caermardin, Cardiffe.

Jen. And Palmer, his ancestors was call him Penmaure.

Rheese. And Acmooty, is Ap-mouth-wye of Llanmouthwye.

Jen. And Abercromy, is aull one as Abermarlys.

Ev. Or Abertau.

How. Or Aberdugled haw.

Rheese. Or Abeshondhy.

Jen. Or Abergeveny.

How. Or Aberconway.

Ev. Aberconway is very like Abercromy, a liddle hard s'ift has pyt 'em aull into Wales; but our desires and petitions is, that the musiques be all Welse, and the dances, and no 'Ercules brought in now with a great staff, and a pudding upon him.

Jen. Aw! was his distaff, was not his club.

Ev. What need of 'Ercules, when Cadwallader—

Jen. Or Lluellin, or Rheese ap Gryffyth, or Cradock, or Owen Glendower, with a Welse hook and a goat-skin on his back, had done very better, and twice as well?

Ev. Nay, and to pyt apparel on a pottle of hay, and call him Lantæus.

Grif. The belly-gods too, was as proper a monster as the best of 'em.

Ev. I stand to it, there was neither poetries nor architectures, nor designs in that belly-god; nor a note of musics about him. Come, bring forth our musics, yow s'all hear the true Pritan strains now, the ancient Welse harp——yow tauke of their Pigmees too, here is a Pigmees of Wales now: set forth another Pigmees by him!

Enter two Women, *followed by the Musicians.*

1 *Wo. Aw diesus!* what a bravely company is here! This is a finely haull indeed.

2 *Wo.* What a deal of fine candle it is!

Jen. Ay, peace; let his madestee hear the music.

2 Wo. *Ble mae yr Brenin?*

Jen. *Docko ve.*

1 *Wo.* Diesus bless him! saint Davy bless him! I bring my boy o' my back ten mile here to loog upon him: loog Hullin, loog Hullin! *Stewch hummaven nayd Dumma braveris:* you s'all hear him play too.

Ev. Peace, no more pradling; begin set him down. [*Music.*

FIRST SONG.

Evan. I' is not come here to tauk of Brut,
From whence the Welse does take his root;
Nor tell long pedigree of Prince Camber,
Whose linage would fill aull this chamber;

Nor sing the deeds of old Saint Davy,
Th' ursip of which would fill a navy.
But hark yow me now, for a liddel tales
S'all make a gread deal to the credit of Wales;

Cho. In which we'll toudge your ears,
With the praise of her thirteen s'eeres,
And make yow as glad and merry
As fourteen pot of Perry.
Still, still, we'll toudge your ears,
With the praise, &c.

SECOND SONG.

How. 'Tis true, was wear him sherkin freize,
But what is that? we have store of seize,
And Got is plenty of goats milk
That sell him well, will buy him silk
Enough to make him fine to quarrel
At Hereford sizes in new apparel;
And get him as much green velvet perhap,
S'all give it a face to his Monmouth cap.

Cho. But then the ore of Lempster,
By got is never a sempster,
That, when he is spun, e'er did,
Yet match him with hir thrid.
Still, still, &c.

THIRD SONG.

Rheese. Aull this's the back's; now let us tell ye,
Of some provisions for the belly:
As cid, and goat, and great goat's mother,
And runt, and cow, and good cow's uther:
And once but taste o' the Welse mutton,
Your Englis seep's not worth a button.
And then for your fiss, s'all shoose it your dise.
Look but about, and there is a trout,

Cho. A salmon, cor, or chevin,
Will feed you six or seven,
As taull man as ever swagger,
With Welse hook, or long dagger.
Still, still, &c.

FOURTH SONG.

Evan. But aull this while was never think
A word in praise of our Welse drink,
Yet for all that is a cup of Bragat,
All England s'eere may cast his cab-at.
And what you say to ale of Webley,
Toudge him as well, you'll praise him trebly,
As well as Metheglin, or sider, or meath,
S'all s'ake it your dagger quite out o' the seath.

Cho. And oat-cake of Guarthenion,
With a goodly leek, or onion,
To give as sweet a rellis
As e'er did harper Ellis.
Still, still, &c.

FIFTH SONG.

How. And yet, is nothing now all this,
If of our musiques we do miss;
Both harps and pipes too, and the crowd
Must aull come in and tauke alowd,
As loud as Bangu, Davie's bell,
Of which is no doubt yow have hear tell,
As well as our lowder Wrexham organ,
And rumbling rocks in s'eere Glamorgan;

Cho. Where look but in the ground there,
And you s'all see a sound there,
That put him altogedder,
Is sweet as measure pedder.
Still, still, &c.

SIXTH SONG.

Rheese. Au, but what say yow should it shance too,
That we should leap it in a dance too,
And make it you as great a pleasure,
If but your eyes be now at leisure;
As in your ears shall leave a laughter,
To last upon you six days after?
Ha! well-a-go to, let us try to do
As your old Britton, things to be writ on.

Cho. Come put on other looks now,
And lay away your hooks now;
And though yet yow ha' no pump, sirs,
Let 'em hear that yow can jump, sirs,
Still, still, &c.

Jen. Speak it your conscience now; did you ursip ever see such a song in your days? 'is not as finely a tunes as a man would wiss to put in his ears?

Ev. Come, his madesty s'all hear better to your dance.

Here a Dance of MEN.

Ev. Haw! well danced, very well danced!

Jen. Well plaid, Howell; well plaid, Rheese *Da wharry! vellhee!* well danced, i' faith!

Ev. Good boys, good boys! pold and Prittan, pold and Prittan.

Jen. Is not better this now than pigmies? this is men, this is no monsters, and you mark him: well, caull forth you goats now, your ursip s'all see a properly natural devise come from the Welse mountains: is no tuns, nor no bottils: stand by there, s'ow his ursip the hills; was dronkenry in his eyes, that make that devise in my mind. But now marg, marg, your ursip, I pray yow now and yow s'all see natures and propriedies; the very beasts of Wales s'all do more than your men pyt in bottils and barrils, there was a tale of a tub, i'faith. [*Music.*] Is the goat herd and his dog, and his son, and his wife make musiques to the goats as they come from the hills; give 'em rooms, give 'em rooms, now they cym! the elderly goats is indifferently grave at first, because of his beard, and only tread it the measures; byt yow will see him put off his gravities by and by well enough, and frisk it as fine as e'er a kid on 'em aull. The Welse goat is an excellent dancer by birth, that is written of him, and of as wisely carriage, and comely behaviours a beast (for his footing especially) as some one or two man, got bless him.

Ev. A haull, a haull, come a haull! *Aw vellhee.*

Here the Dance of GOATS.

1 *Wo.* Nay, and your madestee bid the Welse goats welcome; the Welse wen'ces s'all sing your praises, and dance your healths too.

SONG.

1 *Wom.* Au, God bless it our good king S'ames,
His wife and his sildren, and aull his reams,
2 *Wom.* And aull his ursipful s'istice of peace about him,
1 *Wom.* And send that his court be never without him.
2 *Wom.* Ow, that her would come down into Wales,
1 *Wom.* Her s'ud be very welcome to Welse Ales.
2 *Wom.* I have a cow,
1 *Wom.* And I have a hen;
2 *Wom.* S'all give it milk,
1 *Wom.* And eggs for aull his men.
Both. It self s'all have venison and other seere,
And may it be starved, that steal him his deer,
There, there, and every where.

Jen. Cym, dance now, let us hear your dance, dance.

Ev. Ha! well plaid Ales.

How. For the honour of Wales.

Here the Men and Women dance together.

Jen. Digon! enough, enough, digon.—Well now all the absurdities is removed and clear'd; the rest, and please your grace, s'all tarry still, and go on as it was; Virtue and Pleasure was well enough, indifferently well enough: only we will intreat Pleasure to cym out of Driffimdore, that is the Golden Valley, or Gelthleedore, that is the Golden Grove, and is in Care Marden, the Welse Garden. Is a thousand place in Wales as finely places as the Esperides every crum of him; Merlin was born there too, put we would not make him rise now and wake him, because we have his prophecies already of your madestee's name to as good purpose, as if he were here in presence, *Pod hy geller, Evan?*

Ev. You will still pyt your selve to these plunses, you mean his madestee's anagrams of *Charles James Stuart.*

Jen. Ay, that is *Claimes Arthur's Seate*, which is as much as to say, your madestee s'ud be the first king of Gread Prittan, and sit in *Cadier Arthur*, which is Arthur's Chair, as by Got's blessing you do: and then your son, master Sharles his, how do you caull him? is *Charles Stuart, Calls tru hearts*, that is us, he calls us, the Welse nation, to be ever at your service, and love you, and honour you, which we pray you understand it his meaning. And that the musicians yonder are so many Brittis bards that sing o'pen the hills to let out the prince of Wales, and his Welse friends to you, and all is done.

Grif. Very homely done it is I am well assured, if not very rudely: but it is hoped your majesty will not interpret the honour, merits, love and affection of so noble a portion of your people, by the poverty of these who have so imperfectly utter'd it: you will rather for their sakes, who are to come in the name of Wales, my lord the prince, and the others, pardon what is past, and remember the country has always been fruitful of loyal hearts to your majesty, a very garden and seed-plot of honest minds and men: what lights of learning hath Wales sent forth for your schools? what industrious students of your laws? what able ministers of your justice? whence hath the crown in all times better servitors, more liberal of their lives and fortunes? where hath your court or council, for the present, more noble ornaments or better aids? I am glad to see it, and to speak it, and though the nation be said to be unconquered, and most loving liberty, yet it was never mutinous, and please your majesty, but stout, valiant, courteous, hospitable, temperate, ingenious, capable of all good arts, most lovingly constant, charitable, great antiquaries, religious preservers of their gentry and genealogy, as they are zealous and knowing in religion.

In a word, it is a nation bettered by prosperity so far, as to the present happiness it enjoys under your most sacred majesty, it wishes nothing to be added but to see it perpetual in you and your issue.

God of his great goodness grant it, and shew he is an arrant knave, and no true Briton, does not say Amen too with his heart.

PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VIRTUE FOLLOWED: AND SO IT ENDED.

NEWS

FROM THE NEW WORLD DISCOVERED IN THE MOON,

A MASQUE,

As it was presented at Court, before King James, 1620.

NASCITUR E TENEBRIS: ET SE SIBI VINDICAT ORBIS.

Enter two HERALDS, *a* PRINTER, CHRONICLER, *and* FACTOR.

1 *Her.* News, news, news!

2 *Her.* Bold and brave news!

1 *Her.* New as the night they are born in.

2 *Her.* Or the phant'sie that begot them.

1 *Her.* Excellent news!

2 *Her.* Will you hear any news?

Print. Yes, and thank you too, sir: what's the price of them?

1 *Her.* Price, coxcomb! what price, but the price of your ears? As if any man used to pay for any thing here.

2 *Her.* Come forward; you should be some dull tradesman by your pig-headed sconce now, that think there's nothing good any where, but what's to be sold.

Print. Indeed I am all for sale, gentlemen; you say true, I am a printer, and a printer of news; and I do hearken after them, wherever they be, at any rates; I'll give any thing for a good copy now, be it true or false, so it be news.

1 *Her.* A fine youth!

Chro. And I am for matter of state, gentlemen, by consequence, story, (my Chronicle,) to fill up my great book, which must be three ream of paper at least; I have agreed with my stationer aforehand to make it so big, and I want for ten quire yet. I have been here ever since seven a clock in the morning to get matter for one page, and I think I have it complete; for I have both noted the number, and the capacity of the degrees here; and told twice over how many candles there are in the room lighted, which I will set you down to a snuff precisely, because I love to give light to posterity in the truth of things.

1 *Her.* This is a finer youth!

Fact. Gentlemen, I am neither printer nor chronologer, but one that otherwise takes pleasure in my pen: a factor of news for all the shires of England; I do write my thousand letters a week ordinary, sometimes twelve hundred, and maintain the business at some charge both to hold up my reputation with mine own ministers in town, and my friends of correspondence in the country; I have friends of all ranks, and of all religions, for which I keep an answering catalogue of dispatch; wherein I have my puritan news, my protestant news, and my pontificial news.

2 *Her.* A superlative this!

Fact. And I have hope to erect a Staple for News ere long, whither all shall be brought, and thence again vented under the name of Staple-news, and not trusted to your printed conundrums of the serpent in Sussex, or the witches bidding the devil to dinner at Derby: news, that when a man sends them down to the shires where they are said to be done, were never there to be found!

Print. Sir, that's all one, they were made for the common people; and why should not they have their pleasure in believing of lies are made for them, as you have in Paul's, that make them for yourselves?

1 *Her.* There he speaks reason to you, sir.

Fact. I confess it; but it is the printing I am offended at, I would have no news printed; for when they are printed they leave to be news; while they are written, though they be false, they remain news still.

Print. See men's divers opinions! It is the printing of them makes them news to a great many who will indeed believe nothing but what's in print. For those I do keep my presses, and so many pens going to bring forth wholesome relations, which once in half a score years, as the age grows forgetful, I print over again with a new date, and they are of excellent use.

Chro. Excellent abuse rather.

Print. Master Chronicler, do not you talk, I shall—

1 *Her.* Nay, gentlemen, be at peace one with another, we have enough for you all three, if you dare take upon trust.

Print. I dare, I assure you.

Fact. And I, as much as comes.

Chro. I dare too, but nothing so much as I have done: I have been so cheated with false relations in my time, as I have found it a far harder thing to correct my book, than collect it.

Fact. Like enough: but to your news, gentlemen, whence come they?

1 *Her.* From the MOON, ours, sir.

Fact. From the Moon! which way? by sea or by land?

1 *Her.* By moon-shine; a nearer way, I take it.

Print. Oh, by a trunk! I know it, a thing no bigger than a flute-case: a neighbour of mine, a spectacle-maker, has drawn the moon through it at the bore of a whistle, and made it as great as a drum-head twenty times, and brought it within the length of this room to me, I know not how often.

Chro. Tut, that's no news: your perplexive glasses are common. No, it will fall out to be Pythagoras's way, I warrant you, by writing and reading in the moon.

Print. Right, and as well read of you, i' faith: for Cornelius Agrippa has it, *in disco lunæ*, there 'tis found.

1 *Her.* Sir, you are lost, I assure you: for ours came to you neither by the way of Cornelius Agrippa, nor Cornelius Drible.

2 *Her.* Nor any glass of ——

1 *Her.* No philosopher's phant'sie.

2 *Her.* Mathematician's perspicil.

1 *Her.* Or brother of the Rosie Cross's intelligence, no forced way, but by the neat and clean power of poetry.

2 *Her.* The mistress of all discovery.

1 *Her.* Who after a world of these curious uncertainties, hath employed thither a servant of her's in search of truth: who has been there—

2 *Her.* In the moon.

1 *Her.* In person.

2 *Her.* And is this night return'd.

Fact. Where? which is he? I must see his dog at his girdle, and the bush of thorns at his back, ere I believe it.

1 *Her.* Do not trouble your faith then, for if that bush of thorns should prove a goodly grove of oaks, in what case were you and your expectation?

2 *Her.* These are stale ensigns of the stage's man in the moon, delivered down to you by musty antiquity, and are of as doubtful credit as the makers.

Chro. Sir, nothing again antiquity, I pray you, I must not hear ill of antiquity.

1 *Her.* Oh! you have an old wife, belike, or your venerable jerkin there,—make much of them. Our relation, I tell you still, is news.

2 *Her.* Certain and sure news.

1 *Her.* Of a new world.

2 *Her.* And new creatures in that world.

1 *Her.* In the orb of the moon.

2 *Her.* Which is now found to be an earth inhabited.

1 *Her.* With navigable seas and rivers.

2 *Her.* Variety of nations, policies, laws.

1 *Her.* With havens in't, castles, and port-towns.

2 *Her.* Inland cities, boroughs, hamlets, fairs, and markets.

1 *Her.* Hundreds and wapentakes! forests, parks, coney-ground, meadow-pasture, what not?

2 *Her.* But differing from ours.

Fact. And has your poet brought all this?

Chro. Troth, here was enough: 'tis a pretty piece of poetry as 'tis.

1 *Her.* Would you could hear on, though!

2 *Her.* Give your minds to't a little.

Fact. What inns or ale-houses are there there? does he tell you?

1 *Her.* Truly, I have not ask'd him that.

2 *Her.* Nor were you best, I believe.

Fact. Why in travel a man knows these things without offence; I am sure if he be a good poet he has discovered a good tavern in his time.

1 *Her.* That he has, I should think the worse of his verse else.

Print. And his prose too, i' faith.

Chro. Is he a man's poet, or a woman's poet, I pray you?

2 *Her.* Is there any such difference?

Fact. Many, as betwixt your man's tailor, and your woman's tailor.

1 *Her.* How, may we beseech you?

Fact. I'll shew you; your man's poet may break out strong and deep i' the mouth, as he said of Pindar, *Monte decurrens velut amnis:* but your woman's poet must flow, and stroke the ear, and, as one of them said of himself sweetly,

> Must write a verse as smooth and calm as cream,
> In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream.

2 *Her.* Have you any more on't?

Fact. No, I could never arrive but to this remnant.

1 *Her.* Pity! would you had had the whole piece for a pattern to all poetry.

Print. How might we do to see your poet? did he undertake this journey, I pray you, to the moon on foot?

1 *Her.* Why do you ask?

Print. Because one of our greatest poets (I know not how good a one) went to Edinburgh on foot, and came back; marry, he has been restive, they say, ever since; for we have had nothing from him: he has set out nothing, I am sure.

1 *Her.* Like enough, perhaps he has not all in; when he has all in, he will set out, I warrant you, at least those from whom he had it: it is the very same party that has been in the moon now.

Print. Indeed! has he been there since? belike he rid thither then?

Fact. Yes, post, upon the poet's horse, for a wager.

1 *Her.* No, I assure you, he rather flew upon the wings of his muse. There are in all but three ways of going thither: one is Endymion's way, by rapture in sleep, or a dream. The other Menippus's way, by wing, which the poet took. The third, old Empedocles's way; who, when he leaped into Ætna, having a dry sear body, and light, the smoke took him, and whift him up into the moon, where he lives yet waving up and down like a feather, all soot and embers, coming out of that coal-pit: our poet mèt him, and talk'd with him.

Chro. In what language, good sir?

2 *Her.* Only by signs and gestures, for they have no articulate voices there, but certain motions to music: all the discourse there is harmony.

Fact. A fine lunatic language, in faith; how do their lawyers then?

2 *Her.* They are Pythagoreans, all dumb as fishes, for they have no controversies to exercise themselves in.

Fact. How do they live then?

1 *Her.* On the dew of the moon, like grasshoppers, and confer with the doppers.

Fact. Have you doppers?

2 *Her.* A world of doppers! but they are there as lunatic persons, walkers only: that have leave

only to HUM and HA, not daring to prophesy, or start up upon stools to raise doctrine.

1 *Her.* The brethren of the Rosie Cross have their college within a mile of the moon; a castle in the air that runs upon wheels with a winged lanthorn—

Print. I have seen it in print.

2 *Her.* All the phantastical creatures you can think of are there.

Fact. 'Tis to be hoped there are women there, then.

1 *Her.* And zealous women, that will out-groan the groaning wives of Edinburgh.

Fact. And lovers as phantastic as ours.

2 *Her.* But none that will hang themselves for love, or eat candles ends, or drink to their mistresses' eyes, till their own bid them good night, as the sublunary lovers do.

Fact. No, sir?

2 *Her.* No, some few you shall have, that sigh or whistle themselves away; and those are presently hung up by the heels like meteors, with squibs in their tails, to give the wiser sort warning.

Print. Excellent!

Fact. Are there no self-lovers there?

2 *Her.* There were; but they are all dead of late for want of tailors.

Fact. 'Slight, what luck is that! we could have spared them a colony from hence.

2 *Her.* I think some two or three of them live yet, but they are turn'd moon-calves by this.

Print. O, ay, moon-calves! what monster is that, I pray you?

2 *Her.* Monster! none at all, a very familiar thing, like our fool here on earth.

1 *Her.* The ladies there play with them instead of little dogs.

Fact. Then there are ladies?

2 *Her.* And knights and squires.

Fact. And servants and coaches?

1 *Her.* Yes, but the coaches are much o' the nature of the ladies, for they go only with wind.

Chro. Pretty, like China waggons.

Fact. Have they any places of meeting with their coaches, and taking the fresh open air, and then covert when they please, as in our Hyde-park or so?

2 *Her.* Above all the Hyde-parks in Christendom, far more hidden and private; they do all in clouds there: they walk in the clouds, they sit in the clouds, they lie in the clouds, they ride and tumble in the clouds, their very coaches are clouds.

Print. But have they no carmen to meet and break their coaches?

2 *Her.* Alas, carmen! they will over a carman there, as he will do a child here: you shall have a coachman with cheeks like a trumpeter, and a wind in his mouth, blow him afore him as far as he can see him; or skir over him with his bats wings, a mile and a half, ere he can steer his wry neck to look where he is.

Fact. And they have their New Wells too, and physical waters, I hope, to visit, all time of year?

1 *Her.* Your Tunbridge, or the Spaw itself are mere puddle to them: when the pleasant months of the year come, they all flock to certain broken islands which are called there the Isles of Delight.

Fact. By clouds still?

1 *Her.* What else! their boats are clouds too.

2 *Her.* Or in a mist; the mists are ordinary in the moon; a man that owes money there, needs no other protection; only buy a mist, and walk in't, he is never discerned; a matter of a baubee does it.

1 *Her.* Only one island they have, is call'd the isle of the Epicœnes, because there under one article both kinds are signified, for they are fashioned alike, male and female the same; not heads and broad hats, short doublets and long points; neither do they ever untruss for distinction, but laugh and lie down in moon-shine, and stab with their poniards; you do not know the delight of the Epicœnes in moon-shine.

2 *Her.* And when they have tasted the springs of pleasure enough, and bill'd, and kist, and are ready to come away; the shees only lay certain eggs, (for they are never with child there,) and of those eggs are disclosed a race of creatures like men, but are indeed a sort of fowl, in part covered with feathers, (they call them VOLATEES,) that hop from island to island; you shall see a covey of them, if you please, presently.

1 *Her.* Yes, faith, 'tis time to exercise their eyes for their ears begin to be weary.

2 *Her.* Then know we do not move these wings so soon
On which our poet mounted to the moon,
Menippus like, but all 'twixt it and us,
Thus clears and helps to the presentment, thus.

Enter the VOLATEES *for the Antimasque, and* DANCE. *After which,*

2 *Her.* We have all this while (though the muses' heralds) adventured to tell your majesty no news; for hitherto we have moved rather to your delight, than your belief. But now be pleased to expect a more noble discovery worthy of your ear, as the object will be your eye: a race of your own, formed, animated, lightened and heightened by you, who rapt above the moon far in speculation of your virtues, have remained there intranced certain hours, with wonder of the piety, wisdom, majesty reflected by you on them, from the divine light, to which only you are less. These, by how much higher they have been carried from earth, to contemplate your greatness, have now conceived the more haste, and hope, in this their return home to approach your goodness; and led by that excellent likeness of yourself, the truth, imitating Procritus's endeavour, that all their motions be formed to the music of your peace, and have their ends in your favour, which alone is able to resolve and thaw the cold they have presently contracted in coming through the colder region. [*Music.*

Here the Scene opens, and discovers the Region of the Moon, from which the MASQUERS *descend, and shake off their icicles.*

FIRST SONG.

Howe'er the brightness may amaze,
Move you, and stand not still at gaze,
As dazzled with the light:
But with your motions fill the place,
And let their fulness win you grace,
Till you collect your sight.

So while the warmth you do confess,
And temper of these rays no less,
To quicken than refine.
You may by knowledge grow more bold,
And so more able to behold
The body whence they shine.

THE FIRST DANCE FOLLOWS.

SECOND SONG.

Now look and see in yonder throne,
How all those beams are cast from one!
This is that orb so bright,
Has kept your wonder so awake;
Whence you as from a mirror take
The sun's reflected light.

Read him as you would do the book
Of all perfection, and but look
What his proportions be;
No measure that is thence contrived,
Or any motion thence derived,
But is pure harmony.

HERE THE MAIN DANCE AND REVELS.

THIRD SONG.

Not that we think you weary be,
For he
That did this motion give,
And made it so long live,
Could likewise give it perpetuity.

Nor that we doubt you have not more,
And store
Of changes to delight,
For they are infinite,
As is the power that brought forth these before.

But since the earth is of his name
And fame
So full, you cannot add,
Be both the first and glad
To speak him to the region whence you came.

THE LAST DANCE.

FOURTH SONG.

Look, look already where I am,
Bright Fame,
Got up unto the sky,
Thus high,
Upon my better wing,
To sing
The knowing king,
And made the music here,
With yours on earth the same.

Cho. Join then to tell his name,
And say but James is he:
All ears will take the voice,
And in the tune rejoice,
Or Truth hath left to breathe, and Fame
hath left to be.

1 *Her.* See what is that this music brings,
And is so carried in the air about?
2 *Her.* Fame, that doth nourish the renown of
kings,
And keep that fair, which Envy would blot
out.

THUS THEY ENDED.

A MASQUE

OF

THE METAMORPHOSED GIPSIES,

AS IT WAS THRICE PRESENTED TO KING JAMES,

First at Burleigh on the Hill; next at Belvoir; and lastly at Windsor, August, 1621.

THE SPEECH AT THE KING'S ENTRANCE AT BURLEIGH,

MADE IN THE CHARACTER OF THE PORTER.

If for our thoughts there could but speech be found,
And all that speech be utter'd in one sound,
So that some power above us would afford
The means to make a language of a word,
It should be WELCOME ! *in that only voice*
We would receive, retain, enjoy, rejoice;
And all effects of love and life dispense,
Till it were call'd a copious eloquence;
For should we vent our spirits, now you are come,
In other syllables, were as to be dumb.
Welcome, O welcome, then, and enter here,
The house your bounty built, and still doth rear.
With those high favours, and those heap'd increases
Which shews a hand not grieved but when it ceases.

The MASTER *is your creature, as the place;*
And every good about him is your grace:
Whom, though he stand by silent, think not rude,
But as a man turn'd all to gratitude.
For what he ne'er can hope, how to restore,
Since while he meditates one, you pour on more.
Vouchsafe to think he only is opprest
With their abundance, not that in his breast
His powers are stupid grown; for please you enter
Him, and his house, and search him to the centre;
You'll find within no thanks, or vows there shorter,
For having trusted thus much to his Porter.

THE PROLOGUE AT WINDSOR.

As many blessings as there be bones
In Ptolemy's fingers, and all at ones,
Held up in an Andrew's cross for the nones,
Light on you, good master;
I dare be no waster
Of time or of speech,
Where you are in place.
I only beseech
You take in good grace,
Our following the court,
Since 'tis for your sport
To have you still merry,
And not make you weary.
We may strive to please,
So long (some will say) till we grow a disease.
But you, sir, that twice
Have graced us already, encourage to thrice:
Wherein if our boldness your patience invade,
Forgive us the fault that your favour hath made.

Enter a Gipsy (being the JACKMAN,*) leading a horse laden with five little children bound in a trace of scarfs upon him; followed by a second, leading another horse laden with stolen poultry, &c.*

Jack. Room for the five princes of Ægypt, mounted all upon one horse, like the four sons of Aymon, to make the miracle the more by a head if it may be! Gaze upon them, as on the offspring of Ptolemy, begotten upon several Cleopatras, in their several counties; especially on this brave park struck out of Flintshire, upon justice Jug's daughter, then sheriff of the county, who running away with a kinsman of our captain's, and her father pursuing her to the marches, he great with justice, she great with juggling, they were both, for the time, turn'd stone, upon the sight each of other, in Chester: till at last, (see the wonder,) a jug of the town-ale reconciling them, the memorial of both their gravities, his in beard, and her's in belly, hath remained ever since preserved in picture upon the most stone jugs of the kingdom. The famous imp yet grew a wretchock; and though

for seven years together he was carefully carried at his mother's back, rock'd in a cradle of Welsh cheese, like a maggot, and there fed with broken beer, and blown wine of the best daily, yet looks as if he never saw his *quinquennium*. 'Tis true, he can thread needles on horseback, or draw a yard of inkle through his nose: but what is that to a grown gipsy, one of the blood, and of his time, if he had thrived! therefore, till with his painful progenitors he be able to beat it on the hard hoof, to the *bene bowse*, or the *stawling-ken*, to *nip a jan*, and *cly the jark*, 'tis thought fit he march in the infants' equipage;

With the convoy, cheats and peckage,
Out of clutch of Harman Beckage,
To their liblins at the Crackman's,
Or some skipper of the Blackman's.

2 *Gipsy.* Where the cacklers, but no grunters,
Shall uncas'd be for the hunters:
Those we still must keep alive;
Ay, and put them out to thrive
In the parks, and in the chases,
And the finer walled places;
As St. James's, Greenwich, Tibals,
Where the acorns, plump as chibals,
Soon shall change both kind and name,
And proclaim them the king's game.
So the act no harm may be
Unto their keeper Barnaby;
It will prove as good a service,
As did ever gipsy Gervice,
Or our captain Charles, the tall-man,
And a part too of our salmon.

Jackman. If we here be a little obscure, 'tis our pleasure; for rather than we will offer to be our own interpreters, we are resolved not to be understood: yet if any man doubt of the significancy of the language, we refer him to the third volume of Reports, set forth by the learned in the laws of canting, and published in the gipsy tongue. Give me my guittara, and room for our chief! [*Music.*

Enter the CAPTAIN, *with six of his* Attendants.

HERE THEY DANCE.

After which,

SONG.

Jack. From the famous Peak of Darby,
And the Devil's arse there hard by,
Where we yearly keep our musters,
Thus the Ægyptians throng in clusters.

Be not frighted with our fashion,
Though we seem a tatter'd nation;
We account our rags our riches,
So our tricks exceed our stitches.

Give us bacon, rinds of walnuts,
Shells of cockles, and of small nuts,
Ribbons, bells, and saffron'd linen,
All the world is ours to win in.

Knacks we have that will delight you,
Slights of hand that will invite you
To endure our tawny faces,
And not cause you cut your laces.

All your fortunes we can tell ye,
Be they for the back or belly:
In the moods too, and the tenses,
That may fit your fine five senses.

Draw but then your gloves, we pray you,
And sit still, we will not fray you;
For though we be here at Burley,
We'd be loth to make a hurly.

Enter the PATRICO.

Pat. Stay, my sweet singer,
The touch of thy finger
A little, and linger,
For me, that am bringer
Of bounds to the border,
The rule and recorder,
And mouth of your order,
As priest of the game,
And prelate of the same.

There's a *gentry cove* here,
Is the top of the shire,
Of the Bever-Ken,
A man among men;
You need not to fear,
I've an eye and an ear
That turns here and there,
To look to our gear:
Some say that there be
One or two, if not three,
That are greater than he.

And for the *roome-morts*,
I know by their ports,
And their jolly resorts,
They are of the sorts
That love the true sports
Of king Ptolemeus
Our great Coriphæus,
And queen Cleopatra,
The gipsies grand matra.
Then if we shall shark it,
Here fair is and market.

Leave pig by and goose,
And play fast and loose,
A short cut, and long,
With, ever and among,
Some inch of a song,
Pythagoras' lot,
Drawn out of a pot;
With what says Alchindus,
And Pharaotes Indus,
John de Indagine,
With all their *paginæ*
Treating of palmistry,
And this is almistry.

Lay by your wimbles,
Your boring for thimbles,
Or using your nimbles,
In diving the pockets,
And sounding the sockets
Of simper-the-cockets;
Or angling the purses
Of such as will curse us;
But in the strict duel,
Be merry and cruel,
Strike fair at some jewel,
That mint may accrue well,
For that is the fuel,
To make the tuns brew well,
And the pot ring well,
And the brain sing well,
Which we may bring well
About by a string well,
And do the thing well.
It is but a strain
Of true legerdemain
Once, twice, and again.

Or what will you say now,
If with our fine play now,
Our knackets and dances,
We work on the fancies
Of some of these Nancies,
These Trickets and Tripsies,
And make them turn gipsies.
Here's no justice Lippus
Will seek for to nip us,
In Cramp-ring or Cippus,
And then for to strip us,
And after to whip us,
While here we do tarry,
His justice to vary;
But be wise and wary,
And we may both carry
The Kate and the Mary,
And all the bright aery,
Away to the quarry,
If our brave Ptolemy
Will but say, Follow me.

3 *Gipsy.* Captain, if ever at the Bowzing Ken,
You have in draughts of Darby drill'd your men,
And we have serv'd there armed all in ale,
With the brown bowl, and charg'd in braggat stale:
If muster'd thus, and disciplined in drink,
In our long watches we did never wink,
But so commanded by you, kept our station,
As we preserv'd our selves a loyal nation;
And never yet did branch of statute break,
Made in your famous palace of the Peak.
If we have deem'd that mutton, lamb, or veal,
Chick, capon, turkey, sweetest we did steal;
As being by our Magna Charta taught
To judge no viands wholesome that are bought.
If for our linen we still us'd the lift,
And with the hedge (our Trade's Increase) made
And ever at your solemn feasts and calls, [shift,
We have been ready, with the Ægyptian brawls,
To set Kit Callot forth in prose or rhyme,
Or who was Cleopatra for the time.
If we have done this, that, more, such, or so;
Now lend your ear but to the Patrico.

Capt. Well, dance another strain, and we'll think how.

1 *Gipsy.* Meantime in song do you conceive some vow. [*Music.*

HERE THEY DANCE.

SECOND SONG.

Pat. The faery beam upon you,
The stars to glister on you;
A moon of light,
In the noon of night,
Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you!
The wheel of fortune guide you,
The boy with the bow beside you;
Run aye in the way,
Till the bird of day,
And the luckier lot betide you!

Capt. [*surveying the company.*] Bless my sweet masters, the old and the young,
From the gall of the heart, and the stroke of the tongue.
With you, lucky bird, I begin; [*Goes up to the King.*] let me see,
I aim at the best, and I trow you are he:
Here's some luck already, if I understand
The grounds of mine art; here's a gentleman's hand.
I'll kiss it for luck sake: You should, by this line,
Love a horse and a hound, but no part of a swine.
To hunt the brave stag, not so much for the food,
As the weal of your body, and the health of your blood.
You're a man of good means, and have territories store,
Both by sea and by land; and were born, sir, to more,
Which you, like a lord, and a prince of your peace,
Content with your havings, despise to increase:
You are no great wencher I see by your table,
Although your Mons Veneris says you are able;
You live chaste and single, and have buried your wife,
And mean not to marry, by the line of your life.
Whence he that conjectures your qualities, learns
You are an honest good man, and have care of your bearns.
Your Mercury's hill too, a wit doth betoken,
Some book-craft you have, and are pretty well spoken.
But stay,—in your Jupiter's mount, what is here?
A king! a monarch! what wonders appear!
High, bountiful, just; a Jove for your parts,
A master of men, and that reign in their hearts.
I'll tell it my train,
And come to you again. [*Withdraws*

THIRD SONG.

Pat. To the old, long life and treasure;
To the young, all health and pleasure;
To the fair, their face
With eternal grace;
And the soul to be loved at leisure.
To the witty, all clear mirrors,
To the foolish their dark errors;
To the loving sprite,
A secure delight:
To the jealous his own false terrors.

Capt. [*Advances again to the King.*] Could any doubt that saw this hand,
Or who you are, or what command
You have upon the fate of things,
Or would not say you were let down
From heaven, on earth to be the crown,
And top of all your neighbour-kings?
To see the ways of truth you take,
To balance business, and to make
All Christian differences cease:
Or till the quarrel and the cause
You can compose, to give them laws,
As arbiter of war and peace.
For this, of all the world, you shall
Be styled James the Just, and all
Their states dispose, their sons and daughters,
And for your fortunes, you alone,
Among them all shall work your own,
By peace, and not by human slaughters.
But why do I presume, though true,
To tell a fortune, sir, to you,
Who are the maker here of all;
Where none do stand, or sit in view,
But owe their fortunes unto you,
At least what they good fortune call?
My self a Gipsy here do shine,
Yet are you maker, sir, of mine.
Oh that confession could content

So high a bounty, that doth know
No part of motion, but to flow,
And giving never to repent!
May still the matter wait your hand,
That it not feel or stay, or stand;
But all desert still over-charge.
And may your goodness ever find
In me, whom you have made, a mind
As thankful as your own is large! [*Music.*

HERE THEY DANCE.

After which,

The Prince's fortune is offered at by the

2 *Gipsy.* As my captain hath begun
With the sire, I take the son:—
Your hand, sir!
Of your fortune be secure,
Love and she are both at your
Command, sir!
See what states are here at strife,
Who shall tender you a wife,
A brave one;
And a fitter for a man,
Than is offer'd here, you can
Not have one.
She is sister of a star,
One the noblest now that are.
Bright Hesper,
Whom the Indians in the East
Phosphor call, and in the West
Hight Vesper.
Courses even with the sun,
Doth her mighty brother run,
For splendor.
What can to the marriage-night,
More than morn and evening light,
Attend her?
Save the promise before day,
Of a little James to play
Hereafter
'Twixt his grandsires knees, and move
All the pretty ways of love,
And laughter.
Whilst with care you strive to please
In your giving his cares ease,
And labours:
And by being long the aid
Of the empire, make afraid
Ill neighbours.
Till yourself shall come to see
What we wish yet far to be
Attending:
For it skills not when or where
That begins, which cannot fear
An ending.
Since your name in peace or wars,
Nought shall bound, until the stars
Up take you:
And to all succeeding view,
Heaven a constellation new
Shall make you. [*Music.*

HERE THEY DANCE.

After which,

The Lady Marquess BUCKINGHAM'S, *by the*

3 *Gip.* Hurl after an old shoe,
I'll be merry, whate'er I do,
Though I keep no time
My words shall chime,
I'll overtake the sense with a rhyme.—
Face of a rose,
I pray thee depose
Some small piece of silver; it shall be no loss,
But only to make the sign of the cross:
If your hand you hallow,
Good fortune will follow,
I swear by these ten,
You shall have it agen,
I do not say when.
But, lady, either I am tipsy,
Or you are to fall in love with a gipsy;
Blush not, dame Kate,
For, early or late,
I do assure you, it will be your fate.

Nor need you be once asham'd of it, madam,
He's as handsome a man as ever was Adam.
A man out of wax,
As a lady would aks:
Yet he is not to wed ye,
H' has enjoy'd you already,
And I hope he has sped ye.—
A dainty young fellow;
And though he look yellow,
He ne'er will be jealous,
But love you most zealous,
There's never a line in your hand but doth tell us.

And you are a soul so white, and so chaste,
A table so smooth, and so newly ra'ste,
As nothing call'd foul
Dares approach with a blot,
Or any least spot;
But still you control,
Or make your own lot,
Preserving love pure, as it first was begot.
But, dame, I must tell ye,
The fruit of your belly,
Is that you must tender,
And care so to render;
That as your self came
In blood, and in name,
From one house of fame,
So that may remain
The glory of twain. [*Music.*

HERE THEY DANCE

After which,

The Countess *of* RUTLAND'S, *by the*

3 *Gip.* You, sweet lady, have a hand too,
And a fortune you may stand to;
Both your bravery, and your bounty,
Style you mistress of the county:
You will find it from this night,
Fortune shall forget her spight,
And heap all the blessings on you,
That she can pour out upon you.
To be lov'd, where most you love,
Is the worst that you shall prove:
And by him to be embraced,
Who so long hath known you chaste,
Wise and fair; whilst you renew
Joys to him, and he to you:
And when both your years are told,
Neither think the other old.

And the Countess *of* EXETER'S *by the*

Patrico. Madam, we knew of your coming so late,
We could not well fit you a nobler fate
Than what you have ready made:

An old man's wife
Is the light of his life,
A young one is but his shade.
You will not importune,
The change of your fortune:
For if you dare trust to my fore-casting,
'Tis presently good, and it will be lasting.
[*Music.*

HERE THEY DANCE.

After which

The Countess *of* BUCKINGHAM'S *by the*

4 *Gip.* Your pardon, lady, here you stand,
If some should judge you by your hand,
The greatest felon in the land
Detected.
I cannot tell you by what arts
But you have stolen so many hearts,
As they would make you at all parts
Suspected.
Your very face first such a one
As being view'd, it was alone,
Too slippery to be look'd upon;
And threw men:
But then your graces they were such,
As none could e'er behold too much;
Both every taste and ever touch
So drew men.
Still blest in all you think or do,
Two of your sons are gipsies too,
You shall our queen be, and, see who
Importunes
The heart of either yours or you;
And doth not wish both George and Sue,
And every bairn besides, all new
Good fortunes.

The Lady PURBECK'S, *by the*

2 *Gip.* Help me, wonder, here's a book,
Where I would for ever look:
Never yet did gipsy trace
Smoother lines in hands or face:
Venus here doth Saturn move,
That you should be Queen of Love;
And the other stars consent;
Only Cupid's not content;
For though you the theft disguise,
You have robb'd him of his eyes.
And to shew his envy further,
Here he chargeth you with murther:
Says, although that at your sight,
He must all his torches light;
Though your either cheek discloses
Mingled baths of milk and roses;
Though your lips be banks of blisses,
Where he plants and gathers kisses;
And yourself the reason why,
Wisest men for love may die;
You will turn all hearts to tinder,
And shall make the world one cinder.

And the Lady ELIZABETH HATTON'S, *by the*

5 *Gip.* Mistress of a fairer table
Hath no history nor fable:
Others fortunes may be shown,
You are builder of your own.
And whatever heaven hath gi'n you,
You preserve the state still in you;
That which time would have depart,
Youth without the help of art,
You do keep still, and the glory
Of your sex is but your story.

The Lord Chamberlain's, *by the*

Jackman. Though you, sir, be Chamberlain,
I have a key
To open your fortune a little by the way:
You are a good man,
Deny it that can:
And faithful you are,
Deny it that dare.
You know how to use your sword and your pen,
And you love not alone the arts, but the men:
The Graces and Muses every where follow
You, as you were their second Apollo;
Only your hand here tells you to your face,
You have wanted one grace,
To perform what has been a right of your place;
For by this line, which is Mars his trench,
You never yet help'd your master to a wench.
'Tis well for your honour he's pious and chaste,
Or you had most certainly been displaced.

HERE THEY DANCE.

The Lord Keeper's *fortune, by the*

Patrico. As happy a palm, sir, as most i' the land —
It should be a pure, and an innocent hand,
And worthy the trust,
For it says you'll be just,
And carry that purse
Without any curse
Of the public weal,
When you take out the seal.
You do not appear,
A judge of a year.
I'll venture my life
You never had wife,
But I'll venture my skill,
You may when you will.
You have the king's conscience too in your breast,
And that's a good guest;
Which you'll have true touch of,
And yet not make much of,
More than by truth yourself forth to bring
The man that you are, for God and the king.

The Lord Treasurer's *fortune, by the*

3 *Gipsy.* I come to borrow, and you'll grant my demand, sir,
Since 'tis not for money, pray lend me your hand, sir,
And yet this good hand, if you please to stretch it,
Had the errand been money, could easily fetch it:
You command the king's treasure, and yet on my soul
You handle not much, for your palm is not foul:
Your fortune is good, and will be to set
The office upright, and the king out of debt;
To put all that have pensions soon out of their pain,
By bringing the exchequer in credit again.

The Lord Privy Seal's, *by the*

2 *Gip.* Honest and old,
In those the good part of a fortune is told;
God send you your health,
The rest is provided, honour and wealth:
All which you possess,
Without the making of any man less,
Nor need you my warrant, enjoy it you shall,
For you have a good privy seal for it all.

The Earl Marshal's, *by the*

3 *Gip.* Next the great master, who is the donor,
I read you here the preserver of honour,
And spy it in all your singular parts,
What a father you are, and a nurse of the arts,
By cherishing which, a way you have found,
How they free to all, to one may be bound:
And they again love their bonds; for to be
Obliged to you, is the way to be free.
But this is their fortune:—hark to your own.
Yours shall be to make true gentry known
From the fictitious, not to prize blood
So much by the greatness as by the good;
To shew, and to open clear virtue the way,
Both whither she should, and how far she may:
And whilst you do judge 'twixt valour and noise,
To extinguish the race of the roaring boys.

The Lord Steward's, *by the*

4 *Gip.* I find by this hand,
You have the command
Of the very best man's house in the land:
Our captain and we,
Ere long, will see
If you keep a good table;
Your master is able,
And here be bountiful lines, that say
You'll keep no part of his bounty away.
There's written *frank*
On your Venus' bank:
To prove a false steward you'll find much-ado,
Being a true one by blood, and by office too.

The Lord Marquis HAMILTON'S, *by*

5 *Gip.* Only your hand, sir, and welcome to court;
Here is a man both for earnest and sport.
You were lately employ'd,
And your master is joy'd
To have such in his train
So well can sustain
His person abroad,
And not shrink for the load,—
But had you been here,
You should have been a gipsy, I swear;
Our captain had summon'd you by a doxy,
To whom you would not have answer'd by proxy,
One, had she come in the way of your scepter,
'Tis odds, you had laid it by to have leapt her.

[*Music.*

HERE THEY DANCE.

After which,

Music, which leads to SECOND DANCE.

During which the PATRICO *and* JACKMAN *sing this* SONG: *and towards the end of it,* COCKREL, CLOD, TOWNSHEAD, PUPPY, *and other* Clowns *enter behind.*

Patr. Why, this is a sport,
See it north, see it south;
For the taste of the court,
Jack. For the court's own mouth.
Come, Windsor, the town,
With the mayor, and oppose,
We'll put them all down,
Patr. Do-do-down, like my hose.
A gipsy in his shape,
More calls the beholder,
Than the fellow with the ape,
Jack. Or the ape on his shoulder.
He's a sight that will take
An old judge from his wench,
Ay, and keep him awake;
Patr. Yes, awake on the bench.
And has so much worth,
Though he sit in the stocks,
He will draw the girls forth,
Jack. Ay, forth in their smocks.
Tut, a man's but a man:
Let the clowns with their sluts
Come mend us if they can,
Patr. If they can for their guts.
Both. Come mend us, come lend us, their shouts and their noise,
Like thunder, and wonder at Ptolemy's boys.

Cock. Oh the Lord! what be these? Tom, dost thou know? Come hither, come hither, Dick, didst thou ever see such? the finest olive-colour'd spirits, they have so danced, and gingled here, as they had been a set of over-grown fairies.

Clod. They should be morris-dancers by their gingle, but they have no napkins.

Cock. No, nor a hobby-horse.

Clod. Oh! he's often forgotten, that's no rule; but there is no Maid Marian nor Friar amongst them, which is the surer mark.

Cock. Nor a fool that I see.

Clod. Unless they be all fools.

Town. Well said, Tom Fool; why, thou simple parish ass thou, didst thou never see any gipsies? These are a covey of gipsies, and the bravest new covey that ever constable flew at; goodly, game gipsies, they are gipsies of this year, of this moon, in my conscience.

Clod. Oh, they are called the Moon-men, I remember now!

Cock. One shall hardly see such gentlemen-like gipsies though, under a hedge, in a whole summer's day, if they be gipsies.

Town. Male gipsies all, not a Mort among them.

Pup. Where, where? I could never endure the sight of one of these rogue-gipsies: which be they? I would fain see 'em.

Clo. Yonder they are.

Pup. Can they cant or mill? are they masters in their art?

Town. No, batchelors these; they cannot have proceeded so far; they have scarce had their time to be lousy yet.

Pup. All the better: I would be acquainted with them while they are in clean life, they will do their tricks the cleanlier.

Cock. We must have some music then, and take out the wenches.

Pup. Music! we'll have a whole poverty of pipers; call Cheeks upon the bagpipe, and Tom Tickle-foot with his tabor. Clod, will you gather the pipe-money?

Clod. I'll gather it an you will, but I'll give none.

Pup. Why, well said! Claw a churl by the a— and he'll s— in your fist.

Cock. Ay, or whistle to a jade, and he'll pay you with a f—.

Clod. F—! 'tis an ill wind that blows no man to profit:—See where the minstrel comes in the mouth on't.

Cock. Ay, and all the good wenches of Windsor after him; yonder is Prue o' the park.

Town. And Frances o' the castle.

Pup. And Long Meg of Eaton.

Clod. And Christian o' Dorney.

Town. See the miracle of a minstrel!

Cock. He's able to muster up the smocks of the two shires.

Pup. And set the codpieces and they by the ears at pleasure.

Enter the two Pipers *playing, and followed by* PRUDENCE, FRANCES, CICELY, MEG, CHRISTIAN, *and other* Wenches.

Town. I cannot hold now, there's my groat, let's have a fit for mirth sake.

Cock. Yes, and they'll come about us for luck's sake.

Pup. But look to our pockets and purses, for our own sake.

Clod. Ay, I have the greatest charge, if I gather the money.

Cock. Come, girls, here be gipsies come to town, let's dance them down. [*Music.*

Here they take out the Wenches, and dance Country Dances, During which the Gipsies and the Patrico come about them prying, and pick their pockets.

Pat. Sweet doxies and dells,
My Roses and Nells,
Scarce out of the shells,
Your hands, nothing else.
We ring you no knells
With our Ptolemy's bells,
Though we come from the fells;
But bring you good spells,
And tell you some chances,
In midst of your dances,
That fortune advances,
To Prudence or Frances;
To Cicely or Harry,
To Roger or Mary,
Or Peg of the dairy;
To Maudlin or Thomas;
Then do not run from us.
Although we look tawny,
We are healthy and brawny,
Whate'er your demand is,
We'll give you no jaundis.

Pup. Say you so, old gipsy! 'Slid, these go to't in rhymes; this is better than canting by the one half.

Town. Nay, you shall hear them: peace, they begin with Prudence; mark that.

Pup. The wiser gipsies they, marry.

Town. Are you advised?

Pup. Yes, and I'll stand to't, that a wise gipsy, (take him at the time o' the year) is as politic a piece of flesh as most justices in the county where he stalks.

3 Gip. *To love a keeper your fortune will be,*
But the doucets better than him or his fee.

Town. Ha, Prue, has he hit you in the teeth with the sweet bit?

Pup. Let her alone, she'll swallow it well enough; a learned gipsy!

Town. You'll hear more hereafter.

Pup. Marry, and I'll listen: who stands next? Jack Cockrel?

2 Gip. *You'll have good luck to horse-flesh, o' my life,*
You plough'd so late with the vicar's wife.

Pup. A prophet, a prophet, no gipsy! or if he be a gipsy, a divine gipsy.

Town. Mark Frances, now she's going to't, the virginity o' the parish!

Pat. *Fear not, in hell you'll never lead apes,*
A mortified maiden of five escapes.

Pup. By'r lady, he touch'd the virgin-string there a little too hard. They are arrant learned men all I see; what say they upon Tom Clod? list.

1 Gip. *Clod's feet will in Christmas go near to be bare,*
When he has lost all his hobnails at post and at pair.

Pup. He has hit the right nail o' the head, his own game.

Town. And the very metal he deals in at play, if you mark it.

Pup. Peace, who's this? Long Meg?

Town. Long and foul Meg, if she be a Meg, as ever I saw of her inches: pray Heaven they fit her with a fair fortune! she hangs an a—— terribly.

Pup. They slip her, and treat upon Ticklefoot.

1 Gip. *On Sundays you rob the poor's box with your tabor;*
The collectors would do it, you save them a labour.

Pup. Faith, but a little: they do it *non upstante.*

Town. Here's my little Christian forgot; have you any fortune left for her? a straight-laced Christian of sixteen.

Pat. *Christian shall get her a loose bodied gown*
In trying how a gentleman differs from a clown.

Pup. Is that a fortune for a Christian? a Turk with a gipsy could not have told her a worse.

Town. Come, I'll stand myself, and once venture the poor head o' the town; do your worst, my name's Townshead, and here's my hand, I'll not be angry.

3 Gip. *A cuckold you must be, and that for three lives,*
Your own, the parson's, and your wive's.

Town. I swear I'll never marry for that, an't be but to give *fortune, my foe,* the lie: Come, Paul Puppy, you must in too.

Pup. No, I'm well enough; I would have no good fortune an I might.

4 Gip. *Yet look to yourself, you'll have some ill luck,*
And shortly,—for I have his purse at a pluck. [*Aside to the* Patrico.

Pat. Away, birds, mum!
I hear by the hum,
If beck-harman come,
He'll strike us all dumb.
With a noise like a drum,
Let's give him our room,
Here this way some,
And that way others,
We are not all brothers:
Leave me to the cheats,
I'll shew 'em some feats.
[*The Gipsies run off different ways.*

Pup. What! are they gone? flown all of a sudden? This is fine, i' faith: a covey call you 'em? they are a covey soon scatter'd, methink: who sprung them I marle?

Town. Marry, yourself, Puppy, for aught I know; you quested last.

Clod. Would he had quested first for me, and sprung them an hour ago!

Town. Why, what's the matter, man?

Clod. 'Slid, they have sprung my purse, and all I had about me.

Town. They have not, have they?

Clod. As I am true Clod, have they, and ransacled me of every penny—outcept I were with child

with an owl, as they say, I never saw such luck, it's enough to make a man a whore.

Pup. Hold thy peace, thou talkst as if thou hadst a license to lose thy purse alone in this company: 'slid, here be those can lose a purse in honour of the gipsies, as well as thou for thy heart, and never make words of it: I have lost my purse too.

Cock. What was there in thy purse, thou keep'st such a whimpering? was the lease of thy house in it?

Pup. Or thy grannam's silver ring?

Clod. No, but a mill sixpence of my mother's I loved as dearly, and a two-pence I had to spend over and above; besides, the harper that was gathered amongst us to pay the piper.

Town. Our whole stock, is that gone? how will Tom Ticklefoot do to whet his whistle then!

Pup. Marry, a new collection, there's no music else, masters; he can ill pipe, that wants his upper lip.

Town. Yes, a bagpiper may want both.

Pru. They have robb'd me too of a dainty race of ginger, and a jet-ring I had, to draw Jack Straw hither on holy-days.

Town. Is't possible! fine-finger'd gipsies, i' faith.

Meg And I have lost an inchanted nutmeg, all gilded over was inchanted at Oxford for me, to put in my sweet-heart's ale a' mornings; with a row of white pins that prick me to the very heart, the loss of them.

Clod. And I have lost, besides my purse, my best bride-lace I had at Joan Turnup's wedding, and a halp'orth of hobnails: Frances Addlebreech has lost somewhat too, besides her maiden-head.

Fran. Ay, I have lost my thimble, and a skein of Coventry blue I had to work Gregory Litchfield a handkerchief.

Chris. And I, unhappy Christian as I am, have lost my Practice of Piety, with a bowed groat; and the ballad of *Whoop Barnaby*, which grieves me ten times worse.

Clod. And Ticklefoot has lost his clout, he says, with a three-pence and four tokens in't; besides his taboring-stick even now.

Cock. And I my knife and sheath, and my fine dog's-leather gloves.

Town. Have we lost never a dog amongst us? where's Puppy?

Pup. Here, good man Townshead, you have nothing to lose, it seems, but the Town's brains you are trusted with.

Re-enter the PATRICO, *with the rest of the Gipsies.*

Oh, my dear marrows!
No shooting of arrows
Or shafts of your wit,
Each other to hit,
In your skirmishing fit.
Your store is but small,
Then venture not all:
Remember, each mock
Doth spend o' the stock.
And what was here done,
Being under the moon,
And at afternoon,
Will prove right soon
Deceptio visus,
Done *gratio risus*.—

There's no such thing
As the loss of a ring,
Or what you count worse,
The miss of a purse.
But hey for the main,
And pass of the strain,
Here's both come again!

And there's an old twinger
Can shew ye the ginger:
The pins and the nutmeg
Are safe here with slut Meg,
Then strike up your tabor,
And there's for your labour;
The sheath and the knife,
I'll venture my life,
Shall breed you no strife,
But like man and wife,
Or sister and brother,
Keep one with another,
And light as a feather,
Make haste to come hither.

The Coventry-blue
Hangs there upon Prue,
And here is one opens
The clout and the tokens;
Deny the bow'd groat,
And you lie in your throat;
Or the taborer's nine-pence,
Or the six fine pence.

As for the ballad,
Or the book, what you call it;
Alas, our society
Mells not with piety;
Himself hath forsook it,
That first undertook it.

For thimble or bride-lace,
Search yonder side lass.
All's to be found,
If you look yourselves round:
We scorn to take from ye,
We had rather spend on ye.
If any man wrong ye,
The thief is among ye.

Town. Excellent, i' faith! a most restorative gipsy! all's here again; and yet by his learning of legerdemain, he would make us believe we had robbed ourselves; for the hobnails are come to me.

Cock. May be, he knew whose shoes lacked clouting.

Pup. Ay—he knows more than that, or I'll never trust my judgment in a gipsy again.

Cock. A gipsy of quality, believe it, and one of the king's gipsies, this; a drink-alian, or a drink-braggatan? Ask him. The king has his noise of gipsies, as well as of bearwards and other minstrels.

Pup. What sort or order of gipsies, I pray, sir.

Pat. A flagon-flekian,
A Devil's arse-a-Pekian
Born first at Niglington,
Bred up at Filchington,
Boarded at Tappington,
Bedded at Wappington.

Town. Fore me, a dainty derived gipsy!

Pup. But I pray, sir, if a man might ask on you, how came your captain's place first to be call'd the Devil's Arse?

Pat. For that take my word,
We have a record,
That doth it afford,
And says our first lord,
Cocklorrel he hight,
On a time did invite
The devil to a feast;
The tail of the jest,
(Though since it be long,)
Lives yet in a song;
Which if you would hear,
Shall plainly appear,
Like a chime in your ear.
I'll call in my clerk,
Shall sing like a lark.

Cock. Oh ay, the song, the song in any case; if you want music, we'll lend him our music.

Come in, my long shark,
With thy face brown and dark;
With thy tricks and thy toys,
Make a merry, merry noise,
To these mad country boys,
And chaunt out the farce
Of the grand Devil's Arse. [*Music.*

SONG.

Cocklorrel would needs have the devil his guest,
And bade him into the Peak to dinner,
Where never the fiend had such a feast,
Provided him yet at the charge of a sinner.

His stomach was queasy, (he came thither coacht,)
The jogging had made some crudities rise;
To help it he call'd for a puritan poacht,
That us'd to turn up the eggs of his eyes.

And so recovered unto his wish,
He sate him down, and he fell to eat;
Promoter in plumb-broth was the first dish,
His own privy kitchen had no such meat.

Yet, though with this he much were taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher,
As soon as he spied the bawd and bacon,
By which you may note the Devil's a wencher.

Six pickled tailors sliced and cut,
Sempsters, and tirewomen, fit for his palate:
With feathermen and perfumers put
Some twelve in a charger to make a grand sallet.

A rich fat usurer stew'd in his marrow,
And by him a lawyer's head and green sauce;
Both which his belly took in like a barrow,
As if till then he had never seen sauce.

Then carbonadoed and cook'd with pains,
Was brought up a cloven serjeant's face:
The sauce was made of his yeoman's brains,
That had been beaten out with his own mace.

Two roasted sheriffs came whole to the board;
(The feast had nothing been without 'em)
Both living and dead they were fox'd and furr'd,
Their chains like sausages hung about 'em.

The very next dish was the mayor of a town,
With a pudding ofmaintenance thrust in his belly,
Like a goose in the feathers, drest in his gown,
And his couple of hinch-boys boil'd to a jelly.

A London cuckold hot from the spit,
And when the carver up had broke him,
The Devil chop'd up his head at a bit,
But the horns were very near like to choake him.

The chine of a letcher too there was roasted,
With a plump harlot's haunch and garlike,
A pander's pettitoes, that had boasted
Himself for a captain, yet never was warlike.

A large fat pasty of a midwife hot;
And for a cold bak'd meat into the story,
A reverend painted lady was brought,
And coffin'd in crust till now she was hoary.

To these, an overgrown justice of peace,
With a clerk like a gizzard truss'd under each arm;
And warrants for sippits, laid in his own grease,
Set over a chaffing dish to be kept warm.

The jowl of a jailor serv'd for a fish,
A constable sous'd with vinegar by;
Two aldermen lobsters asleep in a dish,
A deputy tart, a churchwarden pye.

All which devour'd, he then for a close
Did for a full draught of Derby call;
He heav'd the huge vessel up to his nose,
And left not till he had drunk up all.

Then from the table he gave a start,
Where banquet and wine were nothing scarce,
All which he flirted away with a fart,
From whence it was call'd the Devil's Arse.

Pup. An excellent song, and a sweet songster and would have done rarely in a cage, with a dish of water and hemp-seed! a fine breast of his own! Sir, you are a prelate of the order, I understand, and I have a terrible grudging now upon me to be one of your company; will your captain take a prentice, sir? I would bind myself to him, body and soul, either for one-and-twenty years, or as many lives as he would.

Clod. Ay, and put in my life for one, for I am come about too; I am sorry I had no more money i' my purse when you came first upon us, sir; if I had known you would have pick'd my pocket so like a gentleman, I would have been better provided; I shall be glad to venture a purse with your worship at any time you'll appoint, so you would prefer me to your captain; I'll put in security for my truth, and serve out my time, though I die to-morrow.

Cock. Ay, upon those terms, sir, and I hope your captain keeps better cheer than he made for the devil, for my stomach will ne'er agree with that diet, we'll be all his followers; I'll go home and fetch a little money, sir, all I have, and you shall pick my pocket to my face, and I'll avouch it: a man would not desire to have his purse pickt in better company.

Pup. Tut, they have other manner of gifts than picking of pockets, or telling fortunes.

Cock. Ay, and if they would but please to shew them, or thought us poor county mortals worthy of them.

Pup. What might a man do to be a gentleman of your company, sir?

Cock. Ay, a gipsy in ordinary, or nothing.

Pat. Friends, not to refel ye,
Or any way quell ye,
To buy or to sell ye,
I only must tell ye,
Ye aim at a mystery,
Worthy a history;
There's much to be done,
Ere you can be a son,
Or a brother of the moon,
'Tis not so soon
Acquir'd, as desir'd.
You must be ben-bowsy,
And sleepy and drowsy,
And lazy, and lousy,

Before ye can rouse ye,
In shape that avows ye.
And then ye may stalk
The gipsies walk,
To the coops and the pens,
And bring in the hens,
Though the cock be left sullen
For loss of the pullen:
Take turkey or capon,
And gammons of bacon,
Let nought be forsaken.
We'll let you go loose,
Like a fox to a goose,
And shew you the sty
Where the little pigs lie;
Whence if you can take
One or two, and not wake
The sow in her dreams,
But by the moon-beams
So warily hie,
As neither do cry;
You shall the next day
Have license to play
At the hedge a flirt,
For a sheet or a shirt:
If your hand be light,
I'll shew you the slight
Of our Ptolemy's knot.
It is, and 'tis not.
To change your complexion,
With the noble confection
Of walnuts and hog's-grease,
Better than dog's-grease:
And to milk the kine,
Ere the milk-maid fine
Hath open'd her eyne;
Or if you desire
To spit or fart fire,
I'll teach you the knacks
Of eating of flax;
And out of your noses,
Draw ribands and posies,
As for example,
Mine own is as ample
And fruitful a nose,
As a wit can suppose;
Yet it shall go hard,
But there will be spared,
Each of you a yard,
And worth your regard,
When the colour and size
Arrive at your eyes.
And if you incline
To a cup of good wine,
When you sup or dine;
If you chance it to lack,
Be it claret or sack;
I'll make this snout,
To deal it about,
Or this to run out
As it were from a spout.

Town. Admirable tricks, and he does them all *se defendendo*, as if he would not be taken in the trap of authority by a frail fleshly constable.

Pup. Without the aid of a cheese.

Clod. Or help of a flitch of bacon.

Cock. Oh, he would chirp in a pair of stocks sumptuously; I'd give any thing to see him play loose with his hands when his feet were fast.

Pup. O' my conscience he fears not that, an the marshal himself were here; I protest I admire him.

Pat. Is this worth your wonder!
Nay then you shall under-
Stand more of my skill.
I can (for I will)
Here at Burley o' the Hill
Give you all your fill,
Each Jack with his Gill,
And shew you the king,
The prince too, and bring
The gipsies were here,
Like lords to appear,
With such their attenders,
As you thought offenders,
Who now become new men,
You'll know them for true men;
For he we call chief,
I'll tell't ye in brief,
Is so far from a thief,
As he gives ye relief
With his bread, beer, and beef.
And 'tis not log sin'e
Ye drank of his wine,
And it made you fine,
Both claret and sherry,
Then let us be merry;
And help with your call,
For a hall, a hall!
Stand up to the wall,
Both good men, and tall,
We are one man's all.[1]

Omnes. A hall, a hall, a hall!

Enter the GIPSIES METAMORPHOSED, *i. e. dressed in rich Habits, and* DANCE.

Pat. Why now ye behold,
'Twas truth that I told,
And no device;
They are chang'd in a trice,
And so will I
Be myself, by and by.
I only now
Must study how
To come off with a grace,
With my Patrico's place:
Some short kind of blessing,
It self addressing
Unto my good master,
Which light on him faster,
Than wishes can fly.
And you that stand by
Be as jocund as I;

[1] When the Masque was represented at Bever Castle, the following lines were used instead of those in the text.

The fifth of August,
Will not let saw-dust
Lie in your throats,
Or cobwebs, or oats;
But help to scour ye.
This is no Gowry,
Has drawn James hither.
But the goodman of Bever,
Our Buckingham's father;
Then so much the rather
Make it a jolly night,
For 'tis a holy night:
Spight of the constable,
Or dean of Dunstable.

Each man with his voice,
Give his heart to rejoice,
Which I'll requite,
If my art hit right.
Though late now at night,
Each clown here in sight,
Before day light,
Shall prove a good knight:
And your lasses, pages
Worthy their wages,
Where fancy engages
Girls to their ages.

Clod. Oh, any thing for the Patrico; what is't? what is't?

Pat. Nothing, but bear the bob of the close,
It will be no burthen you may well suppose,
But bless the sov'reign and his senses,
And to wish away offences.

Clod. Let us alone, *Bless the sovereign and his senses.*

Pat. We'll take them in order, as they have being,
And first of seeing.

From a gipsy in the morning,
Or a pair of squint eyes turning:
From the goblin, and the spectre,
Or a drunkard, though with nectar;
From a woman true to no man,
Which is ugly besides common;
A smock rampant, and the itches
To be putting on the breeches:
Wheresoe'er they have their being,
Cho. *Bless the Sovereign and his* SEEING.

Pat. From a fool, and serious toys;
From a lawyer, three parts noise:
From impertinence, like a drum
Beat at dinner in his room;
From a tongue without a file,
Heaps of phrases and no style.
From a fiddle out of tune,
As the cuckow is in June,
From the candlesticks of Lothbury,
And the loud pure wives of Banbury;
Or a long pretended fit,
Meant for mirth, but is not it;
Only time and ears out-wearing,
Cho. *Bless the Sovereign and his* HEARING.

Pat. From a strolling tinker's sheet,
Or a pair of carrier's feet:
From a lady that doth breathe
Worse above than underneath;
From the diet and the knowledge
Of the students in Bears-college;
From tobacco, with the type
Of the devil's glyster-pipe;
Or a stink all stinks excelling,
From a fishmonger's stale dwelling;
Cho. *Bless the Sovereign and his* SMELLING.

Pat. From an oyster and fried fish,
A sow's baby in a dish;
From any portion of a swine,
From bad venison, and worse wine;
Ling, what cook soe'er it boil,
Though with mustard sauced and oil,
Or what else would keep man fasting,
Cho. *Bless the Sovereign and his* TASTING.

Pat. Both from birdlime, and from pitch,
From a doxey and her itch;
From the bristles of a hog,
Or the ring-worm in a dog;
From the courtship of a briar,
Or St. Anthony's old fire:
From a needle, or a thorn,
In the bed at e'en or morn;
Or from any gout's least grutching,
Cho. *Bless the Sovereign and his* TOUCHING.

Pat. Bless him too from all offences,
In his sports, as in his senses;
From a boy to cross his way,
From a fall, or a foul day.
Bless him, O bless him, heaven, and lend him long
To be the sacred burden of all song;
The acts and years of all our kings t' outgo;
And while he's mortal, we not think him so.

After which, ascending up, the JACKMAN *sings.*

SONG FIRST.

Jack. The sports are done, yet do not let
Your joys in sudden silence set;
Delight and dumbness never met
In one self-subject yet.
If things oppos'd must mixt appear,
Then add a boldness to your fear,
And speak a hymn to him,
Where all your duties do of right belong,
Which I will sweeten with an under-song.

Captain. Glory of ours, and grace of all the earth;
How well your figure doth become your birth!
As if your form and fortune equal stood,
And only virtue got above your blood.

SONG SECOND.

Jack. Virtue, his kingly virtue, which did merit
This isle entire, and you are to inherit.

4 *Gipsy.* How right he doth confess him in his face,
His brow, his eye, and ev'ry mark of state;
As if he were the issue of each Grace,
And bore about him both his fame and fate.

SONG THIRD.

Jack. Look, look, is he not fair,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer sky, or purged air,
And looks as lilies do,
That were this morning blown.

4 *Gip.* Oh more! that more of him were known.

3 *Gip.* Look how the winds upon the waves grown tame,
Take up land sounds upon their purple wings:
And catching each from other, bear the same
To every angle of their sacred springs.
So will we take his praise, and hurl his name
About the globe, in thousand airy rings,
If his great virtue be in love with fame,
For that contemn'd, both are neglected things.

SONG FOURTH.

Jack. Good princes soar above their fame,
And in their worth,
Come greater forth,
Than in their name.
Such, such the father is,
Whom ev'ry title strives to kiss;
Who on his royal grounds unto himself doth raise
The work to trouble fame, and to astonish praise

4 *Gip.* Indeed he is not lord alone of all the state,
But of the love of men, and of the empire's fate,
The muses' arts, the schools, commerce, our honours, laws,
And virtues hang on him, as on their working cause.
2 *Gip.* His hand-maid justice is.
3 *Gip.* Wisdom, his wife.
4 *Gip.* His mistress, mercy.
5 *Gip.* Temperance, his life.
2 *Gip.* His pages bounty and grace, which many prove.
3 *Gip.* His guards are magnanimity and love.
4 *Gip.* His ushers, counsel, truth, and piety.
5 *Gip.* And all that follows him, felicity.

SONG FIFTH.

Jack. Oh that we understood
Our good!
There's happiness indeed in blood,
And store,
But how much more,
When virtue's flood
In the same stream doth hit?
As that grows high with years, so happiness with it

Capt. Love, love his fortune then, and virtues known,
Who is the top of men,
But makes the happiness our own;
Since where the prince for goodness is renown'd,
The subject with felicity is crown'd.

THE EPILOGUE AT WINDSOR.

At Burleigh, Bever, and now last at Windsor,
Which shews we are gipsies of no common kind, sir:
You have beheld (and with delight) their change,
And how they came transform'd, may think it strange;
It being a thing not touch'd at by our poet,
Good Ben slept there, or else forgot to shew it:
But lest it prove like wonder to the sight,
To see a gipsy, as an Æthiop, white,
Know, that what dy'd our faces, was an ointment
Made, and laid on by master Woolfe's appointment,
The court Lycanthropos; yet without spells,
By a mere barber, and no magic else,
It was fetch'd off with water and a ball,
And to our transformation, this is all,
Save what the master fashioner calls his:
For to a gipsy's metamorphosis,
Who doth disguise his habit and his face,
And takes on a false person by his place,
The power of poetry can never fail her,
Assisted by a barber and a tailor.

THE MASQUE OF AUGURS

WITH THE

SEVERAL ANTIMASQUES,

PRESENTED ON TWELFTH-NIGHT, 1622.

SCENE.—*The Court Buttery-hatch.*

Enter NOTCH *and* SLUG.

Notch. Come, now my head's in, I'll even venture the whole: I have seen the lions ere now, and he that hath seen them may see the king.

Slug. I think he may; but have a care you go not too nigh, neighbour Notch, lest you chance to have a tally made on your pate, and be clawed with a cudgel; there is as much danger going too near the king, as the lions.

Enter Groom *of the* Revels.

Groom. Whither, whither now, gamesters? what is the business, the affair? stop, I beseech you.

Notch. This must be an officer or nothing, he is so pert and brief in his demands: a pretty man! and a pretty man is a little o' this side nothing; howsoever we must not be daunted now. I am sure I am a greater man than he out of the court, and I have lost nothing of my size since I came to it.

Groom. Hey-da! what's this? a hogshead of beer broke out of the king's buttery, or some Dutch hulk! whither are you bound? the wind is against you, you must back; do you know where you are?

Notch. Yes, sir, if we be not mistaken, we are at the court; and would be glad to speak with something of less authority, and more wit, that knows a little in the place.

Groom. Sir, I know as little as any man in the place. Speak, what is your business? I am an officer, groom of the revels, that is my place.

Notch. To fetch bouge of court, a parcel of invisible bread and beer for the players; (for they never see it;) or to mistake six torches from the chandry, and give them one.

Groom. How, sir?

Notch. Come, this is not the first time you have carried coals, to your own house, I mean, that should have warm'd them.

Groom. Sir, I may do it by my place, and I must question you farther.

Notch. Be not so musty, sir; our desire is only to know whether the king's majesty and the court expect any disguise here to-night?

Groom. Disguise! what mean you by that? do you think that his majesty sits here to expect drunkards?

Notch. No; if he did, I believe you would supply that place better than you do this: Disguise was the old English word for a masque, sir, before you were an implement belonging to the Revels.

Groom. There is no such word in the office now, I assure you, sir; I have served here, man and boy, a prenticeship or twain, and I should know. But, by what name soever you call it, here will be a masque, and shall be a masque, when you and the rest of your comrogues shall sit *disguised* in the stocks.

Notch. Sure, by your language you were never meant for a courtier, howsoever it hath been your ill fortune to be taken out of the nest young; you are some constable's egg, some such widgeon of authority, you are so easily offended! Our coming was to shew our loves, sir, and to make a little merry with his majesty to-night, and we have brought a masque with us, if his majesty had not been better provided.

Groom. Who, you! you, a masque! why you stink like so many bloat-herrings newly taken out of the chimney! In the name of ignorance, whence came you? or what are you? you have been hang'd in the smoke sufficiently, that is smelt out already.

Notch. Sir, we do come from among the brew-houses in St. Katherine's, that's true, there you have smoked us; the dock comfort your nostrils! and we may have lived in a mist there, and so mist our purpose; but for mine own part, I have brought my properties with me, to express what I am; the keys of my calling hang here at my girdle, and this, the register-book of my function, shews me no less than a clerk at all points, and a brewer's clerk, and a brewer's head-clerk.

Groom. A man of accompt, sir! I cry you mercy.

Slug. Ay, sir, I knew him a fine merchant, a merchant of hops, till all hopt into the water.

Notch. No more of that; what I have been, I have been; what I am, I am: I, Peter Notch, clerk, hearing the Christmas invention was drawn dry at court; and that neither the king's poet nor his architect had wherewithal left to entertain so much as a baboon of quality, nor scarce the Welsh ambassador, if he should come there: out of my allegiance to wit, drew in some other friends that have as it were presumed out of their own naturals to fill up

the vacuum with some pretty presentation, which we have addressed and conveyed hither in a lighter at the general charge, and landed at the back-door of the buttery, through my neighbour Slug's credit there.

Slug. A poor lighterman, sir, one that hath had the honour sometimes to lay in the king's beer there; and I assure you I heard it in no worse place than the very buttery, for a certain, there would be no masque, and from such as could command a jack of beer, two or three.

Enter VANGOOSE.

Van. Dat is all true, exceeding true, de inventors be barren, lost, two, dre, vour mile, I know that from my selven; dey have noting, no ting van deir own, but vat dey take from the eard, or de zea, or de heaven, or de hell, or de rest van de veir elementen, de place a! dat be so common as de vench in the bordello. Now me would bring in some dainty new ting, dat never was, nor never sall be in de *rebus natura*; dat has never van de *materia*, nor de *forma*, nor de hoffen, nor de voot, but a mera *devisa* of de brain—

Groom. Hey-da! what Hans Flutterkin is this? what Dutchman does build or frame castles in the air?

Notch. He is no Dutchman, sir, he is a Britain born, but hath learn'd to misuse his own tongue in travel, and now speaks all languages in ill English; a rare artist he is, sir, and a projector of masques. His project in ours is, that we should all come from the three dancing bears in St. Katherine's (you may hap know it, sir) hard by where the priest fell in, which alehouse is kept by a distressed lady, whose name, for the honour of knighthood, will not be known; yet she is come in person here errant, to fill up the adventure, with her two women that draw drink under her; gentlewomen born all three, I assure you.

Enter the Lady, *with her two* Maids.

Slug. And were three of those gentlewomen that should have acted in that famous matter of England's Joy in six hundred and three.

Lady. What talk you of England's Joy, gentlemen? you have another matter in hand, I wiss, England's Sport and Delight, if you can manage it. The poor cattle yonder are passing away the time with a cheat loaf, and a bombard of broken beer, how will ye dispose of them?

Groom. Cattle! what cattle does she mean?

Lady. No worse than the king's game, I assure you; the bears, bears both of quality and fashion, right bears, true bears.

Notch. A device only to express the place from whence we come, my lady's house, for which we have borrowed three very bears, that, as her ladyship aforesaid says, are well bred, and can dance to present the sign, and the bearward to stand for the sign-post.

Groom. That is pretty; but are you sure you have sufficient bears for that purpose?

Slug. Very sufficient bears as any are in the ground, the Paris-garden, and can dance at first sight, and play their own tunes if need be. John Urson, the bearward, offers to play them with any city-dancers christened, for a ground measure.

Notch. Marry, for lofty tricks, or dancing on the ropes, he will not undertake, it is out of their element, he says. Sir, all our request is, since we are come, we may be admitted, if not for a masque, for an antic-masque; and as we shall deserve therein, we desire to be returned with credit to the buttery from whence we came, for reward, or to the porter's lodge with discredit, for our punishment.

Groom. To be whipt with your bears! well, I could be willing to venture a good word in behalf of the game, if I were assured the aforesaid game would be cleanly, and not fright the ladies.

Notch. For that, sir, the bearward hath put in security by warranting my lady and her women to dance the whole changes with them in safety; and for their abusing the place, you shall not need to fear, for he hath given them a kind of diet-bread to bind them to their good behaviour.

Groom. Well, let them come; if you need one, I'll help you myself.

Enter JOHN URSON *with his Bears, who dance while he sings the following*

BALLAD.

Though it may seem rude
For me to intrude,
With these my bears, by chance-a;
'Twere sport for a king,
If they could sing
As well as they can dance-a.

Then to put you out
Of fear or doubt,
We came from St. Katherine-a,
These dancing three,
By the help of me,
Who am the post of the sign-a.

We sell good ware,
And we need not care
Though court and country know it;
Our ale's o' the best,
And each good guest
Prays for their souls that brew it.

For any ale-house,
We care not a louse,
Nor tavern in all the town-a;
Nor the Vintry-Cranes,
Nor St. Clement's Danes,
Nor the Devil can put us down-a.

Who has once there been,
Comes thither again,
The liquor is so mighty;
Beer strong and stale,
And so is our ale,
And it burns like aqua-vitæ.

To a stranger there,
If any appear,
Where never before he has been:
We shew the iron gate,
The wheel of St. Kate,
And the place where the priest fell in.

The wives of Wapping,
They trudge to our tapping,
And there our ale desire:
And still sit and drink,
Till they spue and stink,
And often piss out our fire.

From morning to night,
And about to day-light,
They sit, and never grudge it;
Till the fish-wives join
Their single coin,
And the tinker pawns his budget.

If their brains be not well,
Or their bladders do swell,
To ease them of their burden,
My lady will come
With a bowl and a broom,
And her handmaid with a jorden.

From court we invite
Lord, lady, and knight,
Squire, gentleman, yeoman, and groom;
And all our stiff drinkers,
Smiths, porters, and tinkers,
And the beggars shall give ye room.

Van. How like you, how like you?

Groom. Excellent! the bears have done learnedly, and sweetly.

Van. Tis noting, tis noting; vill you see sometings? ick sall bring in de Turkschen, met all zin pashaws, and zin dirty towsand Yanitsaries met all zin whooren, eunuken, all met an ander, de sofie van Persia, de Tartar cham met de groat king of Mogull, and made deir men, and deir horse, and deir elephanten, be seen fight in the ayr, and be all killen, and aliven, and no such ting. And all dis met de *ars* van de Catropricks, by de refleshie van de glassen.

Notch. Oh, he is an admirable artist.

Slug. And a half, sir.

Groom. But where will he place his glasses?

Van. Fow, dat is all ean, as it be two, dree, veir, vife towsand mile off; ick sall multiplien de vizioun, met an ander secret dat ick heb: Spreck, vat vill you haben?

Groom. Good sir, put him to't, bid him do something that is impossible; he will undertake it, I warrant you.

Notch. I do not like the Mogul, nor the great Turk, nor the Tartar, their names are somewhat too big for the room; marry, if he could shew us some country-players, strolling about in several shires, without license from the office, that would please I know whom; or some Welsh pilgrims—

Van. Pilgrim! now you talk of de pilgrim, it come in my head. Ick vill show yow all de whole brave pilgrim o' de world: de pilgrim dat go now, now at de instant, two, dre towsand mile to de great Mahomet, at de Mecha, or here, dere, every where, make de fine labyrints, and shew all de brave error in de vorld.

Slug. And shall we see it here?

Van. Yaw, here, here, here in dis room, tis very room; vel vat is dat to you, if ick do de ting? vat an devil, vera boten devil?

Groom. Nay, good sir, be not angry.

Notch. 'Tis a disease that follows all excellent men, they cannot govern their passions; but let him alone, try him one bout.

Groom. I would try him; but what has all this to do with our mask?

Van. O sir, all de better vor an antick-mask, de more absurd it be, and vrom de purpose, it be ever all de better. If it go from de nature of de ting, it is de more art: for dere is art, and dere is nature, yow sall see. *Hocos Pocos! paucos palabros!*

Here the second ANTIMASQUE.

Which was a perplexed DANCE *of straying and deformed* PILGRIMS *taking several paths, till with the opening of the light above, and breaking forth of* APOLLO, *they were all frighted away, and the* MAIN MASQUE *begun:*

APOLLO *descending, sung,*[1]

It is no dream; you all do wake, and see;
Behold who comes! far-shooting Phœbus,[2] he
That can both hurt and heal;[3] and with his voice[4],
Rear towns, and make societies rejoice;
That taught the muses all their harmony,
And men the tuneful art of augury.[5]
Apollo stoops, and when a god descends,
May mortals think he hath no vulgar ends.

Being near the earth, he called these persons following, who came forth as from their tombs.

Linus![6] and Orpheus![7] Branchus![8] Idmon![9]
My sacred sons, rise at your father's call, [all,
From your immortal graves; where sleep, not
Yet binds your powers. [death,
Linus. Here.
Orpheus. Here.
Branchus. What sacred breath
Doth re-inspire us?
Idmon. Who is this we feel?
Phœmonoë.[10] What heat creeps through me, as
Is dipt in water? [when burning steel
Apollo. Ay, Phœmonoë,
Thy father Phœbus' fury filleth thee:
Confess my godhead, once again I call,
Let whole Apollo enter in you all,
And follow me.
Omnes. We fly, we do not tread;
The gods do use to ravish whom they lead.

APOLLO *being descended, shewed them where the* King *sat, and sung forward.*

Behold the love and care of all the gods,
Of ocean and the happy isles;
That whilst the world about him is at odds,
Sits crowned lord here of himself, and smiles,

[1] Artes eximias quatuor Apollini acceptas tulit antiquitas.

[2] Sagittandi peritiam, unde apud Homerum, frequens illud epitheton ἑκήβολος, longe jaculans.

[3] Medicinam, unde medici nomen adeptus.

[4] Musicam, unde μουσηγέτης appellatus.

[5] Et Divinationem (in qua etiam Augurium) unde Augur Apollo dictus. Virg. Æneid. lib. 4 et Hor. Car. lib. 1. Od. 2.

Nube candentes humeros amictus
Augur Apollo.

Et Carm. Sæcul. ult. ubi doctissimus Poeta has artes toti dem versibus complectitur,

Augur ut fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus, acceptusque novem camœnis,
Qui salutari levat arte fessos
Corporis artus.

[6] Linus, Apollinis et Terpsichores filius. Paus.

[7] Orpheus, Apollinis et Calliopes, de quibus Virg. in Ecloga inscript.

Non me carminibus vincet, non Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus, huic mater quamvis, atque huic pater adsit,
Orphei Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.

[8] Branchus, Apollinis et Jances filius, de quo vid. Strab. lib. 4. et Statium Thebaid. lib. 3.——patrioque æqualis honori Branchus.

[9] Idmon, Apollinis et Asteries filius. De illo vid. Val Flac. lib. 1. Argonautic.

—— Contra Phœbius Idmon
Non pallore viris non ullo horrore comarum
Terribilis, plenus fatis, Phœboque quieto,
Cui genitor tribuit monitu prænoscere Divum
Omina, seu flammas, seu lubrica cominus exta,
Seu plenum certis interroget aëra pennis.

[10] Phœmonoë filia Phœbi, quæ prima carmen heroicum cecinit. Hesiod in Theog.

Cho. To see the erring mazes of mankind.
Who seek for that doth punish them to find.

Then he advanceth with them to the King.

Apol. Prince of thy peace, see what it is to love
The powers above!
Jove hath commanded me
To visit thee;
And in thine honour with my[1] music rear
A college here,[2]
Of tuneful augurs, whose divining skill
Shall wait thee still,
And be the heralds of his highest will.
The work is done,
And I have made their president thy son;
Great Mars too, on these nights,
Hath added Salian rites.[3]
Yond, yond afar,
They closed in their temple are,[4]
And each one guided by a star.

Cho. Haste, haste to meet them, and as they advance,
'Twixt every dance,
Let us interpret their prophetic trance.

Here they fetched out the MASQUERS [*i. e. the* AUGURS,] *and came before them with the torch-bearers along the stage, singing this full*

SONG.

Apol. Which way, and whence the lightning flew,
Or how it burned, bright and blue,
Design and figure by your lights:
Then forth, and shew the several flights
Your birds have made,[5] or what the wing,
Or voice in augury doth bring,
Which hand the crow cried on, how high
The vulture, or the hern did fly;
What wing the swan made, and the dove,
The stork, and which did get above:
Shew all the birds of food or prey,
But pass by the unlucky jay,
The night-crow, swallow, or the kite,
Let these have neither right,

Cho. Nor part,
In this night's art.

Here the TORCH-BEARERS *danced.*

After which the AUGURS *laid by their staves, and danced their entry; which done,* APOLLO *and the rest interpreted the Augury.*

Apol. The signs are lucky all, and right,[6]
There hath not been a voice, or flight,
Of ill presage—

Lin. The bird that brings[7]
Her augury alone to kings
The dove, hath flown.—

Orph. And to thy peace,
Fortunes and the Fates increase.

Bran. Minerva's hernshaw, and her owl,[8]
Do both proclaim, thou shalt control
The course of things.

Idm. As now they be
With tumult carried—

Apol. And live free
From hatred, faction, or the fear
To blast the olive thou dost wear.

Cho. More is behind, which these do long to show,
And what the gods to so great virtue owe.

Here the Main Dance.

Cho. Still, still the auspice is so good,[9]
We wish it were but understood;
It even puts Apollo
To all his strengths of art, to follow
The flights, and to divine
What's meant by every sign.[10]
Thou canst not less be than the charge
Of every deity;
That thus art left here to enlarge,
And shield their piety!
Thy neighbours at thy fortune long have gaz'd;
But at thy wisdom all do stand amaz'd,
And wish to be
O'ercome, or governed by thee!
Safety itself so sides thee where thou go'st,
And Fate still offers what thou covet'st most.

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[1] Allusio ad illud Ovidii Epistol. Epist. Parid.

Ilion aspicies, firmataque turribus altis
Mœnia Apollineæ structa canore lyræ.

[2] Augurandi scientia nobilis erat et antiqua, apud gentes præsertim Hetruscos: quibus erat collegium et domicilium celeberrimum Augurum, quorum summa fuit authoritas et dignitas per totam Italiam, potissimum Romæ. Romulus, urbe condita, collegium et Augures ibi instituit, ipse nobilis, ut apud Liv. lib. 1. et Tull. lib. 1. Optimus Augur. Eorum officium fuit auspicia captare, et ex iis colligere signa futurarum rerum, Deorumque monita considerare de eventibus prosperis vel adversis. Sacra erat Romanis et res regia habita, dignitasque penes patricios et principes viros mansit, etiam apud imperatores obtinuit, unde ab Apolline nostro talis Præses Pulchrè designatus.

[3] Saltationes in rebus sacris adhibebantur apud omnes penè gentes: et à saliendo, seu saltatione sacra ad saliare carmen institutâ, Salii dicti et Marti consecrati. Omnes etiam qui ad cantum et tibiam ludebant Salii et Salisubsuli dicebantur. Salius ὑμνωδὸς, vet. gloss. et Pacuv. Pro imperio sic Salisubsulus vestro excubet Mars. et Virg. Æneid. lib. 8.

Tum Salii ad cantus incensa altaria circum
Populeis adsunt evincti tempora ramis.

[4] Auguria captaturi cœlum eligebant purum et serenum, aëreque nitido. Lituum (qui erat baculus incurvus, augurale signum) manu tenebat augur. Eo cœli regiones designabat, et metas inter quas contineri debebant auguria: et hæ vocabantur templa: unde contemplatio dicta est consideratio, et meditatio rerum sacrarum, ut dextrum sinistrumque latus observaret: in impetrato sibi ipse regiones definiebat; in oblato manum suam respexit lævam aut dextram. Regiones ab oriente in occasum terminabat limite decumano, et cardine ex transverso signo metato, quo oculi ferrent quam longissime. Antica in ortum vergebat; Postica regio à tergo ad occasum: dextra ad meridiem: sinistra ad septentrionem. Observationes fiebant augure sedente, capite velato, toga duplici augurali candida amicto, à media nocte ad mediam diem, crescente non deficiente die. Neque captabantur auguria post mensem Julium, propterea quod aves redderentur imbeciliores et morbidæ, pullique eorum essent imperfecti.

[5] Augurandi scientia ὀρνιθομαντεία dicta; divinatio per aves. Aves aut oscines, aut præpetes; oscines, quæ ore, præpetes, quæ volatu augurium significant. Pulli tripudio. Aves auspicatæ, et præpetes, aquila, vultur, sanqualis seu ossifraga, triarches, sive buteo, immussulus, accipiter, cygnus, columba; oscines, cornix, corvus, anser, ciconia, ardea, noctua; inauspicatæ, milvus, parra, nycticorax, striges, hirundo, picus, &c.

[6] Habebant dextra et læva omina; antica et postica; orientalia et occidentalia. Græci, cum se ad septentrionem obverterent, ortum ad dextram habuere. Romani meridiem in auspicando cum tuerentur, ortum ad lævam habuere. Itaque sinistræ partes eadem sunt Romanis quæ Græcis dextræ ad ortum. Sinistra igitur illis meliora, dextra pejora: Græcis contrà. Sinistra, pertinentia ad ortum: salutaria, quia ortus lucis index et auctor Dextra, quia spectant occasum, tristia.

[7] Columbæ auguria non nisi regibus dant: quia nunquam singulæ volant: sicut rex nunquam solus incedit. Nuntiæ pacis.

[8] Ardea et ardeola, rerum arduarum auspicium. Minervæ sacra. Apud Homer. Iliad. κ. δεξίω ἐρωδιός.

[9] Auspicium, ab ave specienda. Paul. Nam quod nos cum præpositione dicimus *aspicio*, apud veteres sine præpositione *spicio* dicebatur.

[10] Signa quæ sese offerent, erant multifaria: nam s

Here the Revels.

After which, APOLLO *went up to the* KING, *and sung.*

Apol. Do not expect to hear of all
Your good at once, lest it forestal
A sweetness would be new:
Some things the Fates would have conceal'd,
From us the gods, lest being reveal'd,
Our powers shall envy you.
It is enough your people learn
The reverence of your peace,
As well as strangers do discern
The glories, by th' increase;
And that the princely augur here, your son,[1]
Do by his father's lights his courses run.

Cho. Him shall you see triumphing over all,
Both foes and vices: and your young and tall
Nephews, his sons, grow up in your embraces,
To give this island princes in long races.

Here the heaven opened, and JOVE, *with the senate of the Gods was discovered, while* APOLLO *returned to his seat, and ascending, sung.*

Apol. See, heaven expecteth my return,
The forked fire begins to burn,
Jove beckons me to come.

Jove. Though Phœbus be the god of arts,
He must not take on him all parts;
But leave his father some.
Apol. My arts are only to obey.
Jove. And mine to sway,[2]
Jove is that one, whom first, midst, last, you call,
The power that governs, and conserveth all;
Earth, sea, and air, are subject to our check,
And fate with heaven, moving at our beck.
Till Jove it ratify
It is no augury,
Though utter'd by the mouth of Destiny.
Apol. Dear father, give the sign, and seal it then.

The EARTH *riseth.*

It is the suit of Earth and men.
Jove. What do these mortals crave without our wrong?
Earth, with the rest. That Jove will lend us this our sovereign long;
Let our grand-children, and not we
His want or absence ever see.
Jove. Your wish is blest,
Jove knocks his chin against his breast,[3]
And firms it with the rest.

Full Cho. Sing then his fame, through all the orbs; in even
Proportions, rising still, from earth to heaven:
And of the lasting of it leave to doubt,
The power of time shall never put that out.

This scene, the whole Scene shut, and the Masquers danced their last Dance.

AND THUS IT ENDED.

objiceretur avis aliqua, considerabatur quo volatu ferretur, an obliquo vel prono, vel supino motu corporis; quo flecteret, contorqueret, aut contraheret membra; qua in parte se occultaret; an ad dextram vel sinistram canerent oscines, &c.

[1] Romulus augur fuit, et Numa, et reliqui reges Romani, sicut ante eos Turnus, Rhamnetes, et alii. Lacedæmonii suis regibus augurem assessorem dabant. Cilices, Lycii, Cares, Arabes, in summa veneratione habuerunt auguria.

[2] Vide Orpheum in hym. de omnip. Jovis.

[3] Mos Jovis, annuendo votis et firmandis cunctibus Apud Homer. &c.

TIME VINDICATED

TO HIMSELF AND TO HIS HONOURS,

IN THE PRESENTATION AT COURT ON TWELFTH-NIGHT, 1623.

——— QUI SE MIRANTUR, IN ILLOS
VIRUS HABE : NOS HÆC NOVIMUS ESSE NIHIL.

The Court being seated, a Trumpet sounded, and FAME *entered, followed by the* CURIOUS, *the* EYED, *the* EARED, *and the* NOSED.

Fame. Give ear, the worthy, hear what Fame proclaims.
Ears. What, what? is't worth our ears?
Eyes. Or eyes?
Nose. Or noses?
For we are curious, Fame; indeed, THE CURIOUS.
Eyes. We come to spy.
Ears. And hearken.
Nose. And smell out.
Fame. More than you understand, my hot in-
Nose. We cannot tell. [quisitors.
Eyes. It may be.
Ears. However, go you on, let us alone.
Eyes. We may spy out that, which you never meant.
Nose. And nose the thing you scent not. First, whence come you?
Fame. I came from Saturn.
Ears. Saturn! what is he?
Nose. Some Protestant, I warrant you, a time-
As Fame herself is. [server,
Fame. You are near the right.
Indeed, he's Time itself, and his name CHRONOS.
Nose. How! Saturn! Chronos! and the Time itself!
You are found: enough. A notable old pagan!
Ears. One of their gods, and eats up his own children.
Nose. A fencer, and does travel with a scythe,
'Stead of a long sword.
Eyes. Hath been oft call'd from it,
To be their lord of Misrule.
Ears. As Cincinnatus
Was from the plough, to be dictator.
Eyes. Yes.
We need no interpreter: on, what of Time?
Fame. The Time hath sent me with my trump to summon
All sorts of persons worthy, to the view
Of some great spectacle he means to-night
To exhibit, and with all solemnity.
Nose. O, we shall have his Saturnalia.
Eyes. His days of feast and liberty again.
Ears. Where men might do, and talk all that
Eyes. Slaves of their lords. [they list.
Nose. The servants of their masters.
Ears. And subjects of their sovereign.
Fame. Not so lavish.
Ears. It was a brave time that!
Eyes. This will be better:
I spy it coming, peace! All the impostures,
The prodigies, diseases, and distempers,
The knaveries of the time, we shall see all now.
Ears. And hear the passages, and several humours
Of men, as they are sway'd by their affections:
Some grumbling, and some mutining, some scoffing,
Some pleased, some pining; at all these we laughing.
Nose. I have it here, here, strong, the sweat of
And the confusion, which I love—I nose it; [it,
It tickles me.
Eyes. My four eyes itch for it.
Ears. And my ears tingle; would it would
This room will not receive it. [come forth:
Nose. That's the fear.

Enter CHRONOMASTIX.

Chro. What, what, my friends, will not this room receive?
Eyes. That which the Time is presently to shew us.
Chro. The Time! Lo, I, the man that hate the time,
That is, that love it not; and (though in rhyme
I here do speak it) with this whip you see,
Do lash the time, and am myself lash-free.
Fame. Who's this?
Ears. 'Tis Chronomastix, the brave satyr.
Nose. The gentleman-like satyr, cares for nobody,
His forehead tipt with bays, do you not know him?
Eyes. Yes, Fame must know him, all the town admires him.
Chro. If you would see Time quake and shake, but name us,
It is for that, we are both beloved and famous.
Eyes. We know, sir: but the Time's now come
Ears. And promiseth all liberty. [about.
Nose. Nay, license.
Eyes. We shall do what we list.
Ears. Talk what we list. [list.
Nose. And censure whom we list, and how we

Chro. Then I will look on time, and love the same,
And drop my whip: who's this? my mistress,
The lady whom I honour, and adore! [Fame!
What luck had I not to see her before!
Pardon me, madam, more than most accurst,
That did not spy your ladyship at first;
T' have given the stoop, and to salute the skirts
Of her, to whom all ladies else are flirts.
It is for you, I revel so in rhyme,
Dear mistress, not for hope I have, the Time
Will grow the better by it: to serve Fame
Is all my end, and get myself a name.

Fame. Away, I know thee not, wretched im-
Creature of glory, mountebank of wit, [postor,
Self-loving braggart, Fame doth sound no trumpet
To such vain empty fools: 'tis Infamy
Thou serv'st, and follow'st, scorn of all the Muses!
Go revel with thine ignorant admirers,
Let worthy names alone.

Chro. O, you, the Curious,
Breathe you to see a passage so injurious,
Done with despight, and carried with such tumour
'Gainst me, that am so much the friend of rumour?
I would say, Fame? whose muse hath rid in rapture
On a soft ambling verse, to every capture,
From the strong guard, to the weak child that reads me,
And wonder both of him that loves or dreads me;
Who with the lash of my immortal pen
Have scourg'd all sorts of vices, and of men.
Am I rewarded thus? have I, I say,
From Envy's self torn praise and bays away,
With which my glorious front, and word at large,
Triumphs in print at my admirers' charge?

Ears. Rare! how he talks in verse, just as he writes!

Chro. When have I walk'd the streets, but
That had the finger first to point at me, [happy he
Prentice, or journeyman! The shop doth know it,
The unletter'd clerk, major and minor poet!
The sempster hath sat still as I pass'd by,
And dropt her needle! fish-wives stay'd their cry!
The boy with buttons, and the basket-wench,
To vent their wares into my works do trench!
A pudding-wife that would despise the times,
Hath utter'd frequent penn'orths, through my rhymes,
And, with them, dived into the chambermaid,
And she unto her lady hath convey'd
The season'd morsels, who hath sent me pensions,
To cherish, and to heighten my inventions.
Well, Fame shall know it yet, I have my faction,
And friends about me, though it please detraction,
To do me this affront. Come forth that love me,
And now, or never, spight of Fame, approve me.

Enter the Mutes *for the* Antimasque.

Fame. How now! what's here! Is hell broke loose?
Eyes. You'll see
That he has favourers, Fame, and great ones too:
That unctuous Bounty, is the boss of Billinsgate.

Ears. Who feasts his muse with claret, wine and oysters.

Nose. Grows big with satyr.

Ears. Goes as long as an elephant.

Eyes. She labours, and lies in of his inventions.

Nose. Has a male poem in her belly now,
Big as a colt——

Ears. That kicks at Time already.

Eyes. And is no sooner foal'd, but will neigh [sulphur.

Fame. The next.

Ears. A quondam justice, that of late
Hath been discarded out o' the pack of the peace,
For some lewd levity he holds *in capite;*
But constantly loves him. In days of yore,
He us'd to give the charge out of his poems;
He carries him about him in his pocket,
As Philip's son did Homer, in a casket,
And cries, *O happy man!* to the wrong party,
Meaning the poet, where he meant the subject.

Fame. What are this pair?

Eyes. The ragged rascals?

Fame. Yes.

Eyes. Mere rogues;—you'd think them rogues, but they are friends;
One is his printer in disguise, and keeps
His press in a hollow tree, where to conceal him,
He works by glow-worm light, the moon's too open
The other zealous rag is the compositor,
Who in an angle, where the ants inhabit,
(The emblems of his labours), will sit curl'd
Whole days and nights, and work his eyes out for him.

Nose. Strange arguments of love! there is a schoolmaster
Is turning all his works too, into Latin,
To pure satyric Latin; makes his boys
To learn him; calls him the Times' Juvenal;
Hangs all his school with his sharp sentences;
And o'er the execution place hath painted
Time whipt, for terror to the infantry.

Eyes. This man of war i' the rear, he is both
And champion to his muse. [trumpet

Ears. For the whole city.

Nose. Has him by rote, recites him at the tables,
Where he doth govern; swears him into name,
Upon his word, and sword, for the sole youth
Dares make profession of poetic truth,
Now militant amongst us: to th' incredulous,
That dagger is an article he uses,
To rivet his respect into their pates,
And make them faithful. Fame, you'll find you have wrong'd him.

Fame. What a confederacy of folly's here?

They all dance but Fame, *and make the first* Antimasque, *in which they adore, and carry forth* Chronomastix.

After which, the Curious *come up again to* Fame.

Eyes. Now, Fame, how like you this?

Ears. This falls upon you
For your neglect.

Nose. He scorns you, and defies you,
He has got a Fame on's own, as well as a faction.

Eyes. And these will deify him, to despite you.

Fame. I envy not the 'Αποθέωσις.
'Twill prove but deifying of a pompion.

Nose. Well, what is that the Time will now exhibit?

Eyes. What gambols, what devices, what new sports?

Ears. You promised us, we should have any thing.

Nose. That Time would give us all we could imagine.

Fame. You might imagine so, I never promised it.

Eyes. Pox! then 'tis nothing. I had now a fancy
We might have talk'd o' the king.

Ears. Or state.

Nose. Or all the world.

Eyes. Censured the council ere they censure us.
Ears. We do it in Paul's.
Nose. Yes, and in all the taverns.
Fame. A comely license! They that censure those
They ought to reverence, meet they that old curse,
To beg their bread, and feel eternal winter!
There's difference 'twixt liberty and license.
Nose. Why if it be not that, let it be this then,
(For since you grant us freedom, we will hold it)
Let's have the giddy world turn'd the heels upward,
And sing a rare black Sanctus, on his head,
Of all things out of order.
Eyes. No, the man
In the moon dance a coranto, his bush
At's back a-fire; and his dog piping *Lachrymæ.*
Ears. Or let's have all the people in an uproar,
None knowing why, or to what end; and in
The midst of all, start up an old mad woman
Preaching of patience.
Nose. No, no, I'd have this.
Eyes. What?
Fame. Anything.
Nose. That could be monstrous—
Enough, I mean. A Babel of wild humours.
Ears. And all disputing of all things they know not.
Eyes. And talking of all men they never heard of.
Ears. And altogether by the ears o' the sudden.
Eyes. And when the matter is at hottest, then
All fall asleep.
Fame. Agree among yourselves,
And what it is you'd have, I'll answer you.
Eyes. O, that we shall never do.
Ears. No, never agree.
Nose. Not upon what? Something that is un-
Ears. Ay, or unreasonable. [lawful.
Eyes. Or impossible.
Nose. Let it be uncivil enough, you hit us right.
Ears. And a great noise.
Eyes. To little or no purpose.
Nose. And if there be some mischief, 'twill become it.
Eyes. But see there be no cause, as you will
Fame. These are mere monsters. [answer it.
Nose. Ay, all the better.
Fame. You do abuse the Time. These are fit freedoms
For lawless prentices, on a Shrove-Tuesday,
When they compel the Time to serve their riot;
For drunken wakes, and strutting bear-baitings,
That savour only of their own abuses.
Eyes. Why, if not those, then something to make sport.
Ears. We only hunt for novelty, not truth.
Fame. I'll fit you, though the Time faintly permit it.

The second Antimasque *of* Tumblers, *and* Jugglers, *brought in by the* Cat and Fiddle, *who make sport with the* Curious, *and drive them away.*

Fame. Why now they are kindly used like such spectators,
That know not what they would have. Commonly
The Curious are ill natured, and, like flies,
Seek Time's corrupted parts to blow upon:
But may the sound ones live with fame, and honour,
Free from the molestation of these insects,
Who being fled, Fame now pursues her errand.

Loud music.

To which the whole Scene opens; where Saturn *sitting with* Venus *is discovered above, and certain* Votaries *coming forth below, which are the* Chorus.

Fame. For you, great king, to whom the Time
All his respects and reverence, behold [doth owe
How Saturn, urged at request of Love,
Prepares the object to the place to-night.
Within yond' darkness, Venus hath found out
That Hecate, as she is queen of shades,
Keeps certain glories of the time obscured,
There for herself alone to gaze upon,
As she did once the fair Endymion.
These, Time hath promised at Love's suit to free,
As being fitter to adorn the Age,
By you restored on earth, most like his own;
And fill this world of beauty here, your court:
To which his bounty, see, how men prepare
To fit their votes below, and thronging come
With longing passion to enjoy the effect!
Hark! it is Love begins to Time. Expect. [*Music.*

Ven. Beside, that it is done for Love,
It is a work, great Time, will prove
Thy honour, as men's hopes above.
Sat. If Love be pleased, so am I,
For Time could never yet deny
What Love did ask, if Love knew why.
Vot. She knew, and hath exprest it now:
And so doth every public vow
That heard her why, and waits thy how.
Sat. You shall not long expect; with ease
The things come forth, are born to please:
Look, have you seen such lights as these?

The Masquers *are discovered, and that which obscured them vanisheth.*

1 *Vot.* These, these must sure some wonders be!
Cho. O, what a glory 'tis to see
Men's wishes, Time, and Love agree. [*A pause.*

Saturn *and* Venus *pass away, and the* Masquers *descend.*

Cho. What grief, or envy had it been,
That these, and such had not been seen,
But still obscured in shade!
Who are the glories of the Time,
Of youth, and feature too, the prime,
And for the light were made.
1 *Vot.* Their very number, how it takes!
2 *Vot.* What harmony, their presence makes!
1 *Vot.* How they inflame the place!
Cho. Now they are nearer seen, and view'd,
For whom could love have better sued,
Or Time have done the grace?

Here, to a loud Music, they march into their figure, and dance their Entry, *or first* Dance.

After which.

Ven. The night could not these glories miss,
Good Time, I hope, is ta'en with this.
Sat. If Time were not, I'm sure Love is.
Between us it shall be no strife:
For now 'tis Love gives Time his life.
Vot. Let Time then so with Love conspire,
As straight be sent into the court,
A little Cupid, arm'd with fire,
Attended by a jocund Sport,
To breed delight, and a desire
Of being delighted, in the nobler sort.
Sat. The wish is crown'd, as soon as made.
Vot. And Cupid conquers, ere he doth invade.
His victories of lightest trouble prove;
For there is never labour where is Love.

Then follows the Main Dance;
Which done, Cupid *with the* Sport *comes forward*

Cup. [*to the Masquers.*]
Take breath a while, young bloods, to bring
Your forces up, whilst we go sing

Fresh charges to the beauties here.
Sport. Or, if they charge you, do not fear,
Though they be better arm'd than you;
It is but standing the first view,
And then they yield.
Cup. Or quit the field.
Sport. Nay, that they'll never do.
They'll rather fall upon the place,
Than suffer such disgrace.
You are but men at best, they say,
And they from those ne'er ran away. [*Pause.*

Cup. [*to the King.*]
You, sir, that are the lord of Time,
Receive it not as any crime
'Gainst majesty, that Love and Sport
To-night have enter'd in your court.
Sport. Sir, doubt him more of some surprise
Upon yourself; He hath his eyes.
You are the noblest object here,
And 'tis for you alone I fear:
For here are ladies, that would give
A brave reward, to make Love live
Well all his life, for such a draught;
And therefore, look to every shaft:
The wag's a deacon in his craft. [*Pause.*

Cup. [*to the Lords.*]
My lords, the honours of the crown,
Put off your sourness, do not frown,
Bid cares depart, and business hence:
A little, for the Time, dispense.
Sport. Trust nothing that the boy lets fall,
My lords, he hath plots upon you all.
A pensioner unto your wives,
To keep you in uxorious gyves,
And so your sense to fascinate,
To make you quit all thought of state,
His amorous questions to debate.
But hear his logic, he will prove
There is no business, but to be in love.
Cup. The words of Sport, my lords, and coarse.
Your ladies yet, will not think worse [*Pause.*

Of Love for this: they shall command
My bow, my quiver, and my hand.
Sport. What, here to stand
And kill the flies?
Alas, thy service they despise.
One beauty here, hath in her eyes
More shafts than from thy bow e'er flew,
Or that poor quiver knew.
These dames,
They need not Love's, they've Nature's flames.
Cup. I see the Beauty that you so report.
Sport. Cupid, you must not point in court,
Where live so many of a sort.
Of Harmony these learn'd their speech,
The Graces did them fooling teach,
And, at the old Idalian brawls,
They danced your mother down. She calls.
Cup. Arm, arm them all.
Sport. Young bloods come on,
And charge; let every man take one.
Cup. And try his fate.
Sport. These are fair wars;
And will be carried without scars.
Cup. A joining, but of feet, and hands,
Is all the Time, and Love commands.
Sport. Or if you do their gloves off-strip,
Or taste the nectar of the lip;
See, so you temper your desires,
For kisses, that ye suck not fires.

The REVELS *follow; which ended, the Chorus appear again, and* DIANA *descends to* HIPPOLITUS, *the whole scene being changed into a wood, out of which he comes.*

Cho. The courtly strife is done, it should appear,
Between the youths, and beauties of the year:
We hope that now these lights will know their sphere,
And strive hereafter to shine ever here:
Like brightest planets, still to move
In the eye of Time, and orbs of Love.
Dia. Hippolitus, Hippolitus!
Hip. Diana?
Dia. She.
Be ready you, or Cephalus,
To wait on me.
Hip. We ever be.
Dia. Your goddess hath been wrong'd to-night,
By Love's report unto the Time.
Hip. The injury, itself will right,
Which only Fame hath made a crime,
For Time is wise,
And hath his ears as perfect as his eyes.
Sat. Who's that descends? Diana?
Vot. Yes.
Ven. Belike her troop she hath begun to miss.
Sat. Let's meet, and question what her errand is.
Hip. She will prevent thee, Saturn, not t' excuse
Herself unto thee, rather to complain
That thou and Venus both should so abuse
The name of Dian, as to entertain
A thought, that she had purpose to defraud
The Time, of any glories that were his:
To do time honour rather, and applaud
His worth, hath been her study.
Dia. And it is.
I call'd these youths forth in their blood,
and prime,
Out of the honour that I bore their parts,
To make them fitter so to serve the Time
By labour, riding, and those ancient arts,
That first enabled men unto the wars,
And furnish'd heaven with so many stars:
Hip. As Perseus, Castor, Pollux, and the rest,
Who were of hunters first, of men the best;
Whose shades do yet remain within yond'
groves,
Themselves there sporting with their nobler
loves.
Dia. And so may these do, if the Time give leave.
Sat. Chaste Dian's purpose we do now conceive,
And yield thereto.
Ven. And so doth Love.
Vot. All votes do in one circle move.

Grand Cho. Turn hunters then,
Again.
Hunting, it is the noblest exercise,
Makes men laborious, active, wise,
Brings health, and doth the spirits delight,
It helps the hearing, and the sight:
It teacheth arts that never slip
The memory, good horsemanship,
Search, sharpness, courage, and defence,
And chaseth all ill habits thence.

Turn hunters then,
Again,
But not of men.
Follow his ample
And just example,
That hates all chase of malice, and of blood:
And studies only ways of good,
To keep soft peace in breath.
Man should not hunt mankind to death,
But strike the enemies of man;
Kill vices if you can:
They are your wildest beasts,
And when they thickest fall, you make the gods true
feasts.

THUS IT ENDED.

NEPTUNE'S TRIUMPH

FOR THE

RETURN OF ALBION;

CELEBRATED IN A MASQUE AT THE COURT, ON THE TWELFTH-NIGHT, 1624.

OMNIS ET AD REDUCEM JAM LITAT ARA DEUM.—MART.

His Majesty being set, and the loud music ceasing. All that is discovered of a scene, are two erected pillars, dedicated to Neptune, with this inscription upon the one,

NEP. RED.

On the other,

SEC. JOV.

The POET *entering on the stage, to disperse the argument, is called to by the* MASTER-COOK.

Cook. Do you hear, you creature of diligence and business? what is the affair, that you pluck for so, under your cloke?

Poet. Nothing, but what I colour for, I assure you; and may encounter with, I hope, if luck favour me, the gamesters' goddess.

Cook. You are a votary of hers, it seems, by your language. What went you upon, may a man ask you?

Poet. Certainties, indeed, sir, and very good ones; the representation of a masque; you'll see't anon.

Cook. Sir, this is my room, and region too, the Banquetting-house. And in matter of feast, the solemnity, nothing is to be presented here, but with my acquaintance and allowance to it.

Poet. You are not his majesty's confectioner, are you?

Cook. No, but one that has a good title to the room, his Master-cook. What are you, sir?

Poet. The most unprofitable of his servants, I, sir, the Poet. A kind of a Christmas ingine: one that is used at least once a year, for a trifling instrument of wit, or so.

Cook. Were you ever a cook?

Poet. A cook! no, surely.

Cook. Then you can be no good poet: for a good poet differs nothing at all from a master-cook. Either's art is the wisdom of the mind.

Poet. As how, sir?

Cook. Expect. I am by my place, to know how to please the palates of the guests; so you are to know the palates of the times; study the several tastes, what every nation, the Spaniard, the Dutch, the French, the Walloun, the Neapolitan, the Britain, the Sicilian, can expect from you.

Poet. That were a heavy and hard task, to satisfy Expectation, who is so severe an exactress of duties; ever a tyrannous mistress, and most times a pressing enemy.

Cook. She is a powerful great lady, sir, at all times, and must be satisfied: so must her sister, madam Curiosity, who hath as dainty a palate as she; and these will expect.

Poet. But what if they expect more than they understand?

Cook. That's all one, master Poet, you are bound to satisfy them. For there is a palate of the understanding, as well as of the senses. The taste is taken with good relishes, the sight with fair objects, the hearing with delicate sounds, the smelling with pure scents, the feeling with soft and plump bodies, but the understanding with all these; for all which you must begin at the kitchen. There the art of poetry was learn'd, and found out, or nowhere; and the same day with the art of Cookery.

Poet. I should have given it rather to the cellar, if my suffrage had been ask'd.

Cook. O, you are for the oracle of the bottle, I see; hogshead Trismegistus; he is your Pegasus. Thence flows the spring of your muses, from that hoof.

Seduced Poet, I do say to thee——
A boiler, range, and dresser were the fountains
Of all the knowledge in the universe,
And that's the kitchen. What! a master-cook!
Thou dost not know the man, nor canst thou know him,
Till thou hast served some years in that deep school,
That's both the nurse and mother of the arts,
And heard'st him read, interpret, and demonstrate.
A master-cook! why, he's the man of men,
For a professor! he designs, he draws,
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish,
Some he dry-ditches, some motes round with broths,
Mounts marrow-bones; cuts fifty-angled custards;
Rears bulwark pies; and, for his outer works,
He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust;
And teacheth all the tactics at one dinner:
What ranks, what files, to put the dishes in,

The whole art military! then he knows
The influence of the stars upon his meats;
And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,
And so to fit his relishes and sauces!
He has Nature in a pot, 'bove all the chemists,
Or bare-breech'd brethren of the Rosy-cross!
He is an architect, an inginer,
A soldier, a physician, a philosopher,
A general mathematician!

Poet. It is granted.

Cook. And that you may not doubt him for a Poet —

Poet. This fury shews, if there were nothing else; And 'tis divine!

Cook. Then, brother poet.

Poet. Brother.

Cook. I have a suit.

Poet. What is it?

Cook. Your device.

Poet. As you came in upon me, I was then Offering the argument, and this it is.

Cook. Silence!

Poet. [*reads.*] The mighty Neptune, mighty in his styles,
And large command of waters, and of isles;
Not as the "lord and sovereign of the seas,"
But "chief in the art of riding," late did please,
To send his Albion forth, the most his own,
Upon discovery, to themselves best known,
Through Celtiberia; and, to assist his course,
Gave him his powerful Manager of Horse,
With divine Proteus, father of disguise,
To wait upon them with his counsels wise,
In all extremes. His great commands being done,
And he desirous to review his son,
He doth dispatch a floating isle, from hence,
Unto the Hesperian shores, to waft him thence.
Where, what the arts were, us'd to make him stay,
And how the Syrens woo'd him by the way,
What monsters he encounter'd on the coast,
How near our general joy was to be lost,
Is not our subject now; though all these make
The present gladness greater, for their sake.
But what the triumphs are, the feast, the sport,
And proud solemnities of Neptune's court,
Now he is safe, and Fame's not heard in vain,
But we behold our happy pledge again.
That with him, loyal Hippius is return'd,
Who for it, under so much envy, burn'd
With his own brightness, till her starv'd snakes saw
What Neptune did impose, to him was law.

Cook. But why not this, till now?

Poet. —— It was not time,
To mix this music with the vulgar's chime.
Stay, till the abortive, and extemporal din
Of balladry, were understood a sin,
Minerva cried; that, what tumultuous verse,
Or prose could make, or steal, they might rehearse,
And every songster had sung out his fit;
That all the country, and the city wit,
Of bells and bonfires, and good cheer was spent,
And Neptune's guard had drunk all that they meant;
That all the tales and stories now were old
Of the sea-monster Archy, or grown cold:
The Muses then might venture, undeterr'd,
For they love, then, to sing, when they are heard.

Cook. I like it well, 'tis handsome; and I have
Something would fit this. How do you present
In a fine island, say you? [them?

Poet. Yes, a Delos:
Such, as when fair Latona fell in travail,
Great Neptune made emergent.

Cook. I conceive you.
I would have had your isle brought floating in, now.
In a brave broth, and of a sprightly green,
Just to the colour of the sea; and then,
Some twenty Syrens, singing in the kettle,
With an Arion mounted on the back
Of a grown conger, but in such a posture,
As all the world should take him for a dolphin:
O, 'twould have made such music! Have you
But a bare island? [nothing

Poet. Yes, we have a tree too,
Which we do call the tree of Harmony,
And is the same with what we read the sun
Brought forth in the Indian Musicana first,
And thus it grows: The goodly bole being got
To certain cubits height, from every side
The boughs decline, which taking root afresh,
Spring up new boles, and these spring new, and
Till the whole tree become a porticus, [newer,
Or arched arbor, able to receive
A numerous troop, such as our Albion,
And the companions of his journey are:
And this they sit in.

Cook. Your prime Masquers?

Poet. Yes.

Cook. But where's your Antimasque now, all I hearken after them. [this while?

Poet. Faith, we have none.

Cook. None!

Poet. None, I assure you, neither do I think them
A worthy part of presentation,
Being things so heterogene to all device,
Mere by-works, and at best outlandish nothings.

Cook. O, you are all the heaven awry, sir!
For blood of poetry, running in your veins,
Make not yourself so ignorantly simple.
Because, sir, you shall see I am a poet,
No less than cook, and that I find you want
A special service here, an antimasque,
I'll fit you with a dish out of the kitchen,
Such, as I think, will take the present palates,
A metaphorical dish! and do but mark
How a good wit may jump with you. Are you ready, child?
(Had there been masque, or no masque, I had
Child of the boiling-house! [made it.)

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here, father.

Cook. Bring forth the pot. It is an olla podrida.
But I have persons to present the meats.

Poet. Persons!

Cook. Such as do relish nothing but *di stato*,
But in another fashion than you dream of,
Know all things the wrong way, talk of the affairs,
The clouds, the cortines, and the mysteries
That are afoot, and from what hands they have them,
The master of the elephant, or the camels:
What correspondencies are held; the posts
That go, and come, and know almost their minutes
All but their business: therein, they are fishes;
But have their garlic, as the proverb says.
They are our Quest of Enquiry after news.

Poet. Together with their learned authors?

Boy. Yes, sir.

And of the epicœne gender, hees, and shees:
Amphibion Archy is the chief.

Cook. Good boy!
The child is learned too: note but the kitchen!
Have you put him into the pot for garlic?

Boy. One in his coat shall stink as strong as he.
And his friend Giblets with him. [sir

Cook. They are two,
That give a part of the seasoning.
Poet. I conceive
The way of your gallimaufry.
Cook. You will like it,
When they come pouring out of the pot together.
Boy. O, if the pot had been big enough!
Cook. What then, child?
Boy. I had put in the elephant, and one camel,
At least, for beef.
Cook. But whom have you for partridge?
Boy. A brace of dwarfs, and delicate plump
Cook. And whom for mutton, and kid? [birds.
Boy. A fine laced mutton,
Or two; and either has her frisking husband:
That reads her the Corranto, every week.
Grave master Ambler, news-master of Paul's,
Supplies your capon; and grown captain Buz,
His emissary, under-writes for turkey;
A gentleman of the Forest presents pheasant,
And a plump poulterer's wife, in Grace's street,
Plays hen with eggs in the belly, or a coney,
Choose which you will.
Cook. But where's the bacon, Tom?
Boy. Hogrel the butcher, and the sow his wife,
Are both there.
Cook. It is well; go dish them out.
Are they well boil'd?
Boy. Podrida!
Poet. What's that, rotten?
Cook. O, that they must be. There's one main
We have forgot, the artichoke. [ingredient
Boy. No, sir;
I have a fruiterer, with a cold red nose
Like a blue fig, performs it.
Cook. The fruit looks so.
Good child, go pour them out, shew their concoction.
They must be rotten boil'd; the broth's the best on't,
And that's the dance: the stage here is the charger.
And brother poet, though the serious part
Be yours, yet, envy not the cook his art.
Poet. Not I: *nam lusus ipse Triumphus amat.*

Here the ANTIMASQUE *is danced by the persons described, coming out of the pot.*

Poet. Well, now, expect the scene itself: it opens!

The island of DELOS *is discovered, the* MASQUERS *sitting in their several sieges. The heavens opening, and* APOLLO, *with* MERCURY, *some of the Muses, and the goddess* HARMONY, *make the music: the while the island moves forward,* PROTEUS *sitting below, and* APOLLO *sings.*

SONG.

Apol. Look forth, the shepherd of the seas,
And of the ports that keep't the keys,
And to your Neptune tell,
His Albion, prince of all his isles,
For whom the sea and land so smiles,
Is home returned well.

Grand Cho. And be it thought no common cause,
That, to it, so much wonder draws,
And all the heavens consent,
With Harmony, to tune their notes,
In answer to the public votes,
That for it up were sent.
It was no envious step-dame's rage,
Or tyrant's malice of the age,
That did employ him forth:
But such a wisdom that would prove
By sending him their hearts, and love,
That else might fear his worth.

By this time, the island hath joined itself with the shore. and PROTEUS, PORTUNUS, *and* SARON *come forth, and go up singing to the state, while the Masquers take time to land.*

SONG.

Pro. Ay, now the pomp of Neptune's triumph shines!
And all the glories of his great designs
Are read, reflected, in his sons return!
Por. How all the eyes, the looks, the hearts here burn
At his arrival!
Sar. These are the true fires
Are made of joys!
Pro. Of longing!
Por. Of desires!
Sar. Of hopes!
Pro. Of fears!
Por. No intermitted blocks.
Sar. But pure affections, and from odorous stocks!
Cho. 'Tis incense all, that flames,
And these materials scarce have names!
Pro. My king looks higher, as he scorn'd the wars
Of winds, and with his trident touch'd the stars
There is no wrinkle in his brow, or frown,
But as his cares he would in nectar drown,
And all the silver-footed nymphs were drest
To wait upon him, to the Ocean's feast.
Por. Or, here in rows upon the banks were set,
And had their several hairs made into net
To catch the youths in, as they come on shore.
Sar. How, Galatea sighing! O, no more,
Banish your fears.
Por. And, Doris, dry your tears.
ALBION *is come.*
Pro. And Haliclyon too,
That kept his side, as he was charg'd to do,
With wonder.
Sar. —— And the Syrens have him not.
Por. Though they no practice, nor no arts forgot,
Pro. That might have won him, or by charm, or song
Por. Or laying forth their tresses all along
Upon the glassy waves.
Por. Then diving.
Pro. Then,
Up with their heads, as they were mad of men.
Sar. And there the highest-going billows crown,
Until some lusty sea-god pull'd them down.
Cho. See, he is here!
Pro. Great master of the main,
Receive thy dear, and precious pawn again.
Cho. Saron, Portunus, Proteus bring him thus,
Safe, as thy subjects' wishes gave him us:
And of thy glorious triumph let it be
No less a part, that thou their loves dost see,
Than that his sacred head's return'd to thee.

This sung, the island goes back, whilst the Upper Chorus takes it from them, and the Masquers prepare for their figure.

Cho. Spring all the Graces of the age,
And all the Loves of time:
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rhyme:
Add all the softnesses of courts,
The looks, the laughters, and the sports:
And mingle all their sweets and salts,
That none may say, the Triumph halts.

Here the MASQUERS *dance their Entry.*

Which done, the first prospective of a maritime palace, or the house of OCEANUS, *is discovered, with loud music.*

And the other above is no more seen.

Poet. Behold the palace of Oceanus!
Hail, reverend structure! boast no more to us
Thy being able all the gods to feast;
We've seen enough; our Albion was thy guest.

Then follows the Main Dance.

After which, the second prospect of the sea is shown, to the former music.

Poet. Now turn and view the wonders of the deep,
Where Proteus' herds, and Neptune's orcs do keep,
Where all is plough'd, yet still the pasture's green,
The ways are found, and yet no paths are seen.

There PROTEUS, PORTUNUS, SARON, *go up to the Ladies with this* SONG.

Pro. Come, noble nymphs, and do not hide
The joys for which you so provide.
Sar. If not to mingle with the men,
What do you here? go home agen.
Por. Your dressings do confess,
By what we see so curious parts
Of Pallas' and Arachne's arts,
That you could mean no less.
Pro. Why do you wear the silk-worm's toils,
Or glory in the shell-fish' spoils,
Or strive to shew the grains of ore,
That you have gather'd on the shore,
Whereof to make a stock
To graft the greener emerald on,
Or any better-water'd stone?
Sar. Or ruby of the rock?
Pro. Why do you smell of amber-grise,
Of which was formed Neptune's niece,
The queen of Love; unless you can,
Like sea-born Venus, love a man?
Sar. Try, put yourselves unto't.
Cho. Your looks, your smiles, and thoughts that meet,
Ambrosian hands, and silver feet,
Do promise you will do't.

The REVELS *follow.*

Which ended, the fleet is discovered, while the three cornets play.

Poet. 'Tis time, your eyes should be refresh'd at length
With something new, a part of Neptune's strength,
See yond' his fleet, ready to go or come,
Or fetch the riches of the ocean home,
So to secure him, both in peace and wars,
Till not one ship alone, but all be stars.

[*A shout within.*

Re-enter the COOK, *followed by a number of* Sailors.

Cook. I've another service for you, brother Poet; a dish of pickled sailors, fine salt sea-boys, shall relish like anchovies, or caveare, to draw down a cup of nectar, in the skirts of a night.

Sail. Come away, boys, the town is ours; hey for Neptune, and our young master!

Poet. He knows the compass, and the card,
While Castor sits on the main yard,
And Pollux too, to help your hales;
And bright Leucothoë fills your sails:
Arion sings, the dolphins swim,
And all the way, to gaze on him.

The ANTIMASQUE *of Sailors.*

Then the last Song to the whole Music, five lutes, three cornets, and ten voices.

SONG.

Pro. Although we wish the triumph still might last
For such a prince, and his discovery past;
Yet now, great lord of waters, and of isles,
Give Proteus leave to turn unto his wiles.
Por. And, whilst young Albion doth thy labours ease,
Dispatch Portunus to thy ports.
Sar. And Saron to thy seas:
To meet old Nereus, with his fifty girls,
From aged Indus laden home with pearls,
And Orient gums, to burn unto thy name.
Grand Cho. And may thy subjects' hearts be all on flame
Whilst thou dost keep the earth in firm estate,
And 'mongst the winds, dost suffer no debate,
But both at sea, and land, our powers increase,
With health and all the golden gifts of peace.

The last Dance.

WITH WHICH THE WHOLE ENDED.

PAN'S ANNIVERSARY;

OR, THE

SHEPHERD'S HOLIDAY:

AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COURT, BEFORE KING JAMES, 1625.

The Inventors—Inigo Jones; Ben Jonson.

The SCENE,—ARCADIA.

The Court being seated, enter three NYMPHS, *strewing several sorts of flowers, followed by an old* SHEPHERD, *with a censer and perfumes.*

1 *Nym.* Thus, thus begin the yearly rites
Are due to Pan on these bright nights;
His morn now riseth, and invites
To sports, to dances, and delights:
All envious and profane, away,
This is the shepherd's holyday.

2 *Nym.* Strew, strew the glad and smiling ground
With every flower, yet not confound
The primrose drop, the spring's own spouse,
Bright day's eyes, and the lips of cows,
The garden star, the queen of May,
The rose, to crown the holyday.

3 *Nym.* Drop, drop your violets, change your hues,
Now red, now pale, as lovers use,
And in your death go out as well,
As when you lived unto the smell:
That from your odour all may say,
This is the shepherd's holyday.

Shep. Well done, my pretty ones, rain roses still,
Until the last be dropt: then hence; and fill
Your fragrant prickles for a second shower.
Bring corn-flag, tulips, and Adonis' flower,
Fair ox-eye, goldy-locks, and columbine,
Pinks, goulands, king-cups, and sweet sops-in-wine,
Blue hare-bells, pagies, pansies, calaminth,
Flower-gentle, and the fair-hair'd hyacinth,
Bring rich carnations, flower-de-luces, lilies,
The chequed, and purple-ringed daffodillies,
Bright crown imperial, kingspear, holyhocks,
Sweet Venus-navel, and soft lady-smocks,
Bring too some branches forth of Daphne's hair,
And gladdest myrtle for these posts to wear,
With spikenard weav'd, and marjoram between,
And starr'd with yellow-golds, and meadows-queen,
That when the altar, as it ought, is drest,
More odour come not from the phœnix nest;
The breath thereof Panchaia may envy',
The colours China, and the light the sky.

Loud Music.

The Scene opens, and the MASQUERS *are discovered sitting about the Fountain of Light, with the Musicians, attired like the Priests of Pan, standing in the work beneath them.*

Enter a Fencer, *flourishing.*

Fen. Room for an old trophy of time; a son of the sword, a servant of Mars, the minion of the muses, and a master of fence! One that hath shown his quarters, and played his prizes at all the games of Greece in his time; as fencing, wrestling, leaping, dancing, what not? and hath now usher'd hither, by the light of my long sword, certain bold boys of Bœotia, who are come to challenge the Arcadians at their own sports, call them forth on their own holyday, and dance them down on their own green-swarth.

Shep. 'Tis boldly attempted, and must be a Bœotian enterprise, by the face of it, from all the parts of Greece else, especially at this time, when the best, and bravest spirits of Arcadia, called together by the excellent Arcas, are yonder sitting about the Fountain of Light, in consultation of what honours they may do to the great Pan, by increase of anniversary rites, fitted to the music of his peace.

Fen. Peace to thy Pan, and mum to thy music, swain; there is a tinker of Thebes a coming, called Epam, with his kettle, will make all Arcadia ring of him. What are your sports for the purpose? say, if singing, you shall be sung down; if dancing, danced down. There is no more to be done with you, but know what; which it is; and you are in smoke, gone, vapoured, vanished, blown, and, as a man would say, in a word of two syllables, nothing.

Shep. This is short, though not so sweet. Surely the better part of the solemnity here will be dancing.

Fen. Enough: they shall be met with instantly in their own sphere, the sphere of their own activity, a dance. But by whom, expect: no Cynætheian, nor Satyrs; but, as I said, boys of Bœotia, things of Thebes, (the town is ours, shepherd) mad merry Greeks, lads of life, that have no gall in us, but all air and sweetness. A tooth-drawer is our foreman, that if there be but a bitter tooth in the

company, it may be called out at a twitch: he doth command any man's teeth out of his head upon the point of his poignard; or tickles them forth with his riding rod: he draws teeth a horse-back in full speed, yet he will dance a foot, he hath given his word: he is yeoman of the mouth to the whole brotherhood, and is charged to see their gums be clean, and their breath sweet, at a minute's warning. Then comes my learned Theban the tinker, I told you of, with his kettle drum, before and after, a master of music, and a man of metal, he beats the march to the tune of Tickle-foot, Pam, Pam, Pam, brave Epam with a Nondas. That's the strain.

Shep. A high one!

Fen. Which is followed by the trace, and tract of an excellent juggler, that can juggle with every joint about him, from head to heel. He can do tricks with his toes, wind silk, and thread pearl with them, as nimble a fine fellow of his feet, as his hands; for there is a noble corn-cutter, his companion, hath so pared and finified them—— Indeed, he hath taken it into his care, to reform the feet of all, and fit all their footing to a form! only one splay foot in the company, and he is a bellows-mender, allowed, who hath the looking to all of their lungs by patent, and by his place is to set that leg afore still, and with his puffs, keeps them in breath, during pleasure: a tinder-box-man, to strike new fire into them at every turn, and where he spies any brave spark that is in danger to go out, ply him with a match presently.

Shep. A most politic provision!

Fen. Nay, we have made our provisions beyond example, I hope. For to these, there is annexed a clock-keeper, a grave person, as Time himself, who is to see that they all keep time to a nick, and move every elbow in order, every knee in compass. He is to wind them up, and draw them down, as he sees cause: then is there a subtle shrewd bearded sir, that hath been a politician, but is now a maker of mouse-traps, a great inginer yet: and he is to catch the ladies favours in the dance, with certain cringes he is to make; and to bate their benevolence. Nor can we doubt of the success, for we have a prophet amongst us of that peremptory pate, a tailor or master-fashioner, that hath found it out in a painted cloth, or some old hanging, (for those are his library,) that we must conquer in such a time, and such a half time; therefore bids us go on cross-legg'd, or however thread the needles of our own happiness, go through stitch with all, unwind the clew of our cares; he hath taken measure of our minds, and will fit our fortune to our footing. And to better assure us, at his own charge, brings his philosopher with him, a great clerk, who, they say, can write, and it is shrewdly suspected but he can read too. And he is to take the whole dances from the foot by brachygraphy, and so make a memorial, if not a map of the business. Come forth, lads, and do your own turns.

The BŒOTIANS *enter for the* ANTIMASQUE, *which is Danced, After which,*

Fen. How like you this, shepherd? was not this gear gotten on a holyday?

Shep. Faith, your folly may deserve pardon, because it hath delighted: but beware of presuming, or how you offer comparison with persons so near deities: Behold where they are that have now forgiven you, whom should you provoke again with the like, they will justly punish that with anger, which they now dismiss with contempt. Away!

[*They retire.*

To the Masquers.

And come, you prime Arcadians forth, that taught
By Pan the rites of true society,
From his loud music all your manners wrought,
And made your commonwealth a harmony,
Commending so to all posterity
Your innocence from that fair fount of light,
As still you sit without the injury
Of any rudeness, folly can, or spite:
Dance from the top of the Lycæan mountain,
Down to this valley, and with nearer eye
Enjoy, what long in that illumin'd fountain
You did far off, but yet with wonder, spy.

HYMN I.

1 *Nym.* Of Pan we sing, the best of singers, Pan,
That taught us swains how first to tune our lays,
And on the pipe more airs than Phœbus can.
Cho. Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his praise
2 *Nym.* Of Pan we sing, the best of leaders, Pan,
That leads the Naiads and the Dryads forth;
And to their dances more than Hermes can.
Cho. Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his worth.
3 *Nym.* Of Pan we sing, the best of hunters, Pan,
That drives the hart to seek unused ways,
And in the chase more than Sylvanus can.
Cho. Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his praise
2 *Nym.* Of Pan we sing, the best of shepherds, Pan,
That keeps our flocks and us, and both leads forth,
To better pastures than great Pales can.
Cho. Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his worth.
And while his powers and praises thus we sing,
The valleys let rebound, and all the rivers ring.

The MASQUERS *descend, and dance their entry.*

HYMN II.

Pan is our All, by him we breathe, we live,
We move, we are; 'tis he our lambs doth rear,
Our flocks doth bless, and from the store doth give
The warm and finer fleeces that we wear.
He keeps away all heats and colds,
Drives all diseases from our folds;
Makes every where the spring to dwell,
The ewes to feed, their udders swell;
But if he frown, the sheep, alas!
The shepherds wither, and the grass.
Cho. Strive, strive to please him then, by still increasing thus;
The rites are due to him, who doth all right for us.

THE MAIN DANCE.

HYMN III.

If yet, if yet,
Pan's orgies you will further fit,
See where the silver-footed fays do sit,
The nymphs of wood and water;
Each tree's and fountain's daughter!
Go take them forth, it will be good
To see them wave it like a wood,
And others wind it like a flood;
In springs,
And rings,
Till the applause it brings,

Wakes Echo from her seat,
The closes to repeat.

Ech. The closes to repeat.
Echo the truest oracle on ground,
Though nothing but a sound.

Ech. Though nothing but a sound.
Beloved of Pan the valleys queen.

Ech. The valleys queen.
And often heard, though never seen.

Ech. Though never seen.

Here the revels.

After which re-enter the Fencer.

Fen. Room, room, there; where are you, shepherd? I am come again, with my second part of my bold bloods, the brave gamesters; who assure you by me, that they perceive no such wonder in all is done here, but that they dare adventure another trial. They look for some sheepish devices here in Arcadia, not these, and therefore a hall! a hall! they demand.

Shep. Nay, then they are past pity, let them come, and not expect the anger of a deity to pursue them, but meet them. They have their punishment with their fact: they shall be sheep.

Fen. O spare me, by the law of nations, I am but their ambassador.

Shep. You speak in time, sir.

The THEBANS *enter for the* 2 ANTIMASQUE, *which danced.*

Shep. Now let them return with their solid heads, and carry their stupidity into Bœotia, whence they brought it, with an emblem of themselves, and their country. This is too pure an air for so gross brains.

[*They retire.*

To the Nymphs.

End you the rites, and so be eas'd
Of these, and then great Pan is pleas'd.

HYMN IV.

Great Pan, the father of our peace and pleasure,
Who giv'st us all this leisure,
Hear what thy hallow'd troop of herdsmen pray,
For this their holyday,
And how their vows to thee they in Lycæum pay.

Cho. So may our ewes receive the mounting rams
And we bring thee the earliest of our lambs;
So may the first of all our fells be thine,
And both the beestning of our goats and kine;
As thou our folds dost still secure,
And keep'st our fountains sweet and pure;
Driv'st hence the wolf, the tod, the brock,
Or other vermin from the flock;
That we, preserv'd by thee, and thou observ'd by us
May both live safe in shade of thy lov'd Mænalus.

Shep. Now each return unto his charge,
And though to-day you've liv'd at large,
And well your flocks have fed their fill,
Yet do not trust your hirelings still.
See yond' they go, and timely do
The office you have put them to;
But if you often give this leave,
Your sheep and you they will deceive.

THUS IT ENDED.

THE MASQUE OF OWLS,

AT KENELWORTH;

Presented by the Ghost of Captain Cox, mounted on his Hobby-horse, 1626.

Enter Captain Cox, *on his Hobby-horse.*

Room! room! for my horse will wince,
If he come within so many yards of a prince;
And though he have not on his wings,
He will do strange things.
He is the Pegasus that uses
To wait on Warwick Muses;
And on gaudy-days he paces
Before the Coventry Graces;
For to tell you true, and in rhyme,
He was foal'd in queen Elizabeth's time,
When the great earl of Lester
In this castle did feast her.
Now, I am not so stupid
To think, you think me a Cupid,
Or a Mercury that sit him;
Though these cocks here would fit him:
But a spirit very civil,
Neither poet's god, nor devil,
An old Kenelworth fox,
The ghost of captain Cox,
For which I am the bolder,
To wear a cock on each shoulder.
This Captain Cox, by St. Mary,
Was at Bullen with king Ha-ry;
And (if some do not vary)
Had a goodly library,
By which he was discerned
To be one of the learned,
To entertain the queen here,
When last she was seen here.
And for the town of Coventry
To act to her sovereignty.
But so his lot fell out,
That serving then a-foot,
And being a little man;
When the skirmish began
'Twixt the Saxon and the Dane,
(From thence the story was ta'en)
He was not so well seen
As he would have been o' the queen.
Though his sword were twice so long
As any man's else in the throng;
And for his sake, the play
Was call'd for the second day.
But he made a vow
(And he performs it now)
That were he alive or dead,
Hereafter it should never be said
But captain Cox would serve on horse
For better or for worse,
If any prince came hither,
And his horse should have a feather;
Nay such a prince it might be
Perhaps he should have three.
Now, sir, in your approach,
The rumbling of your coach
Awaking me, his ghost,
I come to play your host;
And feast your eyes and ears,
Neither with dogs nor bears,
Though that have been a fit
Of our main-shire wit.
In times heretofore,
But now, we have got a little more.
These then that we present
With a most loyal intent,
And, as the author saith,
No ill meaning to the catholic faith,
Are not so much beasts, as fowls,
But a very nest of owls,
And natural, so thrive I,
I found them in the ivy,
A thing, that though I blunder'd at,
It may in time be wonder'd at,
If the place but affords
Any store of lucky birds,
As I make them to flush,
Each owl out of his bush.
Now, these owls, some say, were men,
And they may be so again,
If once they endure the light
Of your highness' sight:
For bankrupts, we have known
Rise to more than their own,
With a little-little savour
Of the prince's favour;
But as you like their tricks,
I'll spring them, they are but six.

HEY, OWL FIRST!

This bird is London-bred,
As you may see by his horn'd head.
And had like to have been ta'en
At his shop in Ivy-lane,
Where he sold by the penny
Tobacco as good as any;
But whether it did provoke
His conscience, he sold smoke;
Or some other toy he took,
Towards his calling to look:
He fled by moon-shine thence;
And broke for sixteen pence.

HEY, OWL SECOND!
This too, the more is the pity,
Is of the breed of the same city;
A true owl of London,
That gives out he is undone,
Being a cheesemonger,
By trusting two of the younger
Captains, for the hunger
Of their half-starv'd number;
Whom since they have shipt away:
And left him *God to pay*,
With those ears for a badge
Of their dealing with his Madge.

HEY, OWL THIRD!
A pure native bird
This, and though his hue
Be not Coventry blue,
Yet is he undone
By the thread he has spun;
For since the wise town
Has let the sports down
Of may-games and morris,
For which he right sorry is;
Where their maids and their makes,
At dancings and wakes,
Had their napkins and posies,
And the wipers for their noses,
And their smocks all-be-wrought
With his thread which they bought:
It now lies on his hands,
And having neither wit nor lands,
Is ready to hang or choke him,
In a skein of that that broke him.

HEY, OWL FOURTH!
Was once a bankrupt of worth;
And having run a shifting-race,
At last by money, and grace,
Got him a serjeant's place,
And to be one of chace.
A full fortnight was not spent,
But out comes the parliament,
Takes away the use of his mace,
And left him in a worse than his first case.

HEY, OWL FIFTH!
But here was a defeat,
Never any so great,
Of a Don, a Spanish reader,
Who had thought to have been the leader,
Had the match gone on,
Of our ladies one by one,
And triumph'd our whole nation,
In his rodomant fashion:
But now since the breach,
He has not a scholar to teach.

HEY, OWL SIXTH!
The bird bringer-up is a knight,
But a passionate wight,
Who, since the act against swearing
(The tale's worth your hearing)
In this short time's growth
Hath at twelve-pence an oath,
For that, I take it, is the rate,
Sworn himself out of his estate.

THE THIRD OWL VARIED
A crop-ear'd scrivener, this,
Who when he heard but the whis
per of monies to come down,
Fright got him out of town
With all the bills and bands
Of other men's in his hands,
And cried, who will, drive the trade,
Since such a law they had made:
It was not he that broke,
Two i' the hundred spoke.
Nor car'd he for the curse,
He could not hear much worse,
He had his ears in his purse.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES

AND THEIR UNION;

Celebrated in a Masque designed for the Court, on the Twelfth-night, 1626.

HIC CHOREÆ, CANTUSQUE VIGENT.

His Majesty being set,

Enter, running, JOHPHIEL, *an airy spirit, and (according to the Magi) the intelligence of Jupiter's sphere: attired in light silks of several colours, with wings of the same, a bright yellow hair, a chaplet of flowers, blue silk stockings, and pumps, and gloves, with a silver fan in his hand.*

Johp. Like a lightning from the sky,
Or an arrow shot by Love,
Or a bird of his let fly;
Be't a sparrow, or a dove:
With that winged haste, come I,
Loosed from the sphere of Jove,
To wish good night
To your delight.

Enter MEREFOOL, *a melancholic student, in bare and worn clothes, shrowded under an obscure cloke, and the eves of an old hat.*

Mere. [*fetching a deep sigh.*] Oh, ho!
Johp. In Saturn's name, the father of my lord,
What over-charged piece of melancholy
Is this, breaks in between my wishes thus,
With bombing sighs?
Mere. No! no intelligence!
Not yet? and all my vows now nine days old!
Blindness of fate! puppies had seen by this time;
But I see nothing that I should, or would see!
What mean the brethren of the Rosy-cross,
So to desert their votary?
Johp. O; 'tis one
Hath vow'd himself unto that airy order,
And now is gaping for the fly they promised him.
I'll mix a little with him for my sport.
[*Steps aside.*
Mere. Have I both in my lodging and my diet,
My clothes, and every other solemn charge,
Observed them, made the naked boards my bed,
A faggot for my pillow, hungred sore!
Johp. And thirsted after them!
Mere. To look gaunt, and lean!
Johp. Which will not be.
Mere. Who's that?—Yes, and outwatch'd,
Yea, and outwalked any ghost alive
In solitary circle, worn my boots,
Knees, arms, and elbows out!
Johp. Ran on the score!
Mere. That have I—who suggests that?—and
Than I will speak of, to abate this flesh, [for more
And have not gain'd the sight—
Johp. Nay, scarce the sense.
Mere. Voice, thou art right—of any thing but a
Wind in my stomach. [cold
Johp. And a kind of whimsie—
Mere. Here in my head, that puts me to the staggers.
Whether there be that brotherhood, or no.
Johp. Believe, frail man, they be; and thou shalt
Mere. What shall I see? [see.
Johp. Me.
Mere. Thee! where?
Johp. [*comes forward.*] Here, if you
Be master Merefool.
Mere. Sir, our name is Merryfool,
But by contraction Merefool.
Johp. Then are you
The wight I seek; and, sir, my name is Johphiel,
Intelligence to the sphere of Jupiter,
An airy jocular spirit, employ'd to you
From father Outis?
Mere. Outis! who is he?
Johp. Know ye not Outis? then you know
body:—
The good old hermit, that was said to dwell
Here in the forest without trees, that built
The castle in the air, where all the brethren
Rhodostaurotic live. It flies with wings,
And runs on wheels; where Julian de Campis
Holds out the brandish'd blade.
Mere. Is't possible
They think on me?
Johp. Rise, be not lost in wonder,
But hear me: and be faithful. All the brethren
Have heard your vows, salute you, and expect you,
By me, this next return. But the good father
Has been content to die for you.
Mere. For me?
Johp. For you. Last New-year's-day, which some give out,
Because it was his birth-day, and began
The year of jubilee, he would rest upon it,
Being his hundred five and twentieth year:
But the truth is, having observ'd your genesis,

He would not live, because he might leave all
He had to you.
Mere. What had he?
Johp. Had! an office,
Two, three, or four.
Mere. Where?
Johp. In the upper region;
And that you'll find. The farm of the great customs,
Through all the ports of the air's intelligences;
Then constable of the castle Rosy-cross:
Which you must be, and keeper of the keys
Of the whole Kabal, with the seals; you shall be
Principal secretary to the stars:
Know all the signatures and combinations,
The divine rods, and consecrated roots:
What not? Would you turn trees up like the wind,
To shew your strength? march over heads of armies,
Or points of pikes, to shew your lightness? force
All doors of arts, with the petard of your wit?
Read at one view all books? speak all the languages
Of several creatures? master all the learnings
Were, are, or shall be? or, to shew your wealth,
Open all treasures, hid by nature, from
The rock of diamond, to the mine of sea-coal?
Sir, you shall do it.
Mere. But how?
Johp. Why, by his skill,
Of which he has left you the inheritance,
Here in a pot; this little gallipot
Of tincture, high rose tincture. There's your order,
You will have your collar sent you, ere't be long.
Mere. I look'd, sir, for a halter, I was desperate.
Johp. Reach forth your hand.
Mere. O, sir, a broken sleeve
Keeps the arm back, as 'tis in the proverb.
Johp. Nay,
For that I do commend you; you must be poor
With all your wealth, and learning. When you have made
Your glasses, gardens in the depth of winter,
Where you will walk invisible to mankind,
Talk with all birds and beasts in their own language,
When you have penetrated hills like air,
Dived to the bottom of the sea like lead,
And risse again like cork, walk'd in the fire,
An 'twere a salamander, pass'd through all
The winding orbs, like an Intelligence,
Up to the empyreum, when you have made
The world your gallery, can dispatch a business
In some three minutes, with the antipodes,
And in five more, negotiate the globe over;
You must be poor still.
Mere. By my place I know it.
Johp. Where would you wish to be now, or what to see,
Without the Fortunate Purse to bear your charges,
Or Wishing Hat? I will but touch your temples,
The corners of your eyes, and tinct the tip,
The very tip o' your nose, with this collyrium.
And you shall see in the air all the ideas,
Spirits, and atoms, flies, that buz about
This way, and that way, and are rather admirable,
Than any way intelligible.
Mere. O, come, tinct me,
Tinct me; I long; save this great belly, I long!
But shall I only see?
Johp. See, and command
As they were all your varlets, or your foot-boys:
But first you must declare, (your Greatness must,
For that is now your style,) what you would see,
Or whom.
Mere. Is that my style? my Greatness, then,
Would see king Zoroastres.
Johp. Why, you shall;
Or any one beside. Think whom you please;
Your thousand, your ten thousand, to a million:
All's one to me, if you could name a myriad.
Mere. I have named him.
Johp. You've reason.
Mere. Ay, I have reason;
Because he's said to be the father of conjurors,
And a cunning man in the stars.
Johp. Ay, that's it troubles us
A little for the present: for, at this time,
He is confuting a French almanack,
But he will straight have done, have you but patience;
Or think but any other in mean time,
Any hard name.
Mere. Then Hermes Trismegistus.
Johp. O, ὁ τρισμέγιστος! why, you shall see him,
A fine hard name. Or him, or whom you will,
As I said to you afore. Or what do you think
Of Howleglass, instead of him?
Mere. No, him
I have a mind to.
Johp. O, but Ulen-spiegle,
Were such a name—but you shall have your longing.
What luck is this, he should be busy too!
He is weighing water but to fill three hour-glasses,
And mark the day in penn'orths like a cheese,
And he has done. 'Tis strange you should name him
Of all the rest! there being Jamblicus,
Or Porphyry, or Proclus, any name
That is not busy.
Mere. Let me see Pythagoras.
Johp. Good.
Mere. Or Plato.
Johp. Plato is framing some ideas,
Are now bespoken, at a groat a-dozen,
Three gross at least: and for Pythagoras,
He has rashly run himself on an employment,
Of keeping asses from a field of beans;
And cannot be stav'd off.
Mere. Then, Archimedes.
Johp. Yes, Archimedes!
Mere. Ay, or Æsop.
Johp. Nay,
Hold your first man, a good man, Archimedes,
And worthy to be seen; but he is now
Inventing a rare mouse-trap with owl's wings
And a cat's-foot, to catch the mice alone:
And Æsop, he is filing a fox-tongue,
For a new fable he has made of court:
But you shall see them all, stay but your time,
And ask in season; things ask'd out of season
A man denies himself. At such a time
As Christmas, when disguising is on foot,
To ask of the inventions, and the men,
The wits and the ingines that move those orbs!—
Methinks you should inquire now after Skelton,
Or master Skogan.
Mere. Skogan! what was he?
Johp. O, a fine gentleman, and master of arts.
Of Henry the fourth's time, that made disguises

For the king's sons, and writ in ballad-royal
Daintily well.
Mere. But wrote he like a gentleman?
Johp. In rhyme, fine tinkling rhyme, and flowing verse,
With now and then some sense! and he was paid for't.
Regarded and rewarded; which few poets
Are now-a-days.
Mere. And why?
Johp. 'Cause every dabbler
In rhyme is thought the same:—but you shall see him.
Hold up your nose. [*Anoints his eyes and temples.*
Mere. I had rather see a Brachman,
Or a Gymnosophist yet.
Johp. You shall see him, sir,
Is worth them both: and with him domine Skelton,
The worshipful poet laureat to king Harry,
And *Tityre tu* of those times. Advance, quick Skogan,
And quicker Skelton, shew your crafty heads,
Before this heir of arts, this lord of learning,
This master of all knowledge in reversion!

Enter SKOGAN *and* SKELTON, *in like habits as they lived.*

Skog. Seemeth we are call'd of a moral intent,
If the words that are spoken as well now be meant.
Johp. That, master Skogan, I dare you ensure.
Skog. Then, son, our acquaintance is like to endure.
Mere. A pretty game! like Crambo; master Skogan,
Give me thy hand: thou art very lean, methinks,
Is't living by thy wits?
Skog. If it had been that,
My worshipful son, thou hadst ne'er been so fat.
Johp. He tells you true, sir. Here's a gentleman,
My pair of crafty clerks, of that high caract,
As hardly hath the age produced his like.
Who not content with the wit of his own times,
Is curious to know yours, and what hath been.
Mere. Or is, or shall be.
Johp. Note his latitude.
Skel. *O, vir amplissimus,*
Ut scholis dicimus,
Et gentilissimus!
Johp. The question-*issimus*
Is, should he ask a sight now, for his life;
I mean a person, he would have restored
To memory of these times, for a play-fellow,
Whether you would present him with an Hermes,
Or with an Howleglass?
Skel. An Howleglass
To come to pass
On his father's ass;
There never was,
By day, nor night,
A finer sight
With feathers upright
In his horned cap,
And crooked shape,
Much like an ape,
With owl on fist,
And glass at his wrist.
Skog. Except the four knaves entertain'd for the guards
Of the kings and the queens that triumph in the cards.
Johp. Ay, that were a sight and a half, I confess,
To see 'em come skipping in, all at a mess!
Skel. *With Elinor Rumming,*
To make up the mumming;
That comely Gill,
That dwelt on a hill,
But she is not grill:—
Her face all bowsy,
Droopy and drowsy,
Scurvy, and lousy,
Comely crinkled,
Wondrously wrinkled,
Like a roast pig's ear
Bristled with hair.
Skog. Or, what do you say to Ruffian Fitz-Ale?
Johp. An excellent sight, if he be not too stale.
But then we can mix him with modern Vapors,
The child of tobacco, his pipes, and his papers.
Mere. You talk'd of Elinor Rumming, I had rather
See Ellen of Troy.
Johp. Her you shall see
But credit me,
That Mary Ambree
(Who march'd so free
To the siege of Gaunt,
And death could not daunt,
As the ballad doth vaunt,)
Were a braver wight,
And a better sight.
Skel. Or Westminster Meg,
With her long leg,
As long as a crane;
And feet like a plane:
With a pair of heels,
As broad as two wheels;
To drive down the dew,
As she goes to the stew:
And turns home merry,
By Lambeth ferry.
Or you may have come
In, Thomas Thumb,
In a pudding fat
With doctor Rat.
Johp. Ay, that! that! that!
We'll have 'em all,
To fill the hall.

The ANTIMASQUE *follows.*

Consisting of these twelve persons, HOWLEGLASS, *the four* KNAVES, *two* RUFFIANS, (FITZ-ALE *and* VAPOR,) ELINOR RUMMING, MARY AMBREE, LONG MEG *of Westminster,* TOM THUMB, *and* Doctor RAT.

They DANCE, *and withdraw.*

Mere. What, are they vanish'd! where is skipping Skelton?
Or moral Skogan? I do like their shew,
And would have thank'd them, being the first grace
The company of the Rosy-cross hath done me.
Johp. The company o' the Rosy-cross, you widgeon!
The company of [the] players. Go, you are,
And will be still your self, a Merefool, in:
And take your pot of honey here, and hogs-grease,
See who has gull'd you, and make one.
[*Exit* MEREFOOL.

Great king,
Your pardon, if desire to please have trespass'd.
This fool should have been sent to Anticyra,
The isle of Ellebore, there to have purg'd,
Not hoped a happy seat within your waters.—
Hear now the message of the Fates and Jove,
On whom these Fates depend, to you, as Neptune
The great commander of the seas and isles.
That point of revolution being come,
When all the Fortunate Islands should be join'd,
MACARIA one, and thought a principal,
That hitherto hath floated, as uncertain
Where she should fix her blessings, is to-night
Instructed to adhere to your Britannia:
That where the happy spirits live, hereafter
Might be no question made, by the most curious,
Since the MACARII come to do you homage,
And join their cradle to your continent.

Here the scene opens, and the Masquers *are discovered sitting in their several sieges. The air opens above, and* APOLLO, *with* HARMONY, *and the* SPIRITS *of Music sing, the while the Island moves forward,* PROTEUS *sitting below, and hearkening.*

SONG.

Look forth, the shepherd of the seas,
And of the ports that keep the keys.

And to your Neptune tell,
Macaria, prince of all the isles,
Wherein there nothing grows but smiles,
Doth here put in, to dwell.

The winds are sweet and gently blow,
But Zephyrus, no breath they know,
The father of the flowers:
By him the virgin violets live,
And every plant doth odours give,
As new, as are the hours.

Cho. Then, think it not a common cause,
That to it so much wonder draws,
And all the heavens consent,
With harmony to tune their notes,
In answer to the public votes,
That for it up were sent.

By this time, the island having joined itself to the shore, PROTEUS, PORTUNUS, *and* SARON *come forth, and go up singing to the state, while the* Masquers *take time to rank themselves.*

SONG.

Pro. Ay, now the heights of Neptune's honours shine,
And all the glories of his greater style
Are read, reflected in this happiest isle.
Por. How both the air, the soil, the seat combine
To speak it blessed!
Sar. These are the true groves
Where joys are born.
Pro. Where longings,
Por. And where loves!
Sar. That live!
Pro. That last!
Por. No intermitted wind
Blows here, but what leaves flowers or fruit behind.
Cho. 'Tis odour all that comes!
And every tree doth give his gums.
Pro. There is no sickness, nor no old age known
To man, nor any grief that he dares own.
There is no hunger here, nor envy of state,
Nor least ambition in the magistrate.
But all are even-hearted, open, free,
And what one is, another strives to be.
Por. Here, all the day, they feast, they sport, and spring,
Now dance the Graces' hay; now Venus ring:
To which the old musicians play and sing.
Sar. There is Arion, tuning his bold harp,
From flat to sharp,
Por. And light Anacreon,
He still is one!
Pro. Stesichorus there, too,
That Linus and old Orpheus doth outdo
To wonder.
Sar. And Amphion! he is there.
Por. Nor is Apollo dainty to appear
In such a quire, although the trees be thick,
Pro. He will look in, and see the airs be quick,
And that the times be true.
Por. Then, chanting,
Pro. Then,
Up with their notes, they raise the prince of men,
Sar. And sing the present prophesy that goes,
Of joining the bright Lily and the Rose.
Cho. See! all the flowers,
Pro. That spring the banks along,
Do move their heads unto that under song.
Cho. Saron, Portunus, Proteus, help to bring
Our primrose in, the glory of the spring;
And tell the daffodil, against that day,
That we prepare new garlands fresh as May,
And interweave the myrtle and the bay.

This sung, the island goes back, whilst the Upper Chorus takes it from them, and the Masquers *prepare for their figure.*

Cho. Spring all the graces of the age,
And all the loves of time;
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rhyme.
Add all the softnesses of courts,
The looks, the laughters, and the sports;
And mingle all their sweets, and salts,
That none may say the triumph halts.

The Masquers *dance their* Entry, *or* First Dance.

Which done, the first prospective, a maritime palace, or the house of OCEANUS, *is discovered to loud music.*

The other above is no more seen.

Johp. Behold the palace of Oceanus!
Hail, reverend structure! boast no more to us
Thy being able all the gods to feast;
We saw enough; when Albion was thy guest.

Here the Measures.

After which, the second prospective, a sea, is shown to the former music.

Johp. Now turn, and view the wonders of the deep,
Where Proteus herds, and Neptune's orcs do keep,
Where all is plough'd, yet still the pasture's green;
New ways are found, and yet no paths are seen.

Here PROTEUS, PORTUNUS, SARON, *go up to the Ladies with this* SONG.

Pro. Come, noble nymphs, and do not hide
The joys for which you so provide:
Sar. If not to mingle with the men,
What do you here? Go home again.
Por. Your dressings do confess,
By what we see, so curious parts
Of Pallas and Arachne's arts,
That you could mean no less.
Pro. Why do you wear the silk-worm's toils,
Or glory in the shell-fish' spoils;
Or strive to shew the grains of ore
That you have gather'd on the shore,
Whereof to make a stock
To graft the greener emerald on,
Or any better-water'd stone,

Sar. Or ruby of the rock.
Pro. Why do you smell of amber-grise,
Of which was formed Neptune's niece,
The queen of love; unless you can,
Like sea-born Venus, love a man?
Sar. Try, put yourselves unto't.

Cho. Your looks, your smiles, and thoughts that meet,
Ambrosian hands, and silver feet,
Do promise you will do't.

The Revels *follow.*

Which ended, the fleet is discovered, while the three cornets play.

Johp. 'Tis time, your eyes should be refresh'd at length
With something new, a part of Neptune's strength,
See yond', his fleet, ready to go or come,
Or fetch the riches of the Ocean home,
So to secure him, both in peace and wars,
Till not one ship alone, but all be stars.

Then the last

SONG.

Pro. Although we wish the glory still might last
Of such a night, and for the causes past.
Yet now, great lord of waters, and of isles,
Give Proteus leave to turn unto his wiles.
Por. And whilst young Albion doth thy labours ease,
Dispatch Portunus to the ports.
Sar. And Saron to the seas,
To meet old Nereus, with his fifty girls,
From aged Indus laden home with pearls,
And orient gums to burn unto thy name.

Cho. And may thy subjects' hearts be all on flame,
Whilst thou dost keep the earth in firm estate,
And 'mongst the winds dost suffer no debate;
But both at sea, and land, our powers increase,
With health, and all the golden gifts of peace.

After which they danced their last dance.

AND THUS IT ENDED.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH THROUGH CALLIPOLIS;

PERFORMED IN A MASQUE AT COURT, 1630,

BY HIS MAJESTY, WITH THE LORDS AND GENTLEMEN ASSISTING.

The Inventors—Ben Jonson; Inigo Jones.

QUANDO MAGIS DIGNOS LICUIT SPECTARE TRIUMPHOS

TO MAKE THE SPECTATORS UNDERSTANDERS.

WHEREAS, all Representations, especially those of this nature in court, public spectacles, either have been, or ought to be, the mirrors of man's life, whose ends, for the excellence of their exhibitors (as being the donatives of great princes to their people) ought always to carry a mixture of profit with them, no less than delight; we, the inventors, being commanded from the KING to think on something worthy of his majesty's putting in act, with a selected company of his lords and gentlemen, called to the assistance; for the honour of his court, and the dignity of that heroic love, and regal respect born by him to his unmatchable lady and spouse, the queen's majesty, after some debate of cogitation with ourselves, resolved on this following argument.

First, that a person, *boni ominis*, of a good character, as Euphemus, sent down from heaven to Callipolis, which is understood the city of Beauty or Goodness, should come in; and, finding her majesty there enthroned, declare unto her, that Love, who was wont to be respected as a special deity in court, and tutelar god of the place, had of late received an advertisement, that in the suburbs, or skirts of Callipolis, were crept in certain sectaries, or depraved lovers, who neither knew the name, or nature of love rightly, yet boasted themselves his followers, when they were fitter to be called his furies: their whole life being a continued vertigo, or rather a torture on the wheel of love, than any motion either of order or measure. When suddenly they leap forth below, a mistress leading them, and with antic gesticulation and action, after the manner of the old pantomimi, they dance over a distracted comedy of love, expressing their confused affections, in the scenical persons and habits of the four prime European nations.

A glorious boasting lover.
A whining ballading lover.
An adventurous romance lover.

A phantastic umbrageous lover.
A bribing corrupt lover.
A froward jealous lover.

A sordid illiberal lover.
A proud scornful lover.
An angry quarrelling lover.

A melancholic despairing lover.
An envious unquiet lover.
A sensual brute lover.

All which, in varied intricate turns, and involved mazes, exprest, make the ANTIMASQUE: *and conclude the exit, in a circle.*

EUPHEMUS *descends singing.*

Joy, joy to mortals, the rejoicing fires
Of gladness smile in your dilated hearts!
Whilst Love presents a world of chaste desires,
Which may produce a harmony of parts!

Love is the right affection of the mind,
The noble appetite of what is best:
Desire of union with the thing design'd,
But in fruition of it cannot rest.

The father Plenty is, the mother Want,
Plenty the beauty which it wanteth draws;
Want yields itself; affording what is scant:
So both affections are the union's cause.

But rest not here. For love hath larger scopes,
New joys, new pleasures, of as fresh a date
As are his minutes: and in him no hopes
Are pure, but those he can perpetuate.
[*He goes up to the state*

To you, that are by excellence a queen!
The top of beauty! but of such an air,
As only by the mind's eye may be seen
Your interwoven lines of good and fair!

Vouchsafe to grace love's triumph here to-night,
Through all the streets of your Callipolis;
Which by the splendor of your rays made bright,
The seat and region of all beauty is.

Love in perfection longeth to appear,
But prays of favour he be not call'd on,
Till all the suburbs and the skirts be clear
Of perturbations, and th' infection gone.

Then will he flow forth, like a rich perfume
Into your nostrils! or some sweeter sound

Of melting music, that shall not consume
Within the ear, but run the mazes round.

Here the CHORUS *walk about with their censers.*

Cho. Mean time, we make lustration of the place,
And, with our solemn fires and waters prove
T'have frighted hence the weak diseased race
Of those were tortured on the wheel of love.

The Glorious, Whining, the Adventurous fool
Fantastic, Bribing, and the Jealous ass.
The Sordid, Scornful, and the Angry mule,
The Melancholic, Dull, and Envious mass.

Grand Cho. With all the rest, that in the sensual school
Of lust, for their degree of brute may pass;
All which are vapour'd hence.
No loves, but slaves to sense;
Mere cattle, and not men.
Sound, sound, and treble all our joys agen,
Who had the power and virtue to remove
Such monsters from the labyrinth of love.

The scene opens and discovers a prospect of the sea. The TRIUMPH *is first seen afar off, and led in by* AMPHITRITE, *the wife of Oceanus, with four sea gods attending her,* NEREUS, PROTEUS, GLAUCUS, PALÆMON.

The Triumph consisted of fifteen LOVERS, *and as many Cupids, who rank themselves seven and seven on a side, with each a Cupid before him, with a lighted torch, and the middle person (which is his Majesty) placed in the centre.*

Amph. Here stay a while: this, this,
The temple of all beauty is!
Here, perfect lovers, you must pay
First fruits; and on these altars lay
(The ladies breasts,) your ample vows,
Such as love brings, and beauty best allows!

Cho. For love without his object soon is gone:
Love must have answering love to look upon.

Amph. To you, best judge then of perfection!
Euph. The queen of what is wonder in the place!
Amph. Pure object of heroic love, alone!
Euph. The centre of proportion!—
Amph. Sweetness!
Euph. Grace!
Amph. Deign to receive all lines of love in one.
Euph. And by reflecting of them fill this space.

Cho. Till it a circle of those glories prove,
Fit to be sought in beauty, found by love.

Semi-cho. Where love is mutual, still
All things in order move.

Semi-cho. The circle of the will
Is the true sphere of love.

Cho. Advance, you gentler Cupids, then, advance,
And shew your just perfections in your dance.

The CUPIDS *dance their dance; and the* MASQUERS *their Entry.*

Which done, EUCLIA, *or a fair glory, appears in the heavens, singing an applausive* SONG, *or Pæan of the whole, which she takes occasion to ingeminate in the second chorus, upon the sight of a work of Neptune's, being a hollow rock, filling part of the sea-prospect, whereon the* MUSES *sit.*

HYMN.

Euc. So love emergent out of chaos brought
The world to light!
And gently moving on the waters, wrought
All form to sight!
Love's appetite
Did beauty first excite:
And left imprinted in the air
Those signatures of good and fair,

Cho. Which since have flow'd, flow'd forth upon the sense
To wonder first, and then to excellence,
By virtue of divine intelligence!

The Ingemination.

And Neptune too,
Shews what his waves can do:
To call the Muses all to play,
And sing the birth of Venus' day,

Cho. Which from the sea flow'd forth upon the sense,
To wonder first, and next to excellence,
By virtue of divine intelligence!

Here follow the Revels.

Which ended, the scene changeth to a garden, and the heavens opening, there appear four new persons in form of a Constellation, sitting; or a new Asterism, expecting VENUS, *whom they call upon with this*

SONG.

JUPITER, JUNO, GENIUS, HYMEN.

Jup. Haste, daughter Venus, haste and come away,
Jun. All powers that govern marriage, pray
That you will lend your light,
Gen. Unto the constellation of this night.
Hym. Hymen.
Jun. And Juno.
Gen. And the Genius call.
Jup. Your father Jupiter.
Grand Cho. And all
That bless or honour holy nuptial.

VENUS *here appears in a cloud, and passing through the Constellation, descendeth to the earth, when presently the cloud vanisheth, and she is seen sitting in a throne.*

Ven. Here, here I present am
Both in my girdle, and my flame;
Wherein are woven all the powers
The Graces gave me, or the Hours,
My nurses once, with all the arts
Of gaining, and of holding hearts:
And these with I descend.
But, to your influences, first commend
The vow, I go to take
On earth, for perfect love and beauty's sake.

Her song ended, and she rising up to go to the queen, the throne disappears: in place of which, there shooteth up a palm-tree with an imperial crown on the top; from the root whereof, lilies and roses twining together, and embracing the stem, flourish through the crown; which she in the SONG *with the* CHORUS *describes.*

Grand Cho. Beauty and Love, whose story is mysterial,
In yonder palm-tree, and the crown imperial,
Do from the Rose and Lily, so delicious,
Promise a shade, shall ever be propitious
To both the kingdoms. But to Britain's Genius
The snaky rod, and serpents of Cyllenius
Bring not more peace than these, who so united be
By Love, as with it earth and heaven delighted be.
And who this king and queen would well historify,
Need only speak their names; these them will glorify:
MARY and CHARLES, Charles with his Mary named are,
And all the rest of loves or princes famed are.

After this, they DANCE *their going out.*

AND THUS IT ENDED.

CHLORIDIA.

RITES TO CHLORIS AND HER NYMPHS;

PERSONATED IN A MASQUE AT COURT,

BY THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY, AND HER LADIES. AT SHROVE-TIDE, 1630.

The Inventors—Ben Jonson; Inigo Jones.

UNIUS TELLUS ANTE COLORIS ERAT.

THE King and Queen's majesty having given their command for the invention of a new argument, with the whole change of the scene, wherein her majesty, with the like number of her ladies, purposed a presentation to the king; it was agreed, it should be the celebration of some rites done to the goddess Chloris, who, in a general council of the gods, was proclaimed goddess of the flowers; according to that of Ovid, in the Fasti,

——Arbitrium tu Dea floris habe.

And was to be stellified on earth, by an absolute decree from Jupiter, who would have the earth to be adorned with stars, as well as the heaven.

Upon this hinge the whole invention moved.

The ornament which went about the scene, was composed of foliage, or leaves heighten'd with gold, and interwoven with all sorts of flowers, and naked children, playing and climbing among the branches; and in the midst a great garland of flowers, in which was written CHLORIDIA.

The curtain being drawn up, the scene is discovered, consisting of pleasant hills, planted with young trees, and all the lower banks adorned with flowers. And from some hollow parts of those hills, fountains come gliding down; which, in the far-off landscape, seemed all to be converted to a river.

Over all a serene sky, with transparent clouds, giving a great lustre to the whole work; which did imitate the pleasant Spring.

When the spectators had enough fed their eyes with the delights of the scene, in a part of the air, a bright cloud begins to break forth; and in it is sitting a plump boy, in a changeable garment, richly adorned, representing the mild ZEPHYRUS. On the other side of the scene, in a purplish cloud, appeareth the SPRING, a beautiful maid, her upper garment green, under it a white robe wrought with flowers; a garland on her head.

Here ZEPHYRUS begins his dialogue, calling her forth, and making narration of the gods' decree at large, which she obeys, pretending it is come to earth already; and there begun to be executed by the king's favour, who assists with all bounties, that may be either urged as causes or reasons of the Spring.

FIRST SONG.

Zeph. Come forth, come forth, the gentle Spring,
And carry the glad news I bring,
To earth, our common mother:
It is decreed by all the gods,
That heaven of earth shall have no odds,
But one shall love another.

Their glories they shall mutual make,
Earth look on heaven, for heaven's sake,
Their honours shall be even:
All emulation cease, and jars,
Jove will have earth to have her stars
And lights, no less than heaven.

Spring. It is already done, in flowers
As fresh and new as are the hours,
By warmth of yonder sun:
But will be multiplied on us,
If from the breath of Zephyrus
Like favour we have won.

Zeph. Give all to him: His is the dew,
The heat, the humour,

Spring. —All the true
Beloved of the Spring!

Zeph. The sun, the wind, the verdure!

Spring. —All
That wisest nature cause can call
Of quick'ning any thing.

At which ZEPHYRUS *passeth away through the air, and the* SPRING *descendeth to the earth; and is received by the* NAIADES, *or* Napeæ, *who are the nymphs, fountains, and servants of the season.*

SECOND SONG.

Naides. Fair maid, but are you come to dwell,
And tarry with us here?
Spring. Fresh Fountains, I am come to tell
A tale in yond' soft ear,
Whereof the murmur will do well,
If you your parts will bear.
Naides. Our purlings wait upon the Spring
Spring. Go up with me, then; help to sing
The story to the king.

Here the Spring *goes up, singing the argument, to the king, and the* Naides *follow with the close.*

Spring. Cupid hath ta'en offence of late,
At all the gods, that of the state,
And in their council, he was so deserted,
Not to be call'd unto their guild,
But slightly pass'd by as a child,
Naides. Wherein he thinks his honour was perverted.

Spring. And though his mother seek to season,
And rectify his rage with reason,
By shewing he lives yet under her command,
Rebellious he doth disobey,
And she hath forced his arms away.
Naides. To make him feel the justice of her hand.

Whereat the boy, in fury fell,
With all his speed, is gone to hell,
There to excite and stir up jealousy.
To make a party 'gainst the gods,
And set heaven, earth, and hell at odds.
Naides. And raise a chaos of calamity.

The Song *ended, the* Nymphs *fall into a dance, to their voices and instruments, and so return into the scene.*

THE ANTIMASQUE.

A part of the under-ground opening, out of it enter a Dwarf *post from hell, riding on a curtal, with cloven feet, and two* Lacqueys: *these* Dance, *and make the first entry of the Antimasque. He alights and speaks.*

Dwarf. Hold my stirrup, my one lacquey; and look to my curtal, the other; walk him well, sirrah, while I expatiate myself here in the report of my office. Oh, the Furies! how I am joyed with the title of it! Postillion of hell! yet no Mercury: but a mere cacodæmon, sent hither with a packet of news! news! never was hell so furnished of the commodity of news! Love hath been lately there, and so entertain'd by Pluto and Proserpine, and all the grandees of the place, as it is there perpetual holyday; and a cessation of torment granted, and proclaimed for ever! Half-famish'd Tantalus is fallen to his fruit, with that appetite, as it threatens to undo the whole company of costard-mongers; and has a river afore him, running excellent wine. Ixion is loosed from his wheel, and turn'd dancer, does nothing but cut capreols, fetch friskals, and leads lavoltos with the Lamiæ! Sisyphus has left rolling the stone, and is grown a master-bowler; challenges all the prime gamesters, parsons in hell, and gives them odds; upon Tityus's breast, that (for six of the nine acres) is counted the subtlest bowling-ground in all Tartary. All the Furies are at a game call'd nine-pins, or keils, made of old usurers' bones, and their souls looking on with delight, and betting on the game! Never was there such freedom of sport. Danaus' daughters have broke their bottomless tubs, and made bonfires of them. All is turn'd triumph there. Had hell-gates been kept with half that strictness, as the entry here has been to-night, Pluto would have had but a cold court, and Proserpine a thin presence, though both have a vast territory. We had such a stir to get in, I, and my curtal, and my two lacqueys, all ventured through the eye of a Spanish needle, we had never come in else, and that was by the favour of one of the guard who was a woman's tailor, and held ope the passage.—Cupid by commission hath carried Jealousy from hell, Disdain, Fear, and Dissimulation, with other goblins, to trouble the gods. And I am sent after, post, to raise Tempest, Winds, Lightnings, Thunder, Rain, and Snow, for some new exploit they have against the earth, and the goddess Chloris, queen of the flowers, and mistress of the Spring. For joy of which, I will return to myself, mount my bidet, in a dance; and curvet upon my curtal.

Here he mounts his curtal, and with his lacqueys, danceth forth as he came in.

SECOND ENTRY.

Cupid, Jealousy, Disdain, Fear, and Dissimulation dance together.

THIRD ENTRY.

The queen's dwarf, richly apparelled, as a prince of hell, attended by six infernal spirits, he first danceth alone, and then the spirits, all expressing their joy for Cupid's coming among them.

FOURTH ENTRY.

Here the scene changeth into a horrid storm; out of which enters the nymph Tempest, with four Winds; they dance.

FIFTH ENTRY.

Lightnings, three in number, their habits glistering expressing that effect, in their motion.

SIXTH ENTRY.

Thunder alone dancing the tunes to a noise, mixed, and imitating thunder.

SEVENTH ENTRY.

Rain, presented by five persons, all swollen, and clouded over, their hair flagging, as if they were wet, and in their hands balls full of sweet water, which, as they dance, sprinkle all the room.

EIGHTH ENTRY.

Seven with rugged white heads and beards, to express Snow, with flakes on their garments, mixed with hail. These having danced, return into the stormy scene, whence they came.

Here, by the providence of Juno, the Tempest on an instant ceaseth; and the scene is changed into a delicious place, figuring the Bower of Chloris, wherein an arbour feigned of goldsmith's-work, the ornament of which was born up with termes of satyrs, beautified with festoons, garlands, and all sorts of fragrant flowers. Beyond all this, in the sky afar-off, appeared a rainbow: in the most eminent place of the Bower, sat the goddess Chloris, accompanied with fourteen nymphs, their apparel white, embroidered with silver, trimmed at the shoulders with great leaves of green, embroidered with gold, falling one under the other. And of the same work were their bases, their head-tires of flowers, mixed with silver and gold, with some sprigs of ægrets among, and from

the top of their dressing, a thin veil hanging down.

All which beheld, the Nymphs, Rivers, *and* Fountains, *with the* Spring, *sung this rejoicing song.*

THIRD SONG.

Grand Cho. Run out, all the floods, in joy, with your silver feet,
And haste to meet
The enamour'd Spring,
For whom the warbling fountains sing:
The story of the flowers,
Preserved by the Hours;
At Juno's soft command, and Iris' showers;
Sent to quench jealousy, and all those powers
Of Love's rebellious war:
Whilst CHLORIS sits a shining star
To crown, and grace our jolly song, made long,
To the notes that we bring, to glad the Spring.

Which ended, the Goddess and her Nymphs descend the degrees into the room, and dance the Entry of the GRAND MASQUE.

After this, another SONG *by the same persons as before.*

FOURTH SONG.

Grand Cho. Tell a truth, gay Spring, let us know
What feet they were, that so
Impress'd the earth, and made such various flowers to grow.

Spring. She that led, a queen was at least,
Or a goddess 'bove the rest:
And all their graces in herself exprest.

Grand Cho. O, 'twere a fame to know her name;
Whether she were the root;
Or they did take th' impression from her foot.

The MASQUERS *here dance their second Dance.*

Which done, the farther prospect of the scene changeth into air, with a low landscape, in part covered with clouds: and in that instant, the heaven opening, JUNO *and* IRIS *are seen; and above them many airy spirits, sitting in the clouds.*

FIFTH SONG.

Juno. Now Juno, and the air shall know,
The truth of what is done below
From our discolour'd bow.
Iris, what news?

Iris. The air is clear, your bow can tell,
Chloris renown'd, Spight fled to hell,
The business all is well.
And Cupid sues.

Juno. For pardon! Does he?

Iris. He sheds tears
More than your birds have eyes.

Juno. The gods have ears:
Offences made against the deities
Are soon forgot.—

Iris. If who offends be wise.

Here, out of the earth ariseth a Hill, and on the top of it a globe, on which FAME *is seen standing with her trumpet in her hand; and on the hill are seated four persons, presenting* POESY, HISTORY, ARCHITECTURE, *and* SCULPTURE; *who together with the* Nymphs, Floods, *and* Fountains, *make a full choir; at which* FAME *begins to mount, and moving her wings flieth, singing, up to heaven.*

Fame. Rise, golden Fame, and give thy name a birth.

Cho. From great and generous actions done on earth.

Fame. The life of Fame is action.

Cho. Understood,
That action must be virtuous, great, and good.

Fame. Virtue itself by Fame is oft protected,
And dies despised——

Cho. Where the Fame's neglected.

Fame. Who hath not heard of Chloris, and her bower,
Fair Iris' act, employ'd by Juno's power,
To guard the Spring, and prosper every flower,
Whom jealousy and hell thought to devour?

Cho. Great actions oft obscured by time, may lie,
Or envy——

Fame. But they last to memory.

Poesy. We that sustain thee, learned Poesy,

Hist. And I her sister, severe History,

Archi. With Architecture, who will raise thee high,

Sculp. And Sculpture, that can keep thee from to die.

Cho. All help to lift thee to eternity.

Juno. And Juno through the air doth make thy way.

Iris. By her serenest messenger of day.

Fame. Thus Fame ascends, by all degrees, to heaven,
And leaves a light, here, brighter than the seven.

Grand Cho. Let all applaud the sight.
Air first, that gave the bright
Reflections, day or night!
With these supports of Fame,
That keep alive her name!
The beauties of the Spring.
Founts, Rivers, every thing:
From the height of all,
To the waters fall,
Resound and sing
The honours of his Chloris, to the king.
Chloris, the queen of flowers;
The sweetness of all showers;
The ornament of bowers:
The top of paramours.

FAME *being hidden in the clouds, the hill sinks, and the heaven closeth.*

The MASQUERS *dance with the* LORDS.

AND THUS IT ENDED.

AN EXPOSTULATION WITH INIGO JONES.

Master Surveyor, you that first began
From thirty pounds in pipkins, to the man
You are: from them leap'd forth an architect,
Able to talk of Euclid, and correct
Both him and Archimede; damn Archytas,
The noblest inginer that ever was:
Controul Ctesibius, overbearing us
With mistook names, out of Vitruvius;
Drawn Aristotle on us, and thence shewn
How much Architectonice is your own:
Whether the building of the stage, or scene,
Or making of the properties it mean,
Visors, or antics; or it comprehend
Something your sur-ship doth not yet intend.
By all your titles, and whole style at once,
Of tireman, mountebank, and justice Jones,
I do salute you: are you fitted yet?
Will any of these express your place, or wit?
Or are you so ambitious 'bove your peers,
You'd be an Assinigo by your ears?
Why much good do't you; be what part you will,
You'll be, as Langley said, "an Inigo still."
What makes your wretchedness to bray so loud
In town and court? are you grown rich, and proud?
Your trappings will not change you, change your mind;
No velvet suit you wear will alter kind.
A wooden dagger is a dagger of wood,
Nor gold, nor ivory haft can make it good.
What is the cause you pomp it so, I ask?
And all men echo, you have made a masque.
I chime that too, and I have met with those
That do cry up the machine, and the shows
The majesty of Juno in the clouds,
And peering forth of Iris in the shrouds;
The ascent of Lady Fame, which none could spy,
Not they that sided her, dame Poetry,
Dame History, dame Architecture too,
And goody Sculpture, brought with much ado
To hold her up: O shows, shows, mighty shows!
The eloquence of masques! what need of prose,
Or verse, or prose, t'express immortal you?
You are the spectacles of state, tis true,
Court-hieroglyphics, and all arts afford,
In the mere perspective of an inch-board;
You ask no more than certain politic eyes,
Eyes, that can pierce into the mysteries
Of many colours, read them, and reveal
Mythology, there painted on slit deal.
Or to make boards to speak! there is a task!
Painting and carpentry are the soul of masque.
Pack with your pedling poetry to the stage,
This is the money-got mechanic age.
To plant the music where no ear can reach,
Attire the persons, as no thought can teach
Sense, what they are; which by a specious, fine
Term of [you] architects, is call'd Design;
But in the practised truth, destruction is
Of any art, beside what he calls his.
Whither, O whither will this tireman grow?
His name is Σκηνοποιος, we all know,
The maker of the properties; in sum,
The scene, the engine; but he now is come
To be the music-master; tabler too;
He is, or would be, the main *Dominus Do-All* of the work, and so shall still for Ben,
Be Inigo, the whistle, and his men.
He's warm on his feet, now he says; and can
Swim without cork: why, thank the good queen Anne.
I am too fat to envy, he too lean
To be worth envy; henceforth I do mean
To pity him, as smiling at his feat
Of lantern-lerry, with fuliginous heat
Whirling his whimsies, by a subtilty
Suck'd from the veins of shop-philosophy.
What would he do now, giving his mind that way,
In presentation of some puppet play,
Should but the king his justice-hood employ,
In setting forth of such a solemn toy?
How wou'd he firk, like Adam Overdo,
Up and about; dive into cellars too,
Disguised, and thence drag forth Enormity,
Discover Vice, commit Absurdity:
Under the moral, shew he had a pate
Moulded or strok'd up to survey a state!
O wise surveyor, wiser architect,
But wisest Inigo; who can reflect
On the new priming of thy old sign-posts,
Reviving with fresh colours the pale ghosts
Of thy dead standards; or with marvel see
Thy twice conceived, thrice paid for imagery;
And not fall down before it, and confess
Almighty Architecture, who no less
A goddess is, than painted cloth, deal board,
Vermillion, lake, or crimson can afford
Expression for; with that unbounded line,
Aim'd at in thy omnipotent design!
What poesy e'er was painted on a wall,
That might compare with thee? what story shall,
Of all the worthies, hope t' outlast thy own,
So the materials be of Purbeck stone?
Live long the feasting-room! and ere thou burn
Again, thy architect to ashes turn;
Whom not ten fires, nor a parliament, can
With all remonstrance, make an honest man.

TO A FRIEND.

AN EPIGRAM ON INIGO JONES.

Sir Inigo doth fear it, as I hear,
And labours to seem worthy of this fear;
That I should write upon him some sharp verse.
Able to eat into his bones, and pierce
The marrow. Wretch! I quit thee of thy pain,
Thou'rt too ambitious, and dost fear in vain:
The Lybian lion hunts no butterflies;
He makes the camel and dull ass his prize.
If thou be so desirous to be read,
Seek out some hungry painter, that, for bread,
With rotten chalk or coal, upon the wall,
Will well design thee to be view'd of all,
That sit upon the common draught or strand;
Thy forehead is too narrow for my brand.

TO INIGO MARQUIS WOULD-BE.

A COROLLARY.

But 'cause thou hear'st the mighty king of Spain
Hath made his Inigo marquis, wouldst thou fain
Our Charles should make thee such? 'twill not become
All kings to do the self-same deeds with some:
Besides, his man may merit it, and be
A noble honest soul: what's this to thee?
He may have skill, and judgment to design
Cities and temples, thou a cave for wine,
Or ale; he build a palace, thou the shop,
With sliding windows, and false lights a-top:
He draw a forum with quadrivial streets;
Thou paint a lane where Tom Thumb Jeffrey meets.
He some Colossus, to bestride the seas,
From the fam'd pillars of old Hercules:
Thy canvas giant at some channel aims,
Or Dowgate torrents falling into Thames;
And stradling shews the boys' brown paper fleet
Yearly set out there, to sail down the street:
Your works thus differing, much less so your style
Content thee to be Pancridge earl the while,
An earl of show; for all thy worth is show:
But when thou turn'st a real Inigo,
Or canst of truth the least entrenchment pitch,
We'll have thee styled the Marquis of Tower ditch.

LOVE'S WELCOME;

THE KING'S ENTERTAINMENT AT WELBECK,

IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE,

A HOUSE OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM, EARL OF NEWCASTLE,

VISCOUNT MANSFIELD, BARON OF BOTLE AND BOLSOVER, ETC.

At his going into Scotland, 1633.

His Majesty being set at dinner,

Music:

The Passions, DOUBT *and* LOVE, *enter with the Affections,* JOY, DELIGHT, *&c. and sing this*

SONG.

Doubt. What softer sounds are these salute the ear,
From the large circle of the hemisphere,
As if the centre of all sweets met here!
Love. It is the breath and soul of every thing,
Put forth by earth, by nature, and the spring,
To speak the welcome, welcome of the king.

Chorus of Affections. The joy of plants, the spirit of flow'rs,
The smell and verdure of the bow'rs,
The waters murmur, with the show'rs,
Distilling on the new fresh hours;
The whistling winds and birds that sing
The welcome of our great, good king:
Welcome, O welcome, is the general voice,
Wherein all creatures practise to rejoice.
[*A pause. Music again.*

Love. When was old Sherwood's head more quaintly curl'd?
Or look'd the earth more green upon the world?
Or nature's cradle more enchased and purl'd?
When did the air so smile, the wind so chime,
As quiristers of season, and the prime?
Doubt. If what they do, be done in their due time.

Cho. of Affections. He makes the time for whom 'tis done,
From whom the warmth, heat, life begun;
Into whose fostering arms do run
All that have being from the sun.
Such is the fount of light, the king,
The heart that quickens every thing.
And makes the creature's language all one voice,
In welcome, welcome, welcome to rejoice:
Welcome is all our song, is all our sound.
The treble part, the tenor, and the ground.

After dinner.

The King and the Lords being come down, and ready to take horse, in the crowd were discovered two notorious persons, whose names were ACCIDENCE *and* FITZALE, *men of business, as by their eminent dressing and habits did soon appear.*

One in a costly cassock of black buckram girt unto him, whereon was painted party-per pale:

On the one side,		On the other side,	
Noun, Pronoun, Verb, Participle,	*declined.*	Adverb, Conjunction, Preposition, Interjection,	*undeclined.*

With his hat, hatband, stocking, and sandals suited, and marked A, B, C, &c.

The other in a taberd, or herald's coat, of azure, *and* gules *quarterly changed, of buckram; limned with yellow, instead of gold, and pasted over with old records of the two shires, and certain fragments of the forest, as a coat of antiquity and president, willing to be seen, but hard to be read, and as loth to be understood, without the interpreter who wore it: for the wrong end of the letters were turned upward, therefore was a label fixed,* To the curious prier, *advertising:*

Look not so near, with hope to understand;
Out-cept, sir, you can read with the left-hand.

Acci. By your fair leave, gentlemen of the court; for leave is ever fair, being asked; and granted, is as light, according to our English proverb, *Leave is light.* Which is the king, I pray you?

Fitz. Or rather the king's lieutenant? for we have nothing to say to the king, till we have spoken with my lord lieutenant.

Acci. Of Nottinghamshire.

Fitz. And Derbyshire, for he is both. And we have business to both sides of him, from either of the counties.

Acci. As far as his command stretches.

Fitz. Is this he?

Acci. This is no great man by his timber, as we say in the forest; by his thewes he may. I'll venture a part of speech, two or three at him, to see how he is declined.—My lord, pleaseth your good lordship, I am a poor neighbour, here, of your honour's, in the country.

Fitz. Master A. B. C. Accidence, my good lord, school-master of Mansfield, the painful instructor of our youth, in their country elements, as appeareth by the sign of correction in his hat, with the trust of the town pen-and-inkhorn, committed to the surety of his girdle, from the whole corporation.

Acci. This is the more remarkable man, my very good lord; father Fitz-Ale, herald of Derby, light and lanthorn of both counties; the learned antiquary of the north; conserver of the records of

either forest, as witnesseth the brief taberd or coat-armour he carries, being an industrious collection of all the written or reported wonders of the Peak.

Saint Anne of Buxton's boiling well,
Or Elden, bottomless, like hell:
Poole's Hole, or Satan's sumptuous Arse.
(Surreverence) with the mine-men's farce.
Such a light and metall'd dance
Saw you never yet in France.
And by lead-men for the nones,
That turn round like grindlestones:
Which they dig out fro' the dells,
For their bairns' bread, wives and sells:
Whom the whetstone sharps to eat,
And cry milstones are good meat.
He can fly o'er hills and dales,
And report you more odd tales
Of our outlaw Robin Hood,
That revell'd here in Sherwood,
And more stories of him show,
(Though he ne'er shot in his bow)
Than men or believe, or know.

Fitz. Stint, stint your court,
Grow to be short,
Throw by your clatter,
And handle the matter:
We come with our peers,
And crave your ears,
To present a wedding,
Intended a bedding,
Of both the shires.
Father Fitz-Ale
Hath a daughter stale
In Derby town,
Known up and down
For a great antiquity:
And Pem she hight,
A solemn wight
As you should meet
In any street,
In that ubiquity.
Her he hath brought,
As having sought
By many a draught
Of ale and craft,
With skill to graft
In some old stock
Of the yeoman block,
And forest-blood
Of old Sherewood.
And he hath found
Within the ground,
At last no shrimp,
Whereon to imp
His jolly club,
But a bold Stub
O' the right wood,
A champion good;
Who here in place
Presents himself,
Like doughty elf
Of Greenwood chase.

Here STUB *the bridegroom presented himself, being apparelled in a yellow canvas doublet, cut, a green jerkin and hose, like a ranger; a Monmouth cap, with a yellow feather, yellow stockings and shoes; for being to dance, he would not trouble himself with boots.*

Fitz. Stub of Stub-hall,
Some do him call;
But most do say,
He's Stub will stay
To run his race,
Not run away.

Acci. At Quintain he,
In honour of this bridaltee,
Hath challeng'd either wide countee;
Come Cut and Long-tail: for there be
Six bachelors as bold as he,
Adjuting to his companee,
And each one hath his livery.

Fitz. Six Hoods they are, and of the blood,
They tell of ancient Robin Hood.

Enter RED-HOOD.

Red-hood, the first that doth appear
In stamel.

Acci. Scarlet is too dear.

Enter GREEN-HOOD.

Fitz. Then Green-hood.

Acci. He's in Kendal-green,
As in the forest-colour seen.

Enter BLUE-HOOD.

Fitz. Next Blue-hood is, and in that hue
Doth vaunt a heart as pure and true
As is the sky; give him his due.

Acci. Of old England the yeoman blue.

Enter TAWNY-HOOD.

Fitz. Then Tawny fra' the kirk that came.

Acci. And cleped was the abbot's man.

Enter MOTLEY-HOOD.

Fitz. With Motley-hood, the man of law.

Enter RUSSET-HOOD.

Acci. And Russet-hood keeps all in awe.
Bold bachelors they are, and large,
And come in at the country charge;
Horse, bridles, saddles, stirrups, girts,
All reckon'd o' the country skirts!
And all their courses, miss or hit,
Intended are for the shire-wit,
And so to be received. Their game
Is country sport, and hath a name
From the place that bears the cost,
Else all the fat i' the fire were lost.
Go, captain Stub, lead on, and show
What house you come on by the blow
You give sir Quintain, and the cuff
You scape o' the sand-bag's counterbuff.
[*Flourish.*

STUB'S COURSE.

Acci. O well run, yeoman Stub!
Thou hast knock'd it like a club,
And made sir Quintain know,
By this his race so good,
He himself is also wood,
As by his furious blow. [*Flourish.*

RED-HOOD'S COURSE.

Fitz. Bravely run, Red-hood,
There was a shock
To have buff'd out the blood
From aught but a block. [*Flourish.*

GREEN-HOOD'S COURSE.

Acci. Well run, Green-hood, got between,
Under the sand-bag he was seen,
Lowting low, like a forester green.

Fitz. He knows his tackle, and his treen.
[*Flourish.*

BLOE-HOOD'S COURSE.

Acci. Give the old England yeoman his due,
He has hit sir Quintain just in the qu—
Though that be black, yet he is blue.
It is a brave patch and a new! [*Flourish.*

TAWNY-HOOD'S COURSE.

Fitz. Well run, Tawny, the abbot's churl,
His jade gave him a jerk,
As he would have his rider hurl
His hood after the kirk.
But he was wiser, and well beheft,
For this is all that he hath left. [*Flourish.*

MOTLEY-HOOD'S COURSE.

Fitz. Or the saddle turn'd round, or the girts brake:
For low on the ground, woe for his sake!
The law is found.
Acci. Had his pair of tongues not so much good
To keep his head in his motley hood,
[Safe from the ground?] [*Flourish.*

RUSSET-HOOD'S COURSE.

Fitz. Russet ran fast, though he be thrown.
Acci. He lost no stirrup, for he had none.
Fitz. His horse it is the herald's weft.
Acci. No, 'tis a mare, and hath a cleft.
Fitz. She is country-borrow'd, and no vail,
Acci. But's hood is forfeit to Fitz-Ale.

Here ACCIDENCE *did break them off, by calling them to the dance, and to the bride, who was drest like an old May-lady, with scarfs, and a great wrought handkerchief, with red and blue, and other habiliments: Six maids attending on her, attired with buckram bride-laces begilt, white sleeves, and stammel petticoats, drest after the cleanliest country guise; among whom mistress* ALPHABET, *master* ACCIDENCE'S *daughter, did bear a prime sway.*

The two bride-squires, the cake-bearer, and the bowl-bearer, were in two yellow leather doublets, and russet hose, like two twin clowns prest out for that office, with livery hats and ribands.

Acci. Come to the bride; another fit
Yet show, sirs, of your country wit,
But of your best. Let all the steel
Of back and brains fall to the heel;
And all the quicksilver in the mine
Run in the foot-veins, and refine
Your firk-hum jerk-hum to a dance,
Shall fetch the fiddles out of France,
To wonder at the horn-pipes here,
Of Nottingham and Derbyshire.
Fitz. With the phant'sies of hey-troll,
Troll about the bridal bowl,
And divide the broad bride cake,
Round about the bride's-stake.
Acci. With, Here is to the fruit of Pem,
Fitz. Grafted upon Stub his stem,
Acci. With the Peakish nicety,
Fitz. And old Sherewood's vicety.

The last of which words were set to a tune, and sung to the bagpipe, and measure of their dance; the clowns and company of spectators drinking and eating the while.

SONG.

Let's sing about, and say, Hey troll,
Troll to me the bridal bowl,
And divide the broad bride-cake,
Round about the bride's-stake.
With, Here is to the fruit of Pem,
Grafted upon Stub his stem,
With the Peakish nicety,
And old Sherewood's vicety.
But well danced Pem upon record,
Above thy yeoman, or May-lord.

Here it was thought necessary they should be broken off, by the coming in of a GENTLEMAN, *an officer or servant of the lord lieutenant's, whose face had put on, with his clothes, an equal authority for the business.*

Gent. Give end unto your rudeness: know at length
Whose time and patience you have urg'd, the KING'S.
Whom if you knew, and truly, as you ought,
'Twould strike a reverence in you, ev'n to blushing.
That King whose love it is to be your parent!
Whose office and whose charge to be your pastor!
Whose single watch defendeth all your sleeps!
Whose labours are your rests! whose thoughts and cares
Breed your delights, whose business all your leisures!
And you to interrupt his serious hours
With light, impertinent, unworthy objects,
Sights for yourselves, and savouring your own tastes!
You are to blame. Know your disease, and cure it.
Sports should not be obtruded on great monarchs,
But wait when they will call for them as servants,
And meanest of their servants, since their price is
At highest, to be styl'd, but of their pleasures!
—Our King is going now to a great work,
Of highest love, affection, and example,
To see his native country, and his cradle,
And find those manners there, which he suck'd in
With nurse's milk, and parent's piety.
O sister-Scotland! what hast thou deserved
Of joyful England, giving us this king!
What union (if thou lik'st) hast thou not made,
In knitting for Great Britain such a garland,
And letting him to wear it, such a king
As men would wish, that knew not how to hope
His like, but seeing him! a prince that's law
Unto himself; is good for goodness sake,
And so becomes the rule unto his subjects!
That studies not to seem or to shew great,
But be: not drest for others eyes and ears,
With vizors and false rumours, but makes fame
Wait on his actions, and thence speak his name.
O bless his goings-out, and comings-in,
Thou mighty God of heaven! lend him long
Unto the nations, which yet scarcely know him,
Yet are most happy by his government.
Bless his fair bedmate, and their certain pledges
And never may he want those nerves in fate;
For sure succession fortifies a state.
Whilst he himself is mortal, let him feel
Nothing about him mortal in his house;
Let him approve his young increasing Charles,
A loyal son: and take him long to be
An aid, before he be a successor.
Late come that day that heaven will ask him from us!
Let our grand-children, and their issue, long
Expect it, and not see it. Let us pray
That fortune never know to exercise
More power upon him, than as Charles his servant,
And his Great Britain's slave; ever to wait
Bondwoman to the GENIUS of this state.

THUS IT ENDED.

LOVE'S WELCOME;

THE KING AND QUEEN'S ENTERTAINMENT

AT BOLSOVER,

AT THE EARL OF NEWCASTLE'S,

The 30th of July, 1634.

The King and Queen being set at banquet, this SONG *was sung by* Two Tenors *and a* Bass.

Full Cho. If Love be call'd a lifting of the sense
To knowledge of that pure intelligence,
Wherein the soul hath rest and residence,
1 *Ten.* When were the senses in such order placed?
2 *Ten.* The Sight, the Hearing, Smelling, Touching, Taste,
All at one banquet?
Bas. Would it ever last!
1 *Ten.* We wish the same; who set it forth thus?
Bas. Love!
2 *Ten.* But to what end, or to what object?
Bas. Love!
1 *Ten.* Doth Love then feast itself?
Bas. Love will feast Love.
2 *Ten.* You make of Love a riddle, or a chain,
A circle, a mere knot; untie't again.
Bas. Love is a circle, both the first and last
Of all our actions, and his knot's, too, fast.
1 *Ten.* A true love knot will hardly be untied.
And if it could, who would this pair divide?
Bas. God made them such, and Love.
2 *Ten.* Who is a ring
The likest to the year of any thing,
2 *Ten.* And runs into itself.
Bas. Then let us sing,
And run into one sound.
Cho. Let Welcome fill
Our thoughts, hearts, voices, and that one word thrill
Through all our language, Welcome, Welcome still!
1 *Ten.* Could we put on the beauty of all creatures
2 *Ten.* Sing in the air, and notes of nightingales,
1 *Ten.* Exhale the sweets of earth, and all her features,
2 *Ten.* And tell you, softer than in silk, these tales;
Bas. Welcome should season all for taste.
Cho. And hence,
At every real banquet to the sense,
Welcome, true welcome, fill the compliments.

After the Banquet,

The King *and* Queen *being retired, were entertained with a* DANCE *of* MECHANICS.

Enter Coronel VITRUVIUS *speaking to some without.*

Vit. Come forth, boldly put forth, in your holiday clothes, every mother s son of you. This is the king and queen's majestical holiday. My lord has it granted from them; I had it granted from my lord; and do give it unto you *gratis*, that is, *bona fide*, with the faith of a surveyor, your coronel Vitruvius. Do you know what a surveyor is now? I tell you, a supervisor. A hard word that; but it may be softened, and brought in, to signify something. An overseer! one that overseeth you. A busy man! and yet I must seem busier than I am, as the poet sings, but which of them I will not now trouble myself to tell you.

Enter Captain SMITH, *(or* VULCAN,*) with three* Cyclops.

O captain Smith! or hammer-armed Vulcan! with your three sledges, you are our music, you come a little too tardy, but we remit that to your polt-foot, we know you are lame. Plant yourselves there, and beat your time out at the anvil. Time and Measure are the father and mother of music, you know, and your coronel Vitruvius knows a little.

Enter CHESIL *the carver;* MAUL *the free-mason;* Squire SUMMER *the carpenter;* TWYBIL *his man.*

O Chesil, our curious carver! and master Maul our free-mason; squire Summer our carpenter; and Twybil his man; stand you four there, in the second rank, work upon that ground.

Enter DRESSER *the plumber;* QUARREL *the glazier;* FRET *the plaisterer;* BEATER *mortar-man.*

And you, Dresser the plumber; Quarrel the glazier; Fret the plaisterer; and Beater the mortar-man: put all you on in the rear; as finishers in true footing, with tune and measure. Measure is the soul of a dance, and tune the tickle-foot thereof. Use holiday legs, and have 'em; spring, leap, caper, and gingle: pumps and ribands shall be your reward, till the soles of your feet swell with the surfeit of your light and nimble motion.

[*Here they began to dance.*

Well done, my musical, arithmetical, geometrical gamesters; or rather my true mathematical boys! it is carried in number, weight, and measure, as if the airs were all harmony, and the figures a well-timed proportion! I cry still, deserve holidays and have 'em. I'll have a whole quarter of the year cut out for you in holidays, and laced with statute-tunes and dances, fitted to the activity of your tressels, to which you shall trust, lads, in the name of your Iniquo Vitruvius, Hey for the lily, for, and the blended rose!

Here the Dance ended, and the Mechanics *retired.*

The King and Queen had a second banquet set down before them from the clouds by two Loves, EROS and ANTEROS: one as the king's, the other as the queen's, differenced by their garlands only; his of white and red roses, the other of lilies interweaved, gold, silver, purple, &c. with a bough of palm in his hand cleft a little at the top; they were both armed and winged; with bows and

quivers, cassocks, breeches, buskins, gloves and perukes alike. They stood silent a while, wondering at one another, till at last the lesser of them began to speak.

Er. Another Cupid!

An. Yes, your second self,
A son of Venus, and as mere an elf
And wag as you.

Er. Eros?

An. No, Anteros:
Your brother Cupid, yet not sent to cross.
Or spy into your favours here at court.

Er. What then?

An. To serve you, brother, and report
Your graces from the queen's side to the king's,
In whose name I salute you.

Er. Break my wings
I fear you will.

An. O be not jealous, brother!
What bough is this?

Er. A palm.

An. Give't me.

Er. Another
You may have.

An. I will this. [*Snatches at the palm.*

Er. Divide it.

[*He divides it, and gives* ANTEROS *a part.*

An. So,
This was right brother-like! the world will know
By this one act, both natures. You are Love,
I Love, again. In these two spheres we move,
Eros and Anteros,

Er. We have cleft the bough,
And struck a tally of our loves too now.

An. I call to mind the wisdom of our mother
Venus, who would have Cupid have a brother—

Er. To look upon and thrive. Me seems I grew
Three inches higher since I met with you,
It was the counsel that the oracle gave
Your nurses, the glad Graces, sent to crave
Themis' advice. You do not know, quoth she,
The nature of this infant. Love may be
Brought forth thus little, live a while alone,
But ne'er will prosper, if he have not one
Sent after him to play with, such another
As you are, Anteros, our loving brother.

An. Who would be always planted in your eye;
For love by love increaseth mutually.

Er. We either, looking on each other, thrive.

An. Shoot up, grow galliard——

Er. Yes, and more alive!

An. When one's away, it seems we both are less.

Er. I was a dwarf, an urchin, I confess,
Till you were present.

An. But a bird of wing,
Now fit to fly before a queen or king.

Er. I have not one sick feather since you came,
But turn'd a jollier Cupid,

An. Than I am.

Er. I love my mother's brain, could thus provide
For both in court, and give us each our side,
Where we might meet.

An. Embrace.

Er. Circle each other.

An. Confer and whisper.

Er. Brother with a brother.

An. And by this sweet contention for the palm,
Unite our appetites, and make them calm.

Er. To will, and nill one thing.

An. And so to move
Affection in our wills, as in our love.

Er. It is the place, sure, breeds it, where we are.

An. The king and queen's court, which is
And perfect. [circular,

Er. The pure school that we live in,
And is of purer love, a discipline.

Enter PHILALETHES.

No more of your poetry, pretty Cupids, lest presuming on your little wits, you profane the intention of your service. The place, I confess, wherein (by the providence of your mother Venus) you are now planted, is the divine school of Love: an academy or court, where all the true lessons of Love are thoroughly read and taught. The reasons, the proportions and harmony, drawn forth in analytic tables, and made demonstrable to the senses. Which if you, brethren, should report, and swear to, would hardly get credit above a fable, here, in the edge of Derbyshire, the region of ale, because you relate in rhyme. O that rhyme is a shrewd disease, and makes all suspected it would persuade. Leave it, pretty Cupids, leave it. Rhyme will undo you, and hinder your growth and reputation in court, more than any thing beside, you have either mentioned or feared. If you dabble in poetry once, it is done of your being believed or understood here. No man will trust you in this verge, but conclude you for a mere case of canters, or a pair of wandering gipsies.

Return to yourselves, little deities, and admire the miracles you serve, this excellent king and his unparalleled queen, who are the canons, the decretals, and whole school-divinity of Love. Contemplate and study them. Here shall you read Hymen, having lighted two torches, either of which inflame mutually, but waste not. One love by the other's aspect increasing, and both in the right lines of aspiring. The Fates spinning them round and even threads, and of their whitest wool, without brack or purl. Fortune and Time fettered at their feet with adamantine chains, their wings deplumed, for starting from them. All amiableness in the richest dress of delight and colours courting the season to tarry by them, and make the idea of their felicity perfect; together with the love, knowledge, and duty of their subjects perpetual. So wisheth the glad and grateful client, seated here, the overjoyed master of the house; and prayeth that the whole region about him could speak but his language. Which is, that first the people's love would let that people know their own happiness, and that knowledge could confirm their duties to an admiration of your sacred persons; descended, one from the most peaceful, the other the most warlike, both your pious and just progenitors: from whom, as out of peace, came strength, and "out of the strong came sweetness;" so in you joined by holy marriage, in the flower and ripeness of years, live the promise of a numerous succession to your sceptres, and a strength to secure your own islands, with their own ocean, but more your own palm-branches, the types of perpetual victory. To which, two words be added, a zealous *Amen*, and ever rounded with a crown of *Welcome*. Welcome, welcome!

EPIGRAMS.

BOOK I.

TO THE GREAT EXAMPLE OF HONOUR AND VIRTUE, THE MOST NOBLE

WILLIAM EARL OF PEMBROKE,

LORD CHAMBERLAIN, ETC.

My Lord,—While you cannot change your merit, I dare not change your title: it was that made it, and not I. Under which name, I here offer to your lordship the ripest of my studies, my Epigrams; which, though they carry danger in the sound, do not therefore seek your shelter; for, when I made them, I had nothing in my conscience, to expressing of which I did need a cypher. But, if I be fallen into those times, wherein, for the likeness of vice, and facts, every one thinks another's ill deeds objected to him; and that in their ignorant and guilty mouths, the common voice is, for their security, *Beware the Poet!* confessing therein so much love to their diseases, as they would rather make a party for them, than be either rid, or told of them; I must expect, at your Lordship's hand, the protection of truth and liberty, while you are constant to your own goodness. In thanks whereof, I return you the honour of leading forth so many good and great names (as my verses mention on the better part) to their remembrance with posterity. Amongst whom, if I have praised unfortunately any one that doth not deserve; or, if all answer not, in all numbers, the pictures I have made of them: I hope it will be forgiven me, that they are no ill pieces, though they be not like the persons. But I foresee a nearer fate to my book than this, that the vices therein will be owned before the virtues, (though there I so have avoided all particulars, as I have done names,) and some will be so ready to discredit me, as they will have the impudence to belie themselves: for if I meant them not, it is so. Nor can I hope otherwise. For why should they remit any thing of their riot, their pride, their self-love, and other inherent graces, to consider truth or virtue, but, with the trade of the world, lend their long ears against men they love not; and hold their dear mountebank or jester in far better condition than all the study, or studiers of humanity? For such, I would rather know them by their visards still, than they should publish their faces, at their peril, in my theatre, where Cato, if he lived, might enter without scandal.

Your Lordship's most faithful honourer,

Ben Jonson.

I.—TO THE READER.

Pray thee, take care, that tak'st my book in hand,
To read it well; that is, to understand.

II.—TO MY BOOK.

It will be look'd for, Book, when some but see
Thy title, Epigrams, and named of me,
Thou shouldst be bold, licentious, full of gall,
Wormwood, and sulphur, sharp, and tooth'd withal;
Become a petulant thing, hurl ink, and wit,
As madmen stones; not caring whom they hit.
Deceive their malice, who could wish it so;
And by thy wiser temper, let men know
Thou art not covetous of least self-fame,
Made from the hazard of another's shame;
Much less, with lewd, profane, and beastly phrase,
To catch the world's loose laughter, or vain gaze.
He that departs with his own honesty
For vulgar praise, doth it too dearly buy.

III.—TO MY BOOKSELLER.

Thou that mak'st gain thy end, and wisely well,
Call'st a book good, or bad, as it doth sell,
Use mine so too; I give thee leave: but crave,
For the luck's sake, it thus much favour have,
To lie upon thy stall, till it be sought;
Not offer'd, as it made suit to be bought;
Nor have my title-leaf on posts or walls,
Or in cleft-sticks, advanced to make calls
For termers, or some clerklike serving-man,
Who scarce can spell th' hard names; whose knight less can.
If, without these vile arts, it will not sell,
Send it to Buckler's-bury, there 'twill well.

IV.—TO KING JAMES.

How, best of kings, dost thou a sceptre bear!
How, best of poets, dost thou laurel wear!
But two things rare the Fates had in their store,
And gave thee both, to shew they could no more.
For such a poet, while thy days were green,
Thou wert, as chief of them are said t' have been.
And such a prince thou art, we daily see,
As chief of those still promise they will be.
Whom should my muse then fly to, but the best
Of kings, for grace; of poets, for my test?

V.—ON THE UNION.

When was there contract better driven by Fate,
Or celebrated with more truth of state?
The world the temple was, the priest a king,
The spoused pair two realms, the sea the ring.

VI.—TO ALCHEMISTS.

If all you boast of your great art be true;
Sure, willing poverty lives most in you.

VII.—ON THE NEW HOT-HOUSE.

Where lately harbour'd many a famous whore,
A purging bill, now fix'd upon the door,
Tells you it is a hot-house ; so it may,
And still be a whore-house : they're synonyma.

VIII.—ON A ROBBERY.

RIDWAY robb'd DUNCOTE of three hundred pound,
Ridway was ta'en, arraign'd, condemn'd to die ;
But, for this money, was a courtier found,
Begg'd Ridway's pardon : Duncote now doth cry,
Robb'd both of money, and the law's relief,
"The courtier is become the greater thief."

IX.—TO ALL TO WHOM I WRITE.

May none whose scatter'd names honour my book,
For strict degrees of rank or title look :
'Tis 'gainst the manners of an epigram ;
And I a poet here, no herald am.

X.—TO MY LORD IGNORANT.

Thou call'st me POET, as a term of shame ;
But I have my revenge made, in thy name.

XI.—ON SOMETHING, THAT WALKS SOMEWHERE.

At court I met it, in clothes brave enough,
To be a courtier ; and looks grave enough,
To seem a statesman : as I near it came,
It made me a great face ; I ask'd the name.
A Lord, it cried, buried in flesh, and blood,
And such from whom let no man hope least good,
For I will do none ; and as little ill,
For I will dare none : Good Lord, walk dead still.

XII.—ON LIEUTENANT SHIFT.

SHIFT, here in town, not meanest amongst squires,
That haunt Pickt-hatch, Marsh-Lambeth, and White-friars,
Keeps himself, with half a man, and defrays
The charge of that state, with this charm, god pays.
By that one spell he lives, eats, drinks, arrays
Himself : his whole revenue is, god pays.
The quarter-day is come ; the hostess says,
She must have money : he returns, god pays.
The tailor brings a suit home : he it says,
Looks o'er the bill, likes it : and says, god pays.
He steals to ordinaries ; there he plays
At dice his borrow'd money : which, god pays.
Then takes up fresh commodities, for days ;
Signs to new bonds ; forfeits ; and cries, god pays.
That lost, he keeps his chamber, reads essays,
Takes physic, tears the papers : still god pays.
Or else by water goes, and so to plays ;
Calls for his stool, adorns the stage : god pays.
To every cause he meets, this voice he brays :
His only answer is to all, god pays.
Not his poor cockatrice but he betrays
Thus ; and for his letchery, scores, god pays.
But see ! the old bawd hath serv'd him in his trim,
Lent him a pocky whore.—She hath paid him.

XIII.—TO DOCTOR EMPIRIC.

When men a dangerous disease did 'scape,
Of old, they gave a cock to Æsculape :
Let me give two, that doubly am got free ;
From my disease's danger, and from thee.

XIV.—TO WILLIAM CAMDEN.

CAMDEN ! most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know ;
(How nothing's that ?) to whom my country owes
The great renown, and name wherewith she goes !
Than thee the age sees not that thing more grave,
More high, more holy, that she more would crave.
What name, what skill, what faith hast thou in things !
What sight in searching the most antique springs !
What weight, and what authority in thy speech !
Men scarce can make that doubt, but thou canst teach.
Pardon free truth, and let thy modesty,
Which conquers all, be once o'ercome by thee.
Many of thine, this better could, than I ;
But for their powers, accept my piety.

XV.—ON COURT-WORM.

All men are worms ; but this no man. In silk
'Twas brought to court first wrapt, and white as milk ;
Where, afterwards, it grew a butterfly,
Which was a caterpillar : so 'twill die.

XVI.—TO BRAINHARDY.

HARDY, thy brain is valiant, 'tis confest,
Thou more ; that with it every day dar'st jest
Thy self into fresh brawls : when, call'd upon,
Scarce thy week's swearing brings thee off, of one.
So in short time, thou art in arrearage grown
Some hundred quarrels, yet dost thou fight none ;
Nor need'st thou : for those few, by oath releast,
Make good what thou dar'st do in all the rest.
Keep thy self there, and think thy valour right ;
He that dares damn himself, dares more than fight.

XVII.—TO THE LEARNED CRITIC.

May others fear, fly, and traduce thy name,
As guilty men do magistrates ; glad I,
That wish my poems a legitimate fame,
Charge them, for crown, to thy sole censure hie.
And but a sprig of bays, given by thee,
Shall outlive garlands, stol'n from the chaste tree.

XVIII.—TO MY MERE ENGLISH CENSURER.

To thee, my way in epigrams seems new,
When both it is the old way, and the true.
Thou say'st, that cannot be ; for thou hast seen
Davis, and Weever, and the best have been,
And mine come nothing like. I hope so : Yet,
As theirs did with thee, mine might credit get,
If thou'dst but use thy faith, as thou didst then ;
When thou wert wont t' admire, not censure men.
Prithee believe still, and not judge so fast,
Thy faith is all the knowledge that thou hast.

XIX.—ON SIR COD THE PERFUMED.

That COD can get no widow, yet a knight,
I scent the cause : he wooes with an ill sprite

XX.—TO THE SAME.

The expense in odours, is a most vain sin,
Except thou could'st, sir Cod, wear them within.

XXI.—ON REFORMED GAMESTER.

Lord, how is GAMESTER chang'd ! his hair close cut.
His neck fenced round with ruff, his eyes half shut/

His clothes two fashions off, and poor! his sword
Forbid his side, and nothing, but the word,
Quick in his lips! Who hath this wonder wrought?
The late ta'en bastinado. So I thought.
What several ways men to their calling have!
The body's stripes, I see, the soul may save.

XXII.—ON MY FIRST DAUGHTER.

Here lies, to each her parents ruth,
MARY, the daughter of their youth;
Yet all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months end she parted hence
With safety of her innocence;
Whose soul heaven's Queen, whose name she bears,
In comfort of her mother's tears,
Hath placed amongst her virgin-train:
Where while that, severed, doth remain,
This grave partakes the fleshly birth;
Which cover lightly, gentle earth!

XXIII.—TO JOHN DONNE.

DONNE, the delight of Phœbus and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse;
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remains so, yet:
Longer a knowing than most wits do live,
And which no' affection praise enough can give!
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife;
All which I meant to praise, and yet I would;
But leave, because I cannot as I should!

XXIV.—TO THE PARLIAMENT.

There's reason good, that you good laws should make:
Men's manners ne'er were viler, for your sake.

XXV.—ON SIR VOLUPTUOUS BEAST.

While BEAST instructs his fair and innocent wife,
In the past pleasures of his sensual life,
Telling the motions of each petticoat,
And how his Ganymede mov'd, and how his goat,
And now her hourly her own cucquean makes,
In varied shapes, which for his lust she takes:
What doth he else, but say, Leave to be chaste,
Just wife, and to change me, make woman's haste!

XXVI.—ON THE SAME.

Than his chaste wife though BEAST now know no more,
He 'adulters still: his thoughts lie with a whore.

XXVII.—ON SIR JOHN ROE.

In place of scutcheons that should deck thy herse,
Take better ornaments, my tears and verse.
If any sword could save from Fates', ROE's could;
If any Muse outlive their spight, his can;
If any friends' tears could restore, his would;
If any pious life ere lifted man
To heaven; his hath: O happy state! wherein
We, sad for him, may glory, and not sin.

XXVIII.—ON DON SURLY.

Don SURLY, to aspire the glorious name
Of a great man, and to be thought the same,
Makes serious use of all great trade he knows,
He speaks to men with a rhinocerote's nose,
Which he thinks great; and so reads verses too:
And that is done, as he saw great men do.
He has tympanies of business in his face,
And can forget men's names, with a great grace.
He will both argue, and discourse in oaths,
Both which are great: and laugh at ill-made clothes;
That's greater, yet: to cry his own up neat.
He doth at meals, alone, his pheasant eat,
Which is main greatness; and at his still board,
He drinks to no man: that's, too, like a lord.
He keeps another's wife, which is a spice
Of solemn greatness; and he dares, at dice,
Blaspheme God greatly; or some poor hind beat,
That breathes in his dog's way: and this is great.
Nay more, for greatness sake, he will be one
May hear my epigrams, but like of none.
SURLY, use other arts, these only can
Style thee a most great fool, but no great man.

XXIX.—TO SIR ANNUAL TILTER.

TILTER, the most may admire thee, though not I;
And thou, right guiltless, may'st plead to it, Why?
For thy late sharp device. I say 'tis fit
All brains, at times of triumph, should run wit:
For then our water-conduits do run wine;
But that's put in, thou'lt say. Why, so is thine.

XXX.—TO PERSON GUILTY.

GUILTY, be wise; and though thou know'st the crimes
Be thine, I tax, yet do not own my rhymes:
'Twere madness in thee, to betray thy fame,
And person to the world, ere I thy name.

XXXI.—ON BANKS THE USURER.

BANKS feel no lameness of his knotty gout,
His monies travel for him in and out.
And though the soundest legs go every day,
He toils to be at hell, as soon as they.

XXXII.—ON SIR JOHN ROE.

What two brave perils of the private sword
Could not effect, nor all the Furies do,
That self-divided Belgia did afford;
What not the envy of the seas reach'd to,
The cold of Mosco, and fat Irish air,
His often change of clime, though not of mind,
All could not work; at home, in his repair,
Was his blest fate, but our hard lot to find.
Which shews, wherever death doth please t' appear,
Seas, sérenes, swords, shot, sickness, all are there.

XXXIII.—TO THE SAME.

I'll not offend thee with a vain tear more,
Glad-mention'd ROE; thou art but gone before,
Whither the world must follow: and I, now,
Breathe to expect my When, and make my How.
Which if most gracious heaven grant like thine,
Who wets my grave, can be no friend of mine.

XXXIV.—OF DEATH.

He that fears death, or mourns it, in the just,
Shews of the Resurrection little trust.

XXXV.—TO KING JAMES.

Who would not be thy subject, JAMES, t' obey
A prince that rules by' example, more than sway?
Whose manners draw, more than thy powers constrain,
And in this short time of thy happiest reign,

Hast purg'd thy realms, as we have now no cause
Left us of fear, but first our crimes, then laws.
Like aids 'gainst treasons who hath found before,
And than in them, how could we know God more?
First thou preserved wert our king to be;
And since, the whole land was preserv'd for thee.

XXXVI.—TO THE GHOST OF MARTIAL.

Martial, thou gav'st far nobler epigrams
To thy DOMITIAN, than I can my JAMES;
But in my royal subject I pass thee,
Thou flatter'dst thine, mine cannot flatter'd be.

XXXVII.—ON CHEVERIL THE LAWYER.

No cause, nor client fat, will CHEVERIL leese,
But as they come, on both sides he takes fees,
And pleaseth both: for while he melts his grease,
For this; that wins, for whom he holds his peace.

XXXVIII.—TO PERSON GUILTY.

GUILTY, because I bade you late be wise,
And to conceal your ulcers, did advise,
You laugh when you are touch'd, and long before
Any man else, you clap your hands and roar,
And cry, *good! good!* this quite perverts my sense,
And lies so far from wit, 'tis impudence.
Believe it, GUILTY, if you lose your shame,
I'll lose my modesty, and tell your name.

XXXIX.—ON OLD COLT.

For all night-sins, with others wives unknown,
COLT now doth daily penance in his own.

XL.—ON MARGARET RATCLIFFE.

M arble, weep, for thou dost cover
A dead beauty underneath thee,
R ich as nature could bequeath thee:
G rant then, no rude hand remove her.
A ll the gazers on the skies
R ead not in fair heaven's story,
E xpresser truth, or truer glory,
T han they might in her bright eyes

R are as wonder was her wit;
A nd, like nectar, ever flowing:
T ill time, strong by her bestowing,
C onquer'd hath both life and it;
L ife, whose grief was out of fashion
I n these times. Few so have rued
F ate in a brother. To conclude,
F or wit, feature, and true passion,
E arth, thou hast not such another.

XLI.—ON GIPSY.

GIPSY, new bawd, is turn'd physician,
And gets more gold than all the college can:
Such her quaint practice is, so it allures,
For what she gave, a whore; a bawd, she cures.

XLII.—ON GILES AND JOAN.

Who says that GILES and JOAN at discord be?
Th' observing neighbours no such mood can see.
Indeed, poor Giles repents he married ever;
But that his Joan doth too. And Giles would
By his free-will, be in Joan's company: [never,
No more would Joan he should. Giles riseth
And having got him out of doors is glad; [early,
The like is Joan: but turning home is sad;
And so is Joan. Oftimes when Giles doth find
Harsh sights at home, Giles wisheth he were blind;
All this doth Joan: or that his long-yearn'd life
Were quite out-spun; the like wish hath his wife.
The children that he keeps, Giles swears are none
Of his begetting; and so swears his Joan.
In all affections she concurreth still.
If now, with man and wife, to will and nill
The self-same things, a note of concord be:
I know no couple better can agree!

XLIII.—TO ROBERT EARL OF SALISBURY.

What need hast thou of me, or of my muse,
Whose actions so themselves do celebrate?
Which should thy country's love to speak refuse,
Her foes enough would fame thee in their hate.
Tofore, great men were glad of poets; now,
I, not the worst, am covetous of thee:
Yet dare not to my thought least hope allow
Of adding to thy fame; thine may to me,
When in my book men read but CECIL'S name,
And what I write thereof find far, and free
From servile flattery, common poets' shame,
As thou stand'st clear of the necessity.

XLIV.—ON CHUFFE, BANKS THE USURER'S KINSMAN.

CHUFFE, lately rich in name, in chattels, goods,
And rich in issue to inherit all,
Ere blacks were bought for his own funeral,
Saw all his race approach the blacker floods:
He meant they thither should make swift repair,
When he made him executor, might be heir.

XLV.—ON MY FIRST SON.

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy:
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
O, could I lose all father, now! for why,
Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon 'scaped world's, and flesh's rage,
And, if no other misery, yet age!
Rest in soft peace, and ask'd, say here doth lie
BEN JONSON his best piece of poetry:
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such,
As what he loves may never like too much.

XLVI.—TO SIR LUCKLESS WOO-ALL.

Is this the sir, who, some waste wife to win,
A knight-hood bought, to go a wooing in?
'Tis LUCKLESS, he that took up one on band
To pay at's day of marriage. By my hand
The knight-wright's cheated then! he'll never pay:
Yes, now he wears his knighthood every day.

XLVII.—TO THE SAME.

Sir LUCKLESS, troth, for luck's sake pass by one;
He that wooes every widow, will get none.

XLVIII.—ON MUNGRIL ESQUIRE.

His bought arms MUNG' not liked; for his first day
Of bearing them in field, he threw 'em away:
And hath no honour lost, our duellists say.

XLIX.—TO PLAYWRIGHT.

PLAYWRIGHT me reads, and still my verses damns,
He says I want the tongue of epigrams;
I have no salt, no bawdry he doth mean;
For witty, in his language, is obscene.

Playwright, I loath to have thy manners known
In my chaste book; profess them in thine own.

L.—TO SIR COD.

Leave, Cod, tobacco-like, burnt gums to take,
Or fumy clysters, thy moist lungs to bake:
Arsenic would thee fit for society make.

LI.—TO KING JAMES,

Upon the happy false rumour of his death, the two and twentieth day of March, 1606.

That we thy loss might know, and thou our love,
Great heaven did well to give ill fame free wing;
Which though it did but panic terror prove,
And far beneath least pause of such a king;
Yet give thy jealous subjects leave to doubt,
Who this thy scape from rumour gratulate,
No less than if from peril; and devout,
Do beg thy care unto thy after-state.
For we, that have our eyes still in our ears,
Look not upon thy dangers, but our fears.

LII.—TO CENSORIOUS COURTLING.

Courtling, I rather thou should'st utterly
Dispraise my work, than praise it frostily:
When I am read, thou feign'st a weak applause,
As if thou wert my friend, but lack'dst a cause.
This but thy judgment fools: the other way
Would both thy folly and thy spite betray.

LIII.—TO OLDEND GATHERER.

Long-gathering Oldend, I did fear thee wise,
When having pill'd a book which no man buys,
Thou wert content the author's name to lose:
But when, in place, thou didst the patron's choose,
It was as if thou printed hadst an oath,
To give the world assurance thou wert both;
And that, as puritans at baptism do,
Thou art the father, and the witness too.
For, but thyself, where, out of motley, 's he
Could save that line to dedicate to thee?

LIV.—ON CHEVERIL.

Cheveril cries out my verses libels are;
And threatens the Star-chamber, and the Bar.
What are thy petulant pleadings, Cheveril, then,
That quit'st the cause so oft, and rail'st at men?

LV.—TO FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse,
That unto me dost such religion use!
How I do fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st;
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st!
What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves?
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?
When even there, where most thou praisest me,
For writing better, I must envy thee.

LVI.—ON POET-APE.

Poor Poet-ape, that would be thought our chief,
Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit,
From brokage is become so bold a thief,
As we, the robb'd, leave rage, and pity it.
At first he made low shifts, would pick and glean,
Buy the reversion of old plays; now grown
To a little wealth, and credit in the scene,
He takes up all, makes each man's wit his own:
And, told of this, he slights it. Tut, such crimes
The sluggish gaping auditor devours;
He marks not whose 'twas first: and after-times
May judge it to be his, as well as ours.
Fool! as if half eyes will not know a fleece
From locks of wool, or shreds from the whole piece?

LVII.—ON BAWDS AND USURERS.

If, as their ends, their fruits were so, the same,
Bawdry and Usury were one kind of game.

LVIII.—TO GROOM IDIOT.

Idiot, last night, I pray'd thee but forbear
To read my verses; now I must to hear:
For offering with thy smiles my wit to grace,
Thy ignorance still laughs in the wrong place.
And so my sharpness thou no less disjoints,
Than thou didst late my sense, losing my points.
So have I seen at Christmas-sports, one lost,
And hood-wink'd, for a man embrace a post.

LIX.—ON SPIES.

Spies, you are lights in state, but of base stuff,
Who, when you've burnt yourselves down to the snuff,
Stink, and are thrown away. End fair enough.

LX.—TO WILLIAM LORD MOUNTEAGLE.

Lo, what my country should have done (have raised
An obelisk, or column to thy name,
Or, if she would but modestly have praised
Thy fact, in brass or marble writ the same)
I, that am glad of thy great chance, here do!
And proud, my work shall out-last common deeds,
Durst think it great, and worthy wonder too,
But thine, for which I do't, so much exceeds!
My country's parents I have many known;
But, saver of my country, thee alone.

LXI.—TO FOOL, OR KNAVE.

Thy praise or dispraise is to me alike;
One doth not stroke me, nor the other strike.

LXII.—TO FINE LADY WOULD-BE.

Fine madam Would-be, wherefore should you fear,
That love to make so well, a child to bear?
The world reputes you barren: but I know
Your pothecary, and his drug, says no.
Is it the pain affrights? that's soon forgot.
Or your complexion's loss? you have a pot,
That can restore that. Will it hurt your feature?
To make amends, you are thought a wholesome creature.
What should the cause be? oh, you live at court;
And there's both loss of time, and loss of sport,
In a great belly: Write then on thy womb,
"Of the not born, yet buried, here's the tomb."

LXIII.—TO ROBERT EARL OF SALISBURY.

Who can consider thy right courses run,
With what thy virtue on the times hath won,
And not thy fortune? who can clearly see
The judgment of the king so shine in thee;
And that thou seek'st reward of thy each act,
Not from the public voice, but private fact?
Who can behold all envy so declined
By constant suffering of thy equal mind;
And can to these be silent, Salisbury,
Without his, thine, and all time's injury?

Curst be his Muse, that could lie dumb, or hid
To so true worth, though thou thyself forbid.

LXIV.—TO THE SAME, UPON THE ACCESSION OF THE TREASURERSHIP TO HIM.

Not glad, like those that have new hopes, or suits,
With thy new place, bring I these early fruits
Of love, and, what the golden age did hold
A treasure, art; contemn'd in the age of gold.
Nor glad as those, that old dependents be,
To see thy father's rites new laid on thee.
Nor glad for fashion; nor to shew a fit
Of flattery to thy titles; nor of wit.
But I am glad to see that time survive,
Where merit is not sepulcher'd alive;
Where good men's virtues them to honours bring,
And not to dangers: when so wise a king
Contends to have worth enjoy, from his regard,
As her own conscience, still, the same reward.
These, noblest CECIL, labour'd in my thought,
Wherein what wonder see thy name hath wrought!
That whilst I meant but thine to gratulate,
I have sung the greater fortunes of our state.

LXV.—TO MY MUSE.

Away, and leave me, thou thing most abhorr'd,
That hast betray'd me to a worthless lord;
Made me commit most fierce idolatry
To a great image through thy luxury:
Be thy next master's more unlucky muse,
And, as thou'st mine, his hours and youth abuse,
Get him the time's long grudge, the court's ill will;
And reconcil'd, keep him suspected still.
Make him lose all his friends; and, which is worse,
Almost all ways to any better course.
With me thou leav'st an happier muse than thee,
And which thou brought'st me, welcome poverty:
She shall instruct my after-thoughts to write
Things manly, and not smelling parasite.
But I repent me: stay—Whoe'er is raised,
For worth he has not, he is tax'd not praised.

LXVI.—TO SIR HENRY CARY.

That neither fame, nor love might wanting be
To greatness, CARY, I sing that and thee;
Whose house, if it no other honour had,
In only thee, might be both great and glad:
Who, to upbraid the sloth of this our time,
Durst valour make, almost, but not a crime.
Which deed I know not, whether were more high,
Or, thou more happy, it to justify
Against thy fortune; when no foe, that day,
Could conquer thee, but chance, who did betray.
Love thy great loss, which a renown hath won,
To live when Broeck not stands, nor Roor doth run:
Love honours, which of best example be,
When they cost dearest, and are done most free.
Though every fortitude deserves applause,
It may be much, or little, in the cause.
He'st valiant'st, that dares fight, and not for pay;
That virtuous is, when the reward's away.

LXVII.—TO THOMAS EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Since men have left to do praiseworthy things,
Most think all praises flatteries: but truth brings
That sound and that authority with her name,
As, to be raised by her, is only fame.
Stand high, then, HOWARD, high in eyes of men,
High in thy blood, thy place; but highest then,
When, in men's wishes, so thy virtues wrought,
As all thy honours were by them first sought:
And thou design'd to be the same thou art,
Before thou wert it, in each good man's heart:
Which, by no less confirm'd, than thy king's choice,
Proves that is God's, which was the people's voice.

LXVIII.—ON PLAYWRIGHT.

PLAYWRIGHT convict of public wrongs to men,
Takes private beatings, and begins again.
Two kinds of valour he doth shew at once;
Active in's brain, and passive in his bones.

LXIX.—TO PERTINAX COB.

COB, thou nor soldier, thief, nor fencer art,
Yet by thy weapon liv'st! thou hast one good part.

LXX.—TO WILLIAM ROE.

When nature bids us leave to live, 'tis late
Then to begin, my ROE! He makes a state
In life, that can employ it; and takes hold
On the true causes, ere they grow too old.
Delay is bad, doubt worse, depending worst;
Each best day of our life escapes us, first:
Then, since we, more than many, these truths know;
Though life be short, let us not make it so.

LXXI.—ON COURT PARROT.

To pluck down mine, POLL sets up new wits still;
Still 'tis his luck to praise me 'gainst his will.

LXXII.—TO COURTLING.

I grieve not, COURTLING, thou art started up
A chamber-critic, and doth dine, and sup
At madam's table, where thou mak'st all wit
Go high, or low, as thou wilt value it.
'Tis not thy judgment breeds thy prejudice,
Thy person only, Courtling, is the vice.

LXXIII.—TO FINE GRAND.

What is't, FINE GRAND, makes thee my friendship
Or take an Epigram so fearfully, [fly,
As 'twere a challenge, or a borrower's letter?
The world must know your greatness is my debtor.
Imprimis, Grand, you owe me for a jest
I lent you, on mere acquaintance, at a feast.
Item, a tale or two some fortnight after,
That yet maintains you, and your house in laughter
Item, the Babylonian song you sing;
Item, a fair Greek poesy for a ring,
With which a learned madam you bely.
Item, a charm surrounding fearfully
Your *partie-per-pale* picture, one half drawn
In solemn cyprus, th' other cobweb lawn.
Item, a gulling imprese for you, at tilt.
Item, your mistress' anagram, in your hilt.
Item, your own, sew'd in your mistress' smock.
Item, an epitaph on my lord's cock,
In most vile verses, and cost me more pain,
Than had I made 'em good, to fit your vein.
Forty things more, dear Grand, which you know true,
For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay you.

LXXIV.—TO THOMAS LORD CHANCELLOR EGERTON.

Whilst thy weigh'd judgments, EGERTON, I hear
And know thee then a judge, not of one year;
Whilst I behold thee live with purest hands;
That no affection in thy voice commands;

That still thou'rt present to the better cause;
And no less wise than skilful in the laws;
Whilst thou art certain to thy words, once gone,
As is thy conscience, which is always one:
The Virgin, long since fled from earth, I see,
To our times return'd, hath made her heaven in thee.

LXXV.—ON LIPPE THE TEACHER.

I cannot think there's that antipathy
'Twixt puritans and players, as some cry;
Though LIPPE, at Paul's, ran from his text away,
To inveigh 'gainst plays, what did he then but play?

LXXVI.—ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,
What kind of creature I could most desire,
To honour, serve, and love; as poets use.
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned, and a manly soul
I purposed her; that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the sheers control
Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to feign, and wish'd to see,
My Muse bade, BEDFORD write, and that was she!

LXXVII.—TO ONE THAT DESIRED ME NOT TO NAME HIM.

Be safe, nor fear thyself so good a fame,
That, any way, my book should speak thy name:
For, if thou shame, rank'd with my friends, to go,
I'm more ashamed to have thee thought my foe.

LXXVIII.—TO HORNET.

HORNET, thou hast thy wife drest for the stall,
To draw thee custom: but herself gets all.

LXXIX.—TO ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.

That poets are far rarer births than kings,
Your noblest father proved; like whom, before,
Or then, or since, about our Muses' springs,
Came not that soul exhausted so their store.
Hence was it, that the Destinies decreed
(Save that most masculine issue of his brain)
No male unto him; who could so exceed
Nature, they thought, in all that he would feign,
At which, she happily displeased, made you:
On whom, if he were living now, to look.
He should those rare, and absolute numbers view,
As he would burn, or better far his book.

LXXX.—OF LIFE AND DEATH.

The ports of death are sins; of life, good deeds;
Through which our merit leads us to our meeds.
How wilful blind is he, then, that would stray,
And hath it, in his powers, to make his way!
This world death's region is, the other life's;
And here, it should be one of our first strifes,
So to front death, as men might judge us past it:
For good men but see death, the wicked taste it:

LXXXI.—TO PROWLE, THE PLAGIARY.

Forbear to tempt me, PROWLE, I will not show
A line unto thee, till the world it know;
Or that I've by two good sufficient men,
To be the wealthy witness of my pen:
For all thou hear'st, thou swear'st thyself didst do.
Thy wit lives by it, Prowle, and belly too.
Which, if thou leave not soon, though I am loth,
I must a libel make, and cozen both.

LXXXII.—ON CASHIERED CAPTAIN SURLY.

SURLY'S old whore in her new silks doth swim:
He cast, yet keeps her well! No; she keeps him.

LXXXIII.—TO A FRIEND.

To put out the word, whore, thou dost me woo,
Throughout my book. Troth, put out woman too.

LXXXIV.—TO LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Madam, I told you late, how I repented.
I ask'd a lord a buck, and he denied me;
And, ere I could ask you, I was prevented:
For your most noble offer had supplied me.
Straight went I home; and there, most like a poet,
I fancied to myself, what wine, what wit
I would have spent; how every muse should know
And Phœbus' self should be at eating it. [it,
O, madam, if your grant did thus transfer me,
Make it your gift! See whither that will bear me.

LXXXV.—TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE.

GOODYERE, I'm glad, and grateful to report,
Myself a witness of thy few days sport;
Where I both learn'd, why wise men hawking fol-
And why that bird was sacred to Apollo: [low,
She doth instruct men by her gallant flight,
That they to knowledge so should tower upright,
And never stoop, but to strike ignorance:
Which if they miss, yet they should re-advance
To former height, and there in circle tarry,
Till they be sure to make the fool their quarry.
Now, in whose pleasures I have this discerned,
What would his serious actions me have learned?

LXXXVI.—TO THE SAME.

When I would know thee, GOODYERE, my thought looks
Upon thy well-made choice of friends, and books;
Then do I love thee, and behold thy ends
In making thy friends books, and thy books friends:
Now I must give thy life and deed, the voice
Attending such a study, such a choice;
Where, though 't be love that to thy praise doth
It was a knowledge that begat that love. [move,

LXXXVII.—ON CAPTAIN HAZARD, THE CHEATER.

Touch'd with the sin of false play in his punk,
HAZARD a month forswore his, and grew drunk,
Each night, to drown his cares; but when the gain
Of what she had wrought came in, and waked his brain,
Upon the accompt, hers grew the quicker trade:
Since when he's sober again, and all play's made.

LXXXVIII.—ON ENGLISH MONSIEUR.

Would you believe, when you this MONSIEUR see,
That his whole body should speak French, not he?
That so much scarf of France, and hat, and feather,
And shoe, and tye, and garter, should come hither,

And land on one whose face durst never be
Toward the sea, further than half-way tree?
That he, untravell'd, should be French so much,
As Frenchmen in his company should seem Dutch!
Or had his father, when he did him get,
The French disease, with which he labours yet?
Or hung some Monsieur's picture on the wall,
By which his dam conceived him, clothes and all?
Or is it some French statue? no: 't doth move,
And stoop, and cringe. O then, it needs must prove
The new French tailor's motion, monthly made,
Daily to turn in Paul's, and help the trade.

LXXXIX.—TO EDWARD ALLEN.

If Rome so great, and in her wisest age,
Fear'd not to boast the glories of her stage,
As skilful Roscius, and grave Æsop, men,
Yet crown'd with honours, as with riches, then;
Who had no less a trumpet of their name,
Than Cicero, whose every breath was fame:
How can so great example die in me,
That, Allen, I should pause to publish thee?
Who both their graces in thyself hast more
Out-stript, than they did all that went before:
And present worth in all dost so contract,
As others speak, but only thou dost act.
Wear this renown. 'Tis just, that who did give
So many poets life, by one should live.

XC.—ON MILL, MY LADY'S WOMAN.

When Mill first came to court, th' unprofiting fool,
Unworthy such a mistress, such a school,
Was dull, and long ere she would go to man:
At last, ease, appetite, and example wan
The nicer thing to taste her lady's page;
And, finding good security in his age,
Went on: and proving him still day by day,
Discern'd no difference of his years, or play.
Not though that hair grew brown, which once was amber, [chamber;
And he, grown youth, was call'd to his lady's
Still Mill continued: nay, his face growing worse,
And he removed to gentleman of the horse,
Mill was the same. Since, both his body and face
Blown up; and he (too unwieldy for that place)
Hath got the steward's chair; he will not tarry
Longer a day, but with his Mill will marry:
And it is hop'd, that she, like Milo, wull
First bearing him a calf, bear him a bull.

XCI.—TO SIR HORACE VERE.

Which of thy names I take, not only bears
A Roman sound, but Roman virtue wears,
Illustrious Vere, or Horace: fit to be
Sung by a Horace, or a Muse as free;
Which thou art to thyself: whose fame was won
In the eye of Europe, where thy deeds were done,
When on thy trumpet she did sound a blast,
Whose relish to eternity shall last.
I leave thy acts, which should I prosecute
Throughout, might flattery seem; and to be mute
To any one, were envy; which would live
Against my grave, and time could not forgive.
I speak thy other graces, not less shown,
Nor less in practice; but less mark'd, less known:
Humanity, and piety, which are
As noble in great chiefs, as they are rare;
And best become the valiant man to wear,
Who more should seek men's reverence, than fear.

XCII.—THE NEW CRY.

Ere cherries ripe! and strawberries! be gone;
Unto the cries of London I'll add one.
Ripe statesmen, ripe! they grow in every street;
At six and twenty, ripe. You shall them meet,
And have them yield no savour, but of state. [gait,
Ripe are their ruffs, their cuffs, their beards, their
And grave as ripe, like mellow as their faces.
They know the states of Christendom, not the places;
Yet they have seen the maps, and bought 'em too,
And understand them, as most chapmen do.
The councils, projects, practices they know,
And what each prince doth for intelligence owe,
And unto whom; they are the almanacks,
For twelve years yet to come, what each state lacks.
They carry in their pockets Tacitus,
And the Gazetti, or Gallo-Belgicus;
And talk reserv'd, lock'd up, and full of fear,
Nay, ask you, how the day goes, in your ear;
Keep a Star-chamber sentence close twelve days,
And whisper what a Proclamation says.
They meet in sixes, and at every mart,
Are sure to con the catalogue by heart;
Or every day, some one at Rimee's looks,
Or Bill's, and there he buys the names of books.
They all get Porta, for the sundry ways
To write in cipher, and the several keys,
To ope the character; they've found the slight
With juice of limons, onions, piss, to write;
To break up seals, and close them: and they know,
If the States make [not] peace, how it will go
With England. All forbidden books they get,
And of the powder-plot, they will talk yet:
At naming the French king their heads they shake,
And at the Pope and Spain slight faces make;
Or 'gainst the bishops, for the brethren rail,
Much like those brethren; thinking to prevail
With ignorance on us, as they have done
On them: and therefore do not only shun
Others more modest, but contemn us too,
That know not so much state, wrong, as they do.

XCIII.—TO SIR JOHN RADCLIFFE.

How like a column, Radcliffe, left alone
For the great mark of virtue, those being gone
Who did, alike with thee, thy house up-bear,
Stand'st thou, to shew the times what you all were?
Two bravely in the battle fell and died,
Upbraiding rebels' arms, and barbarous pride:
And two that would have fall'n as great as they,
The Belgic fever ravished away.
Thou, that art all their valour, all their spirit,
And thine own goodness to encrease thy merit,
Than whose I do not know a whiter soul,
Nor could I, had I seen all nature's roll,
Thou yet remain'st, unhurt in peace or war,
Though not unprov'd; which shows thy fortunes
Willing to expiate the fault in thee, [are
Wherewith, against thy blood, they 'offenders be.

XCIV.—TO LUCY COUNTESS OF BEDFORD, WITH MASTER DONNE'S SATIRES.

Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are
Life of the Muses' day, their morning star!

If works, not authors, their own grace should look,
Whose poems would not wish to be your book?
But these, desired by you, the maker's ends
Crown with their own: Rare poems ask rare friends.
Yet satires, since the most of mankind be
Their unavoided subject, fewest see;
For none e'er took that pleasure in sin's sense,
But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence.
They then, that living where the matter's bred,
Dare for these poems yet both ask, and read,
And like them too; must needfully, though few,
Be of the best, and 'mongst those best are you
Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are
The Muses' evening, as their morning star!

XCV.—TO SIR HENRY SAVILE.

If, my religion safe, I durst embrace
That stranger doctrine of Pythagoras,
I should believe the soul of Tacitus
In thee, most weighty SAVILE lived to us:
So hast thou render'd him in all his bounds,
And all his numbers, both of sense and sounds.
But when I read that special piece restored,
Where Nero falls, and Galba is adored,
To thine own proper I ascribe then more,
And gratulate the breach I griev'd before;
Which fate, it seems, caus'd in the history,
Only to boast thy merit in supply.
O, would'st thou add like hand to all the rest!
Or, better work! were thy glad country blest,
To have her story woven in thy thread:
Minerva's loom was never richer spread.
For who can master those great parts like thee,
That liv'st from hope, from fear, from faction free?
Thou hast thy breast so clear of present crimes,
Thou need'st not shrink at voice of after-times;
Whose knowledge claimeth at the helm to stand;
But wisely thrusts not forth a forward hand,
No more than Salust in the Roman state:
As then his cause, his glory emulate.
Although to write be lesser than to do,
It is the next deed, and a great one too.
We need a man that knows the several graces
Of history, and how to apt their places;
Where brevity, where splendor, and where height,
Where sweetness is required, and where weight;
We need a man can speak of the intents,
The councils, actions, orders, and events
Of state, and censure them; we need his pen
Can write the things, the causes, and the men:
But most we need his faith (and all have you,)
That dares not write things false, nor hide things true.

XCVI.—TO JOHN DONNE.

Who shall doubt, DONNE, where I a poet be,
When I dare send my Epigrams to thee?
That so alone canst judge, so alone dost make:
And in thy censures, evenly, dost take
As free simplicity, to disavow,
As thou hast best authority t' allow.
Read all I send; and if I find but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better stone,
My title's seal'd. Those that for claps do write,
Let pui'nees', porters', players' praise delight,
And till they burst, their backs, like asses, load:
A man should seek great glory, and not broad.

XCVII.—ON THE NEW MOTION.

See you yond' MOTION? not the old fa-ding,
Nor captain Pod, nor yet the Eltham thing;
But one more rare, and in the case so new:
His cloak with orient velvet quite lined through;
His rosy ties and garters so o'erblown,
By his each glorious parcel to be known!
He wont was to encounter me aloud,
Where-e'er he met me, now he's dumb, or proud.
Know you the cause? he has neither land nor lease,
Nor bawdy stock that travels for increase,
Nor office in the town, nor place in court,
Nor 'bout the bears, nor noise to make lords sport.
He is no favourite's favourite, no dear trust
Of any madam, hath need o' squires, and must.
Nor did the king of Denmark him salute,
When he was here; nor hath he got a suit,
Since he was gone, more than the one he wears,
Nor are the queen's most honour'd maids by th' ears
About his form. What then so swells each limb?
Only his clothes have over-leaven'd him.

XCVIII.—TO SIR THOMAS ROE.

Thou hast begun well, ROE, which stand well to,
And I know nothing more thou hast to do.
He that is round within himself, and straight,
Need seek no other strength, no other height;
Fortune upon him breaks herself, if ill,
And what would hurt his virtue, makes it still.
That thou at once then nobly may'st defend
With thine own course the judgment of thy friend,
Be always to thy gather'd self the same;
And study conscience more than thou would'st fame.
Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,
And ever is ill got without the first.

XCIX.—TO THE SAME.

That thou hast kept thy love, encreas'd thy will,
Better'd thy trust to letters; that thy skill;
Hast taught thyself worthy thy pen to tread,
And that to write things worthy to be read:
How much of great example wert thou, ROE,
If time to facts, as unto men would owe?
But much it now avails, what's done, of whom:
The self-same deeds, as diversly they come,
From place or fortune, are made high or low,
And e'en the praiser's judgment suffers so.
Well, though thy name less than our great ones be,
Thy fact is more: let truth encourage thee.

C.—ON PLAYWRIGHT.

PLAYWRIGHT, by chance, hearing some toys I'd writ,
Cry'd to my face, they were th' elixir of wit:
And I must now believe him; for to-day,
Five of my jests, then stolen, past him a play.

CI.—INVITING A FRIEND TO SUPPER.

To-night, grave sir, both my poor house and I
Do equally desire your company:
Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
But that you worth will dignify our feast,
With those that come; whose grace may make that seem
Something, which else would hope for no esteem.
It is the fair acceptance, sir, creates
The entertainment perfect, not the cates.

Yet shall you have, to rectify your palate,
An olive, capers, or some better sallad
Ushering the mutton: with a short-legg'd hen,
If we can get her full of eggs, and then,
Limons, and wine for sauce: to these, a coney
Is not to be despair'd of for our money;
And though fowl now be scarce, yet there are clerks,
The sky not falling, think we may have larks.
I'll tell you of more, and lie, so you will come:
Of partridge, pheasant, woodcock, of which some
May yet be there; and godwit if we can;
Knat, rail, and ruff too. Howsoe'er, my man
Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,
Livy, or of some better book to us,
Of which we'll speak our minds, amidst our meat;
And I'll profess no verses to repeat:
To this if aught appear, which I not know of,
That will the pastry, not my paper, show of.
Digestive cheese, and fruit there sure will be;
But that which most doth take my muse and me,
Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine:
Of which had Horace or Anacreon tasted,
Their lives, as do their lines, till now had lasted.
Tobacco, nectar, or the Thespian spring,
Are all but Luther's beer, to this I sing.
Of this we will sup free, but moderately,
And we will have no Pooly', or Parrot by;
Nor shall our cups make any guilty men:
But at our parting, we will be, as when
We innocently met. No simple word,
That shall be utter'd at our mirthful board,
Shall make us sad next morning; or affright
The liberty, that we'll enjoy to-night.

CII.—TO WILLIAM EARL OF PEMBROKE.

I do but name thee, PEMBROKE, and I find
It is an epigram on all mankind;
Against the bad, but of, and to the good:
Both which are ask'd, to have thee understood.
Nor could the age have miss'd thee, in this strife
Of vice and virtue, wherein all great life
Almost is exercised; and scarce one knows,
To which, yet, of the sides himself he owes.
They follow virtue for reward to-day;
To-morrow vice, if she give better pay:
And are so good, and bad, just at a price,
As nothing else discerns the virtue' or vice.
But thou, whose noblêsse keeps one stature still,
And one true posture, though besieged with ill
Of what ambition, faction, pride can raise;
Whose life, even they that envy it, must praise;
That art so reverenced, as thy coming in,
But in the view, doth interrupt their sin;
Thou must draw more: and they that hope to see
The commonwealth still safe, must study thee.

CIII.—TO MARY LADY WROTH.

How well, fair crown of your fair sex, might he
That but the twilight of your sprite did see,
And noted for what flesh such souls were fram'd,
Know you to be a Sidney, though unnam'd?
And being nam'd, how little doth that name
Need any muse's praise to give it fame?
Which is itself the imprese of the great,
And glory of them all, but to repeat!
Forgive me then, if mine but say you are
A Sidney; but in that extend as far
As loudest praisers, who perhaps would find
For every part a character assign'd:
My praise is plain, and wheresoe'er profest,
Becomes none more than you, who need it least.

CIV.—TO SUSAN COUNTESS OF MONTGOMERY.

Were they that nam'd you, prophets? did they see,
Even in the dew of grace, what you would be?
Or did our times require it, to behold
A new SUSANNA, equal to that old?
Or, because some scarce think that story true,
To make those faithful did the Fates send you,
And to your scene lent no less dignity
Of birth, of match, of form, of chastity?
Or, more than born for the comparison
Of former age, or glory of our own,
Were you advanced, past those times, to be
The light and mark unto posterity?
Judge they that can: here I have raised to show,
A picture, which the world for yours must know,
And like it too: if they look equally:
If not, 'tis fit for you, some should envy.

CV.—TO MARY LADY WROTH.

Madam, had all antiquity been lost,
All history seal'd up, and fables crost,
That we had left us, nor by time, nor place,
Least mention of a Nymph, a Muse, a Grace,
But even their names were to be made anew,
Who could not but create them all from you?
He, that but saw you wear the wheaten hat,
Would call you more than Ceres, if not that;
And drest in shepherd's tire, who would not say
You were the bright Œnone, Flora, or May?
If dancing, all would cry, the Idalian queen
Were leading forth the Graces on the green;
And armed to the chase, so bare her bow
Diana' alone, so hit, and hunted so.
There's none so dull, that for your style would ask,
That saw you put on Pallas' plumed cask;
Or, keeping your due state, that would not cry,
There Juno sat, and yet no peacock by:
So are you nature's index, and restore,
In yourself, all treasure lost of the age before.

CVI.—TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT.

If men get name for some one virtue; then,
What man art thou, that art so many men,
All-virtuous Herbert! on whose every part
Truth might spend all her voice, fame all her art?
Whether thy learning they would take, or wit,
Or valour, or thy judgment seasoning it,
Thy standing upright to thyself, thy ends
Like straight, thy piety to God, and friends:
Their latter praise would still the greatest be,
And yet they, all together, less than thee.

CVII.—TO CAPTAIN HUNGRY.

Do what you come for, captain, with your news;
That's sit and eat: do not my ears abuse.
I oft look on false coin to know't from true;
Not that I love it more than I will you.
Tell the gross Dutch those grosser tales of yours,
How great you were with their two emperours;
And yet are with their princes: fill them full
Of your Moravian horse, Venetian bull.
Tell them, what parts you've ta'en, whence run away,
What states you've gull'd, and which yet keeps you' in pay.

Give them your services, and embassies
In Ireland, Holland, Sweden; pompous lies!
In Hungary and Poland, Turky too;
What at Ligorne, Rome, Florence you did do:
And, in some year, all these together heap'd,
For which there must more sea and land be leap'd,
If but to be believed you have the hap,
Than can a flea at twice skip in the map, [drunk,
Give your young statesmen (that first make you
And then lye with you, closer than a punk,
For news) your Villeroys, and Silleries,
Janins, your Nuncios, and your Tuilleries,
Your Archdukes agents, and your Beringhams,
That are your words of credit. Keep your names
Of Hannow, Shieter-huissen, Popenheim,
Hans-spiegle, Rotteinberg, and Boutersheim,
For your next meal; this you are sure of. Why
Will you part with them here unthriftily?
Nay, now you puff, tusk, and draw up your chin,
Twirl the poor chain you run a-feasting in.—
Come, be not angry, you are HUNGRY; eat:
Do what you come for, captain; there's your meat.

CVIII.—TO TRUE SOLDIERS.

Strength of my country, whilst I bring to view
Such as are miscall'd captains, and wrong you,
And your high names; I do desire that thence
Be nor put on you, nor you take offence.
I swear by your true friend, my muse, I love
Your great profession, which I once did prove;
And did not shame it with my actions then,
No more than I dare now do with my pen.
He that not trusts me, having vow'd thus much,
But's angry for the captain, still; is such.

CIX.—TO SIR HENRY NEVIL.

Who now calls on thee, NEVIL, is a muse,
That serves not fame, nor titles; but doth chuse
Where virtue makes them both, and that's in thee:
Where all is fair beside thy pedigree.
Thou art not one seek'st miseries with hope,
Wrestlest with dignities, or feign'st a scope
Of service to the public, when the end
Is private gain, which hath long guilt to friend.
Thou rather striv'st the matter to possess,
And elements of honour, than the dress;
To make thy lent life good against the fates:
And first to know thine own state, then the state's;
To be the same in root thou art in height;
And that thy soul should give thy flesh her weight.
Go on, and doubt not what posterity,
Now I have sung thee thus, shall judge of thee.
Thy deeds unto thy name will prove new wombs,
Whilst others toil for titles to their tombs.

CX.—TO CLEMENT EDMONDS, ON HIS CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES OBSERVED AND TRANSLATED.

Not Cæsar's deeds, nor all his honours won,
In these west parts, nor, when that war was done,
The name of Pompey for an enemy,
Cato's to boot; Rome, and her liberty,
All yielding to his fortune, nor, the while,
To have engraved these acts with his own style,
And that so strong and deep, as't might be thought
He wrote with the same spirit that he fought;
Nor that his work lived in the hands of foes,
Unargued then, and yet hath fame from those;
Not all these, EDMONDS, or what else put to,
Can so speak Cæsar, as thy labours do.
For where his person lived scarce one just age,
And that midst envy and parts; then fell by rage:
His deeds too dying, but in books, whose good
How few have read! how fewer understood!
Thy learned hand and true Promethean art,
As by a new creation, part by part,
In every counsel, stratagem, design,
Action, or engine, worth a note of thine,
To all future time not only doth restore
His life, but makes, that he can die no more.

CXI.—TO THE SAME, ON THE SAME.

Who, EDMONDS, reads thy book, and doth not see
What the antique soldiers were, the modern be?
Wherein thou shew'st, how much the later are
Beholding to this master of the war;
And that in action there is nothing new,
More, than to vary what our elders knew;
Which all but ignorant captains will confess;
Nor to give Cæsar this, makes ours the less.
Yet thou, perhaps, shalt meet some tongues will grutch,
That to the world thou should'st reveal so much,
And thence deprave thee and thy work: to those
Cæsar stands up, as from his urn late rose,
By thy great help; and doth proclaim by me,
They murder him again, that envy thee.

CXII.—TO A WEAK GAMESTER IN POETRY.

With thy small stock, why art thou venturing still,
At this so subtle sport, and play'st so ill?
Think'st thou it is mere fortune, that can win,
Or thy rank setting? that thou dar'st put in
Thy all, at all: and whatsoe'er I do,
Art still at that, and think'st to blow me' up too?
I cannot for the stage a drama lay,
Tragic or comic; but thou writ'st the play.
I leave thee there, and giving way, intend
An epic poem; thou hast the same end.
I modestly quit that, and think to write,
Next morn, an ode; thou mak'st a song ere night.
I pass to elegies; thou meet'st me there:
To satires; and thou dost pursue me. Where,
Where shall I scape thee? in an epigram?
O, thou cry'st out, that is my proper game.
Troth, if it be, I pity thy ill luck;
That both for wit and sense so oft dost pluck,
And never art encounter'd, I confess;
Nor scarce dost colour for it, which is less.
Prithee, yet save thy rest; give o'er in time:
There's no vexation that can make thee prime.

CXIII.—TO SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

So Phœbus make me worthy of his bays,
As but to speak thee, Overbury, 's praise:
So where thou liv'st, thou mak'st life understood,
Where, what makes other great, doth keep thee good!
I think, the fate of court thy coming crav'd,
That the wit there and manners might be sav'd:
For since, what ignorance, what pride is fled!
And letters, and humanity in the stead!
Repent thee not of thy fair precedent,
Could make such men, and such a place repent:
Nor may any fear to lose of their degree,
Who' in such ambition can but follow thee.

CXIV.—TO MISTRESS PHILIP SIDNEY.

I must believe some miracles still be,
When Sidney's name I hear, or face I see:

For Cupid, who at first took vain delight
In mere out-forms, until he lost his sight,
Hath changed his soul, and made his object you:
Where finding so much beauty met with virtue,
He hath not only gain'd himself his eyes,
But, in your love, made all his servants wise.

CXV.—ON THE TOWN'S HONEST MAN.

You wonder who this is, and why I name
Him not aloud, that boasts so good a fame:
Naming so many too! but this is one,
Suffers no name, but a description;
Being no vicious person, but the Vice
About the town; and known too, at that price.
A subtle thing that doth affections win
By speaking well o' the company it's in.
Talks loud and bawdy, has a gather'd deal
Of news and noise, to sow out a long meal.
Can come from Tripoly, leap stools, and wink,
Do all that 'longs to the anarchy of drink,
Except the duel: can sing songs and catches;
Give every one his dose of mirth: and watches
Whose name's unwelcome to the present ear,
And him it lays on;—if he be not there.
Tells of him all the tales itself then makes;
But if it shall be question'd, undertakes,
It will deny all; and forswear it too;
Not that it fears, but will not have to do
With such a one: and therein keeps its word,
'Twill see its sister naked, ere a sword.
At every meal, where it doth dine or sup,
The cloth's no sooner gone, but it gets up,
And shifting of its faces, doth play more
Parts than the Italian could do with his door.
Acts Old Iniquity, and in the fit
Of miming, gets the opinion of a wit.
Executes men in picture; by defect
From friendship, is its own fame's architect:
An inginer in slanders of all fashions,
That, seeming praises, are yet accusations.
Described it's thus: defined would you it have?
Then, the TOWN'S HONEST MAN'S her errant'st knave.

CXVI.—TO SIR WILLIAM JEPHSON.

JEPHSON, thou man of men, to whose lov'd name,
All gentry yet owe part of their best flame:
So did thy virtue inform, thy wit sustain
That age, when thou stood'st up the master-brain:
Thou wert the first mad'st merit know her strength,
And those that lack'd it, to suspect at length,
'Twas not entail'd on title: that some word
Might be found out as good, and not "my lord:"
That nature no such difference had imprest
In men, but every bravest was the best;
That blood not minds, but minds did blood adorn;
And to live great was better than great born.
These were thy knowing arts: which who doth now
Virtuously practise, must at least allow
Them in, if not from thee, or must commit
A desperate solœcism in truth and wit.

CXVII.—ON GROINE.

GROINE, come of age, his state sold out of hand
For 's whore: Groine doth still occupy his land.

CXVIII.—ON GUT.

GUT eats all day and letchers all the night,
So all his meat he tasteth over twice;
And striving so to double his delight,
He makes himself a thorough-fare of vice.
Thus, in his belly, can he change a sin,
Lust it comes out, that gluttony went in.

CXIX.—TO SIR RALPH SHELTON.

Not he that flies the court for want of clothes,
At hunting rails, having no gift in oaths,
Cries out 'gainst cocking, since he cannot bet,
Shuns press—for two main causes, pox and debt,
With me can merit more, than that good man,
Whose dice not doing well, to a pulpit ran.—
No, Shelton, give me thee, canst want all these,
But dost it out of judgment, not disease;
Dar'st breathe in any air; and with safe skill,
Till thou canst find the best, choose the least ill.
That to the vulgar canst thyself apply,
Treading a better path, not contrary;
And in their error's maze thine own way know:
Which is to live to conscience, not to show.
He that, but living half his age, dies such,
Makes the whole longer than 'twas given him, much.

CXX.—AN EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY, A CHILD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL.

Weep with me, all you that read
This little story:
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As heaven and nature seem'd to strive
Which own'd the creature.
Years he number'd scarce thirteen
When fates turn'd cruel,
Yet three fill'd zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly,
As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,
He play'd so truly.
So, by error to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since, alas, too late!
They have repented;
And have sought, to give new birth,
In baths to steep him;
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

CXXI.—TO BENJAMIN RUDYERD.

RUDYERD, as lesser dames to great ones use,
My lighter comes to kiss thy learned muse;
Whose better studies while she emulates,
She learns to know long difference of their states.
Yet is the office not to be despised,
If only love should make the action prized;
Nor he for friendship can be thought unfit,
That strives his manners should precede his wit.

CXXII.—TO THE SAME.

If I would wish for truth, and not for show,
The aged Saturn's age and rites to know;
If I would strive to bring back times, and try
The world's pure gold, and wise simplicity;
If I would virtue set as she was young,
And hear her speak with one, and her first tongue
If holiest friendship, naked to the touch,
I would restore, and keep it ever such.

I need no other arts, but study thee:
Who prov'st all these were, and again may be.

CXXIII.—TO THE SAME.

Writing thyself, or judging others writ,
I know not which thou'st most, candor, or wit;
But both thou hast so, as who affects the state
Of the best writer and judge, should emulate.

CXXIV.—EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH, L. H.

Would'st thou hear what man can say
In a little? reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die:
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was ELIZABETH,
The other let it sleep with death:
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

CXXV.—TO SIR WILLIAM UVEDALE.

UVEDALE, thou piece of the first times, a man
Made for what nature could, or virtue can;
Both whose dimensions lost, the world might find
Restored in thy body, and thy mind!
Who sees a soul in such a body set,
Might love the treasure for the cabinet.
But I, no child, no fool, respect the kind,
The full, the flowing graces there enshrined;
Which, would the world not miscall 't flattery,
I could adore almost to idolatry!

CXXVI.—TO HIS LADY, THEN MISTRESS CARY.

Retired, with purpose your fair worth to praise,
Mongst Hampton shades, and Phœbus' grove of bays,
I pluck'd a branch; the jealous god did frown,
And bade me lay th' usurped laurel down;
Said I wrong'd him, and, which was more, his love.
I answer'd, Daphne now no pain can prove.
Phœbus replied, Bold head, it is not she:
CARY my love is, Daphne but my tree.

CXXVII.—TO ESME LORD AUBIGNY.

Is there a hope that man would thankful be,
If I should fail in gratitude to thee,
To whom I am so bound, loved AUBIGNY?
No, I do therefore call posterity
Into the debt; and reckon on her head,
How full of want, how swallow'd up, how dead
I and this muse had been, if thou hadst not
Lent timely succours, and new life begot:
So all reward or name, that grows to me
By her attempt, shall still be owing thee.
And than this same I know no abler way
To thank thy benefits: which is, to pay.

CXXVIII.—TO WILLIAM ROE.

ROE, and my joy to name, thou'rt now to go,
Countries and climes, manners and men to know,
To extract and choose the best of all these known,
And those to turn to blood, and make thine own.
May winds as soft as breath of kissing friends,
Attend thee hence; and there may all thy ends,
As the beginnings here, prove purely sweet,
And perfect in a circle always meet!
So when we blest with thy return, shall see
Thyself, with thy first thoughts brought home by thee;
We each to other may this voice inspire; [thee;
This is that good Æneas, past through fire,
Through seas, storms, tempests; and, embark'd for hell,
Came back untouch'd. This man hath travell'd well.

CXXIX.—TO MIME.

That not a pair of friends each other see,
But the first question is, When one saw thee?
That there's no journey set or thought upon,
To Brentford, Hackney, Bow, but thou mak'st one;
That scarce the town designeth any feast [guest;
To which thou'rt not a week bespoke a
That still thou'rt made the supper's flag, the drum,
The very call, to make all others come:
Think'st thou, MIME, this is great? or that they strive
Whose noise shall keep thy miming most alive,
Whilst thou dost raise some player from the grave,
Out-dance the babion, or out-boast the brave,
Or, mounted on a stool, thy face doth hit
On some new gesture, that's imputed wit?
O, run not proud of this. Yet take thy due.
Thou dost out-zany Cokely, Pod; nay, Gue:
And thine own Coryat too; but,—would'st thou see,
Men love thee not for this; they laugh at thee.

CXXX.—TO ALPHONSO FERRABOSCO, ON HIS BOOK.

To urge, my loved ALPHONSO, that bold fame
Of building towns, and making wild beasts tame,
Which music had; or speak her own effects,
That she removeth cares, sadness ejects,
Declineth anger, persuades clemency,
Doth sweeten mirth, and heighten piety,
And is to a body, often, ill inclined,
No less a sovereign cure, than to the mind;
T' allege, that greatest men were not asham'd,
Of old, even by her practice to be fam'd;
To say indeed, she were the soul of heaven,
That the eighth sphere, no less than planets seven,
Moved by her order, and the ninth more high,
Including all, were thence call'd harmony;
I yet had utter'd nothing on thy part,
When these were but the praises of the art:
But when I have said, the proofs of all these be
Shed in thy songs; 'tis true: but short of thee.

CXXXI.—TO THE SAME.

When we do give, ALPHONSO, to the light,
A work of ours, we part with our own right;
For then, all mouths will judge, and their own way:
The learn'd have no more privilege than the lay.
And though we could all men, all censures hear,
We ought not give them taste we had an ear.
For if the humorous world will talk at large,
They should be fools, for me, at their own charge.
Say this or that man they to thee prefer;
Even those for whom they do this, know they err:
And would (being ask'd the truth) ashamed say,
They were not to be nam'd on the same day.
Then stand unto thyself, nor seek without
For fame, with breath soon kindled, soon blown out

CXXXII.—TO MR. JOSHUA SILVESTER.

If to admire were to commend, my praise
Might then both thee, thy work and merit raise:
Butas it is, (the child of ignorance,
And utter stranger to all air of France,)
How can I speak of thy great pains, but err?
Since they can only judge, that can confer.
Behold! the reverend shade of BARTAS stands
Before my thought, and, in thy right, commands
That to the world I publish for him, this;
Bartas doth wish thy English now were his.
So well in that are his inventions wrought,
As his will now be the translation thought,
Thine the original; and France shall boast,
No more those maiden glories she hath lost.

CXXXIII.—ON THE FAMOUS VOYAGE.

No more let Greece her bolder fables tell
Of Hercules, or Theseus going to hell,
Orpheus, Ulysses; or the Latin muse,
With tales of Troy's just knight, our faiths abuse.
We have a SHELTON, and a HEYDEN got,
Had power to act, what they to feign had not.
All that they boast of Styx, of Acheron,
Cocytus, Phlegethon, ours have proved in one;
The filth, stench, noise: save only what was there
Subtly distinguish'd, was confused here.
Their wherry had no sail too; ours had ne'er one:
And in it, two more horrid knaves than Charon.
Arses were heard to croak instead of frogs;
And for one Cerberus, the whole coast was dogs.
Furies there wanted not; each scold was ten.
And for the cries of ghosts, women and men,
Laden with plague-sores, and their sins, were heard,
Lash'd by their consciences, to die affeard.
Then let the former age with this content her,
She brought the poets forth, but ours th' adventer.

THE VOYAGE ITSELF.

I sing the brave adventure of two wights,
And pity 'tis, I cannot call them knights:
One was; and he for brawn and brain right able
To have been styled of king Arthur's table.
The other was a squire, of fair degree;
But, in the action, greater man than he,
Who gave, to take at his return from hell,
His three for one. Now, lordlings, listen well.

It was the day, what time the powerful moon
Makes the poor Bankside creature wet its shoon,
In its own hall; when these, (in worthy scorn
Of those, that put out monies, on return
From Venice, Paris, or some inland passage
Of six times to and fro, without embassage,
Or him that backward went to Berwick, or which
Did dance the famous morris unto Norwich)
At Bread-street's Mermaid having dined, and merry,
Proposed to go to Holborn in a wherry:
A harder task, than either his to Bristo',
Or his to Antwerp. Therefore, once more, list ho'.

A dock there is, that called is Avernus,
Of some Bridewell, and may, in time concern us
All, that are readers: but, methinks, 'tis odd,
That all this while I have forgot some god,
Or goddess to invoke, to stuff my verse;
And with both bombast style and phrase, rehearse
The many perils of this port, and how
Sans help of Sibyl, or a golden bough,
Or magic sacrifice, they past along!—
Alcides, be thou succouring to my song.
Thou hast seen hell, some say, and know'st all nooks there,
Canst tell me best, how ever Fury looks there,
And art a god, if fame thee not abuses,
Always at hand, to aid the merry muses.
Great club-fist, though thy back and bones be sore
Still, with thy former labours; yet, once more,
Act a brave work, call it thy last adventry:
But hold my torch, while I describe the entry
To this dire passage. Say, thou stop thy nose;
'Tis but light pains: indeed, this dock's no rose.

In the first jaws appear'd that ugly monster,
Ycleped mud, which, when their oars did once stir,
Belch'd forth an air as hot, as at the muster
Of all your night-tubs, when the carts do cluster,
Who shall discharge first his merd-urinous load:
Thorough her womb they make their famous road,
Between two walls; where, on one side, to scare men,
Were seen your ugly centaurs, ye call carmen,
Gorgonian scolds, and harpies: on the other
Hung stench, diseases, and old filth, their mother,
With famine, wants, and sorrows many a dozen,
The least of which was to the plague a cousin.
But they unfrighted pass, though many a privy
Spake to them louder, than the ox in Livy;
And many a sink pour'd out her rage anenst 'em,
But still their valour and their virtue fenc'd 'em,
And on they went, like Castor brave and Pollux,
Ploughing the main. When, see (the worst of all lucks)
They met the second prodigy, would fear a
Man, that had never heard of a Chimæra.
One said, 'twas bold Briareus, or the beadle,
Who hath the hundred hands when he doth meddle,
The other thought it Hydra, or the rock
Made of the trull that cut her father's lock:
But coming near, they found it but a li'ter,
So huge, it seem'd they could by no means quite her.
Back, cried their brace of Charons: they cried, No,
No going back; on still, you rogues, and row.
How hight the place? A voice was heard, Cocytus.
Row close then, slaves. Alas! they will beshite us.
No matter, stinkards, row. What croaking sound
Is this we hear? of frogs? No, guts wind-bound,
Over your heads: well, row. At this a loud
Crack did report itself, as if a cloud
Had burst with storm, and down fell, *ab excelsis*,
Poor Mercury, crying out on Paracelsus,
And all his followers, that had so abused him;
And in so shitten sort, so long had used him:
For (where he was the god of eloquence,
And subtilty of metals) they dispense
His spirits now in pills, and eke in potions,
Suppositories, cataplasms, and lotions.—
But many moons there shall not wane, quoth he
In the mean time, let them imprison me,
But I will speak, and know I shall be heard,
Touching this cause, where they will be affeard
To answer me: and sure, it was the intent
Of the grave fart, late let in parliament,
Had it been seconded, and not in fume
Vanish'd away: as you must all presume
Their Mercury did now. By this, the stem
Of the hulk touch'd, and, as by Polypheme
The sly Ulysses stole in a sheep-skin,
The well-greased wherry now had got between,

And bade her farewell sough unto the lurden:
Never did bottom more betray her burden;
The meat-boat of bear's-college, Paris-garden,
Stunk not so ill; nor, when she kiss'd, Kate Arden.
Yet one day in the year, for sweet 'tis voist,
And that is when it is the Lord Mayor's foist.

By this time had they reach'd the Stygian pool,
By which the masters swear, when on the stool
Of worship, they their nodding chins do hit
Against their breasts. Here, several ghosts did flit
About the shore, of farts but late departed,
White, black, blue, green, and in more forms outstarted,
Than all those *atomi* ridiculous
Whereof old Democrite, and Hill Nicholas,
One said, the other swore, the world consists.
These be the cause of those thick frequent mists
Arising in that place, through which, who goes,
Must try the unused valour of a nose:
And that ours did. For, yet, no nare was tainted,
Nor thumb, nor finger to the stop acquainted,
But open, and unarm'd, encounter'd all:
Whether it languishing stuck upon the wall,
Or were precipitated down the jakes,
And after, swam abroad in ample flakes,
Or that it lay heap'd like an usurer's mass,
All was to them the same, they were to pass,
And so they did, from Styx to Acheron,
The ever-boiling flood; whose banks upon
Your Fleet-lane Furies, and hot cooks do dwell,
That with still-scalding steams, make the place hell.
The sinks ran grease, and hair of meazled hogs,
The heads, houghs, entrails, and the hides of dogs:
For, to say truth, what scullion is so nasty,
To put the skins and offal in a pasty?
Cats there lay divers had been flea'd and roasted,
And after mouldy grown, again were toasted,
Then selling not, a dish was ta'en to mince 'em,
But still, it seem'd, the rankness did convince 'em.
For, here they were thrown in with th' melted pewter,
Yet drown'd they not: they had five lives in future.

But 'mongst these Tiberts, who do you think there was?
Old Banks the juggler, our Pythagoras,
Grave tutor to the learned horse; both which,
Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,
Their spirits transmigrated to a cat:
And now, above the pool, a face right fat,
With great gray eyes, it lifted up, and mew'd;
Thrice did it spit; thrice dived: at last it view'd
Our brave heroës with a milder glare,
And in a piteous tune, began. How dare
Your dainty nostrils, in so hot a season,
When every clerk eats artichokes and peason,
Laxative lettuce, and such windy meat,
Tempt such a passage? When each privy's seat
Is fill'd with buttock, and the walls do sweat
Urine and plaisters, when the noise doth beat
Upon your ears, of discords so unsweet,
And outcries of the damned in the Fleet?
Cannot the Plague-bill keep you back, nor bells
Of loud Sepulchre's, with their hourly knells,
But you will visit grisly Pluto's hall?
Behold where Cerberus, rear'd on the wall
Of Holborn-height (three serjeants' heads) looks o'er,
And stays but till you come unto the door!
Tempt not his fury, Pluto is away:
And madam Cæsar, great Proserpina,
Is now from home; you lose your labours quite,
Were you Jove's sons, or had Alcides' might.
They cry'd out, Puss. He told them he was Banks,
That had so often shew'd them merry pranks.
They laugh'd, at his laugh-worthy fate; and past
The triple-head without a sop. At last,
Calling for Rhadamanthus, that dwelt by,
A soap-boiler: and Æacus him nigh,
Who kept an ale-house; with my little Minos,
An ancient purblind fletcher, with a high nose;
They took them all to witness of their action:
And so went bravely back without protraction.

In memory of which most liquid deed,
The city since hath raised a pyramid;
And I could wish for their eternized sakes,
My Muse had plough'd with his, that sung A-JAX

THE END OF THE EPIGRAMS.

THE FOREST.

I.—WHY I WRITE NOT OF LOVE.

Some act of Love's bound to rehearse,
I thought to bind him in my verse:
Which when he felt, Away, quoth he,
Can poets hope to fetter me?
It is enough, they once did get
Mars and my mother, in their net:
I wear not these my wings in vain.
With which he fled me; and again,
Into my rhymes could ne'er be got
By any art: then wonder not,
That since, my numbers are so cold,
When Love is fled, and I grow old.

II.—TO PENSHURST.

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
Of touch or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polish'd pillars, or a roof of gold:
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told;
Or stair, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And these grudg'd at, art reverenced the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair.
Thou hast thy walks for health, as well as sport:
Thy mount, to which thy Dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
Beneath the broad beech, and the chestnut shade;
That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the Muses met.
There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names
Of many a sylvan, taken with his flames;
And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke
The lighter fauns, to reach thy lady's oak.
Thy copse too, named of Gamage, thou hast there,
That never fails to serve thee season'd deer,
When thou wouldst feast or exercise thy friends.
The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed;
The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed.
Each bank doth yield thee conies; and the tops
Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sydneys copp's,
To crown thy open table, doth provide
The purpled pheasant, with the speckled side:
The painted partridge lies in ev'ry field,
And for thy mess is willing to be kill'd.
And if the high-swoln Medway fail thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute fish,
Fat aged carps that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,
As loth the second draught or cast to stay,
Officiously at first themselves betray.
Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on land,
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come;
The blushing apricot, and woolly peach
Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach.
And though thy walls be of the country stone,
They're rear'd with no man's ruin, no man's groan;
There's none, that dwell about them, wish them down;
But all come in, the farmer and the clown;
And no one empty-handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
The better cheeses, bring them; or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands; and whose baskets bear
An emblem of themselves in plum, or pear.
But what can this (more than express their love)
Add to thy free provisions, far above
The need of such? whose liberal board doth flow,
With all that hospitality doth know!
Where comes no guest, but is allow'd to eat,
Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat:
Where the same beer and bread, and self-same wine,
That is his lordship's, shall be also mine.
And I not fain to sit (as some this day,
At great men's tables) and yet dine away.
Here no man tells my cups; nor standing by,
A waiter, doth my gluttony envy:
But gives me what I call, and lets me eat,
He knows, below, he shall find plenty of meat;
Thy tables hoard not up for the next day,
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray
For fire, or lights, or livery; all is there;
As if thou then wert mine, or I reign'd here:
There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.
That found king James, when hunting late, this way,
With his brave son, the prince; they saw thy fires
Shine bright on every hearth, as the desires
Of thy Penates had been set on flame,
To entertain them; or the country came,
With all their zeal, to warm their welcome here.
What (great, I will not say, but) sudden cheer
Didst thou then make 'em! and what praise was heap'd
On thy good lady, then! who therein reap'd
The just reward of her high huswifry;
To have her linen, plate, and all things nigh,
When she was far; and not a room, but drest,
As if it had expected such a guest!
These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all.
Thy lady's noble, fruitful, chaste withal.
His children thy great lord may call his own;
A fortune, in this age, but rarely known.

They are, and have been taught religion; thence
Their gentler spirits have suck'd innocence.
Each morn, and even, they are taught to pray,
With the whole household, and may, every day,
Read in their virtuous parents' noble parts,
The mysteries of manners, arms, and arts.
Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
With other edifices, when they see
Those proud ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
May say, their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

III.—TO SIR ROBERT WROTH.

How blest art thou, canst love the country, WROTH,
Whether by choice, or fate, or both!
And though so near the city, and the court,
Art ta'en with neither's vice nor sport:
That at great times, art no ambitious guest
Of sheriff's dinner, or mayor's feast.
Nor com'st to view the better cloth of state,
The richer hangings, or crown-plate;
Nor throng'st (when masquing is) to have a sight
Of the short bravery of the night;
To view the jewels, stuffs, the pains, the wit
There wasted, some not paid for yet!
But canst at home, in thy securer rest,
Live, with unbought provision blest;
Free from proud porches, or the gilded roofs,
'Mongst lowing herds, and solid hoofs:
Along the curled woods, and painted meads,
Through which a serpent river leads
To some cool courteous shade, which he calls his,
And makes sleep softer than it is.
Or if thou list the night in watch to break,
A-bed canst hear the loud stag speak,
In spring, oft roused for thy master's sport,
Who for it makes thy house his court;
Or with thy friends, the heart of all the year
Divid'st, upon the lesser deer:
In Autumn, at the partridge mak'st a flight,
And giv'st thy gladder guests the sight;
And in the winter, hunt'st the flying hare,
More for thy exercise, than fare;
While all that follow, their glad ears apply
To the full greatness of the cry:
Or hawking at the river, or the bush,
Or shooting at the greedy thrush,
Thou dost with some delight the day out-wear,
Although the coldest of the year!
The whilst the several seasons thou hast seen
Of flowery fields, of cop'ces green,
The mowed meadows, with the fleeced sheep,
And feasts, that either shearers keep;
The ripened ears, yet humble in their height,
And furrows laden with their weight;
The apple-harvest, that doth longer last;
The hogs return'd home fat from mast;
The trees cut out in log, and those boughs made
A fire now, that lent a shade!
Thus Pan and Sylvan having had their rites,
Comus puts in for new delights;
And fills thy open hall with mirth and cheer,
As if in Saturn's reign it were;
Apollo's harp, and Hermes' lyre resound,
Nor are the Muses strangers found.
The rout of rural folk come thronging in,
(Their rudeness then is thought no sin)
Thy noblest spouse affords them welcome grace;
And the great heroes of her race
Sit mixt with loss of state, or reverence.
Freedom doth with degree dispense.
The jolly wassal walks the often round,
And in their cups their cares are drown'd:
They think not then, which side the cause shall
Nor how to get the lawyer fees. [leese,
Such and no other was that age of old,
Which boasts t' have had the head of gold.
And such, since thou canst make thine own content,
Strive, Wroth, to live long innocent.
Let others watch in guilty arms, and stand
The fury of a rash command,
Go enter breaches, meet the cannon's rage,
That they may sleep with scars in age;
And shew their feathers shot, and colours torn,
And brag that they were therefore born.
Let this man sweat, and wrangle at the bar,
For every price, in every jar,
And change possessions oftner with his breath,
Than either money, war, or death:
Let him, than hardest sires, more disinherit,
And each where boast it as his merit,
To blow up orphans, widows, and their states;
And think his power doth equal fate's.
Let that go heap a mass of wretched wealth,
Purchased by rapine, worse than stealth,
And brooding o'er it sit, with broadest eyes,
Not doing good, scarce when he dies.
Let thousands more go flatter vice, and win,
By being organs to great sin;
Get place and honour, and be glad to keep
The secrets that shall break their sleep:
And so they ride in purple, eat in plate,
Though poison, think it a great fate.
But thou, my Wroth, if I can truth apply,
Shalt neither that, nor this envý:
Thy peace is made; and when man's state is well,
'Tis better, if he there can dwell.
God wisheth none should wreck on a strange shelf:
To him man's dearer, than t' himself,
And howsoever we may think things sweet,
He always gives what he knows meet;
Which who can use is happy: Such be thou.
Thy morning's and thy evening's vow
Be thanks to him, and earnest pray'r, to find
A body sound, with sounder mind;
To do thy country service, thy self right;
That neither want do thee affright,
Nor death; but when thy latest sand is spent,
Thou may'st think life a thing but lent.

IV.—TO THE WORLD.

A Farewell for a Gentlewoman, virtuous and noble.

False world, good-night! since thou hast brought
That hour upon my morn of age,
Henceforth I quit thee from my thought,
My part is ended on thy stage.

Do not once hope that thou canst tempt
A spirit so resolv'd to tread
Upon thy throat, and live exempt
From all the nets that thou canst spread.

I know thy forms are studied arts,
Thy subtle ways be narrow straits;
Thy courtesy but sudden starts,
And what thou call'st thy gifts are baits.

I know too, though thou strut and paint,
Yet art thou both shrunk up, and old;
That only fools make thee a saint,
And all thy good is to be sold.

I know thou whole art but a shop
Of toys and trifles, traps and snares,
To take the weak, or make them stop:
Yet art thou falser than thy wares.

And knowing this should I yet stay,
Like such as blow away their lives,
And never will redeem a day,
Enamour'd of their golden gyves?

Or having 'scaped shall I return,
And thrust my neck into the noose,
From whence so lately, I did burn,
With all my powers, my self to loose?

What bird, or beast is known so dull,
That fled his cage, or broke his chain,
And tasting air and freedom, wull
Render his head in there again?

If these who have but sense, can shun
The engines, that have them annoy'd;
Little for me had reason done,
If I could not thy gins avoid.

Yes, threaten, do. Alas, I fear
As little, as I hope from thee:
I know thou canst nor shew, nor bear
More hatred, than thou hast to me.

My tender, first, and simple years
Thou didst abuse, and then betray;
Since stirr'dst up jealousies and fears,
When all the causes were away.

Then in a soil hast planted me,
Where breathe the basest of thy fools;
Where envious arts professed be,
And pride and ignorance the schools:

Where nothing is examin'd, weigh'd,
But as 'tis rumour'd, so believed;
Where every freedom is betray'd,
And every goodness tax'd or grieved.

But what we're born for, we must bear:
Our frail condition it is such,
That what to all may happen here,
If't chance to me, I must not grutch.

Else I my state should much mistake,
To harbour a divided thought
From all my kind; that for my sake,
There should a miracle be wrought.

No, I do know that I was born
To age, misfortune, sickness, grief:
But I will bear these with that scorn,
As shall not need thy false relief.

Nor for my peace will I go far,
As wanderers do, that still do roam;
But make my strengths, such as they are,
Here in my bosom, and at home.

V.—SONG.—TO CELIA.

Come, my CELIA, let us prove,
While we may, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours for ever:
He at length our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain.
Suns that set, may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor houshold spies;
Or his easier ears beguile,
So removed by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal:
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

VI.—TO THE SAME.

Kiss me, sweet: the wary lover
Can your favours keep, and cover,
When the common courting jay
All your bounties will betray.
Kiss again: no creature comes.
Kiss, and score up wealthy sums
On my lips thus hardly sundred,
While you breathe. First give a hundred,
Then a thousand, then another
Hundred, then unto the other
Add a thousand, and so more:
Till you equal with the store,
All the grass that Rumney yields,
Or the sands in Chelsea fields,
Or the drops in silver Thames,
Or the stars that gild his streams,
In the silent Summer-nights,
When youths ply their stolen delights;
That the curious may not know
How to tell 'em as they flow,
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pined.

VII.—SONG.—THAT WOMEN ARE BUT MEN'S SHADOWS.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styl'd but the shadows of us men?

At morn and even shades are longest;
At noon they are or short, or none:
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styl'd but the shadows of us men?

VIII.—SONG.—TO SICKNESS.

Why, DISEASE, dost thou molest
Ladies, and of them the best?
Do not men enow of rites
To thy altars, by their nights
Spent in surfeits; and their days,
And nights too, in worser ways?
Take heed, Sickness, what you do,
I shall fear you'll surfeit too.
Live not we, as all thy stalls,
Spittles, pest-house, hospitals,
Scarce will take our present store?
And this age will build no more.
'Pray thee, feed contented then,
Sickness, only on us men;
Or if it needs thy lust will taste
Woman-kind; devour the waste
Livers, round about the town.
But, forgive me,—with thy crown
They maintain the truest trade,
And have more diseases made.
What should yet thy palate please?
Daintiness, and softer ease,

Sleeked limbs, and finest blood?
If thy leanness love such food,
There are those, that for thy sake,
Do enough; and who would take
Any pains: yea, think it price,
To become thy sacrifice.
That distill their husband's land
In decoctions; and are mann'd
With ten emp'rics, in their chamber,
Lying for the spirit of amber.
That for the oil of talc dare spend
More than citizens dare lend
Them, and all their officers.
That to make all pleasure theirs,
Will by coach, and water go,
Every stew in town to know;
Dare entail their loves on any,
Bald or blind, or ne'er so many:
And for thee at common game,
Play away health, wealth, and fame.
These, Disease, will thee deserve;
And will long, ere thou should'st starve,
On their beds, most prostitute,
Move it, as their humblest suit,
In thy justice to molest
None but them, and leave the rest.

IX.—SONG.—TO CELIA.

Drink to me, only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst, that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

X.—PRÆLUDIUM.

And must I sing? what subject shall I choose?
Or whose great name in poets' heaven use,
For the more countenance to my active muse?

Hercules? alas, his bones are yet sore,
With his old earthly labours: t' exact more,
Of his dull godhead, were sin. I'll implore

Phœbus. No, tend thy cart still. Envious day
Shall not give out that I have made thee stay,
And founder'd thy hot team, to tune my lay.

Nor will I beg of thee, Lord of the vine,
To raise my spirits with thy conjuring wine,
In the green circle of thy ivy twine.

Pallas, nor thee I call on, mankind maid,
That at thy birth, mad'st the poor smith afraid,
Who with his axe, thy father's midwife plaid.

Go, cramp dull Mars, light Venus, when he snorts,
Or with thy tribade trine, invent new sports;
Thou nor thy looseness with my making sorts.

Let the old boy, your son, ply his old task,
Turn the stale prologue to some painted mask;
His absence in my verse, is all I ask.

Hermes, the cheater, shall not mix with us,
Though he would steal his sisters' Pegasus,
And rifle him; or pawn his petasus.

THE PHŒNIX ANALYSED. (8)

Now after all, let no man
Receive it for a fable,
If a bird so amiable
Do turn into a woman.

Or, by our Turtle's augure,
That nature's fairest creature
Prove of his mistress' feature
But a bare type and figure.

Nor all the ladies of the Thespian lake,
Though they were crush'd into one form, could make
A beauty of that merit, that should take.

ODE ενθουσιαστική.

Splendor! O more than mortal
For other forms come short all,
Of her illustrious brightness
As far as sin's from lightness.

Her wit as quick and sprightful
As fire, and more delightful
Than the stolen sports of lovers,
When night their meeting covers.

Judgment, adorn'd with learning
Doth shine in her discerning,
Clear as a naked vestal
Closed in an orb of crystal.

Her breath for sweet exceeding
The Phœnix' place of breeding,
But mix'd with sound, transcending
All nature of commending.

Alas then whither wade I
In thought to praise this lady,
When seeking her renowning
My self am so near drowning?

Retire, and say her graces
Are deeper than their faces,
Yet she's not nice to show them,
Nor takes she pride to know them.

My muse up by commission; no, I bring
My own true fire: now my thought takes wing,
And now an Epode to deep ears I sing.

XI.—EPODE.

Not to know vice at all, and keep true state,
Is virtue and not fate:
Next to that virtue, is to know vice well,
And her black spite expel,
Which to effect (since no breast is so sure,
Or safe, but she'll procure
Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard
Of thoughts to watch, and ward
At the eye and ear, the ports unto the mind,
That no strange, or unkind
Object arrive there, but the heart, our spy,
Give knowledge instantly,
To wakeful reason, our affections' king:
Who, in th' examining,
Will quickly taste the treason, and commit
Close, the close cause of it.
'Tis the securest policy we have,
To make our sense our slave.

But this true course is not embraced by many:
By many! scarce by any.
For either our affections do rebel,
Or else the sentinel,
That should ring larum to the heart, doth sleep;
Or some great thought doth keep
Back the intelligence, and falsly swears,
They are base, and idle fears
Whereof the loyal conscience so complains,
Thus, by these subtile trains,
Do several passions invade the mind,
And strike our reason blind,
Of which usurping rank, some have thought love
The first; as prone to move
Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests,
In our enflamed breasts:
But this doth from the cloud of error grow,
Which thus we over-blow.
The thing they here call Love, is blind desire,
Arm'd with bow, shafts, and fire;
Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 'tis born,
Rough, swelling, like a storm:
With whom who sails, rides on the surge of fear,
And boils, as if he were
In a continual tempest. Now, true love
No such effects doth prove;
That is an essence far more gentle, fine,
Pure, perfect, nay divine;
It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
Whose links are bright and even,
That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines
The soft, and sweetest minds
In equal knots: this bears no brands, nor darts,
To murder different hearts,
But in a calm, and god-like unity,
Preserves community.
O, who is he, that, in this peace, enjoys
The elixir of all joys?
A form more fresh than are the Eden bowers,
And lasting as her flowers:
Richer than Time, and as time's virtue rare
Sober, as saddest care;
A fixed thought, an eye untaught to glance:
Who, blest with such high chance
Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,
Cast himself from the spire
Of all his happiness? But soft: I hear
Some vicious fool draw near,
That cries, we dream, and swears there's no such
As this chaste love we sing. [thing,
Peace, Luxury, thou art like one of those
Who, being at sea, suppose,
Because they move, the continent doth so.
No, Vice, we let thee know,
Though thy wild thoughts with sparrows' wings
Turtles can chastly die; [do flie,
And yet (in this t' express ourselves more clear)
We do not number here
Such spirits as are only continent,
Because lust's means are spent:
Or those, who doubt the common mouth of fame,
And for their place and name,
Cannot so safely sin: their chastity
Is mere necessity.
Nor mean we those, whom vows and conscience
Have fill'd with abstinence:
Though we acknowledge, who can so abstain,
Makes a most blessed gain.
He that for love of goodness hateth ill,
Is more crown-worthy still,
Than he, which for sin's penalty forbears;
His heart sins, though he fears.
But we propose a person like our Dove,
Graced with a Phœnix' love;
A beauty of that clear and sparkling light,
Would make a day of night,
And turn the blackest sorrows to bright joys;
Whose odorous breath destroys
All taste of bitterness, and makes the air
As sweet as she is fair.
A body so harmoniously composed,
As if nature disclosed
All her best symmetry in that one feature!
O, so divine a creature,
Who could be false to? chiefly, when he knows
How only she bestows
The wealthy treasure of her love on him;
Making his fortunes swim
In the full flood of her admired perfection?
What savage, brute affection,
Would not be fearful to offend a dame
Of this excelling frame?
Much more a noble, and right generous mind,
To virtuous moods inclin'd,
That knows the weight of guilt; he will refrain
From thoughts of such a strain,
And to his sense object this sentence ever,
"Man may securely sin, but safely never."

XII. EPISTLE.—TO ELIZABETH COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.

MADAM,
Whilst that for which all virtue now is sold,
And almost every vice, almighty gold,
That which, to boot with hell, is thought worth heaven
And for it, life, conscience, yea souls are given,
Toils, by grave custom, up and down the court,
To every squire, or groom, that will report
Well or ill, only all the following year,
Just to the weight their this day's presents bear;
While it makes huishers serviceable men,
And some one apteth to be trusted then,
Though never after; whiles it gains the voice
Of some grand peer, whose air doth make rejoice
The fool that gave it; who will want and weep,
When his proud patron's favours are asleep;
While thus it buys great grace, and hunts poor fame; [dame;
Runs between man and man; 'tween dame and
Solders crack'd friendship; makes love last a day;
Or perhaps less: whilst gold bears all this sway,
I, that have none to send you, send you verse.
A present which, if elder writs rehearse
The truth of times, was once of more esteem,
Than this our gilt, nor golden age can deem,
When gold was made no weapon to cut throats,
Or put to flight Astrea, when her ingóts
Were yet unfound, and better placed in earth,
Than here, to give pride fame, and peasants birth.
But let this dross carry what price it will
With noble ignorants, and let them still
Turn upon scorned verse their quarter-face:
With you, I know, my offering will find grace.
For what a sin 'gainst your great father's spirit,
Were it to think, that you should not inherit
His love unto the Muses, when his skill
Almost you have, or may have when you will!
Wherein wise nature you a dowry gave,
Worth an estate, treble to that you have.

Beauty I know is good, and blood is more ;
Riches thought most ; but, madam, think what store
The world hath seen, which all these had in trust,
And now lie lost in their forgotten dust.
It is the Muse alone, can raise to heaven,
And at her strong arm's end, hold up, and even,
The souls she loves. Those other glorious notes,
Inscribed in touch or marble, or the coats
Painted, or carv'd upon our great men's tombs,
Or in their windows, do but prove the wombs
That bred them, graves : when they were born they died,
That had no muse to make their fame abide.
How many equal with the Argive queen,
Have beauty known, yet none so famous seen !
Achilles was not first, that valiant was,
Or, in an army's head, that lock'd in brass
Gave killing strokes. There were brave men before
Ajax, or Idomen, or all the store
That Homer brought to Troy ; yet none so live,
Because they lack'd the sacred pen could give
Like life unto them. Who heav'd Hercules
Unto the stars, or the Tindarides?
Who placed Jason's Argo in the sky,
Or set bright Ariadne's crown so high?
Who made a lamp of Berenice's hair,
Or lifted Cassiopeia in her chair,
But only poets, rapt with rage divine?
And such, or my hopes fail, shall make you shine.
You, and that other star, that purest light,
Of all Lucina's train, Lucy the bright ;
Than which a nobler heaven itself knows not ;
Who, though she hath a better verser got,
Or poet, in the court-account, than I,
And who doth me, though I not him, envý,
Yet for the timely favours she hath done,
To my less sanguine muse, wherein she hath won
My grateful soul, the subject of her powers,
I have already used some happy hours,
To her remembrance ; which when time shall
To curious light, to notes I then shall sing, [bring
Will prove old Orpheus' act no tale to be :
For I shall move stocks, stones, no less than he.
Then all that have but done my Muse least grace,
Shall thronging come, and boast the happy place
They hold in my strange poems, which, as yet,
Had not their form touch'd by an English wit.
There, like a rich and golden pyramed,
Borne up by statues, shall I rear your head
Above your under-carved ornaments,
And shew how to the life my soul presents
Your form imprest there : not with tickling rhymes,
Or common-places, filch'd, that take these times,
But high and noble matter, such as flies
From brains entranced, and fill'd with extasies ;
Moods, which the godlike Sidney oft did prove,
And your brave friend and mine so well did love.
Who, wheresoe'er he be——

The rest is lost.

XIII.—EPISTLE TO KATHARINE LADY AUBIGNY.

'Tis grown almost a danger to speak true
Of any good mind, now ; there are so few.
The bad, by number, are so fortified,
As what they have lost t' expect, they dare deride.
So both the prais'd and praisers suffer ; yet,
For others ill ought none their good forget.
I therefore, who profess myself in love
With every virtue, wheresoe'er it move,
And howsoever ; as I am at feud
With sin and vice, though with a throne endued ;
And, in this name, am given out dangerous
By arts, and practice of the vicious,
Such as suspect themselves, and think it fit,
For their own capital crimes, to indict my wit ;
I that have suffer'd this ; and though forsook
Of fortune, have not alter'd yet my look,
Or so myself abandon'd, as because
Men are not just, or keep no holy laws
Of nature and society, I should faint ;
Or fear to draw true lines, 'cause others paint :
I, madam, am become your praiser ; where,
If it may stand with your soft blush, to hear
Yourself but told unto yourself, and see
In my character what your features be,
You will not from the paper slightly pass :
No lady, but at some time loves her glass.
And this shall be no false one, but as much
Remov'd, as you from need to have it such.
Look then, and see your self—I will not say
Your beauty, for you see that every day ;
And so do many more : all which can call
It perfect, proper, pure, and natural,
Not taken up o' the doctors, but as well
As I, can say and see it doth excel ;
That asks but to be censured by the eyes :
And in those outward forms, all fools are wise.
Nor that your beauty wanted not a dower,
Do I reflect. Some alderman has power,
Or cozening farmer of the customs, so
To advance his doubtful issue, and o'erflow
A prince's fortune : these are gifts of chance,
And raise not virtue ; they may vice enhance.
My mirror is more subtle, clear, refined,
And takes and gives the beauties of the mind ;
Though it reject not those of fortune : such
As blood, and match. Wherein, how more than much
Are you engaged to your happy fate,
For such a lot ! that mixt you with a state
Of so great title, birth, but virtue most,
Without which all the rest were sounds, or lost.
'Tis only that can time and chance defeat :
For he that once is good, is ever great.
Wherewith then, madam, can you better pay
This blessing of your stars, than by that way
Of virtue, which you tread? What if alone,
Without companions? 'tis safe to have none.
In single paths dangers with ease are watch'd ;
Contagion in the press is soonest catch'd.
This makes, that wisely you decline your life
Far from the maze of custom, error, strife,
And keep an even, and unalter'd gait ;
Not looking by, or back, like those that wait
Times and occasions, to start forth, and seem.
Which though the turning world may disesteem,
Because that studies spectacles and shows,
And after varied, as fresh objects, goes,
Giddy with change, and therefore cannot see
Right, the right way ; yet must your comfort be
Your conscience, and not wonder if none asks
For truth's complexion, where they all wear masks
Let who will follow fashions and attires,
Maintain their liegers forth for foreign wires,
Melt down their husbands lands, to pour away
On the close groom and page, on new-year's day,
And almost all days after, while they live ;
They find it both so witty, and safe to give.
Let them on powders, oils, and paintings spend,
Till that no usurer, nor his bawds dare lend

Them or their officers; and no man know,
Whether it be a face they wear or no.
Let them waste body and state; and after all,
When their own parasites laugh at their fall,
May they have nothing left, whereof they can
Boast, but how oft they have gone wrong to man,
And call it their brave sin: for such there be
That do sin only for the infamy;
And never think, how vice doth every hour
Eat on her clients, and some one devour. [shelves,
You, madam, young have learn'd to shun these
Whereon the most of mankind wreck themselves,
And keeping a just course, have early put
Into your harbour, and all passage shut [peace;
'Gainst storms or pirates, that might charge your
For which you worthy are the glad increase
Of your blest womb, made fruitful from above
To pay your lord the pledges of chaste love;
And raise a noble stem, to give the fame
To Clifton's blood, that is denied their name.
Grow, grow, fair tree! and as thy branches shoot,
Hear what the Muses sing above thy root,
By me, their priest, if they can aught divine:
Before the moons have fill'd their triple trine,
To crown the burden which you go withal,
It shall a ripe and timely issue fall,
T' expect the honours of great AUBIGNY;
And greater rites, yet writ in mystery,
But which the fates forbid me to reveal.
Only thus much out of a ravish'd zeal
Unto your name, and goodness of your life,
They speak; since you are truly that rare wife
Other great wives may blush at, when they see
What your tried manners are, what theirs should be;
How you love one, and him you should, how still
You are depending on his word and will;
Not fashion'd for the court, or strangers' eyes;
But to please him, who is the dearer prize
Unto himself, by being so dear to you.
This makes, that your affections still be new,
And that your souls conspire, as they were gone
Each into other, and had now made one.
Live that one still! and as long years do pass,
Madam, be bold to use this truest glass;
Wherein your form you still the same shall find;
Because nor it can change, nor such a mind.

XIV.—ODE TO SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Now that the hearth is crown'd with smiling fire,
And some do drink, and some do dance,
Some ring,
Some sing,
And all do strive to advance
The gladness higher;
Wherefore should I
Stand silent by,
Who not the least,
Both love the cause, and authors of the feast?

Give me my cup, but from the Thespian well,
That I may tell to SIDNEY what
This day
Doth say,
And he may think on that
Which I do tell;
When all the noise
Of these forced joys,
Are fled and gone,
And he with his best Genius left alone.

This day says, then, the number of glad years
Are justly summ'd, that make you man;
Your vow
Must now
Strive all right ways it can,
T' outstrip your peers:
Since he doth lack
Of going back
Little, whose will
Doth urge him to run wrong, or to stand still

Nor can a little of the common store
Of nobles' virtue, shew in you;
Your blood
So good
And great, must seek for new,
And study more:
Nor weary, rest
On what's deceas'd.
For they, that swell
With dust of ancestors, in graves but dwell.

'Twill be exacted of your name, whose son,
Whose nephew, whose grandchild you are;
And men
Will then
Say you have follow'd far,
When well begun:
Which must be now,
They teach you how.
And he that stays
To live until to-morrow', hath lost two days.

So may you live in honour, as in name,
If with this truth you be inspired;
So may
This day
Be more, and long desired;
And with the flame
Of love be bright,
As with the light
Of bonfires! then
The birth-day shines, when logs not burn, but men.

XV.—TO HEAVEN.

Good and great GOD! can I not think of thee,
But it must straight my melancholy be?
Is it interpreted in me disease,
That, laden with my sins, I seek for ease?
O be thou witness, that the reins dost know
And hearts of all, if I be sad for show;
And judge me after: if I dare pretend
To aught but grace, or aim at other end.
As thou art all, so be thou all to me,
First, midst, and last, converted One, and Three!
My faith, my hope, my love; and in this state,
My judge, my witness, and my advocate.
Where have I been this while exiled from thee,
And whither rapt, now thou but stoop'st to me?
Dwell, dwell here still! O, being every where,
How can I doubt to find thee ever here?
I know my state, both full of shame and scorn,
Conceived in sin, and unto labour born,
Standing with fear, and must with horror fall,
And destined unto judgment, after all.
I feel my griefs too, and there scarce is ground,
Upon my flesh t' inflict another wound:
Yet dare I not complain, or wish for death,
With holy PAUL, lest it be thought the breath
Of discontent; or that these prayers be
For weariness of life, not love of thee.

UNDERWOODS;

CONSISTING OF DIVERS POEMS.

——— CINERI, GLORIA SERA VENIT.—MART.

TO THE READER.

WITH the same leave the ancients called that kind of body *Sylva*, or Ὕλη, in which there were works of div nature and matter congested; as the multitude called Timber-Trees promiscuously growing, a Wood or Forest; so I am bold to entitule these lesser poems of later growth, by this of UNDERWOOD, out of the analogy they hold to the Forest in my former book, and no otherwise. BEN JONSON.

POEMS OF DEVOTION.

THE SINNER'S SACRIFICE.

I.—TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

I.

O HOLY, blessed, glorious Trinity
Of persons, still one God in Unity.
The faithful man's believed mystery,
Help, help to lift
Myself up to thee, harrow'd, torn, and bruised,
By sin and Satan; and my flesh misused,
As my heart lies in pieces, all confused,
O take my gift.

II.

All-gracious God, the sinner's sacrifice,
A broken heart, thou wert not wont despise;
But 'bove the fat of rams, or bulls to prize,
An offering meet,
For thy acceptance: O, behold me right,
And take compassion on my grievous plight!
What odour can be, than a heart contrite,
To thee more sweet?

III.

Eternal Father, God, who didst create
This all of nothing, gav'st it form and fate,
And breath'st into it life and light, with state
To worship thee.
Eternal God the Son, who not deniedst
To take our nature; becam'st man, and diedst,
To pay our debts, upon thy cross, and criedst
ALL'S DONE IN ME.

IV.

Eternal Spirit, God from both proceeding,
Father and Son; the Comforter, in breeding
Pure thoughts in man: with fiery zeal them feeding
For acts of grace.
Increase those acts, O glorious Trinity
Of persons, still one God in Unity;
Till I attain the long'd-for mystery
Of seeing your face,

V.

Beholding one in three, and three in one,
A Trinity, to shine in Union;
The gladdest light dark man can think upon;
O grant it me!
Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost, you three,
All co-eternal in your majesty,
Distinct in persons, yet in unity
One God to see.

VI.

My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier!
To hear, to mediate, sweeten my desire
With grace, with love, with cherishing entire:
O, then how blest!
Among thy saints elected to abide,
And with thy angels placed, side by side,
But in thy presence, truly glorified
Shall I there rest!

II.—AN HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

Hear me, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part:
Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein, thy love.

If thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and thee.

For, sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than thou hast done?
That gav'st a Son
To free a slave.
First made of nought;
With all since bought

Sin, death, and hell
His glorious name
Quite overcame;
Yet I rebel,
And slight the same.

But, I'll come in,
Before my loss,
Me farther toss,
As sure to win
Under his cross.

III.—AN HYMN ON THE NATIVITY OF MY SAVIOUR.

I sing the birth was born to-night,
The author both of life and light;
The angels so did sound it.
And like the ravish'd shepherds said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet search'd, and true they found it.

The Son of God, the Eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger;
He whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which heaven and earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom will'd it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
And took on him our nature.

What comfort by him do we win,
Who made himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory!
To see this Babe, all innocence
A martyr born in our defence;
Can man forget this story?

A CELEBRATION OF CHARIS;

IN TEN LYRIC PIECES.

I.—HIS EXCUSE FOR LOVING.

Let it not your wonder move,
Less your laughter, that I love.
Though I now write fifty years,
I have had, and have my peers;
Poets, though divine, are men:
Some have loved as old again.
And it is not always face,
Clothes, or fortune, gives the grace;
Or the feature, or the youth:
But the language, and the truth,
With the ardour, and the passion,
Gives the lover weight and fashion.
If you then will read the story,
First, prepare you to be sorry,
That you never knew till now,
Either whom to love, or how:
But be glad, as soon with me,
When you know that this is she,
Of whose beauty it was sung,
She shall make the old man young,
Keep the middle age at stay,
And let nothing high decay;
Till she be the reason, why,
All the world for love may die.

II.—HOW HE SAW HER.

I beheld her on a day,
When her look out-flourish'd May:
And her dressing did out-brave
All the pride the fields then have:
Far I was from being stupid,
For I ran and call'd on Cupid;—
Love, if thou wilt ever see
Mark of glory, come with me;
Where's thy quiver? bend thy bow;
Here's a shaft,—thou art too slow!
And, withal, I did untie
Every cloud about his eye;
But he had not gain'd his sight
Sooner than he lost his might,
Or his courage; for away
Straight he ran, and durst not stay,
Letting bow and arrow fall;
Not for any threat, or call,
Could be brought once back to look.
I fool-hardy, there up took
Both the arrow he had quit,
And the bow, with thought to hit
This my object; but she threw
Such a lightning, as I drew,
At my face, that took my sight,
And my motion from me quite;
So that there I stood a stone,
Mock'd of all, and call'd of one,
(Which with grief and wrath I heard,)
Cupid's statue with a beard;
Or else one that play'd his ape,
In a Hercules his shape.

III.—WHAT HE SUFFERED.

After many scorns like these,
Which the prouder beauties please;
She content was to restore
Eyes and limbs to hurt me more,
And would, on conditions, be
Reconciled to Love and me.
First, that I must kneeling yield
Both the bow and shaft I held
Unto her; which Love might take
At her hand, with oaths, to make
Me the scope of his next draft,
Aimed, with that self-same shaft.
He no sooner heard the law,
But the arrow home did draw,
And, to gain her by his art,
Left it sticking in my heart.

Which when she beheld to bleed,
She repented of the deed,
And would fain have chang'd the fate,
But the pity comes too late.
Loser-like, now, all my wreak
Is, that I have leave to speak;
And in either prose, or song,
To revenge me with my tongue;
Which how dexterously I do,
Hear, and make example too.

IV.—HER TRIUMPH.

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamour'd, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side, [ride.
Through swords, through seas, whither she would

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her:
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of the bever?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

V.—HIS DISCOURSE WITH CUPID

Noblest CHARIS, you that are
Both my fortune and my star,
And do govern more my blood,
Than the various moon the flood,
Hear, what late discourse of you,
LOVE and I have had; and true.
Mongst my Muses finding me,
Where he chanced your name to see
Set, and to this softer strain;
Sure, said he, if I have brain,
This, here sung, can be no other,
By description, but my mother!
So hath Homer praised her hair;
So Anacreon drawn the air
Of her face, and made to rise
Just about her sparkling eyes,
Both her brows bent like my bow.
By her looks I do her know,
Which you call my shafts. And see!
Such my mother's blushes be,
As the bath your verse discloses
In her cheeks, of milk and roses;
Such as oft I wanton in:
And, above her even chin,
Have you placed the bank of kisses,
Where, you say, men gather blisses,
Ripen'd with a breath more sweet,
Than when flowers and west-winds meet.
Nay, her white and polish'd neck,
With the lace that doth it deck,
Is my mother's: hearts of slain
Lovers, made into a chain!
And between each rising oreast,
Lies the valley call'd my nest.
Where I sit and proyne my wings
After flight; and put new stings
To my shafts: her very name
With my mother's is the same.
I confess all, I replied,
And the glass hangs by her side,
And the girdle 'bout her waist,
All is Venus, save unchaste.
But alas, thou seest the least
Of her good, who is the best
Of her sex: but couldst thou, Love,
Call to mind the forms that strove
For the apple, and those three
Make in one, the same were she.
For this beauty yet doth hide
Something more than thou hast spied.
Outward grace weak love beguiles:
She is Venus when she smiles;
But she's Juno, when she walks,
And Minerva when she talks.

VI.—CLAIMING A SECOND KISS BY DESERT.

CHARIS, guess, and do not miss,
Since I drew a morning kiss
From your lips, and suck'd an air
Thence, as sweet as you are fair,
What my Muse and I have done:
Whether we have lost or won,
If by us the odds were laid,
That the bride, allow'd a maid,
Look'd not half so fresh and fair,
With the advantage of her hair,
And her jewels to the view
Of the assembly, as did you!
Or that did you sit or walk,
You were more the eye and talk
Of the court, to-day, than all
Else that glister'd in Whitehall;
So, as those that had your sight,
Wish'd the bride were chang'd to-night,
And did think such rites were due
To no other Grace but you!
Or, if you did move to-night
In the dances, with what spite
Of your peers you were beheld,
That at every motion swell'd
So to see a lady tread,
As might all the Graces lead,
And was worthy, being so seen,
To be envied of the queen.
Or if you would yet have staid,
Whether any would upbraid
To himself his loss of time;
Or have charg'd his sight of crime,
To have left all sight for you.
Guess of these which is the true;
And, if such a verse as this,
May not claim another kiss.

VII.—BEGGING ANOTHER, ON COLOUR OF MENDING THE FORMER.

For Love's sake, kiss me once again,
I long, and should not beg in vain,
Here's none to spy, or see;
Why do you doubt or stay?
I'll taste as lightly as the bee,
That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.

Once more, and, faith, I will be gone,
Can he that loves ask less than one?
Nay, you may err in this,
And all your bounty wrong:
This could be call'd but half a kiss;
What we're but once to do, we should do long.

I will but mend the last, and tell
Where, how, it would have relish'd well;
Join lip to lip, and try:
Each suck the other's breath,
And whilst our tongues perplexed lie,
Let who will think us dead, or wish our death.

VIII.—URGING HER OF A PROMISE.

CHARIS one day in discourse
Had of Love, and of his force,
Lightly promis'd she would tell
What a man she could love well:
And that promise set on fire
All that heard her with desire.
With the rest, I long expected
When the work would be effected;
But we find that cold delay,
And excuse spun every day,
As, until she tell her one,
We all fear, she loveth none.
Therefore, Charis, you must do't,
For I will so urge you to't,
You shall neither eat nor sleep,
No, nor forth your window peep,
With your emissary eye,
To fetch in the forms go by,
And pronounce, which band or lace
Better fits him than his face:
Nay, I will not let you sit
'Fore your idol glass a whit,
To say over every purl
There; or to reform a curl;
Or with secretary Cis
To consult, if fucus this
Be as good, as was the last:—
All your sweet of life is past,
Make account, unless you can,
And that quickly, speak your Man.

IX.—HER MAN DESCRIBED BY HER OWN DICTAMEN.

Of your trouble, BEN, to ease me,
I will tell what Man would please me.
I would have him, if I could,
Noble; or of greater blood;
Titles, I confess, do take me,
And a woman God did make me;
French to boot, at least in fashion,
And his manners of that nation.
Young I'd have him too, and fair,
Yet a man; with crisped hair,
Cast in thousand snares and rings,
For love's fingers, and his wings:
Chestnut colour, or more slack,
Gold, upon a ground of black.
Venus and Minerva's eyes,
For he must look wanton-wise.
Eyebrows bent, like Cupid's bow,
Front, an ample field of snow;
Even nose and cheek withal,
Smooth as is the billiard-ball:
Chin as woolly as the peach;
And his lip should kissing teach,
Till he cherish'd too much beard,
And made Love or me afeard.
He should have a hand as soft
As the down, and shew it oft;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush
Rising through it, ere it came;
All his blood should be a flame,
Quickly fired, as in beginners
In love's school, and yet no sinners.
'Twere too long to speak of all;
What we harmony do call,
In a body, should be there.
Well he should his clothes, too, wear,
Yet no tailor help to make him;
Drest, you still for man should take him,
And not think he'd eat a stake,
Or were set up in a brake.
Valiant he should be as fire,
Shewing danger more than ire.
Bounteous as the clouds to earth,
And as honest as his birth;
All his actions to be such,
As to do no thing too much:
Nor o'er-praise, nor yet condemn,
Nor out-value, nor contemn;
Nor do wrongs, nor wrongs receive,
Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave;
And from baseness to be free,
As he durst love truth and me.
Such a man, with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.

X.—ANOTHER LADY'S EXCEPTION, PRESENT AT THE HEARING.

For his mind I do not care,
That's a toy that I could spare:
Let his title be but great,
His clothes rich, and band sit neat,
Himself young, and face be good,
All I wish is understood.
What you please, you parts may call,
'Tis one good part I'd lie withal.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

..—THE MUSICAL STRIFE.—A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

She. Come, with our voices let us war,
And challenge all the spheres,
Till each of us be made a star,
And all the world turn ears.

He. At such a call, what beast or fowl,
Of reason empty is?
What tree or stone doth want a soul,
What man but must lose his?

She. Mix then your notes, that we may prove
To stay the running floods;
To make the mountain quarries move,
And call the walking woods.

He. What need of me? do you but sing,
Sleep, and the grave will wake:
No tunes are sweet, nor words have sting,
But what those lips do make.

She. They say, the angels mark each deed,
And exercise below;
And out of inward pleasure feed
On what they viewing know.

He. O sing not you then, lest the best
Of angels should be driven
To fall again, at such a feast,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

She. Nay, rather both our souls be strain'd
To meet their high desire;
So they in state of grace retain'd,
May wish us of their quire.

II.—A SONG.

Oh do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

O be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

O do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distract with fears;
Mine own enough betray me.

III.—IN THE PERSON OF WOMANKIND.—A SONG APOLOGETIC.

Men, if you love us, play no more
The fools or tyrants with your friends,
To make us still sing o'er and o'er,
Our own false praises, for your ends:
We have both wits and fancies too,
And if we must, let's sing of you.

Nor do we doubt, but that we can,
If we would search with care and pain,
Find some one good, in some one man;
So going thorough all your strain,
We shall at last, of parcels make
One good enough for a song's sake.

And as a cunning painter takes
In any curious piece you see,
More pleasure while the thing he makes,
Than when 'tis made; why, so will we.
And having pleas'd our art, we'll try
To make a new, and hang that by.

IV.—ANOTHER, IN DEFENCE OF THEIR INCONSTANCY.

Hang up those dull and envious fools
That talk abroad of woman's change,
We were not bred to sit on stools,
Our proper virtue is to range:
Take that away, you take our lives,
We are no women then, but wives.

Such as in valour would excel,
Do change, though men, and often fight,
Which we in love must do as well,
If ever we will love aright:
The frequent varying of the deed,
Is that which doth perfection breed.

Nor is't inconstancy to change
For what is better, or to make,
By searching, what before was strange,
Familiar, for the use's sake:
The good from bad is not descried,
But as 'tis often vext and tried.

And this profession of a store
In love, doth not alone help forth
Our pleasure; but preserves us more
From being forsaken, than doth worth:
For were the worthiest woman curst
To love one man, he'd leave her first.

V.—A NYMPH'S PASSION.

I love, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the nymphs should know my swain,
I fear they'd love him too;
Yet if he be not known,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our own.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me;
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
It were a plague 'bove scorn:
And yet it cannot be forborn,
Unless my heart would, as my thought, be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky, or purged air,
And looks as lilies do
That are this morning blown;
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be shown.

But he hath eyes so round, and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his torches light
Though hate had put them out:
But then, t' increase my fears,
What nymph soe'er his voice but hears,
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no

One unbecoming thought doth move
From either heart, I know;
But so exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a fame,
If love or fear would let me tell his name.

VI.—THE HOUR-GLASS.

Consider this small dust, here, in the glass,
By atoms mov'd:
Could you believe, that this the body was
Of one that lov'd;
And in his mistress' flame, playing like a fly,
Was turn'd to cinders by her eye:
Yes; and in death, as life unblest,
To have 't exprest,
Ev'n ashes of lovers find no rest.

VII.—MY PICTURE, LEFT IN SCOTLAND.

I now think, Love is rather deaf than blind,
For else it could not be,
That she,
Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
And cast my suit behind:
I'm sure my language to her was as sweet,
And every close did meet
In sentence of as subtle feet,
As hath the youngest he,
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.
Oh! but my conscious fears,
That fly my thoughts between,
Tell me that she hath seen
My hundreds of gray hairs,
Told seven and forty years,
Read so much waste, as she cannot embrace
My mountain belly, and my rocky face, [ears.
And all these, through her eyes, have stopt her

VIII.—AGAINST JEALOUSY.

Wretched and foolish jealousy,
How cam'st thou thus to enter me?
I ne'er was of thy kind;
Nor have I yet the narrow mind
To vent that poor desire,
That others should not warm them at my fire:
I wish the sun should shine
On all men's fruits and flowers, as well as mine.

But under the disguise of love,
Thou say'st, thou only cam'st to prove
What my affections were.
Think'st thou that love is help'd by fear?
Go, get thee quickly forth,
Love's sickness, and his noted want of worth,
Seek doubting men to please,
I ne'er will owe my health to a disease.

IX.—THE DREAM.

Or scorn, or pity, on me take,
I must the true relation make,
I am undone to-night:
Love in a subtle dream disguised,
Hath both my heart and me surprised,
Whom never yet he durst attempt awake;
Nor will he tell me for whose sake
He did me the delight,
Or spight;
But leaves me to inquire,
In all my wild desire,
Of Sleep again, who was his aid,
And Sleep so guilty and afraid,
As since he dares not come within my sight.

X.—AN EPITAPH ON MASTER VINCENT CORBET

I have my piety too, which, could
It vent itself but as it would,
Would say as much as both have done
Before me here, the friend and son:
For I both lost a friend and father,
Of him whose bones this grave doth gather,
Dear VINCENT CORBET, who so long
Had wrestled with diseases strong,
That though they did possess each limb,
Yet he broke them, ere they could him,
With the just canon of his life,
A life that knew nor noise, nor strife;
But was, by sweetning so his will,
All order and disposure still.
His mind as pure, and neatly kept,
As were his nurseries, and swept
So of uncleanness, or offence,
That never came ill odour thence!
And add his actions unto these,
They were as specious as his trees.
'Tis true, he could not reprehend—
His very manners taught t' amend,
They were so even, grave and holy;
No stubbornness so stiff, nor folly
To license ever was so light,
As twice to trespass in his sight:
His looks would so correct it, when
It chid the vice, yet not the men.
Much from him, I profess I won,
And more, and more, I should have done,
But that I understood him scant,
Now I conceive him by my want;
And pray who shall my sorrows read,
That they for me their tears will shed;
For truly, since he left to be,
I feel, I'm rather dead than he!

Reader, whose life and name did e'er become
An Epitaph, deserv'd a Tomb:
Nor wants it here through penury or sloth,
Who makes the one, so it be first, makes both.

XI.—ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

TO THE READER.

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle SHAKSPEARE cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to out-do the life:
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he has hit
His face; the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass:
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

XII.—TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, SHAKSPEARE, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise.

These are, as some infámous bawd, or whore,
Should praise a matron ; what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin : Soul of the age !
The applause ! delight ! the wonder of our stage !
My SHAKSPEARE rise ! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room :
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses :
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlow's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I will not seek
For names : but call forth thund'ring Eschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage : or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time !
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm !
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines !
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of nature's family.
Yet must I not give nature all ; thy art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion : and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil ; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn ;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou ! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well torned, and true filed lines ;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James !
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there !
Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

XIII.—ON THE HONOURED POEMS OF HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, BARONET.

This book will live ; it hath a Genius ; this
Above his reader, or his praiser, is.
Hence, then, profane ! here needs no words expense
In bulwarks, rav'lins, ramparts for defence :
Such as the creeping common pioners use,
When they do sweat to fortify a Muse.
Though I confess it BEAUMONT'S book to be
The bound, and frontier of our poetry ;
And doth deserve all muniments of praise,
That art, or ingine, on the strength can raise ;
Yet, who dares offer a redoubt to rear,
To cut a dike, or stick a stake up, here,
Before this work ? where envy hath not cast
A trench against it, nor a batt'ry plac't ?
Stay till she make her vain approaches ; then,
If maimed she come off, 'tis not of men,
This fort of so impregnable access ;
But higher power, as spight could not make less,
Nor flattery ; but, secur'd by the author's name,
Defies what's cross to piety, or good fame :
And like a hallowed temple, free from taint
Of ethnicisme, makes his Muse a saint.

XIV.—TO MR. JOHN FLETCHER, UPON HIS FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

The wise, and many-headed bench, that sits
Upon the life and death of plays and wits,
(Compos'd of gamester, captain, knight, knight's man,
Lady or pucelle, that wears mask or fan,
Velvet, or taffata cap, rank'd in the dark
With the shop's foreman, or some such brave spark
That may judge for his sixpence) had, before
They saw it half, damn'd thy whole play, and more :
Their motives were, since it had not to do
With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.
I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,
And wish that all the Muses' blood were spilt
In such a martyrdom, to vex their eyes,
Do crown thy murder'd poem : which shall rise
A glorified work to time, when fire,
Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire.

XV.—EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this sable herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
SIDNEY'S sister, PEMBROKE'S mother ;
Death ! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

XVI.—A VISION ON THE MUSES OF HIS FRIEND MICHAEL DRAYTON.

It hath been question'd, MICHAEL, if I be
A friend at all ; or, if at all, to thee :
Because, who make the question, have not seen
Those ambling visits pass in verse, between
Thy Muse and mine, as they expect : 'tis true,
You have not writ to me, nor I to you.
And though I now begin, 'tis not to rub
Hanch against hanch, or raise a rhyming club
About the town ; this reckoning I will pay,
Without conferring symbols ; this' my day.
It was no dream ! I was awake, and saw.
Lend me thy voice, O Fame, that I may draw

Wonder to truth, and have my vision hurl'd
Hot from thy trumpet round about the world.
I saw a beauty, from the sea to rise,
That all earth look'd on, and that earth all eyes!
It cast a beam, as when the cheerful sun
Is fair got up, and day some hours begun;
And fill'd an orb as circular as heaven:
The orb was cut forth into regions seven,
And those so sweet, and well-proportion'd parts,
As it had been the circle of the arts:
When, by thy bright IDEA standing by,
I found it pure and perfect poesy.
There read I, straight, thy learned LEGENDS three,
Heard the soft airs, between our swains and thee,
Which made me think the old Theocritus
Or rural Virgil come to pipe to us.
But then thy Epistolar HEROIC SONGS,
Their loves, their quarrels, jealousies and wrongs,
Did all so strike me, as I cried, who can
With us be call'd the Naso, but this man?
And looking up, I saw Minerva's fowl,
Perch'd over head, the wise Athenian OWL:
I thought thee then our Orpheus, that wouldst try,
Like him, to make the air one volary.
And I had styled thee Orpheus, but before
My lips cou'd form the voice, I heard that roar,
And rouze, the marching of a mighty force,
Drums against drums, the neighing of the horse,
The fights, the cries, and wond'ring at the jars,
I saw and read it was the BARONS' WARS.
O how in those dost thou instruct these times,
That rebels' actions are but valiant crimes;
And carried, though with shout and noise, confess
A wild, and an unauthorized wickedness!
Say'st thou so, Lucan? but thou scorn'st to stay
Under one title: thou hast made thy way
And flight about the isle, well near, by this
In thy admired Periegesis,
Or universal circumduction
Of all that read thy POLY-OLBION.
That read it! that are ravish'd; such was I,
With every song, I swear, and so would die;
But that I hear again thy drum to beat
A better cause, and strike the bravest heat
That ever yet did fire the English blood,
Our right in France, if rightly understood.
There thou art Homer; pray thee, use the style
Thou hast deserv'd, and let me read the while
Thy catalogue of ships, exceeding his,
Thy list of aids and force, for so it is:
The poet's act; and for his country'sake,
Brave are the musters that the muse will make.
And when he ships them, where to use their arms,
How do his trumpets breathe! what loud alarms!
Look how we read the Spartans were inflam'd
With bold Tyrtæus' verse; when thou art nam'd,
So shall our English youth urge on, and cry
An AGINCOURT! an AGINCOURT! or die.
This book, it is a catechism to fight,
And will be bought of every lord and knight
That can but read; who cannot, may in prose
Get broken pieces, and fight well by those.
The miseries of MARGARET the queen,
Of tender eyes will more be wept than seen.
I feel it by mine own, that overflow
And stop my sight in every line I go.
But then, refreshed by thy FAIRY COURT,
I look on CYNTHIA, and SYRENA'S sport,
As on two flow'ry carpets that did rise,
And with their grassy green restored mine eyes.
Yet give me leave to wonder at the birth [mirth,
Of thy strange MOON-CALF, both thy strain of
And gossip-got acquaintance, as to us
Thou hadst brought Lapland, or old Cobalus,
Empusa, Lamia, or some monster more,
Than Afric knew, or the full Grecian store.
I gratulate it to thee, and thy ends,
To all thy virtuous and well-chosen friends;
Only my loss is, that I am not there,
And till I worthy am to wish I were,
I call the world that envies me, to see
If I can be a friend, and friend to thee.

XVII.—EPITAPH ON MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they, and what their children owe
To Drayton's name; whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory, and preserve his story,
Remain a lasting monument of his glory.—
And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name;
His name, that cannot die, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

XVIII.—TO MY TRULY BELOVED FRIEND, MASTER BROWNE: ON HIS PASTORALS.

Some men, of books or friends not speaking right,
May hurt them more with praise, than foes with spight.
But I have seen thy work, and I know thee:
And, if thou list thyself, what thou canst be.
For, though but early in these paths thou tread,
I find thee write most worthy to be read.
It must be thine own judgment, yet, that sends
This thy work forth; that judgment mine commends.
And, where the most read books, on authors' fames,
Or, like our money-brokers, take up names
On credit, and are cozen'd; see, that thou
By offering not more sureties, than enow,
Hold thine own worth unbroke; which is so good
Upon the Exchange of Letters, as I wou'd
More of our writers would like thee, not swell
With the how much they set forth, but the how well.

XIX.—TO HIS MUCH AND WORTHILY ESTEEMED FRIEND, THE AUTHOR.

Who takes thy volume to his virtuous hand,
Must be intended still to understand:
Who bluntly doth but look upon the same,
May ask, what author would conceal his name?
Who reads may rove, and call the passage dark,
Yet may as blind men sometimes hit the mark.
Who reads, who roves, who hopes to understand,
May take thy volume to his virtuous hand:
Who cannot read, but only doth desire
To understand, he may at length admire.

XX.—TO MY WORTHY AND HONOURED FRIEND, MASTER GEORGE CHAPMAN.

Whose work, could this be, CHAPMAN, to refine
Old Hesiod's ore, and give it thus! but thine,
Who hadst before wrought in rich Homer's mine.

What treasure hast thou brought us! and what store
Still, still, dost thou arrive with at our shore,
To make thy honour, and our wealth the more!

If all the vulgar tongues that speak this day
Were ask'd of thy discoveries; they must say,
To the Greek coast thine only knew the way.

Such passage hast thou found, such returns made,
As now of all men, it is call'd thy trade,
And who make thither else, rob, or invade.

XXI.—TO MY CHOSEN FRIEND, THE LEARNED TRANSLATOR OF LUCAN, THOMAS MAY, ESQUIRE.

When, Rome, I read thee in thy mighty pair,
And see both climbing up the slippery stair
Of Fortune's wheel, by Lucan driv'n about,
And the world in it, I begin to doubt,
At every line some pin thereof should slack
At least, if not the general engine crack.
But when again I view the parts so pays'd,
And those in number so, and measure rais'd,
As neither Pompey's popularity,
Cæsar's ambition, Cato's liberty,
Calm Brutus' tenor start, but all along
Keep due proportion in the ample song,
It makes me, ravish'd with just wonder, cry
What Muse, or rather God of harmony
Taught Lucan these true modes! replies my sense,
What gods but those of arts, and eloquence?
Phœbus, and Hermes? they whose tongue, or pen,
Are still th' interpreters 'twixt gods and men!
But who hath them interpreted, and brought
Lucan's whole frame unto us, and so wrought,
As not the smallest joint, or gentlest word
In the great mass, or machine there is stirr'd?
The self-same Genius! so the work will say:
The sun translated, or the son of MAY.

XXII.—TO MY DEAR SON, AND RIGHT LEARNED FRIEND, MASTER JOSEPH RUTTER.

You look, my JOSEPH, I should something say
Unto the world, in praise of your first play:
And truly, so I would, could I be heard.
You know, I never was of truth afeard,
And less ashamed; not when I told the crowd
How well I lov'd truth: I was scarce allow'd
By those deep-grounded, understanding men,
That sit to censure Plays, yet know not when,
Or why to like; they found, it all was new,
And newer than could please them, because true.
Such men I met withal, and so have you.
Now, for mine own part, and it is but due,
(You have deserv'd it from me) I have read,
And weigh'd your play: untwisted ev'ry thread,
And know the woof and warp thereof; can tell
Where it runs round, and even; where so well,
So soft, and smooth it handles, the whole piece,
As it were spun by nature off the fleece:
This is my censure. Now there is a new
Office of wit, a mint, and (this is true)
Cried up of late: whereto there must be first
A master-worker call'd, th' old standard burst
Of wit, and a new made; a warden then,
And a comptroller, two most rigid men
For order, and for governing the pix,
A say-master hath studied all the tricks
Of fineness, and alloy: follow his hint,
You have all the mysteries of wit's new mint,
The valuations, mixtures, and the same
Concluded from a caract to a dram.

XXIII.—EPIGRAM.—IN AUTHOREM.[1]

Thou, that wouldst find the habit of true passion,
And see a mind attired in perfect strains;
Not wearing moods, as gallants do a fashion,
In these pied times, only to shew their trains,
Look here on BRETON's work, the master print,
Where such perfections to the life do rise;
If they seem wry to such as look asquint,
The fault's not in the object, but their eyes.
For, as one coming with a lateral view,
Unto a cunning piece wrought perspective,
Wants faculty to make a censure true;
So with this author's readers will it thrive;
Which being eyed directly, I divine,
His proof their praise 'll incite, as in this line.

XXIV.—TO THE WORTHY AUTHOR, ON THE HUSBAND.[2]

It fits not only him that makes a book
To see his work be good; but that he look
Who are his test, and what their judgment is,
Lest a false praise do make their dotage his.
I do not feel that ever yet I had
The art of uttering wares, if they were bad;
Or skill of making matches in my life:
And therefore I commend unto the *Wife*,
That went before—a *Husband*. She, I'll swear,
Was worthy of a good one, and this, here,
I know for such, as (if my word will weigh)
She need not blush upon the marriage day.

XXV.—TO THE AUTHOR.[3]

In picture, they which truly understand,
Require (besides the likeness of the thing)
Light posture, heightening, shadow, colouring,
All which are parts commend the cunning hand;
And all your book, when it is throughly scann'd,
Will well confess; presenting, limiting
Each subtlest passion, with her source, and spring,
So bold, as shews your art you can command.
But now your work is done, if they that view
The several figures, languish in suspense,
To judge which passion's false, and which is true,
Between the doubtful sway of reason and sense;
'Tis not your fault if they shall sense prefer,
Being told their Reason cannot, Sense may err.

XXVI.—TO THE AUTHOR.[4]

Truth is the trial of itself,
And needs no other touch;
And purer than the purest gold,
Refine it ne'er so much.

It is the life and light of love,
The sun that ever shineth,

[1] *In Authorem.*] This epigram is printed before a poem of that indefatigable writer, Nicholas Breton, called "*Melancholike Humours*, in verses of diverse natures." 1600.

[2] The poem to which these lines are prefixed, is one of the numerous effusions to which that popular production, *The Wife* of Sir Thomas Overbury, gave rise. The title of the work is "The Husband: a poem expressed in a complete man." 1614, 8vo.

[3] This sonnet stands before a poem, by Thomas Wright, called "The Passions of the Mind in general, 1604, and 1620," 4to.

[4] Taken from the complimentary verses prefixed to *The Touchstone of Truth*, 12mo. Lond. 1630, by T. Warre.

And spirit of that special grace,
That faith and love defineth.

It is the warrant of the word,
That yields a scent so sweet,
As gives a power to faith to tread
All falsehood under feet.

It is the sword that doth divide
The marrow from the bone,
And in effect of heavenly love
Doth shew the Holy One.

This, blessed Warre, thy blessed book
Unto the world doth prove:
A worthy work, and worthy well
Of the most worthy love.

XXVII.—TO EDWARD FILMER, ON HIS MUSICAL WORK, DEDICATED TO THE QUEEN.

What charming peals are these,
That, while they bind the senses, do so please?
They are the marriage-rites
Of two, the choicest pair of man's delights,
Music and Poesy;
French air, and English verse, here wedded lie.

Who did this knot compose,
Again hath brought the lily to the rose;
And, with their chained dance,
Re-celebrates the joyful match with France.
They are a school to win
The fair French daughter to learn English in;
And, graced with her song,
To make the language sweet upon her tongue.

XXVIII.—TO RICHARD BROME, ON HIS COMEDY OF THE NORTHERN LASS.

I had you for a servant once, Dick Brome,
And you perform'd a servant's faithful parts;
Now you are got into a nearer room
Of fellowship, professing my old arts.
And you do do them well, with good applause,
Which you have justly gained from the stage,
By observation of those comic laws
Which I, your master, first did teach the age.
You learnt it well, and for it serv'd your time,
A prenticeship, which few do now a days:
Now each court hobby-horse will wince in rhyme,
Both learned, and unlearned, all write plays.
It was not so of old: men took up trades
That knew the crafts they had been bred in right;
An honest bilboe-smith would make good blades,
And the physician teach men spew and ——
The cobler kept him to his awl; but now,
He'll be a poet, scarce can guide a plough.

XXIX.—A SPEECH AT A TILTING.

Two noble knights, whom true desire, and zeal,
Hath arm'd at all points, charge me humbly kneel
To thee, O king of men, their noblest parts
To tender thus, their lives, their loves, their hearts.
The elder of these two rich hopes increase,
Presents a royal altar of fair peace;
And, as an everlasting sacrifice,
His life, his love, his honour which ne'er dies,
He freely brings, and on this altar lays
As true oblations. His brother's emblem says,
Except your gracious eye, as through a glass,
Made perspective, behold him, he must pass
Still that same little point he was; but when
Your royal eye, which still creates new men,
Shall look, and on him, so,—then art 's a liar,
If, from a little spark, he rise not fire.

XXX. AN EPISTLE TO SIR EDWARD SACKVILE, NOW EARL OF DORSET.

If, Sackvile, all that have the power to do
Great and good turns, as well could time them too,
And knew their how, and where; we should have
Less list of proud, hard, or ungrateful men [then
For benefits are ow'd with the same mind
As they are done, and such returns they find:
You then, whose will not only, but desire
To succour my necessities, took fire,
Not at my prayers, but your sense; which laid
The way to meet what others would upbraid,
And in the act did so my blush prevent,
As I did feel it done, as soon as meant;
You cannot doubt, but I who freely know
This good from you, as freely will it owe;
And though my fortune humble me, to take
The smallest courtesies with thanks, I make
Yet choice from whom I take them; and would shame
To have such do me good, I durst not name.
They are the noblest benefits, and sink
Deepest, in man, of which, when he doth think,
The memory delights him more, from whom
Than what he hath receiv'd. Gifts stink from some,
They are so long a coming, and so hard;
Where any deed is forced, the grace is marr'd.
Can I owe thanks for courtesies received
Against his will that does them? that hath weaved
Excuses or delays? or done them scant,
That they have more oppress me than my want?
Or if he did it not to succour me,
But by mere chance? for interest? or to free
Himself of farther trouble, or the weight
Of pressure, like one taken in a strait?
All this corrupts the thanks: less hath he won,
That puts it in his debt-book ere't be done;
Or that doth sound a trumpet, and doth call
His grooms to witness: or else lets it fall
In that proud manner, as a good so gain'd,
Must make me sad for what I have obtain'd.
No! gifts and thanks should have one cheerful face,
So each that's done, and ta'en, becomes a brace.
He neither gives, nor does, that doth delay
A benefit, or that doth throw't away;
No more than he doth thank, that will receive
Nought but in corners, and is loath to leave
Least air, or print, but flies it: such men would
Run from the conscience of it, if they could.
As I have seen some infants of the sword
Well known, and practised borrowers on their word,
Give thanks by stealth, and whispering in the ear,
For what they straight would to the world forswear;
And speaking worst of those, from whom they went
But then fist-fill'd, to put me off the scent.
Now, d—n me, sir, if you shall not command
My sword, ('tis but a poor sword, understand,)
As far as any poor sword in the land;
Then turning unto him is next at hand,
Damns whom he damn'd too, is the veriest gull
Has feathers, and will serve a man to pull.

Are they not worthy to be answer'd so,
That to such natures let their full hands flow,
And seek no wants to succour; but enquire,
Like money-brokers, after names, and hire
Their bounties forth, to him that last was made,
Or stands to be in commission o' the blade?
Still, still the hunters of false fame apply
Their thoughts and means to making loud the cry,
But one is bitten by the dog he fed,
And hurt, seeks cure, the surgeon bids take bread,
And sponge-like with it dry up the blood quite,
Then give it to the hound that did him bite:
Pardon, says he, that were a way to see
All the town curs take each their snatch at me.
O, is it so? knows he so much, and will
Feed those at whom the table points at still?
I not deny it, but to help the need
Of any, is a great and generous deed;
Yea, of the ingrateful; and he forth must tell
Many a pound, and piece, will place one well.
But these men ever want: their very trade
Is borrowing; that but stopt, they do invade
All as their prize, turn pirates here at land,
Have their Bermudas, and their Streights i' the Strand:
Man out their boats to the Temple, and not shift
Now, but command; make tribute what was gift;
And it is paid them with a trembling zeal,
And superstition, I dare scarce reveal,
If it were clear; but being so in cloud
Carried and wrapt, I only am allow'd
My wonder, why the taking a clown's purse,
Or robbing the poor market-folks, should nurse
Such a religious horror in the breasts
Of our town-gallantry! or why there rests
Such worship due to kicking of a punk,
Or swaggering with the watch, or drawer drunk;
Or feats of darkness acted in mid-sun,
And told of with more license than they're done!
Sure there is mystery in it I not know,
That men such reverence to such actions show,
And almost deify the authors! make
Loud sacrifice of drink, for their health's sake:
Rear suppers in their names, and spend whole nights
Unto their praise in certain swearing rites!
Cannot a man be reckoned in the state
Of valour, but at this idolatrous rate?
I thought that fortitude had been a mean
'Twixt fear and rashness; not a lust obscene,
Or appetite of offending, but a skill,
Or science of discerning good and ill.
And you, sir, know it well, to whom I write,
That with these mixtures we put out her light;
Her ends are honesty, and public good:
And where they want, she is not understood.
No more are these of us; let them then go,
I have the list of mine own faults to know,
Look to, and cure: he's not a man hath none,
But like to be, that every day mends one,
And feels it; else he tarries by the beast.
Can I discern how shadows are decreast,
Or grown, by height or lowness of the sun,
And can I less of substance? when I run,
Ride, sail, am coach'd, know I how far I have gone;
And my mind's motion not? or have I none?
No! he must feel and know, that will advance.
Men have been great, but never good by chance,
Or on the sudden. It were strange that he
Who was this morning such a one, should be
Sydney ere night! or that did go to bed,
Coryat, should rise the most sufficient head
Of Christendom; and neither of these know,
Were the rack offer'd them, how they came so!
'Tis by degrees that men arrive at glad
Profit in aught; each day some little add,
In time 'twill be a heap: this is not true
Alone in money, but in manners too.
Yet we must more than move still, or go on,
We must accomplish: 'tis the last key-stone
That makes the arch; the rest that there were put
Are nothing till that comes to bind and shut.
Then stands it a triumphal mark; then men
Observe the strength, the height, the why, and when
It was erected: and still walking under,
Meet some new matter to look up and wonder!
Such notes are virtuous men! they live as fast
As they are high; are rooted, and will last.
They need no stilts, nor rise upon their toes,
As if they would belie their stature; those
Are dwarfs of honour, and have neither weight
Nor fashion; if they chance aspire to height,
'Tis like light canes, that first rise big and brave,
Shoot forth in smooth and comely spaces; have
But few and fair divisions: but being got
Aloft, grow less and straighten'd; full of knot,
And last, go out in nothing! you that see
Their difference, cannot choose which you will be.
You know (without my flattering you) too much
For me to be your indice. Keep you such,
That I may love your person, as I do,
Without your gift, though I can rate that too,
By thanking thus the courtesy to life,
Which you will bury; but therein, the strife
May grow so great to be example, when,
As their true rule or lesson, either men,
Donors or donees, to their practice shall
Find you to reckon nothing, me owe all.

XXXI.—AN EPISTLE TO MASTER JOHN SELDEN.

I know to whom I write; here I am sure,
Though I be short, I cannot be obscure:
Less shall I for the art or dressing care,
Truth and the Graces best when naked are.
Your book, my SELDEN, I have read; and much
Was trusted, that you thought my judgment such
To ask it: though, in most of works, it be
A penance where a man may not be free,
Rather than office; when it doth, or may
Chance, that the friend's affection proves allay
Unto the censure. Your's all need doth fly
Of this so vicious humanity;
Than which, there is not unto study a more
Pernicious enemy. We see before
A many' of books, even good judgments wound
Themselves, through favouring that is there not found;
But I to your's far otherwise shall do,
Not fly the crime, but the suspicion too:
Though I confess (as every muse hath err'd,
And mine not least) I have too oft preferr'd
Men past their terms, and prais'd some names too much;
But 'twas with purpose to have made them such.
Since, being deceived, I turn a sharper eye
Upon myself, and ask to whom, and why,
And what I write? and vex it many days
Before men get a verse, much less a praise;
So that my reader is assured, I now
Mean what I speak, and still will keep that vow.

Stand forth my object, then. You that have been
Ever at home, yet have all countries seen;
And like a compass, keeping one foot still
Upon your centre, do your circle fill
Of general knowledge; watch'd men, manners too,
Heard what times past have said, seen what ours do!
Which grace shall I make love to first? your skill,
Or faith in things? or is't your wealth and will
T' inform and teach? or your unwearied pain
Of gathering? bounty in pouring out again?
What fables have you vex'd, what truth redeem'd,
Antiquities search'd, opinions disesteem'd,
Impostures branded, and authorities urg'd!
What blots and errors have you watch'd and purg'd
Records and authors of! how rectified
Times, manners, customs! innovations spied!
Sought out the fountains, sources, creeks, paths,
And noted the beginnings and decays! [ways,
Where is that nominal mark, or real rite,
Form, act, or ensign, that hath 'scaped your sight?
How are traditions there examin'd! how
Conjectures retriev'd! and a story now
And then of times (besides the bare conduct
Of what it tells us) weav'd in to instruct!
I wonder'd at the richness, but am lost,
To see the workmanship so' exceed the cost!
To mark the excellent seasoning of your style,
And manly elocution! not one while
With horror rough, then rioting with wit;
But to the subject still the colours fit,
In sharpness of all search, wisdom of choice,
Newness of sense, antiquity of voice!
I yield, I yield. The matter of your praise
Flows in upon me, and I cannot raise
A bank against it: nothing but the round
Large clasp of Nature such a wit can bound.
Monarch in letters! 'mongst the Titles shown
Of others honours, thus enjoy thy own.
I first salute thee so; and gratulate
With that thy style, thy keeping of thy state;
In offering this thy work to no great name,
That would, perhaps, have praised and thank'd the same,
But nought beyond. He, thou has given it to,
Thy learned chamber-fellow, knows to do
It true respects: he will not only love,
Embrace and cherish; but he can approve
And estimate thy pains, as having wrought
In the same mines of knowledge; and thence
Humanity enough to be a friend, [brought
And strength to be a champion, and defend
Thy gift 'gainst envy. O how I do count
Among my comings in, and see it mount,
The gain of two such friendships! Heyward and
Selden; two names that so much understand!
On whom I could take up, and ne'er abuse
The credit that would furnish a tenth Muse!
But here's no time nor place my wealth to tell,
You both are modest. So am I. Farewell.

XXXII.—AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND, (MASTER COLBY,) TO PERSUADE HIM TO THE WARS.

Wake, friend, from forth thy lethargy! the drum
Beats brave and loud in Europe, and bids come
All that dare rouse: or are not loth to quit
Their vicious ease, and be o'erwhelm'd with it.
It is a call to keep the spirits alive
That gasp for action, and would yet revive
Man's buried honour, in his sleepy life:
Quickning dead nature to her noblest strife.
All other acts of worldlings are but toil
In dreams, begun in hope, and end in spoil.
Look on the ambitious man, and see him nurse
His unjust hopes with praises begg'd, or, worse,
Bought flatteries, the issue of his purse,
Till he become both their and his own curse!
Look on the false and cunning man, that loves
No person, nor is loved: what ways he proves
To gain upon his belly; and at last
Crush'd in the snaky brakes that he had past!
See the grave, sour, and supercilious sir,
In outward face, but inward, light as fur,
Or feathers, lay his fortune out to show,
Till envy wound or maim it at a blow!
See him that's call'd, and thought the happiest man,
Honour'd at once, and envied (if it can
Be honour is so mix'd) by such as would
For all their spite, be like him, if they could:
No part or corner man can look upon,
But there are objects bid him to be gone
As far as he can fly, or follow day,
Rather than here so bogg'd in vices stay.
The whole world here leaven'd with madness swells;
And being a thing blown out of nought, rebels
Against his Maker, high alone with weeds,
And impious rankness of all sects and seeds:
Not to be check'd or frighted now with fate,
But more licentious made and desperate!
Our delicacies are grown capital,
And even our sports are dangers! what we call
Friendship, is now mask'd hatred! justice fled,
And shamefac'dness together! all laws dead
That kept man living! pleasures only sought!
Honour and honesty, as poor things thought
As they are made! pride and stiff clownage mix'd
To make up greatness! and man's whore good fix'd
In bravery, or gluttony, or coin,
All which he makes the servants of the groin!
Thither it flows: how much did Stallion spend
To have his court-bred filly there commend
His lace and starch; and fall upon her back
In admiration, stretch'd upon the rack
Of lust, to his rich suit, and title, Lord?
Ay, that's a charm and half! she must afford
That all respect, she must lie down; nay, more,
'Tis there civility to be a whore:
He's one of blood and fashion! and with these
The bravery makes she can no honour leese:
To do't with cloth, or stuffs, lust's name might merit,
With velvet, plush, and tissues, it is spirit.
O these so ignorant monsters, light, as proud!
Who can behold their manners, and not cloud-
Like, on them lighten? If that nature could
Not make a verse, anger or laughter would,
To see them aye discoursing with their glass,
How they may make some one that day an ass,
Planting their purls and curls, spread forth like net.
And every dressing for a pit-fall set [net.
To catch the flesh in, and to pound a———
Be at their visits, see them squeamish, sick,
Ready to cast at one whose band sits ill,
And then leap mad on a neat picardill,
As if a brize were gotten in their tail;
And firk, and jerk, and for the coachman rail,
And jealous each of other, yet think long
To be abroad chaunting some bawdy song,
And laugh, and measure thighs, then squeak, spring.
Do all the tricks of a salt lady bitch! [itch

For t'other pound of sweetmeats, he shall feel
That pays, or what he will: the dame is steel.
For these with her young company she'll enter,
Where Pitts, or Wright, or Modet would not venture;
And comes by these degrees the style t'inherit
Of woman of fashion, and a lady of spirit.
Nor is the title question'd with our proud,
Great, brave, and fashion'd folk, these are allow'd;
Adulteries now are not so hid, or strange,
They're grown commodity upon Exchange:
He that will follow but another's wife,
Is loved, though he let out his own for life:
The husband now's call'd churlish, or a poor
Nature, that will not let his wife be a whore;
Or use all arts, or haunt all companies
That may corrupt her, even in his eyes.
The brother trades a sister, and the friend
Lives to the lord, but to the lady's end.
Less must not be thought on than mistress; or
If it be thought, kill'd like her embrions; for
Whom no great mistress hath as yet infâm'd
A fellow of coarse letchery, is nam'd,
The servant of the serving-woman, in scorn,
Ne'er came to taste the plenteous marriage-horn.
Thus they do talk. And are these objects fit
For man to spend his money on? his wit?
His time? health? soul? Will he for these go throw
Those thousands on his back, shall after blow
His body to the Counters, or the Fleet?
Is it for these that Fine-man meets the street
Coach'd, or on foot-cloth, thrice chang'd every day,
To teach each suit he has, the ready way
From Hyde-park to the stage, where at the last
His dear and borrow'd bravery he must cast?
When not his combs, his curling-irons, his glass,
Sweet bags, sweet powders, nor sweet words will pass
For less security. O heavens! for these
Is it that man pulls on himself disease,
Surfeit, and quarrel? drinks the t'other health?
Or by damnation voids it, or by stealth?
What fury of late is crept into our feasts?
What honour given to the drunkenest guests?
What reputation to bear one glass more,
When oft the bearer is born out of door?
This hath our ill-us'd freedom, and soft peace
Brought on us, and will every hour increase.
Our vices do not tarry in a place,
But being in motion still, or rather in race,
Tilt one upon another, and now bear
This way, now that, as if their number were
More than themselves, or than our lives could take,
But both fell prest under the load they make.
I'll bid thee look no more, but flee, flee, friend,
This precipice, and rocks that have no end,
Or side, but threatens ruin. The whole day
Is not enough, now, but the nights to play:
And whilst our states, strength, body, and mind we waste,
Go make ourselves the usurers at a cast.
He that no more for age, cramps, palsies can
Now use the bones, we see doth hire a man
To take the box up for him; and pursues
The dice with glassen eyes, to the glad views
Of what he throws: like letchers grown content
To be beholders, when their powers are spent.
Can we not leave this worm? or will we not?
Is that the truer excuse? or have we got
In this, and like, an itch of vanity,
That scratching now's our best felicity?
Well, let it go. Yet this is better, then
To lose the forms and dignities of men,
To flatter my good lord, and cry his bowl
Runs sweetly, as it had his lordship's soul:
Although, perhaps it has, what's that to me,
That may stand by, and hold my peace? will he,
When I am hoarse with praising his each cast,
Give me but that again, that I must waste
In sugar candied, or in butter'd beer,
For the recovery of my voice? No, there
Pardon his lordship; flatt'ry's grown so cheap
With him, for he is followed with that heap,
That watch and catch, at what they may applaud,
As a poor single flatterer, without bawd
Is nothing, such scarce meat and drink he'll give;
But he that's both, and slave to both, shall live,
And be belov'd, while the whores last. O times!
Friend, fly from hence, and let these kindled rhymes
Light thee from hell on earth; where flatterers, spies,
Informers, masters both of arts and lies;
Lewd slanderers, soft whisperers, that let blood
The life, and fame-veins, yet not understood
Of the poor sufferers; where the envious, proud,
Ambitious, factious, superstitious, loud
Boasters, and perjur'd, with the infinite more
Prevaricators swarm: of which the store
(Because they're every where amongst mankind
Spread through the world) is easier far to find,
Than once to number, or bring forth to hand,
Though thou wert Muster-master of the land.
Go, quit them all! And take along with thee,
Thy true friend's wishes, COLBY, which shall be,
That thine be just and honest, that thy deeds
Not wound thy conscience, when thy body bleeds;
That thou dost all things more for truth than glory,
And never but for doing wrong be sorry;
That by commanding first thyself, thou mak'st
Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st:
That fortune never make thee to complain,
But what she gives, thou dar'st give her again;
That whatsoever face thy fate puts on,
Thou shrink or start not; but be always one;
That thou think nothing great but what is good;
And from that thought strive to be understood.
So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preserve a fame
Still precious with the odour of thy name.
And last, blaspheme not; we did never hear
Man thought the valianter, 'cause he durst swear;
No more, than we should think a lord had had
More honour in him, 'cause we've known him mad:
These take, and now go seek thy peace in war,
Who falls for love of God, shall rise a star.

XXXIII.—AN EPITAPH ON MASTER PHILIP GRAY.

Reader, stay,
And if I had no more to say,
But here doth lie, till the last day,
All that is left of PHILIP GRAY,
It might thy patience richly pay:
For if such men as he could die,
What surety of life have thou and I?

XXXIV.—EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

They are not, sir, worst owers that do pay
Debts when they can: good men may break their day,
And yet the noble nature never grudge;
'Tis then a crime, when the usurer is judge,

And he is not in friendship: nothing there
Is done for gain; if't be, 'tis not sincere.
Nor should I at this time protested be,
But that some greater names have broke with me,
And their words too, where I but break my band;
I add that BUT, because I understand
That as the lesser breach: for he that takes
Simply my band, his trust in me forsakes,
And looks unto the forfeit. If you be
Now so much friend, as you would trust in me,
Venture a longer time, and willingly;
All is not barren land doth fallow lie;
Some grounds are made the richer for the rest;
And I will bring a crop, if not the best.

XXXV.—AN ELEGY.

Can beauty, that did prompt me first to write,
Now threaten, with those means she did invite?
Did her perfections call me on to gaze,
Then like, then love; and now would they amaze!
Or was she gracious afar off, but near
A terror? or is all this but my fear?
That as the water makes things, put in't strait,
Crooked appear; so that doth my conceit:
I can help that with boldness; and Love sware,
And Fortune once, t'assist the spirits that dare.
But which shall lead me on? both these are blind.
Such guides men use not, who their way would find,
Except the way be error to those ends;
And then the best are still the blindest friends.
Oh how a lover may mistake! to think
Or Love, or Fortune blind, when they but wink
To see men fear; or else for truth and state,
Because they would free justice imitate,
Vail their own eyes, and would impartially
Be brought by us to meet our destiny.
If it be thus; come Love, and Fortune go,
I'll lead you on; or if my fate will so,
That I must send one first, my choice assigns
Love to my heart, and Fortune to my lines.

XXXVI.—AN ELEGY.

By those bright eyes, at whose immortal fires
Love lights his torches to inflame desires;
By that fair stand, your forehead, whence he bends
His double bow, and round his arrows sends;
By that tall grove, your hair, whose globy rings
He flying curls, and crispeth with his wings;
By those pure baths your either cheek discloses,
Where he doth steep himself in milk and roses;
And lastly, by your lips, the bank of kisses,
Where men at once may plant and gather blisses:
Tell me, my lov'd friend, do you love or no?
So well as I may tell in verse, 'tis so?
You blush, but do not:—friends are either none,
Though they may number bodies, or but one.
I'll therefore ask no more, but bid you love,
And so that either may example prove
Unto the other; and live patterns, how
Others, in time, may love as we do now.
Slip no occasion; as time stands not still,
I know no beauty, nor no youth that will.
To use the present, then, is not abuse,
You have a husband is the just excuse
Of all that can be done him; such a one
As would make shift to make himself alone
That which we can; who both in you, his wife,
His issue, and all circumstance of life,
As in his place, because he would not vary,
Is constant to be extraordinary.

XXXVII.—A SATIRICAL SHRUB.

A woman's friendship! God, whom I trust in,
Forgive me this one foolish deadly sin,
Amongst my many other, that I may
No more, I am sorry for so fond cause, say
At fifty years, almost, to value it,
That ne'er was known to last above a fit!
Or have the least of good, but what it must
Put on for fashion, and take up on trust.
Knew I all this afore? had I perceiv'd,
That their whole life was wickedness, though weav'd
Of many colours; outward, fresh from spots,
But their whole inside full of ends, and knots?
Knew I that all their dialogues and discourse
Were such as I will now relate, or worse?
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
Knew I this woman? yes, and you do see,
How penitent I am, or I should be.
Do not you ask to know her, she is worse
Than all ingredients made into one curse,
And that pour'd out upon mankind, can be:
Think but the sin of all her sex, 'tis she!
I could forgive her being proud! a whore!
Perjur'd and painted! if she were no more—
But she is such, as she might yet forestall
The devil, and be the damning of us all.

XXXVIII.—A LITTLE SHRUB GROWING BY.

Ask not to know this man. If fame should speak
His name in any metal, it would break.
Two letters were enough the plague to tear
Out of his grave, and poison every ear.
A parcel of Court-dirt, a heap, and mass
Of all vice hurl'd together, there he was,
Proud, false, and treacherous, vindictive, all
That thought can add, unthankful, the lay-stall
Of putrid flesh alive! of blood the sink!
And so I leave to stir him, lest he stink.

XXXIX.—AN ELEGY.

Though beauty be the mark of praise,
And yours of whom I sing, be such,
As not the world can praise too much,
Yet 'tis your virtue now I raise.

A virtue, like allay, so gone
Throughout your form; as though that move,
And draw, and conquer all men's love,
This subjects you to love of one,

Wherein you triumph yet; because
'Tis of yourself, and that you use
The noblest freedom, not to choose
Against or faith, or honour's laws.

But who could less expect from you,
In whom alone Love lives agen?
By whom he is restor'd to men;
And kept, and bred, and brought up true?

His falling temples you have rear'd,
The wither'd garlands ta'en away;
His altars kept from the decay
That envy wish'd, and nature fear'd:

And on them burn so chaste a flame,
With so much loyalty's expense,
As Love t' acquit such excellence,
Is gone himself into your name.

And you are he; the deity
To whom all lovers are design'd,
That would their better objects find;
Among which faithful troop am I.

Who, as an offering at your shrine,
Have sung this hymn, and here entreat
One spark of your diviner heat
To light upon a love of mine.

Which, if it kindle not, but scant
Appear, and that to shortest view,
Yet give me leave t' adore in you
What I, in her, am grieved to want.

XL.—AN ELEGY.

Fair friend, 'tis true, your beauties move
My heart to a respect;
Too little to be paid with love,
Too great for your neglect.

I neither love, nor yet am free,
For though the flame I find
Be not intense in the degree,
'Tis of the purest kind.

It little wants of love but pain;
Your beauty takes my sense,
And lest you should that price disdain,
My thoughts too feel the influence.

'Tis not a passion's first access
Ready to multiply;
But like love's calmest state it is
Possest with victory.

It is like love to truth reduc'd,
All the false values gone,
Which were created, and induc'd
By fond imagination.

'Tis either fancy or 'tis fate,
To love you more than I:
I love you at your beauty's rate,
Less were an injury.

Like unstampt gold, I weigh each grace,
So that you may collect
Th' intrinsic value of your face,
Safely from my respect.

And this respect would merit love,
Were not so fair a sight
Payment enough; for who dares move
Reward for his delight?

XLI.—AN ODE.—TO HIMSELF.

Where dost Thou careless lie
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge, that sleeps, doth die;
And this security,
It is the common moth,
That eats on wits and arts, and [so] destroys them both:

Are all the Aonian springs
Dried up? lies Thespia waste?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings;
Or droop they as disgrac'd,
To see their seats and bowers by chattering pies defac'd?

If hence thy silence be,
As 'tis too just a cause;
Let this thought quicken thee:
Minds that are great and free
Should not on fortune pause,
'Tis crown enough to virtue still, her own applause.

What though the greedy fry
Be taken with false baits
Of worded balladry,
And think it poesy?
They die with their conceits,
And only piteous scorn upon their folly waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre,
Strike in thy proper strain,
With Japhet's line, aspire
Sol's chariot for new fire,
To give the world again:
Who aided him, will thee, the issue of Jove's brain.

And since our dainty age
Cannot indure reproof,
Make not thyself a page,
To that strumpet the stage,
But sing high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof.

XLII.—THE MIND OF THE FRONTISPIECE TO A BOOK.

From death and dark oblivion (near the same)
The mistress of man's life, grave History,
Raising the world to good and evil fame
Doth vindicate it to eternity.
Wise Providence would so: that nor the good
Might be defrauded, nor the great secured,
But both might know their ways were understood,
When vice alike in time with virtue dured:
Which makes that, lighted by the beamy hand
Of Truth, that searcheth the most hidden springs,
And guided by Experience, whose straight wand
Doth mete, whose line doth sound the depth of things;
She cheerfully supporteth what she rears,
Assisted by no strengths but are her own,
Some note of which each varied pillar bears,
By which, as proper titles, she is known
Time's witness, herald of Antiquity,
The light of Truth, and life of Memory.

XLIII.—AN ODE TO JAMES EARL OF DESMOND.

Where art thou, Genius? I should use
Thy present aid: arise Invention,
Wake, and put on the wings of Pindar's Muse,
To tower with my intention
High as his mind, that doth advance
Her upright head, above the reach of chance,
Or the times envy.
Cynthius, I apply
My bolder numbers to thy golden lyre:
O then inspire
Thy priest in this strange rapture! heat my brain
With Delphic fire, [strain.
That I may sing my thoughts in some unvulgar
Rich beam of honour, shed your light
On these dark rhymes, that my affection
May shine, through every chink, to every sight,
Graced by your reflection!
Then shall my verses, like strong charms,
Break the knit circle of her stony arms,
That holds your spirit,
And keeps your merit

Lock'd in her cold embraces, from the view
Of eyes more true,
Who would with judgment search, searching conclude,
As prov'd in you,
True noblêsse. Palm grows straight, though handled ne'er so rude.

Nor think yourself unfortunate;
If subject to the jealous errors
Of politic pretext, that wries a state,
Sink not beneath these terrors:
But whisper, O glad innocence,
Where only a man's birth is his offence;
Or the disfavour
Of such as savour
Nothing, but practise upon honour's thrall.
O virtue's fall!
When her dead essence, like the anatomy
In Surgeons' hall,
Is but a statist's theme to read phlebotomy.

Let Brontes, and black Steropes,
Sweat at the forge, their hammers beating;
Pyracmon's hour will come to give them ease,
Though but while the metal's heating:
And, after all the Ætnean ire,
Gold, that is perfect, will outlive the fire.
For fury wasteth,
As patience lasteth.
No armour to the mind! he is shot-free
From injury,
That is not hurt; not he, that is not hit;
So fools, we see,
Oft 'scape an imputation, more through luck than wit.

But to yourself, most loyal lord,
(Whose heart in that bright sphere flames clearest,
Though many gems be in your bosom stor'd,
Unknown which is the dearest,)
If I auspiciously divine,
As my hope tells, that our fair Phœbe's shine,
Shall light those places
With lustrous graces,
Where darkness, with her gloomy scepter'd hand,
Doth now command;
O then, my best-best lov'd let me importune,
That you will stand,
As far from all revolt, as you are now from fortune.

XLIV.—AN ODE.

High-spirited friend,
I send nor balms, nor corsives to your wound;
Your faith hath found
A gentler, and more agile hand, to tend
The cure of that which is but corporal.
And doubtful days, which were nam'd critical,
Have made their fairest flight,
And now are out of sight.
Yet doth some wholsome physic for the mind,
Wrapt in this paper lie,
Which in the taking if you misapply,
You are unkind.

Your covetous hand,
Happy in that fair honour it hath gain'd,
Must now be rein'd.
True valour doth her own renown command
In one full action: nor have you now more
To do, than be a husband of that store.
Think but how dear you bought
This same which you have caught,
Such thoughts will make you more in love with truth;
'Tis wisdom, and that high,
For men to use their fortune reverently,
Even in youth.

XLV.—AN ODE.

Helen, did Homer never see
Thy beauties, yet could write of thee?
Did Sappho, on her seven-tongued lute,
So speak, as yet it is not mute,
Of Phaon's form? or doth the boy,
In whom Anacreon once did joy,
Lie drawn to life in his soft verse,
As he whom Maro did rehearse?
Was Lesbia sung by learned Catullus,
Or Delia's graces by Tibullus?
Doth Cynthia, in Propertius' song,
Shine more than she the stars among?
Is Horace his each love so high
Rapt from the earth, as not to die;
With bright Lycoris, Gallus' choice,
Whose fame hath an eternal voice?
Or hath Corinna, by the name
Her Ovid gave her, dimm'd the fame
Of Cæsar's daughter, and the line
Which all the world then styled divine?
Hath Petrarch since his Laura raised
Equal with her? or Ronsart praised
His new Cassandra 'bove the old,
Which all the fate of Troy foretold?
Hath our great Sidney, Stella set
Where never star shone brighter yet?
Or Constable's ambrosiac muse
Made Dian not his notes refuse?
Have all these done—and yet I miss
The swan so relish'd Pancharis—
And shall not I my Celia bring,
Where men may see whom I do sing?
Though I, in working of my song,
Come short of all this learned throng,
Yet sure my tunes will be the best,
So much my subject drowns the rest.

XLVI.—A SONNET, TO THE NOBLE LADY, THE LADY MARY WROTH.

I that have been a lover, and could shew it,
Though not in these, in rhymes not wholly dumb,
Since I exscribe your sonnets, am become
A better lover, and much better poet.
Nor is my Muse or I asham'd to owe it
To those true numerous graces, whereof some
But charm the senses, others overcome
Both brains and hearts; and mine now best do know it:
For in your verse all Cupid's armory,
His flames, his shafts, his quiver, and his bow,
His very eyes are yours to overthrow.
But then his mother's sweets you so apply,
Her joys, her smiles, her loves, as readers take
For Venus' ceston every line you make.

XLVII.—A FIT OF RHYME AGAINST RHYME.

Rhyme, the rack of finest wits,
That expresseth but by fits
True conceit,
Spoiling senses of their treasure,
Cozening judgment with a measure,
But false weight;
Wresting words from their true calling;
Propping verse for fear of falling
To the ground;

Jointing syllabes, drowning letters,
Fastening vowels, as with fetters
They were bound!
Soon as lazy thou wert known,
All good poetry hence was flown,
And art banish'd:
For a thousand years together,
All Parnassus' green did wither,
And wit vanish'd!
Pegasus did fly away,
At the wells no Muse did stay,
But bewailed,
So to see the fountain dry,
And Apollo's music die,
All light failed!
Starveling rhymes did fill the stage,
Not a poet in an age
Worthy crowning.
Not a work deserving bays,
Nor a line deserving praise,
Pallas frowning:
Greek was free from rhyme's infection,
Happy Greek, by this protection,
Was not spoiled.
Whilst the Latin, queen of tongues,
Is not yet free from rhyme's wrongs,
But rests foiled.
Scarce the hill again doth flourish,
Scarce the world a wit doth nourish,
To restore
Phœbus to his crown again;
And the Muses to their brain;
As before.
Vulgar languages that want
Words, and sweetness, and be scant
Of true measure,
Tyrant rhyme hath so abused,
That they long since have refused
Other cesure.
He that first invented thee,
May his joints tormented be,
Cramp'd for ever;
Still may syllabes jar with time,
Still may reason war with rhyme,
Resting never!
May his sense when it would meet
The cold tumour in his feet,
Grow unsounder;
And his title be long fool,
That in rearing such a school
Was the founder;

XLVIII.—AN EPIGRAM ON WILLIAM LORD BURLEIGH, LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

If thou wouldst know the virtues of mankind,
Read here in one, what thou in all canst find,
And go no further: let this circle be
Thy universe, though his epitome.
Cecil, the grave, the wise, the great, the good,
What is there more that can ennoble blood?
The orphan's pillar, the true subject's shield,
The poor's full store-house, and just servant's field.
The only faithful watchman for the realm,
That in all tempests never quit the helm,
But stood unshaken in his deeds and name,
And labour'd in the work; not with the fame:
That still was good for goodness' sake, nor thought
Upon reward, till the reward him sought.
Whose offices and honours did surprise,
Rather than meet him: and before his eyes
Clos'd to their peace, he saw his branches shoot,
And in the noblest families took root,
Of all the land: Who now at such a rate,
Of divine blessing, would not serve a state?

XLIX.—AN EPIGRAM TO THOMAS LORD ELESMERE, THE LAST TERM HE SAT CHANCELLOR.

So, justest lord, may all your judgments be
Laws; and no change e'er come to one decree:
So may the king proclaim your conscience is
Law to his law; and think your enemies his:
So, from all sickness, may you rise to health,
The care and wish still of the public wealth:
So may the gentler muses, and good fame,
Still fly about the odour of your name;
As, with the safety' and honour of the laws,
You favour truth, and me, in this man's cause!

L.—ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

The judge his favour timely then extends,
When a good cause is destitute of friends,
Without the pomp of counsel; or more aid,
Than to make falsehood blush, and fraud afraid:
When those good few, that her defenders be,
Are there for charity, and not for fee.
Such shall you hear to-day, and find great foes
Both arm'd with wealth and slander to oppose,
Who thus long safe, would gain upon the times
A right by the prosperity of their crimes;
Who, though their guilt and perjury they know,
Think, yea, and boast, that they have done it so,
As, though the court pursues them on the scent,
They will come off, and 'scape the punishment.
When this appears, just lord, to your sharp sight,
He does you wrong, that craves you to do right.

LI.—AN EPIGRAM TO THE COUNSELLOR THAT PLEADED, AND CARRIED THE CAUSE.

That I hereafter do not think the bar,
The seat made of a more than civil war,
Or the great hall at Westminster, the field
Where mutual frauds are fought, and no side yield,
That henceforth I believe nor books, nor men,
Who 'gainst the law weave calumnies, my Benn;
But when I read or hear the names so rife.
Of hirelings, wranglers, stitchers-to of strife,
Hook-handed harpies, gowned vultures, put
Upon the reverend pleaders; do now shut
All mouths that dare entitle them, from hence,
To the wolf's study, or dog's eloquence;
Thou art my cause: whose manners since I knew.
Have made me to conceive a lawyer new.
So dost thou study matter, men, and times,
Mak'st it religion to grow rich by crimes;
Dar'st not abuse thy wisdom in the laws,
Or skill to carry out an evil cause:
But first dost vex, and search it! if not sound,
Thou prov'st the gentler ways to cleanse the wound,
And make the scar fair; if that will not be,
Thou hast the brave scorn to put back the fee!
But in a business that will bide the touch,
What use, what strength of reason, and how much
Of books, of precedents hast thou at hand!
As if the general store thou didst command
Of argument, still drawing forth the best,
And not being borrow'd by thee, but possest.

So com'st thou like a chief into the court
Arm'd at all pieces, as to keep a fort
Against a multitude ; and, with thy style
So brightly brandish'd, wound'st, defend'st! the while
Thy adversaries fall, as not a word
They had, but were a reed unto thy sword.
Then com'st thou off with victory and palm,
Thy hearer's nectar, and thy client's balm,
The court's just honour, and thy judge's love.
And (which doth all achievements get above)
Thy sincere practice breeds not thee a fame
Alone, but all thy rank a reverend name.

LII.—AN EPIGRAM TO THE SMALL-POX.

Envious and foul Disease, could there not be
One beauty in an age, and free from thee?
What did she worth thy spite? were there not store
Of those that set by their false faces more
Than this did by her true? she never sought
Quarrel with nature, or in balance brought
Art her false servant ; nor, for sir Hugh Plat,
Was drawn to practise other hue than that
Her own blood gave her : she ne'er had, nor hath
Any belief in madam Bawdbee's bath,
Or Turner's oil of talc : nor ever got
Spanish receipt to make her teeth to rot.
What was the cause then? thought'st thou, in disgrace
Of beauty, so to nullify a face,
That heaven should make no more; or should amiss
Make all hereafter, hadst thou ruin'd this?
Ay, that thy aim was ; but her fate prevail'd :
And, scorn'd, thou'st shown thy malice, but hast fail'd.

LIII.—AN EPITAPH.

What beauty would have lovely styled,
What manners pretty, nature mild,
What wonder perfect all were filed
Upon record, in this blest child.
And till the coming of the soul
To fetch the flesh, we keep the roll.

LIV.—A SONG.

LOVER.

Come, let us here enjoy the shade,
For love in shadow best is made.
Though Envy oft his shadow be,
None brooks the sun-light worse than he.

MISTRESS.

Where love doth shine, there needs no sun,
All lights into his one do run ;
Without which all the world were dark ;
Yet he himself is but a spark.

ARBITER.

A spark to set whole world a-fire,
Who, more they burn, they more desire,
And have their being, their waste to see ;
And waste still, that they still might be.

CHORUS.

Such are his powers, whom time hath styled,
Now swift, now slow, now tame, now wild ;
Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now mild ;
The eldest god, yet still a child.

LV.—AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Sir, I am thankful, first to heaven for you ;
Next to yourself, for making your love true :
Then to your love and gift. And all's but due.

You have unto my store added a book,
On which with profit I shall never look,
But must confess from whom that gift I took.

Not like your country neighbours that commit
Their vice of loving for a Christmas-fit ;
Which is indeed but friendship of the spit :

But, as a friend, which name yourself receive,
And which you (being the worthier) gave me leave
In letters, that mix spirits, thus to weave.

Which, how most sacred I will ever keep,
So may the fruitful vine my temples steep,
And fame wake for me when I yield to sleep !

Though you sometimes proclaim me too severe,
Rigid, and harsh, which is a drug austere
In friendship, I confess : but, dear friend, here.

Little know they, that profess amity,
And seek to scant her comely liberty,
How much they lame her in her property.

And less they know, who being free to use
That friendship which no chance but love did choose,
Will unto license that fair leave abuse.

It is an act of tyranny, not love,
In practis'd friendship wholly to reprove,
As flattery, with friends' humours still to move.

From each of which I labour to be free,
Yet if with either's vice I tainted be,
Forgive it, as my frailty, and not me.

For no man lives so out of passion's sway,
But shall sometimes be tempted to obey
Her fury, yet no friendship to betray.

LVI.—AN ELEGY.

'Tis true, I'm broke ! vows, oaths, and all I had
Of credit lost. And I am now run mad ;
Or do upon myself some desperate ill :
This sadness makes no approaches, but to kill.
It is a darkness hath block'd up my sense,
And drives it in to eat on my offence,
Or there to starve it. Help, O you that may
Alone lend succours, and this fury stay.
Offended mistress, you are yet so fair,
As light breaks from you that affrights despair,
And fills my powers with persuading joy,
That you should be too noble to destroy.
There may some face or menace of a storm
Look forth, but cannot last in such a form.
If there be nothing worthy you can see
Of graces, or your mercy here in me,
Spare your own goodness yet ; and be not great
In will and power, only to defeat.
God and the good, know to forgive and save ;
The ignorant and fools no pity have.
I will not stand to justify my fault,
Or lay th' excuse upon the vintner's vault
Or in confessing of the crime be nice,
Or go about to countenance the vice,
By naming in what company 'twas in,
As I would urge authority for sin ;
No, I will stand arraign'd and cast, to be
The subject of your grace in pardoning me,

And (styled your mercy's creature) will live more,
Your honour now, than your disgrace before.
Think it was frailty, mistress, think me man,
Think that yourself, like heaven, forgive me can:
Where weakness doth offend, and virtue grieve,
There greatness takes a glory to relieve.
Think that I once was yours, or may be now;
Nothing is vile, that is a part of you.
Error and folly in me may have crost
Your just commands; yet those, not I, be lost.
I am regenerate now, become the child
Of your compassion; parents should be mild:
There is no father that for one demerit,
Or two, or three, a son will disinherit;
That is the last of punishments is meant;
No man inflicts that pain, till hope be spent:
An ill-affected limb, whate'er it ail,
We cut not off, till all cures else do fail;
And then with pause; for sever'd once, that's gone,
Would live his glory, that could keep it on.
Do not despair my mending; to distrust
Before you prove a medicine, is unjust:
You may so place me, and in such an air,
As not alone the cure, but scar be fair.
That is, if still your favours you apply,
And not the bounties you have done, deny.
Could you demand the gifts you gave again!
Why was't? did e'er the clouds ask back their rain?
The sun his heat and light? the air his dew?
Or winds the spirit by which the flower so grew?
That were to wither all, and make a grave
Of that wise nature would a cradle have.
Her order is to cherish and preserve;
Consumption's, nature to destroy and sterve.
But to exact again what once is given,
Is nature's mere obliquity; as heaven
Should ask the blood and spirits he hath infus'd
In man, because man hath the flesh abus'd.
O may your wisdom take example hence,
God lightens not at man's each frail offence:
He pardons slips, goes by a world of ills,
And then his thunder frights more than it kills.
He cannot angry be, but all must quake;
It shakes e'en him that all things else doth shake,
And how more fair and lovely looks the world
In a calm sky, than when the heaven is hurl'd
About in clouds, and wrapt in raging weather,
As all with storm and tempest ran together!
O imitate that sweet serenity
That makes us live, not that which calls to die.
In dark and sullen morns do we not say,
This looketh like an execution-day?
And with the vulgar doth it not obtain
The name of cruel weather, storm and rain?
Be not affected with these marks too much
Of cruelty, lest they do make you such;
But view the mildness of your Maker's state,
As I the penitent's here emulate.
He, when he sees a sorrow, such as this,
Straight puts off all his anger, and doth kiss
The contrite soul, who hath no thought to win
Upon the hope to have another sin
Forgiven him: and in that line stand I,
Rather than once displease you more, to die,
To suffer tortures, scorn, and infamy,
What fools, and all their parasites can apply;
The wit of ale, and genius of the malt
Can pump for, or a libel without salt
Produce; though threat'ning with a coal or chalk,
On every wall, and sung where-e'er I walk.
I number these, as being of the chore
Of contumely, and urge a good man more
Than sword, or fire, or what is of the race
To carry noble danger in the face:
There is not any punishment or pain,
A man should fly from, as he would disdain.
Then, mistress, here, here let your rigour end,
And let your mercy make me asham'd t' offend;
I will no more abuse my vows to you,
Than I will study falsehood, to be true.
O that you could but by dissection see
How much you are the better part of me;
How all my fibres by your spirit do move,
And that there is no life in me, but love!
You would be then most confident, that though
Public affairs command me now to go
Out of your eyes, and be awhile away;
Absence or distance shall not breed decay.
Your form shines here, here, fixed in my heart:
I may dilate myself, but not depart.
Others by common stars their courses run,
When I see you, then I do see my sun:
Till then, 'tis all but darkness that I have;
Rather than want your light, I wish a grave.

LVII.—AN ELEGY.

To make the doubt clear, that no woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it full in you?
Thought I but one had breath'd the purer air,
And must she needs be false, because she's fair?
Is it your beauty's mark, or of your youth,
Or your perfection, not to study truth?
Or think you heaven is deaf, or hath no eyes,
Or those it hath wink at your perjuries?
Are vows so cheap with women? or the matter
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water,
And blown away with wind? or doth their breath,
Both hot and cold at once, threat life and death?
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
Tuned to our words, so many sighs should meet
Blown from our hearts, so many oaths and tears
Sprinkled among, all sweeter by our fears,
And the divine impression of stol'n kisses,
That seal'd the rest, could now prove empty blisses?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? sign to break?
Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
He first desire you false, would wish you just?
O, I profane! though most of women be
The common monster, thought shall except thee,
My dearest love, though froward jealousy
With circumstance might urge the contrary.
Sooner I'll think the sun would cease to cheer
The teeming earth, and that forget to bear;
Sooner that rivers would run back, or Thames
With ribs of ice in June would bind his streams;
Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours.
But, O, that treacherous breast! to whom weak you
Did trust our counsels, and we both may rue,
Having his falsehood found too late! twas he
That made me cast you guilty, and you me;
Whilst he, black wretch, betray'd each simple wo[illegible]
We spake, unto the cunning of a third!
Curst may he be, that so our love hath slain,
And wander wretched on the earth, as Cain;

Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity!
In plaguing him, let misery be witty.
Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
Till he be noisome as his infamy;
May he without remorse deny God thrice,
And not be trusted more on his soul's price;
And after all self-torment, when he dies,
May wolves tear out his heart, vultures his eyes,
Swine eat his bowels, and his falser tongue,
That utter'd all, be to some raven flung;
And let his carrion corse be a longer feast
To the king's dogs, than any other beast!
Now I have curst, let us our love revive;
In me the flame was never more alive.
I could begin again to court and praise,
And in that pleasure lengthen the short days
Of my life's lease; like painters that do take
Delight, not in made works, but whilst they make.
I could renew those times when first I saw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you liked, and at masques or plays,
Commend the self-same actors the same ways;
Ask how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, grow impertinent;
All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
Love was as subtly catch'd as a disease.
But, being got, it is a treasure sweet,
Which to defend, is harder than to get;
And ought not be profaned on either part,
For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

LVIII.—AN ELEGY.

That love's a bitter sweet, I ne'er conceive,
Till the sour minute comes of taking leave,
And then I taste it: but as men drink up
In haste the bottom of a med'cined cup,
And take some sirup after; so do I,
To put all relish from my memory
Of parting, drown it, in the hope to meet
Shortly again, and make our absence sweet.
This makes me, mistress, that sometimes by stealth,
Under another name, I take your health,
And turn the ceremonies of those nights
I give, or owe my friends, unto your rites;
But ever without blazon, or least shade
Of vows so sacred, and in silence made:
For though love thrive, and may grow up with cheer,
And free society, he's born elsewhere,
And must be bred, so to conceal his birth,
As neither wine do rack it out, or mirth.
Yet should the lover still be airy' and light,
In all his actions, rarified to sprite:
Not like a Midas, shut up in himself,
And turning all he toucheth into pelf,
Keep in reserv'd in his dark-lantern face,
As if that excellent dulness were love's grace:
No, mistress, no, the open, merry, man
Moves like a sprightly river, and yet can
Keep secret in his channels what he breeds,
'Bove all your standing waters, choak'd with weeds.
They look at best like cream-bowls, and you soon
Shall find their depth; they are sounded with a spoon.
They may say grace, and for Love's chaplains pass,
But the grave lover ever was an ass;
Is fix'd upon one leg, and dares not come
Out with the other, for he's still at home:
Like the dull wearied crane, that, come on land,
Doth while he keeps his watch, betray his stand;
Where he that knows will like a lapwing fly
Far from the nest, and so himself belie
To others, as he will deserve the trust
Due to that one that doth believe him just.
And such your servant is, who vows to keep
The jewel of your name, as close as sleep
Can lock the sense up, or the heart a thought,
And never be by time or folly brought,
Weakness of brain, or any charm of wine,
The sin of boast, or other countermine,
Made to blow up love's secrets, to discover
That article may not become your lover:
Which in assurance to your breast I tell,
If I had writ no word, but, Dear, farewell!

LIX.—AN ELEGY.

Since you must go, and I must bid farewell,
Hear, mistress, your departing servant tell
What it is like: and do not think they can
Be idle words, though of a parting man.
It is as if a night should shade noon-day,
Or that the sun was here, but forced away;
And we were left under that hemisphere,
Where we must feel it dark for half a year.
What fate is this, to change men's days and hours,
To shift their seasons, and destroy their powers!
Alas! I have lost my heat, my blood, my prime,
Winter is come a quarter ere his time.
My health will leave me; and when you depart,
How shall I do, sweet mistress, for my heart?
You would restore it! no; that's worth a fear,
As if it were not worthy to be there:
O keep it still; for it had rather be
Your sacrifice, than here remain with me.
And so I spare it: come what can become
Of me, I'll softly tread unto my tomb;
Or, like a ghost, walk silent amongst men,
Till I may see both it and you agen.

LX.—AN ELEGY.

Let me be what I am: as Virgil cold,
As Horace fat, or as Anacreon old;
No poet's verses yet did ever move,
Whose readers did not think he was in love.
Who shall forbid me then in rhyme to be
As light, and active as the youngest he
That from the Muses fountains doth endorse
His lines, and hourly sits the poet's horse?
Put on my ivy garland, let me see
Who frowns, who jealous is, who taxeth me.
Fathers and husbands, I do claim a right
In all that is call'd lovely; take my sight,
Sooner than my affection from the fair.
No face, no hand, proportion, line or air
Of beauty, but the muse hath interest in:
There is not worn that lace, purl, knot, or pin,
But is the poet's matter; and he must,
When he is furious, love, although not lust.
Be then content, your daughters and your wives,
If they be fair and worth it, have their lives
Made longer by our praises; or, if not,
Wish you had foul ones, and deformed got,
Curst in their cradles, or there chang'd by elves,
So to be sure you do enjoy, yourselves.
Yet keep those up in sackcloth too, or leather,
For silk will draw some sneaking songster thither.
It is a rhyming age, and verses swarm
At every stall; the city cap's a charm.
But I who live, and have lived twenty year,
Where I may handle silk as free, and near,

As any mercer, or the whale-bone man,
That quilts those bodies I have leave to span;
Have eaten with the beauties, and the wits,
And braveries of court, and felt their fits
Of love and hate; and came so nigh to know
Whether their faces were their own or no:
It is not likely I should now look down
Upon a velvet petticoat, or a gown,
Whose like I have known the tailor's wife put on,
To do her husband's rites in, ere 'twere gone
Home to the customer: his letchery
Being the best clothes still to pre-occupy.
Put a coach-mare in tissue, must I horse
Her presently? or leap thy wife, of force,
When by thy sordid bounty she hath on
A gown of that was the caparison?
So I might doat upon thy chairs and stools,
That are like cloth'd: must I be of those fools
Of race accounted, that no passion have,
But when thy wife, as thou conceiv'st, is brave?
Then ope thy wardrobe, think me that poor groom
That, from the footman, when he was become
An officer there, did make most solemn love
To every petticoat he brush'd, and glove
He did lay up; and would adore the shoe
Or slipper was left off, and kiss it too;
Court every hanging gown, and after that
Lift up some one, and do—I tell not what.
Thou didst tell me, and wert o'erjoyed to peep
In at a hole, and see those actions creep
From the poor wretch, which though he plaid in prose,
He would have done in verse, with any of those
Wrung on the withers by lord Love's despite,
Had he the faculty to read and write!
Such songsters there are store of; witness he
That chanc'd the lace, laid on a smock, to see,
And straightway spent a sonnet; with that other
That, in pure madrigal, unto his mother
Commended the French hood and scarlet gown
The lady may'ress pass'd in through the town,
Unto the Spittle sermon. O what strange
Variety of silks were on the Exchange!
Or in Moor-fields, this other night, sings one!
Another answers, 'las! those silks are none,
In smiling l'envoy, as he would deride
Any comparison had with his Cheapside;
And vouches both the pageant and the day,
When not the shops, but windows do display
The stuffs, the velvets, plushes, fringes, lace,
And all the original riots of the place.
Let the poor fools enjoy their follies, love
A goat in velvet; or some block could move
Under that cover, an old midwife's hat!
Or a close-stool so cased; or any fat
Bawd, in a velvet scabbard! I envy
None of their pleasures; nor will ask thee why
Thou art jealous of thy wife's or daughter's case;
More than of either's manners, wit, or face!

LXI.—AN EXECRATION UPON VULCAN.

And why to me this? thou lame Lord of Fire!
What had I done that might call on thine ire?
Or urge thy greedy flames thus to devour
So many my years' labours in an hour?
I ne'er attempted aught against thy life;
Nor made least line of love to thy loose wife;
Or in remembrance of thy affront and scorn,
With clowns and tradesmen, kept thee clos'd in horn.——
'Twas Jupiter that hurl'd thee headlong down,
And Mars that gave thee a lantern for a crown.
Was it because thou wert of old denied,
By Jove, to have Minerva for thy bride:
That since, thou tak'st all envious care and pain
To ruin every issue of the brain?
Had I wrote treason here, or heresy,
Imposture, witchcraft, charms, or blasphemy;
I had deserv'd then thy consuming looks,
Perhaps to have been burned with my books.
But, on thy malice, tell me, Didst thou spy
Any least loose or scurril paper lie
Conceal'd, or kept there, that was fit to be,
By thy own vote, a sacrifice to thee?
Did I there wound the honour of the crown,
Or tax the glory of the church, or gown?
Itch to defame the state, or brand the times,
And myself most, in lewd self-boasting rhymes?
If none of these, then why this fire? Or find
A cause before, or leave me one behind.
Had I compiled from Amadis de Gaul,
The Esplandians, Arthurs, Palmerins, and all
The learned library of Don Quixóte,
And so some goodlier monster had begot:
Or spun out riddles, or weav'd fifty tomes
Of Logographes, or curious Palindromes,
Or pump'd for those hard trifles, Anagrams,
Or Eteostics, or your finer flams
Of eggs, and halberds, cradles, and a herse,
A pair of scissars, and a comb in verse;
Acrostichs, and telestichs on jump names,
Thou then hadst had some colour for thy flames,
On such my serious follies: but, thou'lt say,
There were some pieces of as base allay,
And as false stamp there; parcels of a play,
Fitter to see the fire-light, than the day;
Adulterate monies, such as would not go:—
Thou shouldst have staid, till public Fame said so;
She is the judge, thou executioner:
Or, if thou needs would'st trench upon her power,
Thou might'st have yet enjoy'd thy cruelty
With some more thrift, and more variety:
Thou might'st have had me perish piece by piece,
To light tobacco, or save roasted geese,
Singe capons, or crisp pigs, dropping their eyes;
Condemn'd me to the ovens with the pies;
And so have kept me dying a whole age,
Not ravish'd all hence in a minute's rage.—
But that's a mark whereof thy rites do boast,
To make consumption ever where thou go'st.
Had I foreknown of this thy least desire
To have held a triumph, or a feast of fire,
Especially in paper; that that steam
Had tickled thy large nostrils; many a ream,
To redeem mine, I had sent in: ENOUGH!
Thou shouldst have cried, and all been proper stuff.
The Talmud and the Alcoran had come,
With pieces of the Legend; the whole sum
Of errant knighthood, with the dames and dwarfs;
The charmed boats, and the inchanted wharfs,
The Tristrams, Lancelots, Turpins, and the Peers,
All the mad Rolands, and sweet Olivers;
To Merlin's marvels, and his Cabal's loss,
With the chimera of the Rosie-cross,
Their seals, their characters, hermetic rings,
Their jem of riches, and bright stone that brings
Invisibility, and strength, and tongues;
The art of kindling the true coal by Lungs;
With Nicolas' Pasquils, Meddle with your match,
And the strong lines that do the times so catch;

Or captain Pamphlet's horse and foot, that sally
Upon the Exchange still, out of Pope's-head alley;
The weekly courants, with Paul's seal; and all
The admired discourses of the prophet Ball.
These, hadst thou pleas'd either to dine or sup,
Had made a meal for Vulcan to lick up.
But, in my desk, what was there to accite
So ravenous and vast an appetite?
I dare not say a body, but some parts
There were of search, and mastery in the arts.
All the old Venusine, in poetry,
And lighted by the Stagerite, could spy,
Was there made English; with a grammar too,
To teach some that their nurses could not do,
The purity of Language; and, among
The rest, my journey into Scotland sung,
With all the adventures: three books, not afraid
To speak the fate of the Sicilian maid,
To our own ladies; and in story there
Of our fifth Henry, eight of his nine year;
Wherein was oil, beside the succours spent,
Which noble Carew, Cotton, Selden lent:
And twice twelve years stored up humanity,
With humble gleanings in divinity;
After the fathers, and those wiser guides,
Whom faction had not drawn to study sides.
How in these ruins, Vulcan, dost thou lurk,
All soot and embers! odious as thy work!
I now begin to doubt if ever Grace,
Or goddess, could be patient of thy face.
Thou woo Minerva! or to wit aspire!
'Cause thou canst halt with us in arts and fire!
Son of the Wind! for so thy mother, gone
With lust, conceiv'd thee; father thou hadst none.
When thou wert born, and that thou look'dst at best,
She durst not kiss, but flung thee from her breast;
And so did Jove, who ne'er meant thee his cup.
No marle the clowns of Lemnos took thee up!
For none but smiths would have made thee a god.
Some alchemist there may be yet, or odd
'Squire of the squibs, against the pageant-day,
May to thy name a VULCANALE say;
And for it lose his eyes with gun-powder,
As th' other may his brains with quicksilver.—
Well fare the wise men yet, on the Bank-side,
My friends, the watermen! they could provide
Against thy fury, when to serve their needs,
They made a Vulcan of a sheaf of reeds,
Whom they durst handle in their holyday coats,
And safely trust to dress, not burn their boats.
But, O those reeds! thy mere disdain of them,
Made thee beget that cruel stratagem,
Which some are pleased to style but thy mad prank,
Against the Globe, the glory of the Bank:
Which, though it were the fort of the whole parish,
Flank'd with a ditch, and forc'd out of a marish,
I saw with two poor chambers taken in,
And razed; ere thought could urge this might have been!
See the World's ruins! nothing but the piles
Left, and wit since to cover it with tiles.
The brethren they straight nosed it out for news,
'Twas verily some relict of the stews;
And this a sparkle of that fire let loose,
That was raked up in the Winchestrian goose,
Bred on the Bank in time of Popery,
When Venus there maintain'd the mystery.
But others fell, with that conceit, by the ears,
And cried it was a threatning to the bears,
And that accursed ground, the Paris-garden:
Nay, sigh'd a sister, Venus' nun, Kate Arden,
Kindled the fire!—but then, did one return,
No fool would his own harvest spoil or burn!—
If that were so, thou rather wouldst advance
The place that was thy wife's inheritance.
O no, cried all, Fortune, for being a whore,
Scap'd not his justice any jot the more:
He burnt that idol of the Revels too.
Nay, let Whitehall with revels have to do,
Though but in dances, it shall know his power;
There was a judgment shewn too in an hour.
He is right Vulcan still! he did not spare
Troy, though it were so much his Venus' care.
Fool, wilt thou let that in example come?
Did not she save from thence to build a Rome?
And what hast thou done in these petty spites,
More than advanced the houses and their rites?
I will not argue thee, from those, of guilt,
For they were burnt but to be better built:
'Tis true, that in thy wish they were destroy'd,
Which thou hast only vented, not enjoy'd.
So wouldst thou've run upon the rolls by stealth,
And didst invade part of the common-wealth,
In those records, which, were all chronicles gone,
Would be remember'd by Six Clerks to one.
But say all six, good men, what answer ye?
Lies there no writ out of the Chancery
Against this Vulcan? no injunction,
No order, no decree?—though we be gone
At common law; methinks, in his despite,
A court of equity should do us right.
But to confine him to the brewhouses,
The glass-house, dye-fats, and their furnaces;
To live in sea-coal, and go forth in smoke;
Or, lest that vapour might the city choak,
Condemn him to the brick-kilns, or some hill-
Foot, (out in Sussex,) to an iron mill;
Or in small faggots have him blaze about
Vile taverns, and the drunkards piss him out;
Or in the Bellman's lanthorn, like a spy,
Burn to a snuff, and then stink out and die:
I could invent a sentence, yet were worse;
But I'll conclude all in a civil curse.
Pox on your flameship, Vulcan! if it be
To all as fatal as't hath been to me,
And to Paul's steeple; which was unto us
'Bove all your fire-works had at Ephesus,
Or Alexandria! and though a divine
Loss, remains yet as unrepair'd as mine.
Would you had kept your forge at Ætna still!
And there made swords, bills, glaves, and arms your
Maintain'd the trade at Bilboa, or elsewhere, [fill:
Struck in at Milan with the cutlers there;
Or staid but where the friar and you first met,
Who from the devil's arse did guns beget;
Or fixt in the Low Countries, where you might
On both sides do your mischief with delight:
Blow up and ruin, mine and countermine,
Make your petards and grenades, all your fine
Engines of murder, and enjoy the praise
Of massacring mankind so many ways!
We ask your absence here, we all love peace,
And pray the fruits thereof and the encrease;
So doth the king, and most of the king's men
That have good places: therefore once agen,
Pox on thee, Vulcan! thy Pandora's pox,
And all the ills that flew out of her box
Light on thee! or, if those plagues will not do,
Thy wife's pox on thee, and Bess Broughton's too!

LXII.—A SPEECH, ACCORDING TO HORACE.

Why yet, my noble hearts, they cannot say,
But we have powder still for the king's day,
And ordnance too: so much as from the Tower,
T' have wak'd, if sleeping, Spain's ambassadour,
Old Æsop Gundomar: the French can tell,
For they did see it the last tilting well,
That we have trumpets, armour, and great horse,
Lances and men, and some a breaking force.
They saw too store of feathers, and more may,
If they stay here but till St. George's day.
All ensigns of a war are not yet dead,
Nor marks of wealth so from a nation fled,
But they may see gold chains and pearl worn then,
Lent by the London dames to the Lords' men:
Withal, the dirty pains those citizens take,
To see the pride at Court, their wives do make;
And the return those thankful courtiers yield,
To have their husbands drawn forth to the field,
And coming home to tell what acts were done
Under the auspice of young Swinnerton.
What a strong fort old Pimlico had been!
How it held out! how, last,'twas taken in!—
Well, I say, thrive, thrive, brave Artillery-yard,
Thou seed-plot of the war! that hast not spared
Powder or paper to bring up the youth
Of London, in the military truth,
These ten years day; as all may swear that look
But on thy practice, and the posture book.
He that but saw thy curious captain's drill,
Would think no more of Flushing or the Brill,
But give them over to the common ear,
For that unnecessary charge they were.
Well did thy crafty clerk and knight, Sir Hugh,
Supplant bold Panton, and brought there to view
Translated Ælian's tactics to be read,
And the Greek discipline, with the modern, shed
So in that ground, as soon it grew to be
The city-question, whether Tilly or he
Were now the greater captain? for they saw
The Berghen siege, and taking in Bredau,
So acted to the life, as Maurice might,
And Spinola have blushed at the sight.
O happy art! and wise epitome
Of bearing arms! most civil soldiery!
Thou canst draw forth thy forces, and fight dry
The battles of thy aldermanity;
Without the hazard of a drop of blood;
More than the surfeits in thee that day stood.
Go on, increas'd in virtue and in fame,
And keep the glory of the English name
Up among nations. In the stead of bold
Beauchamps and Nevills, Cliffords, Audleys old,
Insert thy Hodges, and those newer men,
As Stiles, Dike, Ditchfield, Millar, Crips, and Fen:
That keep the war, though now 't be grown more
Alive yet in the noise, and still the same, [tame,
And could, if our great men would let their sons
Come to their schools, shew them the use of guns;
And there instruct the noble English heirs
In politic and military affairs.
But he that should persuade to have this done
For education of our lordlings, soon
Should he [not] hear of billow, wind, and storm
From the tempestuous grandlings, who'll inform
Us, in our bearing, that are thus and thus.
Born, bred, allied? what's he dare tutor us?
Are we by book-worms to be aw'd? must we
Live by their scale, that dare do nothing free?
Why are we rich or great, except to show
All license in our lives? what need we know
More than to praise a dog, or horse? or speak
The hawking language? or our day to break
With citizens? let clowns and tradesmen breed
Their sons to study arts, the laws, the creed:
We will believe like men of our own rank,
In so much land a year, or such a bank,
That turns us so much monies, at which rate
Our ancestors imposed on prince and state.
Let poor nobility be virtuous: we,
Descended in a rope of titles, be
From Guy, or Bevis, Arthur, or from whom
The herald will: our blood is now become
Past any need of virtue. Let them care,
That in the cradle of their gentry are,
To serve the state by councils and by arms:
We neither love the troubles nor the harms.
What love you then? your whore; what study? gait,
Carriage and dressing. There is up of late
The Academy, where the gallants meet——
What! to make legs? yes, and to smell most sweet:
All that they do at plays. O but first here
They learn and study; and then practise there.
But why are all these irons in the fire,
Of several makings? Helps, helps, to attire
His lordship; that is for his band, his hair
This, and that box his beauty to repair;
This other for his eye-brows: hence, away,
I may no longer on these pictures stay,
These carcases of honour; tailors' blocks
Cover'd with tissue, whose prosperity mocks
The fate of things; whilst tatter'd virtue holds
Her broken arms up to their empty moulds!

LXIII.—AN EPISTLE TO MASTER ARTHUR SQUIB.

What I am not, and what I fain would be,
Whilst I inform myself, I would teach thee,
My gentle Arthur, that it might be said
One lesson we have both learn'd, and well read.
I neither am, nor art thou one of those
That hearkens to a jack's pulse, when it goes;
Nor ever trusted to that friendship yet,
Was issue of the tavern or the spit:
Much less a name would we bring up, or nurse,
That could but claim a kindred from the purse.
Those are poor ties depend on those false ends,
'Tis virtue alone, or nothing, that knits friends.
And as within your office you do take
No piece of money, but you know, or make
Inquiry of the worth; so must we do,
First weigh a friend, then touch and try him too:
For there are many slips and counterfeits.
Deceit is fruitful: Men have masks and nets;
But these with wearing will themselves unfold,
They cannot last. No lie grew ever old.
Turn him, and see his threads; look if he be
Friend to himself that would be friend to thee.
For that is first required, a man be his own:
But he that's too much that, is friend of none.
Then rest, and a friend's value understand,
It is a richer purchase than of land.

LXIV.—AN EPIGRAM ON SIR EDWARD COKE, WHEN HE WAS LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

He that should search all glories of the gown,
And steps of all raised servants of the crown,

He could not find than thee, of all that store,
Whom fortune aided less, or virtue more.
Such, Coke, were thy beginnings, when thy good
In others evil best was understood:
When, being the stranger's help, the poor man's aid,
Thy just defences made th' oppressor afraid.
Such was thy process, when integrity,
And skill in thee now grew authority,
That clients strove in question of the laws,
More for thy patronage, than for their cause,
And that thy strong and manly eloquence
Stood up thy nation's fame, her crown's defence;
And now such is thy stand, while thou dost deal
Desired justice to the public weal,
Like Solon's self, explat'st the knotty laws
With endless labours, whilst thy learning draws
No less of praise, than readers, in all kinds
Of worthiest knowledge, that can take men's minds.
Such is thy all, that, as I sung before,
None Fortune aided less, or virtue more.
Or if chance must to each man that doth rise,
Needs lend an aid, to thine she had her eyes.

LXV.—AN EPISTLE, ANSWERING TO ONE THAT ASKED TO BE SEALED OF THE TRIBE OF BEN.

Men that are safe and sure in all they do,
Care not what trials they are put unto:
They meet the fire, the test, as martyrs would,
And though opinion stamp them not, are gold.
I could say more of such, but that I fly
To speak myself out too ambitiously,
And shewing so weak an act to vulgar eyes,
Put conscience and my right to compromise.
Let those that merely talk, and never think,
That live in the wild anarchy of drink,
Subject to quarrel only; or else such
As make it their proficiency, how much
They've glutted in, and letcher'd out that week,
That never yet did friend or friendship seek,
But for a sealing: let these men protest.
Or th' other on their borders, that will jest
On all souls that are absent; even the dead,
Like flies or worms, which man's corrupt parts fed:
That to speak well, think it above all sin,
Of any company but that they are in,
Call'd every night to supper in these fits,
And are received for the Covey of Wits;
That censure all the town, and all the affairs,
And know whose ignorance is more than theirs:
Let these men have their ways, and take their times
To vent their libels, and to issue rhymes,
I have no portion in them, nor their deal
Of news they get, to strew out the long meal;
I study other friendships, and more one,
Than these can ever be, or else wish none.
  What is't to me, whether the French design
Be, or be not, to get the Valteline?
Or the States' ships sent forth be like to meet
Some hopes of Spain in their West Indian fleet?
Whether the dispensation yet be sent,
Or that the match from Spain was ever meant?
I wish all well, and pray high heaven conspire
My prince's safety, and my king's desire;
But if for honour we must draw the sword,
And force back that which will not be restor'd,
I have a body yet that spirit draws,
To live, or fall a carcase, in the cause.
So far without enquiry what the States,
Brunsfield, and Mansfield, do this year, my fates
Shall carry me at call; and I'll be well,
Though I do neither hear these news, nor tell
Of Spain or France; or were not prick'd down one
Of the late mystery of reception;
Although my fame to his not under-hears,
That guides the motions, and directs the bears.
But that's a blow, by which in time I may
Lose all my credit with my Christmas clay,
And animated porcelaine of the court;
Ay, and for this neglect, the coarser sort
Of earthen jars there, may molest me too:
Well, with mine own frail pitcher, what to do
I have decreed; keep it from waves and press,
Lest it be justled, crack'd, made nought, or less.
Live to that point I will, for which I am man,
And dwell as in my centre, as I can,
Still looking to, and ever loving heaven;
With reverence using all the gifts thence given:
'Mongst which, if I have any friendships sent,
Such as are square, well-tagg'd, and permanent,
Not built with canvas, paper, and false lights,
As are the glorious scenes at the great sights:
And that there be no fevery heats nor colds,
Oily expansions, or shrunk dirty folds,
But all so clear, and led by reason's flame,
As but to stumble in her sight were shame;
These I will honour, love, embrace, and serve,
And free it from all question to preserve.
So short you read my character, and theirs
I would call mine, to which not many stairs
Are ask'd to climb. First give me faith, who know
Myself a little; I will take you so,
As you have writ yourself: now stand, and then,
Sir, you are Sealed of the Tribe of Ben.

LXVI.—THE DEDICATION OF THE KING'S NEW CELLAR TO BACCHUS.

Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

Since, Bacchus, thou art father
Of wines, to thee the rather
We dedicate this Cellar,
Where now thou art made dweller,
And seal thee thy commission:
But 'tis with a condition,
That thou remain here taster
Of all to the great master;
And look unto their faces,
Their qualities and races,
That both their odour take him,
And relish merry make him.
  For, Bacchus, thou art freër
Of cares, and overseër
Of feast and merry meeting,
And still begin'st the greeting:
See then thou dost attend him,
Lyæus, and defend him,
By all the arts of gladness,
From any thought like sadness.
So may'st thou still be younger
Than Phœbus, and much stronger,
To give mankind their eases,
And cure the world's diseases.
  So may the Muses follow
Thee still, and leave Apollo,
And think thy stream more quicker
Than Hippocrene's liquor:
And thou make many a poet,
Before his brain do know it!
So may there never quarrel
Have issue from the barrel,

But Venus and the Graces
Pursue thee in all places,
And not a song be other
Than Cupid and his mother!
That when king James above here
Shall feast it, thou may'st love there
The causes and the guests too,
And have thy tales and jests too,
Thy circuits and thy rounds free,
As shall the feast's fair grounds be.
Be it he holds communion
In great St. George's union;
Or gratulates the passage
Of some well wrought embassage,
Whereby he may knit sure up
The wished peace of Europe:
Or else a health advances,
To put his court in dances,
And set us all on skipping,
When with his royal shipping,
The narrow seas are shady,
And Charles brings home the lady.

LXVII.—AN EPIGRAM ON THE COURT PUCELLE.

Does the Court Pucelle then so censure me,
And thinks I dare not her? let the world see.
What though her chamber be the very pit,
Where fight the prime cocks of the game, for wit;
And that as any are struck, her breath creates
New in their stead, out of the candidates!
What though with tribade lust she force a muse,
And in an epicœne fury can write news
Equal with that which for the best news goes,
As airy, light, and as like wit as those!
What though she talk, and can at once with them
Make state, religion, bawdry, all a theme;
And as lip-thirsty, in each word's expense,
Doth labour with the phrase more than the sense!
What though she ride two mile on holydays
To church, as others do to feasts and plays,
To shew their tires, to view, and to be view'd!
What though she be with velvet gowns endued,
And spangled petticoats brought forth to th' eye,
As new rewards of her old secrecy!
What though she hath won on trust, as many do,
And that her truster fears her! must I too?
I never stood for any place: my wit
Thinks itself nought, though she should value it.
I am no statesman, and much less divine;
For bawd'ry, 'tis her language, and not mine.
Farthest I am from the idolatry
To stuffs and laces; those my man can buy.
And trust her I would least, that hath forswore
In contract twice; what can she perjure more?
Indeed her dressing some man might delight,
Her face there's none can like by candle-light:
Not he, that should the body have, for case
To his poor instrument, now out of grace.
Shall I advise thee, Pucelle? steal away
From court, while yet thy fame hath some small
The wits will leave you if they once perceive [day;
You cling to lords; and lords, if them you leave
For sermoneers; of which now one, now other,
They say you weekly invite with fits o' th' mother,
And practise for a miracle; take heed,
This age will lend no faith to Darrel's deed;
Or if it would, the court is the worst place,
Both for the mothers, and the babes of grace;
For there the wicked in the chair of scorn,
Will call't a bastard, when a prophet's born.

LXVIII.—AN EPIGRAM, TO THE HONOURED COUNTESS OF * * *.

The wisdom, madam, of your private life,
Wherewith this while you live a widow'd wife,
And the right ways you take unto the right,
To conquer rumour, and triúmph on spite;
Not only shunning by your act to do
Aught that is ill, but the suspicion too,
Is of so brave example, as he were
No friend to virtue, could be silent here;
The rather when the vices of the time
Are grown so fruitful, and false pleasures climb,
By all oblique degrees, that killing height
From whence they fall, cast down with their own weight.
And though all praise bring nothing to your name,
Who (herein studying conscience, and not fame)
Are in yourself rewarded; yet 'twill be
A cheerful work to all good eyes, to see
Among the daily ruins that fall foul
Of state, of fame, of body, and of soul,
So great a virtue stand upright to view,
As makes Penelope's old fable true,
Whilst your Ulysses hath ta'en leave to go,
Countries and climes, manners and men to know.
Only your time you better entertain,
Than the great Homer's wit for her could feign;
For you admit no company but good, [blood,
And when you want those friends, or near in
Or your allies, you make your books your friends,
And study them unto the noblest ends,
Searching for knowledge, and to keep your mind
The same it was inspired, rich and refined.
These graces, when the rest of ladies view,
Not boasted in your life, but practis'd true,
As they are hard for them to make their own,
So are they profitable to be known:
For when they find so many meet in one,
It will be shame for them, if they have none.

LXIX.—ON LORD BACON'S BIRTH-DAY.

Hail, happy Genius of this ancient pile!
How comes it all things so about thee smile?
The fire, the wine, the men! and in the midst
Thou stand'st as if some mystery thou didst!
Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
For whose returns, and many, all these pray;
And so do I. This is the sixtieth year,
Since Bacon, and thy lord was born, and here;
Son to the grave wise Keeper of the Seal,
Fame and foundation of the English weal.
What then his father was, that since is he,
Now with a title more to the degree;
England's high Chancellor: the destin'd heir,
In his soft cradle, to his father's chair:
Whose even thread the fates spin round and full,
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.
'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,
For 'twere a narrow gladness, kept thine own.
Give me a deep-crown'd bowl, that I may sing,
In raising him, the wisdom of my king.

LXX.—THE POET TO THE PAINTER. AN ANSWER.

Why, though I seem of a prodigious waist,
I am not so voluminous and vast,
But there are lines, wherewith I might be' embrac'd.

Tis true, as my womb swells, so my back stoops,
And the whole lump grows round, deform'd, and droops;
But yet the Tun at Heidelberg had hoops.

You were not tied by any painter's law
To square my circle, I confess, but draw
My superficies: that was all you saw.

Which if in compass of no art it came
To be described by a monogram,
With one great blot you had form'd me as I am.

But whilst you curious were to have it be
An archetype, for all the world to see,
You made it a brave piece, but not like me.

O, had I now your manner, mastery, might,
Your power of handling, shadow, air, and spright,
How I would draw, and take hold and delight!

But you are he can paint, I can but write:
A poet hath no more but black and white,
Ne knows he flattering colours, or false light.

Yet when of friendship I would draw the face,
A letter'd mind, and a large heart would place
To all posterity; I will write BURLASE.

LXXI.—AN EPIGRAM TO WILLIAM EARL OF NEWCASTLE.

When first, my lord, I saw you back your horse,
Provoke his mettle, and command his force
To all the uses of the field and race,
Methought I read the ancient art of Thrace,
And saw a centaur, past those tales of Greece,
So seem'd your horse and you both of a piece!
You shew'd like Perseus upon Pegasus,
Or Castor mounted on his Cyllarus;
Or what we hear our home-born legend tell,
Of bold sir Bevis, and his Arundel;
Nay, so your seat his beauties did endorse,
As I began to wish myself a horse:
And surely, had I but your stable seen
Before, I think my wish absolv'd had been.
For never saw I yet the Muses dwell,
Nor any of their household half so well.
So well! as when I saw the floor and room,
I look'd for Hercules to be the groom;
And cried, Away with the Cæsarian bread!
At these immortal mangers Virgil fed.

LXXII.—EPISTLE TO MASTER ARTHUR SQUIB.

I am to dine, friend, where I must be weigh'd
For a just wager, and that wager paid
If I do lose it; and, without a tale,
A merchant's wife is regent of the scale.
Who when she heard the match, concluded straight,
An ill commodity! it must make good weight.
So that, upon the point, my corporal fear
Is, she will play dame justice too severe;
And hold me to it close; to stand upright
Within the balance, and not want a mite;
But rather with advantage to be found
Full twenty stone, of which I lack two pound;
That's six in silver: now within the socket
Stinketh my credit, if, into the pocket
It do not come: one piece I have in store,
Lend me, dear ARTHUR, for a week, five more,
And you shall make me good in weight and fashion,
And then, to be return'd; or protestation
To go out after:——till when take this letter
For your security. I can no better.

LXXIII.—TO MASTER JOHN BURGES.

Would God, my BURGES, I could think
Thoughts worthy of thy gift, this ink,
Then would I promise here to give
Verse that should thee and me outlive.
But since the wine hath steep'd my brain,
I only can the paper stain;
Yet with a dye that fears no moth,
But scarlet-like, out-lasts the cloth.

LXXIV.—EPISTLE TO MY LADY COVELL.

You won not verses, madam, you won me,
When you would play so nobly, and so free,
A book to a few lines! but it was fit
You won them too, your odds did merit it.
So have you gain'd a Servant and a Muse:
The first of which I fear you will refuse,
And you may justly; being a tardy, cold,
Unprofitable chattel, fat and old,
Laden with belly, and doth hardly approach
His friends, but to break chairs, or crack a coach.
His weight is twenty stone within two pound;
And that's made up, as doth the purse abound.
Marry, the Muse is one can tread the air,
And stroke the water, nimble, chaste and fair;
Sleep in a virgin's bosom without fear,
Run all the rounds in a soft lady's ear,
Widow or wife, without the jealousy
Of either suitor, or a servant by.
Such, if her manners like you, I do send:
And can for other graces her commend,
To make you merry on the dressing-stool
A mornings, and at afternoons to fool
Away ill company, and help in rhyme
Your Joan to pass her melancholy time.
By this, although you fancy not the man,
Accept his muse; and tell, I know you can,
How many verses, madam, are your due!
I can lose none in tendering these to you.
I gain in having leave to keep my day,
And should grow rich, had I much more to pay.

LXXV.—TO MASTER JOHN BURGES.

Father JOHN BURGES,
Necessity urges
My woeful cry
To sir Robert Pie:
And that he will venture
To send my debenture.
Tell him his Ben
Knew the time, when
He loved the Muses;
Though now he refuses,
To take apprehension
Of a year's pension,
And more is behind:
Put him in mind
Christmas is near;
And neither good cheer,
Mirth, fooling, nor wit,
Nor any least fit
Of gambol or sport
Will come at the court;
If there be no money,
No plover or coney
Will come to the table,
Or wine to enable
The muse, or the poet,
The parish will know it.
Nor any quick warming-pan help him to bed;
If the 'Chequer be empty, so will be his head.

LXXVI.—EPIGRAM TO MY BOOKSELLER.

Thou, friend, wilt hear all censures ; unto thee
All mouths are open, and all stomachs free :
Be thou my book's intelligencer, note
What each man says of it, and of what coat
His judgment is ; if he be wise, and praise,
Thank him ; if other, he can give no bays.
If his wit reach no higher, but to spring
Thy wife a fit of laughter ; a cramp-ring
Will be reward enough ; to wear like those,
That hang their richest jewels in their nose :
Like a rung bear or swine ; grunting out wit
As if that part lay for a—— most fit !
If they go on, and that thou lov'st a-life
Their perfumed judgments, let them kiss thy wife.

LXXVII.—AN EPITAPH ON HENRY LORD LA-WARE.

If, Passenger, thou canst but read,
Stay, drop a tear for him that's dead :
HENRY, the brave young lord LA-WARE,
Minerva's and the Muses' care !
What could their care do 'gainst the spite
Of a disease, that lov'd no light
Of honour, nor no air of good ;
But crept like darkness through his blood,
Offended with the dazzling flame
Of virtue, got above his name ?
No noble furniture of parts,
No love of action and high arts :
No aim at glory, or in war,
Ambition to become a star,
Could stop the malice of this ill,
That spread his body o'er to kill :
And only his great soul envíed,
Because it durst have noblier died.

LXXVIII.—AN EPIGRAM TO THE LORD-KEEPER.

That you have seen the pride, beheld the sport,
And all the games of fortune, play'd at Court,
View'd there the market, read the wretched rate,
At which there are would sell the prince and state :
That scarce you hear a public voice alive,
But whisper'd counsels, and those only thrive ;
Yet are got off thence, with clear mind and hands
To lift to heaven, who is't not understands
Your happiness, and doth not speak you blest,
To see you set apart thus from the rest,
T'obtain of God what all the land should ask ?
A nation's sin got pardon'd ! 'twere a task
Fit for a bishop's knees ! O bow them oft,
My lord, till felt grief make our stone hearts soft,
And we do weep to water for our sin.—
He, that in such a flood as we are in,
Of riot and consumption, knows the way,
To teach the people how to fast and pray,
And do their penance to avert the rod,
He is the Man, and favourite, of God.

LXXIX.—AN EPIGRAM TO KING CHARLES, FOR AN HUNDRED POUNDS HE SENT ME IN MY SICKNESS. MDCXXIX.

Great CHARLES, among the holy gifts of grace,
Annexed to thy person and thy place,
'Tis not enough (thy piety is such)
To cure the call'd *king's-evil* with thy touch ;
But thou wilt yet a kinglier mastery try,
To cure the *poet's evil*, poverty :
And in these cures dost so thyself enlarge,
As thou dost cure our evil at thy charge.
Nay, and in this, thou show'st to value more
One poet, than of other folks ten score.
O piety, so to weigh the poor's estates !
O bounty, so to difference the rates !
What can the poet wish his king may do,
But that he cure the people's evil too ?

LXXX.—TO KING CHARLES AND QUEEN MARY, FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR FIRST-BORN.—AN EPIGRAM CONSOLATORY. MDCXXIX.

Who dares deny, that all first-fruits are due
To God, denies the Godhead to be true :
Who doubts those fruits God can with gain restore,
Doth by his doubt distrust his promise more.
He can, he will, and with large interest, pay
What, at his liking, he will take away.
Then, royal Charles and Mary, do not grutch
That the Almighty's will to you is such :
But thank his greatness and his goodness too ;
And think all still the best that he will do.
That thought shall make, he will this loss supply
With a long, large, and blest posterity :
For God, whose essence is so infinite,
Cannot but heap that grace he will requite.

LXXXI.—AN EPIGRAM TO OUR GREAT AND GOOD KING CHARLES, ON HIS ANNIVERSARY DAY. MDCXXIX.

How happy were the subject if he knew,
Most pious king, but his own good in you !
How many times, Live long, CHARLES ! would he say,
If he but weigh'd the blessings of this day,
And as it turns our joyful year about,
For safety of such majesty cry out ?
Indeed, when had Great Britain greater cause
Than now, to love the sovereign and the laws ;
When you that reign are her example grown,
And what are bounds to her, you make your own ?
When your assiduous practice doth secure
That faith which she professeth to be pure ?
When all your life's a precedent of days,
And murmur cannot quarrel at your ways ?
How is she barren grown of love, or broke,
That nothing can her gratitude provoke !
O times ! O manners ! surfeit bred of ease,
The truly epidemical disease !
'Tis not alone the merchant, but the clown,
Is bankrupt turn'd ; the cassock, cloke and gown,
Are lost upon account, and none will know,
How much to heaven for thee, great Charles, they owe !

LXXXII.—AN EPIGRAM ON THE PRINCE'S BIRTH. MDCXXX.

And art thou born, brave babe ? blest be thy birth,
That so hath crown'd our hopes, our spring, and earth,
The bed of the chaste Lily and the Rose ! [earth,
What month than May was fitter to disclose
This prince of flow'rs ? Soon shoot thou up and grow
The same that thou art promised, but be slow,
And long in changing. Let our nephews see
Thee quickly come the garden's eye to be,
And still to stand so. Haste now, envious moon,
And interpose thyself, (care not how soon)
And threat the great eclipse ; two hours but run,
Sol will re-shine : if not, CHARLES hath a son.

——*Non displicuisse meretur*
Festinat Cæsar qui placuisse tibi.

LXXXIII.—AN EPIGRAM TO THE QUEEN, THEN LYING IN. MDCXXX.

Hail, Mary, full of grace! it once was said,
And by an angel, to the blessed'st maid,
The Mother of our Lord: why may not I,
Without profaneness, as a poet cry,
Hail, MARY, full of honours! to my queen,
The mother of our prince? when was there seen,
Except the joy that the first Mary brought,
Whereby the safety of mankind was wrought,
So general a gladness to an isle,
To make the hearts of a whole nation smile,
As in this prince? let it be lawful, so
To compare small with great, as still we owe
Glory to God. Then, hail to Mary! spring
Of so much safety to the realm and king!

LXXXIV.—AN ODE OR SONG BY ALL THE MUSES, IN CELEBRATION OF HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY. MDCXXX.

1. *Clio.* Up, public joy, remember
This sixteenth of November,
Some brave uncommon way:
And though the parish-steeple
Be silent to the people
Ring thou it holy-day.

2. *Mel.* What though the thrifty Tower,
And guns there spare to pour
Their noises forth in thunder:
As fearful to awake
This city, or to shake
Their guarded gates asunder?

3. *Thal.* Yet let our trumpets sound,
And cleave both air and ground
With beating of our drums:
Let every lyre be strung,
Harp, lute, theorbo sprung,
With touch of learned thumbs.

4. *Eut.* That when the quire is full,
The harmony may pull
The angels from their spheres:
And each intelligence
May wish itself a sense,
Whilst it the ditty hears.

5. *Terp.* Behold the royal Mary,
The daughter of great Harry!
And sister to just Lewis!
Comes in the pomp and glory
Of all her brother's story,
And of her father's prowess!

6. *Erat.* She shows so far above
The feigned queen of love,
This sea girt isle upon:
As here no Venus were;
But that she reigning here,
Had put the ceston on!

7. *Call.* See, see our active king,
Hath taken twice the ring,
Upon his pointed lance:
Whilst all the ravish'd rout
Do mingle in a shout,
Hey for the flower of France!

8. *Ura.* This day the court doth measure
Her joy in state and pleasure;
And with a reverend fear,
The revels and the play,
Sum up this crowned day,
Her two and twentieth year.

9. *Poly.* Sweet, happy Mary, all
The people her do call,
And this the womb divine!
So fruitful, and so fair,
Hath brought the land an heir,
And Charles a Caroline!

LXXXV.—AN EPIGRAM TO THE HOUSEHOLD. MDCXXX.

What can the cause be, when the king hath given
His poet sack, the Household will not pay?
Are they so scanted in their store? or driven
For want of knowing the poet, to say him nay?
Well, they should know him, would the king but grant
His poet leave to sing his Household true;
He'd frame such ditties of their store and want,
Would make the very Green-cloth to look blue:
And rather wish in their expense of sack,
So the allowance from the king to use,
As the old bard should no canary lack;
'Twere better spare a butt, than spill his muse.
For in the genius of a poet's verse,
The king's fame lives. Go now, deny his tierce!

LXXXVI.—AN EPIGRAM TO A FRIEND, AND SON.

Son, and my friend, I had not call'd you so
To me: or been the same to you, if show,
Profit, or chance had made us: but I know,
What, by that name, we each to other owe,
Freedom and truth; with love from those begot:
Wise-crafts, on which the flatterer ventures not.
His is more safe commodity or none:
Nor dares he come in the comparison.
But as the wretched painter, who so ill
Painted a dog, that now his subtler skill
Was, t' have a boy stand with a club, and fright
All live dogs from the lane, and his shop's sight,
Till he had sold his piece, drawn so unlike:
So doth the flatterer with fair cunning strike
At a friend's freedom, proves all circling means
To keep him off; and howsoe'er he gleans
Some of his forms, he lets him not come near
Where he would fix, for the distinction's fear;
For as at distance few have faculty
To judge; so all men coming near, can spy;
Though now of flattery, as of picture, are
More subtle works, and finer pieces far,
Than knew the former ages; yet to life
All is but web and painting; be the strife
Never so great to get them: and the ends,
Rather to boast rich hangings, than rare friends.

A PINDARIC ODE

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY AND FRIENDSHIP OF THAT NOBLE PAIR,

SIR LUCIUS CARY, AND SIR H. MORISON.

LXXXVII.—A PINDARIC ODE ON THE DEATH OF SIR H. MORISON.

I.

THE STROPHE, OR TURN.

Brave infant of Saguntum, clear
  Thy coming forth in that great year,
When the prodigious Hannibal did crown
His rage, with razing your immortal town.
    Thou looking then about,
    Ere thou wert half got out,
  Wise child, didst hastily return,
  And mad'st thy mother's womb thine urn.
How summ'd a circle didst thou leave mankind
Of deepest lore, could we the centre find!

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN.

  Did wiser nature draw thee back,
  From out the horror of that sack;
Where shame, faith, honour, and regard of right,
Lay trampled on? the deeds of death and night,
    Urged, hurried forth, and hurl'd
    Upon th' affrighted world;
  Fire, famine, and fell fury met,
  And all on utmost ruin set:
As, could they but life's miseries foresee,
No doubt all infants would return like thee.

THE EPODE, OR STAND.

For what is life, if measur'd by the space,
    Not by the act?
Or masked man, if valued by his face,
    Above his fact?
    Here's one outliv'd his peers,
    And told forth fourscore years:
  He vexed time, and busied the whole state;
    Troubled both foes and friends;
    But ever to no ends:
  What did this stirrer but die late?
How well at twenty had he fallen or stood!
For three of his fourscore he did no good.

II.

THE STROPHE, OR TURN.

  He enter'd well by virtuous parts,
  Got up, and thriv'd with honest arts;
He purchased friends, and fame, and honours then,
And had his noble name advanc'd with men:
    But weary of that flight,
    He stoop'd in all men's sight
  To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
  And sunk in that dead sea of life,
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup,
But that the cork of title buoy'd him up.

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN.

  Alas! but Morison fell young:
  He never fell,—thou fall'st, my tongue.
He stood a soldier to the last right end,
A perfect patriot and a noble friend;
    But most, a virtuous son.
    All offices were done
  By him, so ample, full, and round,
  In weight, in measure, number, sound,
As, though his age imperfect might appear,
His life was of humanity the sphere.

THE EPODE, OR STAND.

Go now, and tell our days summ'd up with fears,
    And make them years;
Produce thy mass of miseries on the stage,
    To swell thine age:
    Repeat of things a throng,
    To shew thou hast been long,
  Not liv'd; for life doth her great actions spell,
    By what was done and wrought
    In season, and so brought
  To light: her measures are, how well
Each syllabe answer'd, and was form'd, how fair;
These make the lines of life, and that's her air!

III.

THE STROPHE, OR TURN.

    It is not growing like a tree
    In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
    A lily of a day,
    Is fairer far, in May,
  Although it fall and die that night;
  It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures, life may perfect be.

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN.

  Call, noble Lucius, then for wine,
  And let thy looks with gladness shine:
Accept this Garland, plant it on thy head,
And think, nay know, thy Morison's not dead.
    He leap'd the present age,
    Possest with holy rage,
  To see that bright eternal day;
  Of which we priests and poets say
Such truths, as we expect for happy men:
And there, he lives with memory, and Ben.

THE EPODE, OR STAND.

Jonson, who sung this of him, ere he went,
    Himself, to rest,
Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
    To have exprest,
    In this bright asterism!——
    Where it were friendship's schism,
  Were not his Lucius long with us to tarry,
    To separate these twi-
    Lights, the Dioscuri;
  And keep the one half from his Harry.
But fate doth so alternate the design,
Whilst that in heaven, this light on earth must
    shine,—

IV.

THE STROPHE, OR TURN.

And shine as you exalted are;
Two names of friendship, but one star:
Of hearts the union, and those not by chance
Made, or indenture, or leased out t'advance
The profits for a time.
No pleasures vain did chime,
Of rhymes, or riots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drink, or feign'd protests:
But simple love of greatness and of good:
That knits brave minds and manners, more than blood.

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN.

This made you first to know the why
You liked, then after, to apply
That liking; and approach so one the t'other,
Till either grew a portion of the other:
Each styled by his end,
The copy of his friend.
You liv'd to be the great sir-names,
And titles, by which all made claims
Unto the Virtue: nothing perfect done,
But as a CARY or a MORISON.

THE EPODE, OR STAND

And such a force the fair example had,
As they that saw
The good, and durst not practise it, were glad
That such a law
Was left yet to mankind;
Where they might read and find
Friendship, indeed, was written not in words;
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men
Whose lines her rolls were, and records:
Who, ere the first down bloomed on the chin,
Had sow'd these fruits, and got the harvest in.

LXXXVIII.—AN EPIGRAM TO WILLIAM EARL OF NEWCASTLE, ON HIS FENCING.

They talk of Fencing, and the use of arms,
The art of urging and avoiding harms,
The noble science, and the mastering skill
Of making just approaches how to kill;
To hit in angles, and to clash with time;
As all defence or offence were a chime!
I hate such measured, give me mettled, fire,
That trembles in the blaze, but then mounts higher!
A quick and dazzling motion; when a pair
Of bodies meet like rarified air!
Their weapons darted with that flame and force,
As they out-did the lightning in the course;
This were a spectacle, a sight to draw
Wonder to valour! No, it is the law
Of daring not to do a wrong; tis true
Valour to slight it, being done to you.
To know the heads of danger where 'tis fit
To bend, to break, provoke, or suffer it;
All this, my lord, is valour: this is yours,
And was your father's, all your ancestors!
Who durst live great 'mongst all the colds and heats
Of human life; as all the frosts and sweats
Of fortune, when or death appear'd, or bands:
And valiant were, with or without their hands.

LXXXIX.—TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND, AN EPISTLE MENDICANT. MDCXXXI.

MY LORD,
Poor wretched states, prest by extremities,
Are fain to seek for succours and supplies
Of princes' aids, or good men's charities.
Disease the enemy, and his ingineers,
Want, with the rest of his conceal'd compeers,
Have cast a trench about me, now five years,
And made those strong approaches by false brays,
Redouts, half-moons, horn-works, and such close ways,
The muse not peeps out, one of hundred days,
But lies block'd up, and straiten'd, narrow'd in,
Fix'd to the bed and boards, unlike to win
Health, or scarce breath, as she had never been;
Unless some saving honour of the crown,
Dare think it, to relieve, no less renown,
A bed-rid wit, than a besieged town.

XC.—TO THE KING ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 19, MDCXXXII. AN EPIGRAM ANNIVERSARY.

This is king Charles his day. Speak it, thou Tower,
Unto the ships, and they from tier to tier,
Discharge it 'bout the island in an hour,
As loud as thunder, and as swift as fire.
Let Ireland meet it out at sea, half-way,
Repeating all Great Britain's joy and more,
Adding her own glad accents to this day,
Like Echo playing from the other shore.
What drums or trumpets, or great ordnance can,
The poetry of steeples, with the bells,
Three kingdoms mirth, in light and aëry man,
Made lighter with the wine. All noises else,
At bonfires, rockets, fire-works, with the shouts
That cry that gladness which their hearts would pray,
Had they but grace of thinking, at these routs,
On the often coming of this holy day:
And ever close the burden of the song, [long.
Still to have such a Charles, but this Charles
The wish is great; but where the prince is such,
What prayers, people, can you think too much!

XCI.

ON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND VIRTUOUS LORD WESTON,
LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND,

Upon the day he was made Earl of Portland, Feb. 17, 1632.

TO THE ENVIOUS.

Look up, thou seed of envy, and still bring
Thy faint and narrow eyes to read the king
In his great actions: view whom his large hand
Hath raised to be the PORT unto his LAND!
Weston! that waking man, that eye of state!
Who seldom sleeps! whom bad men only hate!
Why do I irritate or stir up thee,
Thou sluggish spawn, that canst, but wilt not see

Feed on thyself for spight, and shew thy kind:
To virtue and true worth be ever blind.
Dream thou couldst hurt it, but before thou wake
To effect it, feel thou'st made thine own heart ache.

XCII.—TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HIEROME, LORD WESTON,

AN ODE GRATULATORY, FOR HIS RETURN FROM HIS EMBASSY, MDCXXXII.

Such pleasure as the teeming earth
Doth take in easy nature's birth,
When she puts forth the life of every thing;
And in a dew of sweetest rain,
She lies deliver'd without pain,
Of the prime beauty of the year, the Spring.

The rivers in their shores do run,
The clouds rack clear before the sun,
The rudest winds obey the calmest air;
Rare plants from every bank do rise,
And every plant the sense surprise,
Because the order of the whole is fair!

The very verdure of her nest,
Wherein she sits so richly drest,
As all the wealth of season there was spread,
Doth shew the Graces and the Hours
Have multiplied their arts and powers,
In making soft her aromatic bed.

Such joys, such sweets, doth your return
Bring all your friends, fair lord, that burn
With love, to hear your modesty relate,
The business of your blooming wit,
With all the fruit shall follow it,
Both to the honour of the king and state.

O how will then our court be pleas'd,
To see great Charles of travail eas'd,
When he beholds a graft of his own hand,
Shoot up an olive, fruitful, fair,
To be a shadow to his heir,
And both a strength and beauty to his land!

EPITHALAMION; OR, A SONG;

Celebrating the Nuptials of that noble gentleman, Mr. Hierome Weston, Son and Heir of the Lord Weston, Lord High Treasurer of England, with the Lady Frances Stewart, Daughter of Esme Duke of Lenox, deceased, and Sister of the surviving Duke of the same name.

XCIII.—EPITHALAMION.

Though thou hast past thy summer-standing, stay
Awhile with us, bright sun, and help our light;
Thou canst not meet more glory on the way,
Between the tropics, to arrest thy sight,
Than thou shalt see to-day:
We woo thee stay;
And see what can be seen,
The bounty of a king, and beauty of his queen.

See the procession! what a holy day,
Bearing the promise of some better fate,
Hath filled, with caroches, all the way,
From Greenwich hither to Rowhampton gate!
When look'd the year, at best,
So like a feast;
Or were affairs in tune,
By all the spheres consent, so in the heart of June?

What beauty of beauties, and bright youths at charge
Of summers liveries, and gladding green,
Do boast their loves and braveries so at large,
As they came all to see, and to be seen!
When look'd the earth so fine,
Or so did shine,
In all her bloom and flower,
To welcome home a pair, and deck the nuptial bower?

It is the kindly season of the time,
The month of youth, which calls all creatures forth,
To do their offices in nature's chime,
And celebrate, perfection at the worth,
Marriage, the end of life,
That holy strife,
And the allowed war,
Through which not only we, but all our species are.

Hark how the bells upon the waters play
Their sister-tunes from Thames his either side,
As they had learn'd new changes for the day,
And all did ring the approaches of the bride;
The lady FRANCES drest
Above the rest
Of all the maidens fair;
In graceful ornament of garland, gems, and hair.

See how she paceth forth in virgin-white,
Like what she is, the daughter of a duke,
And sister; darting forth a dazzling light
On all that come her simplesse to rebuke!
Her tresses trim her back,
As she did lack
Nought of a maiden queen,
With modesty so crown'd, and adoration seen.

Stay, thou wilt see what rites the virgins do,
The choicest virgin-troop of all the land!
Porting the ensigns of united two,
Both crowns and kingdoms in their either hand:
Whose majesties appear,
To make more clear
This feast, than can the day,
Although that thou, O sun, at our entreaty stay!

See how with roses, and with lilies shine,
Lilies and roses, flowers of either sex,
The bright bride's paths, embellish'd more than thine,
With light of love this pair doth intertex!
Stay, see the virgins sow,
Where she shall go,
The emblems of their way.—
O, now thou smil'st, fair sun, and shin'st, as thou would'st stay!

With what full hands, and in how plenteous showers
Have they bedew'd the earth, where she doth tread.

As if her airy steps did spring the flowers,
And all the ground were garden where she led!
See, at another door,
On the same floor,
The bridegroom meets the bride
With all the pomp of youth, and all our court beside!

Our court, and all the grandees! now, sun, look,
And looking with thy best inquiry, tell,
In all thy age of journals thou hast took,
Saw'st thou that pair became these rites so well,
Save the preceding two?
Who, in all they do,
Search, sun, and thou wilt find
They are the exampled pair, and mirror of their kind.

Force from the Phœnix, then, no rarity
Of sex, to rob the creature; but from man,
The king of creatures, take his parity
With angels, muse, to speak these: nothing can
Illustrate these, but they
Themselves to-day,
Who the whole act express;
All else, we see beside, are shadows, and go less.

It is their grace and favour that makes seen,
And wonder'd at the bounties of this day;
All is a story of the king and queen:
And what of dignity and honour may
Be duly done to those
Whom they have chose,
And set the mark upon,
To give a greater name and title to! their own!

Weston, their treasure, as their treasurer,
That mine of wisdom, and of counsels deep,
Great say-master of state, who cannot err,
But doth his caract, and just standard keep,
In all the prov'd assays,
And legal ways
Of trials, to work down
Men's loves unto the laws, and laws to love the crown.

And this well mov'd the judgment of the king
To pay with honours to his noble son
To-day, the father's service; who could bring
Him up, to do the same himself had done:
That far all-seeing eye
Could soon espy
What kind of waking man
He had so highly set; and in what Barbican.

Stand there; for when a noble nature's rais'd,
It brings friends joy, foes grief, posterity fame;
In him the times, no less than prince, are prais'd,
And by his rise, in active men, his name
Doth emulation stir;
To the dull a spur
It is, to the envious meant
A mere upbraiding grief, and torturing punishment.

See now the chapel opens, where the king
And bishop stay to consummate the rites;
The holy prelate prays, then takes the ring,
Asks first, who gives her?—I, Charles—then [he plights
One in the other's hand,
Whilst they both stand
Hearing their charge, and then
The solemn choir cries, Joy! and they return,
Amen!

O happy bands! and thou more happy place,
Which to this use wert built and consecrate!
To have thy God to bless, thy king to grace,
And this their chosen bishop celebrate,
And knit the nuptial knot,
Which time shall not,
Or canker'd jealousy,
With all corroding arts, be able to untie!

The chapel empties, and thou mayst be gone
Now, sun, and post away the rest of day:
These two, now holy church hath made them one,
Do long to make themselves so' another way:
There is a feast behind,
To them of kind,
Which their glad parents taught
One to the other, long ere these to light were brought.

Haste, haste, officious sun, and send them night
Some hours before it should, that these may know
All that their fathers and their mothers might
Of nuptial sweets, at such a season, owe,
To propagate their names,
And keep their fames
Alive, which else would die;
For fame keeps virtue up, and it posterity.

The ignoble never lived, they were awhile
Like swine or other cattle here on earth:
Their names are not recorded on the file
Of life, that fall so; Christians know their birth
Alone, and such a race,
We pray may grace,
Your fruitful spreading vine,
But dare not ask our wish in language Fescennine.

Yet, as we may, we will,—with chaste desires,
The holy perfumes of the marriage-bed,
Be kept alive, those sweet and sacred fires
Of love between you and your lovely-head!
That when you both are old,
You find no cold
There; but renewed, say,
After the last child born, This is our wedding-day

Till you behold a race to fill your hall,
A Richard, and a Hierome, by their names
Upon a Thomas, or a Francis call;
A Kate, a Frank, to honour their grand-dames,
And 'tween their grandsires' thighs,
Like pretty spies,
Peep forth a gem; to see
How each one plays his part, of the large pedigree!

And never may there want one of the stem,
To be a watchful servant for this state;
But like an arm of eminence 'mongst them,
Extend a reaching virtue early and late!
Whilst the main tree still found
Upright and sound,
By this sun's noonsted's made
So great; his body now alone projects the shade.

They both are slipp'd to bed; shut fast the door,
And let him freely gather love's first-fruits.
He's master of the office; yet no more
Exacts than she is pleased to pay: no suits
Strifes, murmurs, or delay,
Will last till day;
Night and the sheets will show
The longing couple all that elder lovers know

XCIV.—THE HUMBLE PETITION OF POOR BEN; TO THE BEST OF MONARCHS, MASTERS, MEN, KING CHARLES.

—— Doth most humbly show it,
To your majesty, your poet:
That whereas your royal father,
JAMES the blessed, pleas'd the rather,
Of his special grace to letters,
To make all the Muses debtors
To his bounty; by extension
Of a free poetic pension,
A large hundred marks annuity,
To be given me in gratuity
For done service, and to come:
And that this so accepted sum,
Or dispens'd in books or bread,
(For with both the muse was fed)
Hath drawn on me from the times,
All the envy of the rhymes,
And the ratling pit-pat noise
Of the less poetic boys,
When their pot-guns aim to hit,
With their pellets of small wit,
Parts of me they judg'd decay'd;
But we last out still unlay'd.
Please your majesty to make
Of your grace, for goodness sake,
Those your father's marks, your pounds:
Let their spite, which now abounds,
Then go on, and do its worst;
This would all their envy burst:
And so warm the poet's tongue,
You'd read a snake in his next song.

XCV.—TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD TREASURER OF ENGLAND. AN EPIGRAM.

If to my mind, great lord, I had a state,
I would present you now with curious plate
Of Noremberg or Turky; hang your rooms,
Not with the Arras, but the Persian looms:
I would, if price or prayer could them get,
Send in what or Romano, Tintoret,
Titian, or Raphael, Michael Angelo,
Have left in fame to equal, or out-go
The old Greek hands in picture, or in stone.
This I would do, could I think WESTON one
Catch'd with these arts, wherein the judge is wise
As far as sense, and only by the eyes.
But you, I know, my lord, and know you can
Discern between a statue and a man;
Can do the things that statues do deserve,
And act the business which they paint or carve.
What you have studied, are the arts of life;
To compose men and manners; stint the strife
Of murmuring subjects; make the nations know
What worlds of blessings to good kings they owe:
And mightiest monarchs feel what large increase
Of sweets and safeties they possess by peace.
These I look up at with a reverent eye,
And strike religion in the standers-by;
Which, though I cannot, as an architect,
In glorious piles or pyramids erect
Unto your honour; I can tune in song
Aloud; and, haply, it may last as long.

XCVI.—AN EPIGRAM TO MY MUSE, THE LADY DIGBY, ON HER HUSBAND, SIR KENELM DIGBY.

Though, happy Muse, thou know my DIGBY well,
Yet read him in these lines: He doth excel
In honour, courtesy, and all the parts
Court can call hers, or man could call his arts.
He's prudent, valiant, just and temperate:
In him all virtue is beheld in state;
And he is built like some imperial room
For that to dwell in, and be still at home.
His breast is a brave palace, a broad street,
Where all heroic ample thoughts do meet:
Where nature such a large survey hath ta'en,
As other souls, to his, dwelt in a lane:
Witness his action done at Scanderoon,
Upon his birth-day, the eleventh of June;
When the apostle Barnaby the bright
Unto our year doth give the longest light,
In sign the subject, and the song will live,
Which I have vow'd posterity to give.
Go, Muse, in, and salute him. Say he be
Busy, or frown at first, when he sees thee,
He will clear up his forehead; think thou bring'st
Good omen to him in the note thou sing'st:
For he doth love my verses, and will look
Upon them next to Spenser's noble book,
And praise them too. O what a fame 'twill be,
What reputation to my lines and me,
When he shall read them at the Treasurer's board
The knowing Weston, and that learned lord
Allows them! then, what copies shall be had,
What transcripts begg'd! how cried up, and how glad
Wilt thou be, Muse, when this shall them befall!
Being sent to one, they will be read of all.

XCVII.—A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT, SUNG TO KING CHARLES, MDCXXXV.

PRELUDE.

New years expect new gifts: sister, your harp,
Lute, lyre, theorbo, all are call'd to-day;
Your change of notes, the flat, the mean, the sharp,
To shew the rites, and usher forth the way
Of the new year, in a new silken warp,
To fit the softness of your year's-gift; when
We sing the best of monarchs, masters, men;
For had we here said less, we had sung nothing then.

CHORUS OF NYMPHS AND SHEPHERDS.

Rector Cho. To-day old Janus opens the new year,
And shuts the old: Haste, haste, all loyal swains,
That know the times and seasons when t' appear,
And offer your just service on these plains;
Best kings expect first fruits of your glad gains.

1 *Shep.* Pan is the great preserver of our bounds.
2 *Shep.* To him we owe all profits of our grounds.
3 *Shep.* Our milk.
4 *Shep.* Our fells.
5 *Shep.* Our fleeces.
6 *Shep.* And first lambs.
7 *Shep.* Our teeming ewes.
8 *Shep.* And lusty mounting rams.
9 *Shep.* See where he walks, with Mira by his side.
Cho. Sound, sound his praises loud, and with his hers divide.
Of PAN we sing, the best of hunters, Pan,
That drives the hart to seek unused ways,
Shep. And in the chase, more than Sylvanus can;
Cho. Hear, O ye groves, and, hills, resound his praise.
Of brightest MIRA do we raise our song,
Sister of Pan, and glory of the spring;

Nym. Who walks on earth, as May still went along,
Cho. Rivers and valleys, echo what we sing.

Of Pan we sing, the chief of leaders, Pan,
Cho. of Shep. That leads our flocks and us, and calls both forth
To better pastures than great Pales can:
Hear, O ye groves, and, hills, resound his worth.

Of brightest Mira is our song; the grace
Cho. of Nymph. Of all that nature yet to life did bring;
And were she lost, could best supply her place:
Rivers and valleys, echo what we sing.

1 *Shep.* Where'er they tread the enamour'd ground,
The fairest flowers are always found:
2 *Shep.* As if the beauties of the year
Still waited on them where they were.
1 *Shep.* He is the father of our peace;
2 *Shep.* She to the crown hath brought increase.
1 *Shep.* We know no other power than his;
Pan only our great shepherd is,
Cho. Our great, our good. Where one's so
In truth of colours, both are best. [drest

Rect. Cho. Haste, haste you hither, all you gentler swains,
That have a flock or herd upon these plains:
This is the great preserver of our bounds,
To whom you owe all duties of your grounds;
Your milks, your fells, your fleeces, and first lambs,
Your teeming ewes, as well as mounting rams.
Whose praises let's report unto the woods,
That they may take it echo'd by the floods.
Cho. 'Tis he, 'tis he; in singing he,
And hunting, Pan, exceedeth thee:
He gives all plenty and increase,
He is the author of our peace.

Rect. Cho. Where-e'er he goes, upon the ground
The better grass and flowers are found.
To sweeter pastures lead he can,
Than ever Pales could, or Pan:
He drives diseases from our folds,
The thief from spoil his presence holds:
Pan knows no other power than his,
This only the great shepherd is.
Cho. 'Tis he, 'tis he; &c.

XCVIII.—ON THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY.

Rouse up thyself, my gentle Muse,
Though now our green conceits be gray,
And yet once more do not refuse
To take thy Phrygian harp, and play
In honour of this cheerful day:
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of crowns is such a love.

Make first a song of joy and love,
Which chastly flames in royal eyes,
Then tune it to the spheres above,
When the benignest stars do rise,
And sweet conjunctions grace the skies.
Long may, &c.

To this let all good hearts resound,
Whilst diadems invest his head;
Long may he live, whose life doth bound
More than his laws, and better led
By high example, than by dread.
Long may, &c.

Long may he round about him see
His roses and his lilies blown:
Long may his only dear and he
Joy in ideas of their own,
And kingdom's hopes so timely sown.
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of crowns is such a love.

XCIX.—TO MY LORD THE KING, ON THE CHRISTENING HIS SECOND SON JAMES.

That thou art lov'd of God, this work is done,
Great king, thy having of a second son:
And by thy blessing may thy people see
How much they are belov'd of God in thee.
Would they would understand it! princes are
Great aids to empire, as they are great care
To pious parents, who would have their blood
Should take first seisin of the public good,
As hath thy James; cleans'd from original dross,
This day, by baptism, and his Saviour's cross.
Grow up, sweet babe, as blessed in thy name,
As in renewing thy good grandsire's fame:
Methought Great Britain in her sea, before
Sate safe enough, but now secured more.
At land she triumphs in the triple shade,
Her rose and lily intertwined, have made.

Oceano secura meo, securior umbris.

C.—AN ELEGY ON THE LADY JANE PAWLET, MARCHIONESS OF WINTON.

What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew,
And beckoning woos me, from the fatal tree
To pluck a garland for herself or me?
I do obey you, beauty! for in death
You seem a fair one. O that you had breath
To give your shade a name! Stay, stay, I feel
A horror in me, all my blood is steel;
Stiff, stark! my joints 'gainst one another knock
Whose daughter?—Ha! great Savage of the Rock.
He's good as great. I am almost a stone,
And ere I can ask more of her, she's gone!—
Alas, I am all marble! write the rest
Thou would'st have written, Fame, upon my breast:
It is a large fair table, and a true,
And the disposure will be something new,
When I, who would the poet have become,
At least may bear the inscription to her tomb.
She was the lady JANE, and marchionisse
Of Winchester; the heralds can tell this.
Earl Rivers' grand-child—'serve not forms, good Fame,
Sound thou her virtues, give her soul a name.
Had I a thousand mouths, as many tongues,
And voice to raise them from my brazen lungs,
I durst not aim at that; the dotes were such
Thereof, no notion can express how much
Their caract was: I or my trump must break,
But rather I, should I of that part speak;
It is too near of kin to heaven, the soul,
To be described! Fame's fingers are too foul
To touch these mysteries: we may admire
The heat and splendor, but not handle fire.
What she did here, by great example, well,
T' inlive posterity, her Fame may tell;
And calling Truth to witness, make that good
From the inherent graces in her blood!
Else who doth praise a person by a new
But a feign'd way, doth rob it of the true.

Her sweetness, softness, her fair courtesy,
Her wary guards, her wise simplicity,
Were like a ring of Virtues 'bout her set,
And Piety the centre where all met.
A reverend state she had, an awful eye,
A dazzling, yet inviting, majesty:
What Nature, Fortune, Institution, Fact
Could sum to a perfection, was her act!
How did she leave the world, with what contempt!
Just as she in it lived, and so exempt
From all affection! when they urg'd the cure
Of her disease, how did her soul assure
Her sufferings, as the body had been away!
And to the torturers, her doctors, say,
Stick on your cupping-glasses, fear not, put
Your hottest caustics to, burn, lance, or cut:
'Tis but a body which you can torment,
And I into the world all soul was sent.
Then comforted her lord, and blest her son,
Cheer'd her fair sisters in her race to run,
With gladness temper'd her sad parents' tears,
Made her friends joys to get above their fears,
And in her last act taught the standers-by
With admiration and applause to die!
Let angels sing her glories, who did call
Her spirit home to her original;
Who saw the way was made it, and were sent
To carry and conduct the compliment
'Twixt death and life, where her mortality
Became her birth-day to eternity!
And now through circumfused light she looks,
On Nature's secret there, as her own books:
Speaks heaven's language, and discourseth free
To every order, every hierarchy!
Beholds her Maker, and in him doth see
What the beginnings of all beauties be;
And all beatitudes that thence do flow:
Which they that have the crown are sure to know:
Go now, her happy parents, and be sad,
If you not understand what child you had.
If you dare grudge at heaven, and repent
T' have paid again a blessing was but lent,
And trusted so, as it deposited lay
At pleasure, to be call'd for every day!
If you can envy your own daughter's bliss,
And wish her state less happy than it is;
If you can cast about your either eye,
And see all dead here, or about to die!
The stars, that are the jewels of the night,
And day, deceasing, with the prince of light,
The sun, great kings, and mightiest kingdoms
fall;
Whole nations, nay, mankind! the world, with all
That ever had beginning there, t' have end!
With what injustice should one soul pretend
T' escape this common known necessity?
When we were all born, we began to die;
And, but for that contention, and brave strife
The Christian hath t' enjoy the future life,
He were the wretched'st of the race of men:
But as he soars at that, he bruiseth then
The serpent's head; gets above death and sin,
And, sure of heaven, rides triúmphing in.

EUPHEME;

OR THE FAIR FAME LEFT TO POSTERITY OF THAT TRULY NOBLE LADY,

THE LADY VENETIA DIGBY,

LATE WIFE OF SIR KENELM DIGBY, KNIGHT, A GENTLEMAN ABSOLUTE IN ALL NUMBERS.

Consisting of these Ten Pieces:

THE DEDICATION OF HER CRADLE,
THE SONG OF HER DESCENT,
THE PICTURE OF HER BODY,
THE PICTURE OF HER MIND,
HER BEING CHOSEN A MUSE,
HER FAIR OFFICES,
HER HAPPY MATCH,
HER HOPEFUL ISSUE,
HER ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, OR, RELATION TO THE SAINTS,
HER INSCRIPTION, OR CROWNING.

Vivam amare Voluptas, defunctam Religio.—STAT.

CIX. — EUPHEME: OR THE FAIR FAME LEFT TO POSTERITY OF THAT TRULY NOBLE LADY, THE LADY VENETIA DIGBY, &c.

I.

THE DEDICATION OF HER CRADLE.

Fair Fame, who art ordain'd to crown
With ever-green and great renown,
Their heads that Envy would hold down
With her, in shade
Of death and darkness; and deprive
Their names of being kept alive,
By Thee and Conscience, both who thrive
By the just trade
Of goodness still: vouchsafe to take
This cradle, and for goodness sake,
A dedicated ensign make
Thereof to Time;
That all posterity, as we,
Who read what the Crepundia be,
May something by that twilight see
'Bove rattling rhyme.

For though that rattles, timbrels, toy
Take little infants with their noise,
As properest gifts to girls and boys,
Of light expense;

Their corals, whistles, and prime coats,
Their painted masks, their paper boats,
With sails of silk, as the first notes
Surprise their sense.

Yet here are no such trifles brought,
No cobweb cawls, no surcoats wrought
With gold, or clasps, which might be bought
On every stall:
But here's a song of her descent;
And call to the high parliament
Of Heaven; where Seraphim take tent
Of ordering all.

This utter'd by an ancient bard,
Who claims, of reverence, to be heard,
As coming with his harp prepar'd
To chant her 'gree,
Is sung: as als' her getting up,
By Jacob's ladder, to the top
Of that eternal port, kept ope
For such as she.

II.

THE SONG OF HER DESCENT.

I sing the just and uncontroll'd descent
Of dame VENETIA DIGBY, styled the fair:
For mind and body the most excellent
That ever nature, or the later air,
Gave two such houses as Northumberland
And Stanley, to the which she was co-heir.
Speak it, you bold Penates, you that stand
At either stem, and know the veins of good
Run from your roots; tell, testify the grand
Meeting of Graces, that so swell'd the flood
Of Virtues in her, as, in short, she grew
The wonder of her sex, and of your blood.
And tell thou, Alde-legh, none can tell more true
Thy niece's line, than thou that gav'st thy name
Into the kindred, whence thy Adam drew
Meschines honour, with the Cestrian fame
Of the first Lupus, to the family
By Ranulph ——

The rest of this song is lost.

III.

THE PICTURE OF HER BODY.

Sitting, and ready to be drawn,
What make these velvets, silks, and lawn,
Embroideries, feathers, fringes, lace,
Where every limb takes like a face?

Send these suspected helps to aid
Some form defective, or decay'd;
This beauty, without falsehood fair,
Needs nought to clothe it but the air.

Yet something to the painter's view,
Were fitly interposed; so new:
He shall, if he can understand,
Work by my fancy, with his hand.

Draw first a cloud, all save her neck,
And, out of that, make day to break;
Till like her face it do appear,
And men may think all light rose there.

Then let the beams of that disperse
The cloud, and shew the universe;
But at such distance, as the eye
May rather yet adore, than spy.

The heaven design'd, draw next a spring,
With all that youth, or it can bring:
Four rivers branching forth like seas,
And Paradise confining these.

Last, draw the circles of this globe,
And let there be a starry robe
Of constellations 'bout her hurl'd;
And thou hast painted Beauty's world.

But, painter, see thou do not sell
A copy of this piece; nor tell
Whose 'tis: but if it favour find,
Next sitting we will draw her mind.

IV.

THE PICTURE OF HER MIND.

Painter, you're come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon,
This work I can perform alone;
And give you reasons more than one.

Not that your art I do refuse;
But here I may no colours use,
Beside, your hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

You could make shift to paint an eye,
An eagle towering in the sky,
The sun, a sea, or soundless pit;
But these are like a mind, not it.

No, to express this mind to sense,
Would ask a heaven's intelligence;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kin to whence it came.

Sweet Mind, then speak yourself, and say,
As you go on, by what brave way
Our sense you do with knowledge fill,
And yet remain our wonder still.

I call you, Muse, now make it true:
Henceforth may every line be you;
That all may say, that see the frame,
This is no picture, but the same.

A mind so pure, so perfect fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine;
And so disdaining any trier,
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There, high exalted in the sphere,
As it another nature were,
It moveth all; and makes a flight
As circular as infinite.

Whose notions when it will express
In speech, it is with that excess
Of grace, and music to the ear,
As what it spoke, it planted there.

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroked the air;
And though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense.

But that a mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
Itself to us, and come so nigh
Earth's grossness; there's the how and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And sunk in clay here, it would pull
Us forth, by some celestial sleight,
Up to her own sublimed height?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some Paradise or palace found,
In all the bounds of Beauty, fit
For her t' inhabit? There is it.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so lofty form, so streight,
So polish'd, perfect, round and even,
As it slid moulded off from heaven.

Not swelling like the ocean proud,
But stooping gently, as a cloud,
As smooth as oil pour'd forth, and calm
As showers, and sweet as drops of balm.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a flood,
Where it may run to any good;
And where it stays, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice and gums.

In action, winged as the wind;
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a bank, or field of flowers,
Begotten by the wind and showers.

In thee, fair mansion, let it rest,
Yet know, with what thou art possest,
Thou, entertaining in thy breast
But such a mind, mak'st God thy guest.

[*A whole quaternion in the midst of this poem is lost, containing entirely the three next pieces of it, and all of the fourth (which in the order of the whole is the eighth) excepting the very end: which at the top of the next quaternion goeth on thus.*]

VIII.—(A FRAGMENT.)

—But for you, growing gentlemen, the happy branches of two so illustrious houses as these, wherefrom your honoured mother is in both lines descended; let me leave you this last legacy of counsel; which, so soon as you arrive at years of mature understanding, open you, sir, that are the eldest, and read it to your brethren, for it will concern you all alike. Vowed by a faithful servant and client of your family, with his latest breath expiring it.

BEN JONSON.

TO KENELM, JOHN, GEORGE.

Boast not these titles of your ancestors,
Brave youths, they're their possessions, none of yours:
When your own virtues equall'd have their names,
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames;
For they are strong supporters: but, till then,
The greatest are but growing gentlemen.
It is a wretched thing to trust to reeds;
Which all men do, that urge not their own deeds
Up to their ancestors; the river's side
By which you're planted shews your fruit shall bide.
Hang all your rooms with one large pedigree:
'Tis virtue alone is true nobility:
Which virtue from your father, ripe, will fall;
Study illustrious him, and you have all.

IX.

ELEGY ON MY MUSE, THE TRULY HONOURED LADY, THE LADY VENETIA DIGBY; WHO LIVING, GAVE ME LEAVE TO CALL HER SO. BEING HER ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, OR, RELATION TO THE SAINTS.

Sera quidem tanto struitur medicina dolore.

'Twere time that I dy'd too, now she is dead,
Who was my Muse, and life of all I said;
The spirit that I wrote with, and conceiv'd:
All that was good, or great with me, she weav'd,
And set it forth; the rest were cobwebs fine,
Spun out in name of some of the old Nine,
To hang a window, or make dark the room,
Till swept away, they were cancell'd with a broom!
Nothing that could remain, or yet can stir
A sorrow in me, fit to wait to her!
O! had I seen her laid out a fair corse,
By death, on earth, I should have had remorse
On Nature for her; who did let her lie,
And saw that portion of herself to die.
Sleepy or stupid Nature, couldst thou part
With such a rarity, and not rouze Art,
With all her aids, to save her from the seize
Of vulture Death, and those relentless cleis?
Thou wouldst have lost the Phœnix, had the kind
Been trusted to thee; not to itself assign'd.
Look on thy sloth, and give thyself undone,
(For so thou art with me) now she is gone:
My wounded mind cannot sustain this stroke,
It rages, runs, flies, stands, and would provoke
The world to ruin with it; in her fall,
I sum up mine own breaking, and wish all.
Thou hast no more blows, Fate, to drive at one;
What's left a poet, when his Muse is gone?
Sure I am dead, and know it not! I feel
Nothing I do; but like a heavy wheel,
Am turned with another's powers: my passion
Whirls me about, and, to blaspheme in fashion,
I murmur against God, for having ta'en
Her blessed soul hence, forth this valley vain
Of tears, and dungeon of calamity!
I envy it the angels' amity,
The joy of saints, the crown for which it lives,
The glory and gain of rest, which the place gives!
Dare I profane so irreligious be,
To greet or grieve her soft euthanasy!
So sweetly taken to the court of bliss,
As spirits had stolen her spirit in a kiss,
From off her pillow and deluded bed;
And left her lovely body unthought dead;
Indeed she is not dead! but laid to sleep
In earth, till the last trump awake the sheep
And goats together, whither they must come
To hear their Judge, and his eternal doom;
To have that final retribution,
Expected with the flesh's restitution.
For, as there are three natures, schoolmen call
One corporal only, th' other spiritual,
Like single; so there is a third commixt,
Of body and spirit together, placed betwixt
Those other two; which must be judged or crown'd:
This, as it guilty is, or guiltless found,
Must come to take a sentence, by the sense
Of that great evidence, the Conscience,
Who will be there, against that day prepared,
T' accuse or quit all parties to be heard!
O day of joy, and surety to the just,
Who in that feast of resurrection trust!
That great eternal holy day of rest
To body and soul, where love is all the guest!
And the whole banquet is full sight of God,
Of joy the circle, and sole period!
All other gladness with the thought is barr'd;
Hope hath her end, and Faith hath her reward!
This being thus, why should my tongue or pen
Presume to interpel that fulness, when
Nothing can more adorn it than the seat
That she is in, or make it more complete?

Better be dumb than superstitious:
Who violates the Godhead, is most vicious
Against the nature he would worship. He
Will honour'd be in all simplicity,
Have all his actions wonder'd at, and view'd
With silence and amazement; not with rude,
Dull and profane, weak and imperfect eyes,
Have busy search made in his mysteries!
He knows what work he hath done, to call this
Out of her noble body to this feast: [guest,
And give her place according to her blood
Amongst her peers, those princes of all good!
Saints, Martyrs, Prophets, with those Hierarchies,
Angels, Arch-angels, Principalities,
The Dominations, Virtues, and the Powers,
The Thrones, the Cherubs, and Seraphic bowers,
That, planted round, there sing before the Lamb
A new song to his praise, and great I AM:
And she doth know, out of the shade of death,
What 'tis to enjoy an everlasting breath!
To have her captived spirit freed from flesh,
And on her innocence, a garment fresh
And white as that put on: and in her hand
With boughs of palm, a crowned victrice stand
And will you, worthy son, sir, knowing this,
Put black and mourning on? and say you miss
A wife, a friend, a lady, or a love;
Whom her Redeemer honour'd hath above
Her fellows, with the oil of gladness, bright
In heaven's empire, and with a robe of light?
Thither you hope to come; and there to find
That pure, that precious, and exalted mind
You once enjoy'd: a short space severs ye,
Compared unto that long eternity,
That shall rejoin ye. Was she, then, so dear,
When she departed? you will meet her there,
Much more desired, and dearer than before,
By all the wealth of blessings, and the store
Accumulated on her, by the Lord
Of life and light, the son of God, the Word!
There all the happy souls that ever were,
Shall meet with gladness in one theatre;
And each shall know there one another's face,
By beatific virtue of the place.
There shall the brother with the sister walk,
And sons and daughters with their parents talk;
But all of God; they still shall have to say,
But make him All in All, their Theme, that day;
That happy day that never shall see night!
Where he will be all beauty to the sight;
Wine or delicious fruits unto the taste;
A music in the ears will ever last;
Unto the scent, a spicery or balm;
And to the touch, a flower like soft as palm.
He will all glory, all perfection be,
God in the Union, and the Trinity!
That holy, great, and glorious mystery,
Will there revealed be in majesty!
By light and comfort of spiritual grace!
The vision of our Saviour face to face
In his humanity! to hear him preach
The price of our redemption, and to teach
Through his inherent righteousness, in death,
The safety of our souls, and forfeit breath!
What fulness of beatitude is here!
What love with mercy mixed doth appear,
To style us friends, who were by nature foes!
Adopt us heirs by grace, who were of those
Had lost ourselves, and prodigally spent
Our native portions, and possessed rent!
Yet have all debts forgiven us, and advance
By' imputed right to an inheritance
In his eternal kingdom, where we sit
Equal with angels, and co-heirs of it.
Nor dare we under blasphemy conceive
He that shall be our supreme judge, shall leave
Himself so uninform'd of his elect,
Who knows the hearts of all, and can dissect
The smallest fibre of our flesh; he can
Find all our atoms from a point t' a span:
Our closest creeks and corners, and can trace
Each line, as it were graphic, in the face.
And best he knew her noble character,
For 'twas himself who form'd and gave it her.
And to that form lent two such veins of blood,
As nature could not more increase the flood
Of title in her! all nobility
But pride, that schism of incivility,
She had, and it became her! she was fit
T" have known no envy, but by suff'ring it!
She had a mind as calm as she was fair;
Not tost or troubled with light lady-air,
But kept an even gait, as some straight tree
Mov'd by the wind, so comely moved she.
And by the awful manage of her eye,
She sway'd all bus'ness in the family.
To one she said, do this, he did it; so
To another, move, he went; to a third, go,
He ran; and all did strive with diligence
T' obey, and serve her sweet commandements.
She was in one a many parts of life;
A tender mother, a discreeter wife,
A solemn mistress, and so good a friend,
So charitable to religious end
In all her petite actions, so devote,
As her whole life was now become one note
Of piety and private holiness.
She spent more time in tears herself to dress
For her devotions, and those sad essays
Of sorrow, than all pomp of gaudy days;
And came forth ever cheered with the rod
Of divine comfort, when she had talk'd with God
Her broken sighs did never miss whole sense;
Nor can the bruised heart want eloquence:
For prayer is the incense most perfumes
The holy altars, when it least presumes.
And hers were all humility! they beat
The door of grace, and found the mercy-seat.
In frequent speaking by the pious psalms
Her solemn hours she spent, or giving alms,
Or doing other deeds of charity,
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry. She
Would sit in an infirmary whole days
Poring, as on a map, to find the ways
To that eternal rest, where now she hath place
By sure election and predestin'd grace!
She saw her Saviour, by an early light,
Incarnate in the manger, shining bright
On all the world! she saw him on the cross
Suff'ring and dying to redeem our loss;
She saw him rise triumphing over death,
To justify and quicken us in breath;
She saw him too in glory to ascend
For his designed work the perfect end
Of raising, judging and rewarding all
The kind of man, on whom his doom should fall!
All this by faith she saw, and fram'd a plea,
In manner of a daily apostrophe,
To him should be her judge, true God, true Man
Jesus, the only-gotten Christ! who can.

As being redeemer and repairer too
Of lapsed nature, best knew what to do,
In that great act of judgment, which the father
Hath given wholly to the son (the rather
As being the son of man) to shew his power,
His wisdom, and his justice, in that hour,
The last of hours, and shutter up of all;
Where first his power will appear, by call
Of all are dead to life; his wisdom show
In the discerning of each conscience so;
And most his justice, in the fitting parts,
And giving dues to all mankind's deserts!

In this sweet extasy she was rapt hence.
Who reads, will pardon my intelligence,
That thus have ventured these true strains upon,
To publish her a saint. MY MUSE IS GONE!

In pietatis memoriam
quam præstas
Venetiæ tuæ illustrissim.
M! uri. dign. Digbeie
Hanc 'ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΝ, *tibi, tuisque sacro.*

THE TENTH,
BEING HER INSCRIPTION, OR CROWN, IS LOST.

LEGES CONVIVALES.

QUOD FŒLIX FAUSTUMQUE CONVIVIS IN APOLLINE SIT.

1 Nemo asymbolus, nisi umbra, huc venito.
2 Idiota, insulsus, tristis, turpis, abesto.
3 Eruditi, urbani, hilares, honesti, adsciscuntor,
4 Nec lectæ fœminæ repudiantor.
5 In apparatu quod convivis corruget nares nil esto.
6 Epulæ delectu potius quam sumptu parantor.
7 Obsonator et coquus convivarum gulæ periti sunto.
8 De discubitu non contenditor.
9 Ministri a dapibus, oculati et muti,
A poculis, auriti et celeres sunto.
10 Vina puris fontibus ministrentor aut vapulet hospes.
11 Moderatis poculis provocare sodales fas esto.

RULES FOR THE TAVERN ACADEMY;

OR,

LAWS FOR THE BEAUX ESPRITS:

From the Latin of Ben Jonson, engraven in Marble over the Chimney, in the Apollo of the Old Devil Tavern, at Temple-Bar; that being his Club-Room.

NON VERBUM REDDERE VERBO.

I.

1 As the fund of our pleasure, let each pay his shot,
Except some chance friend, whom a member brings in.
2 Far hence be the *sad*, the *lewd fop*, and the *sot*:
For such have the plagues of good company been.

II.

3 Let the *learned* and *witty*, the *jovial* and *gay*,
The *generous* and *honest*, compose our free state;
4 *And the more to exalt our delight whilst we stay*,
Let none be debarr'd from his choice female mate.

III.

5 Let no scent offensive the chamber infest.
6 Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our dishes.
7 Let the caterer mind the taste of each guest;
And the cook, in his dressing, comply with their wishes.

IV.

8 Let's have no disturbance about taking places,
To shew your nice breeding, or out of vain pride.
9 Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh glasses,
Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues must be ty'd.

V.

10 Let our wines without mixture or stum, be all fine,
Or call up the master, and break his dull noddle.
11 Let no sober bigot here think it a sin,
To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.

12 At fabulis magis quam vino velitatio fiat.
13 Convivæ nec muti nec loquaces sunto.
14 De seriis ac sacris poti et saturi ne disserunto.
15 Fidicen, nisi accersitus, non venito.
16 Admisso risu, tripudiis, choreis, cantu, salibus, Omni gratiarum festivitate sacra celebrantor.
17 Joci sine felle sunto.
18 Insipida poemata nulla recitantor.
19 Versus scribere nullus cogitor.
20 Argumentationis totius strepitus abesto.
21 Amatoriis querelis, ac suspiriis liber angulus esto.
22 Lapitharum more scyphis pugnare, vitrea collidere, Fenestras excutere, supellectilem dilacerare nefas esto.
23 Qui foras vel dicta, vel facta eliminet, eliminator.
24 Neminem reum pocula faciunto.

Focus perennis esto.

VI.

12 Let the contests be rather of books than of wine.
13 Let the company be neither noisy nor mute.
14 Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
When belly and head's full, profanely dispute.

VII.

15 Let no saucy fidler presume to intrude,
Unless he is sent for *to vary our bliss.*
16 With *mirth*, *wit*, and *dancing*, and *singing* conclude,
To regale every sense, with delight in excess.

VIII.

17 Let raillery be without malice or heat.
18 Dull poems to read let none privilege take.
19 Let no poetaster command or intreat
Another extempore verses to make.

IX.

20 Let argument bear no unmusical sound,
Nor jars interpose, sacred friendship to grieve.
21 For generous lovers let a corner be found,
Where they in soft sighs may their passions relieve.

X.

22 Like the old Lapithites, with the goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongst offences unpardon'd will rank,
Or breaking of windows, or glasses, for spight,
And spoiling the goods for a rakehelly prank.

XI.

23 Whoever shall publish what's said, or what's done,
Be he banish'd for ever our assembly divine.
24 Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good wine.

VERSES PLACED OVER THE DOOR AT THE ENTRANCE INTO THE APOLLO.

Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of Apollo——
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos, his tower bottle:
All his answers are divine,
Truth itself doth flow in wine.
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers;
He the half of life abuses,
That sits watering with the Muses.
Those dull girls no good can mean us;
Wine it is the milk of Venus.
And the poet's horse accounted:
Ply it, and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,
Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker.
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases.
Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of Apollo.

O rare Ben Jonson!

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE LATIN POETS.

HORACE HIS ART OF POETRY.

HORATIUS DE ARTE POETICA.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa supernè;
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Fingentur species: ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque poëtis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.
Scimus; et hanc veniam petimusque, damusque,
vicissim:
Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.

Incœptis gravibus plerumque, et magna professis
Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus et alter
Assuitur pannus: cùm lucus et ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur
arcus.
Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortasse cupressum
Scis simulare: quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspes
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cœpit
Institui; currente rotâ, cur urceus exit?
Denique sit, quod vis, simplex duntaxat et unum.

Maxima pars vatum, pater, et juvenes patre
digni,
Decipimur specie recti. Brevis esse laboro,
Obscurus fio: sectantem lævia, nervi
Deficiunt animique: professus grandia, turget:
Serpit humi, tutus nimium, timidusque procellæ.
Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam,
Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.

Æmilium circa ludum faber imus, et ungues
Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos;
Infœlix operis summâ, quia ponere totum
Nesciet. Hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,

HORACE OF THE ART OF POETRY.

If to a woman's head a painter would
Set a horse-neck, and divers feathers fold
On every limb, ta'en from a several creature,
Presenting upwards a fair female feature,
Which in some swarthy fish uncomely ends:
Admitted to the sight, although his friends,
Could you contain your laughter? Credit me,
This piece, my Pisos, and that book agree,
Whose shapes, like sick men's dreams, are feign'd
so vain,
As neither head, nor feet, one form retain.—
But equal power to painter and to poet,
Of daring all, hath still been given. We know it;
And both do crave, and give again, this leave.
Yet, not as therefore wild and tame should cleave
Together; not that we should serpents see
With doves; or lambs with tigers coupled be.
In grave beginnings, and great things profest,
Ye have oft-times, that may o'ershine the rest,
A scarlet piece, or two, stitch'd in: when or
Diana's grove, or altar, with the bor-
D'ring circles of swift waters that intwine
The pleasant grounds, or when the river Rhine,
Or rainbow is describ'd. But here was now
No place for these. And, painter, haply thou
Know'st only well to paint a cypress-tree.
What's this? if he whose money hireth thee
To paint him, hath by swimming, hopeless, scap'd,
The whole fleet wreck'd? A great jar to be shap'd,
Was meant at first; why forcing still about
Thy labouring wheel, comes scarce a pitcher out?
In short, I bid, let what thou work'st upon,
Be simple quite throughout, and wholly one.
Most writers, noble sire, and either son,
Are, with the likeness of the truth, undone.
Myself for shortness labour, and I grow
Obscure. This, striving to run smooth, and flow,
Hath neither soul nor sinews. Lofty he
Professing greatness, swells; that, low by lee,
Creeps on the ground; too safe, afraid of storm.
This seeking, in a various kind, to form
One thing prodigiously, paints in the woods
A dolphin, and a boar amid the floods,
So, shunning faults to greater fault doth lead,
When in a wrong and artless way we tread.
The worst of statuaries, here about
Th' Emilian school, in brass can fashion out
The nails, and every curled hair disclose;
But in the main work hapless: since he knows
Not to design the whole. Should I aspire
To form a work, I would no more desire

Non magis esse velim, quàm pravo vivere naso,
Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.
Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus, et versate diù, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri. Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.
Ordinis hæc virtus erit, et Venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici;
Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus omittat;
Hoc amet, hoc spernat, promissi carminis auctor.

To be that smith, than live mark'd one of those,
With fair black eyes and hair, and a wry nose.
Take, therefore, you that write, still, matter fit
Unto your strength, and long examine it,
Upon your shoulders: prove what they will bear,
And what they will not. Him, whose choice doth
His matter to his pow'r, in all he makes, [rear
Nor language, nor clear order e'er forsakes;
The virtue of which order, and true grace,
Or I am much deceiv'd, shall be to place
Invention: now to speak; and then defer
Much, that might now be spoke, omitted here
Till fitter season; now, to like of this,
Lay that aside, the epic's office is.

In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis,
Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. Si fortè necesse est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum;
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget, dabiturque licentia, sumpta pudentèr.
Et nova fictaque nupèr habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta. Quid autem
Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum
Virgilio Varioque? Ego cur, acquirere pauca
Si possum, invideor: cùm lingua Catonis, et Enni
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum
Nomina protulerit? Licuit, semperque licebit,
Signatum præsente notâ producere nomen.
Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt; ità verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata, vigentque.
Debemur morti nos nostraque; sive receptus
Terrâ Neptunus, classes Aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus; sterilisve diù palus, aptaque remis,
Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum:
Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis;
Doctus iter melius. Mortalia facta peribunt,
Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.
Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidêre, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus;
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.

Take, therefore, you that write, still, matter fit
Unto your strength, and long examine it,
Upon your shoulders: prove what they will bear,
And what they will not. Him, whose choice doth
His matter to his pow'r, in all he makes, [rear
Nor language, nor clear order e'er forsakes;
The virtue of which order, and true grace,
Or I am much deceiv'd, shall be to place
Invention: now to speak; and then defer
Much, that might now be spoke, omitted here
Till fitter season; now, to like of this,
Lay that aside, the epic's office is.
In using also of new words, to be
Right spare, and wary: then thou speak'st to me
Most worthy praise, when words that common grew
Are, by thy cunning placing, made mere new.
Yet if by chance, in utt'ring things abstruse,
Thou need new terms; thou mayst, without excuse,
Feign words unheard of to the well-truss'd race
Of the Cethegi: and all men will grace,
And give, being taken modestly, this leave,
And those thy new and late coin'd words receive.
So they fall gently from the Grecian spring,
And come not too much wrested. What's that thing
A Roman to Cæcilius will allow,
Or Plautus, and in Virgil disavow,
Or Varius? why am I now envy'd so,
If I can give some small increase? when lo,
Cato's and Ennius' tongues have lent much worth,
And wealth unto our language, and brought forth
New names of things. It hath been ever free,
And ever will, to utter terms that be
Stampt to the time. As woods whose change appears
Still in their leaves, throughout the sliding years,
The first-born dying, so the aged state
Of words decays, and phrases born but late,
Like tender buds shoot up, and freshly grow.
Ourselves, and all that's ours, to death we owe:
Whether the sea receiv'd into the shore,
That from the north the navy safe doth store,
A kingly work; or that long barren fen
Once rowable, but now doth nourish men
In neighbour towns, and feels the weighty plough;
Or the wild river, who hath changed now
His course, so hurtful both to grain and seeds,
Being taught a better way. All mortal deeds
Shall perish: so far off it is, the state,
Or grace of speech, should hope a lasting date.
Much phrase that now is dead, shall be reviv'd,
And much shall die, that now is nobly liv'd,
If custom please; at whose disposing will
The power and rule of speaking resteth still.

Res gestæ regumque ducumque, et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.
Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit auctor,
Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.

The gests of kings, great captains, and sad wars,
What number best can fit, Homer declares.
In verse unequal match'd, first sour laments,
After men's wishes, crown'd in their events,
Were also clos'd: but who the man should be,
That first sent forth the dapper elegy,
All the grammarians strive; and yet in court
Before the judge, it hangs, and waits report.

Musa dedit fidibus divos puerosque deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre.
Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.
Hunc socci cepêre pedem, grandesque cothurni,

Unto the lyric strings, the muse gave grace
To chant the gods and all their god-like race,
The conqu'ring champion, the prime horse in course,
Fresh lover's business, and the wine's free source.
Th' Iambic arm'd Archilochus to rave,
This foot the socks took up, and buskins grave,

Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares
Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.
Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.
Indignatur item privatis, ac propè socco
Dignis carminibus celebrari cœna Thyestæ.
Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.
Descriptas servare vices operumque colores
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poëta salutor?
Cur nescire, pudens prave, quàm discere malo?
Interdùm tamen, et vocem comœdia tollit,
Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore,
Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri
Telephus, et Peleus, cùm pauper, et exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas, et sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.
Non satis est pulchra esse poëmata: dulcia sunto,
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primùm ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent
Telephe, vel Peleu: malè si mandata loquêris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. Tristia mœstum
Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum:
Ludentem, lasciva: severum, seria dictu.
Format enim natura prius non intùs ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum: juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, et angit:
Post effert animi motus interprete linguâ.
Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.
Intererit multum, Davusne loquatur, an heros,
Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventâ
Fervidus: an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix:
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli:
Colchus, an Assyrius: Thebis nutritus, an Argis.
Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge
Scriptor. Honoratum si fortè reponis Achillem,
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,
Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.
Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, et audes
Personam formare novam; servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incœpto processerit, et sibi constet.

Difficile est propriè communia dicere; tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quàm si proferres ignota, indictaque primus.

As fit t' exchange discourse; a verse to win
On popular noise with, and do business in.
The comic matter will not be exprest
In tragic verse; no less Thyestes' feast
Abhors low numbers, and the private strain
Fit for the sock: each subject should retain
The place allotted it, with decent thewes.
If now the turns, the colours, and right hues
Of poems here describ'd, I can nor use,
Nor know t'observe: why (i' the muses name)
Am I call'd poet? wherefore with wrong shame,
Perversely modest, had I rather owe
To ignorance still, than either learn or know?
Yet sometime doth the comedy excite
Her voice, and angry Chremes chafes out-right
With swelling throat: and oft the tragic wight
Complains in humble phrase. Both Telephus,
And Peleus, if they seek to heart-strike us
That are spectators, with their misery,
When they are poor, and banish'd, must throw by
Their bombard-phrase, and foot and half-foot words:
'Tis not enough, th' elaborate muse affords
Her poems beauty, but a sweet delight
To work the hearers' minds still to their plight.
Men's faces still, with such as laugh are prone
To laughter; so they grieve with those that moan;
If thou would'st have me weep, be thou first drown'd
Thyself in tears, then me thy loss will wound,
Peleus, or Telephus. If you speak vile
And ill-penn'd things, I shall or sleep, or smile,
Sad language fits sad looks, stuff'd menacings
The angry brow, the sportive wanton things;
And the severe, speech ever serious.
For nature, first within doth fashion us,
To every state of fortune; she helps on,
Or urgeth us to anger: and anon
With weighty sorrow hurls us all along,
And tortures us: and after, by the tongue
Her truchman, she reports the mind's each throe.
If now the phrase of him that speaks, shall flow
In sound, quite from his fortune; both the rout,
And Roman gentry, jeering, will laugh out.
It much will differ, if a god speak, than,
Or an heroë; if a ripe old man,
Or some hot youth, yet in his flourishing course;
Whêr some great lady, or her diligent nurse;
A vent'ring merchant, or a farmer free
Of some small thankful land: whether he be
Of Colchis born, or in Assyria bred;
Or with the milk of Thebes, or Argos, fed.
Or follow fame, thou that dost write, or feign
Things in themselves agreeing: if again
Honour'd Achilles' chance by thee be seiz'd,
Keep him still active, angry, unappeas'd,
Sharp and contemning laws at him should aim,
Be nought so 'bove him but his sword let claim.
Medea make brave with impetuous scorn;
Ino bewail'd, Ixion false, forsworn;
Poor Io wand'ring, wild Orestes mad:
If something strange, that never yet was had
Unto the scene thou bring'st, and dar'st create
A mere new person; look he keep his state
Unto the last, as when he first went forth,
Still to be like himself, and hold his worth.
'Tis hard to speak things common properly;
And thou may'st better bring a rhapsody
Of Homer's forth in acts, than of thine own,
First publish things unspoken, and unknown.

Publica materies privati juris erit; si
Nec circa vilem, patulumque moraberis orbem:
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres; nec desilies imitator in arctum,
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.
Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim:
Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum.
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.
Quantò rectiùs hic, qui nil molitur ineptè:
Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes.
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdin:
Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri.
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.
Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: et quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.
Tu quid ego, et populus mecum desideret, audi.
Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, et usque
Sessuri, donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat;
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus, et annis.

Yet common matter thou thine own may'st make,
If thou the vile broad trodden ring forsake.
For, being a poet, thou may'st feign, create,
Not care, as thou wouldst faithfully translate,
To render word for word: nor with thy sleight
Of imitation, leap into a streight,
From whence thy modesty, or poem's law
Forbids thee forth again thy foot to draw.
Nor so begin, as did that circler late,
I sing a noble war, and Priam's fate.
What doth this promiser such gaping worth
Afford? The mountains travail'd, and brought
A scorned mouse! O, how much better his, [forth
Who nought assays unaptly, or amiss?
Speak to me, muse, the man, who after Troy was sack'd, [tract.
Saw many towns and men, and could their manners
He thinks not how to give you smoke from light,
But light from smoke, that he may draw his bright
Wonders forth after: as Antiphates,
Scylla, Charybdis, Polypheme, with these.
Nor from the brand, with which the life did burn
Of Meleager, brings he the return
Of Diomede; nor Troy's sad war begins
From the two eggs that did disclose the twins.
He ever hastens to the end, and so
(As if he knew it) raps his hearer to
The middle of his matter; letting go
What he despairs, being handled, might not show:
And so well feigns, so mixeth cunningly
Falsehood with truth, as no man can espy
Where the midst differs from the first; or where
The last doth from the midst disjoin'd appear.
Hear what it is the people and I desire:
If such a one's applause thou dost require,
That tarries till the hangings be ta'en down,
And sits till th' epilogue says Clap, or crown:
The customs of each age thou must observe,
And give their years and natures, as they swerve,
Fit rights. The child, that now knows how to say,
And can tread firm, longs with like lads to play;
Soon angry, and soon pleas'd, is sweet or sour,
He knows not why, and changeth every hour.

Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, et pede certo
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, et iram
Colligit, ac ponit temerè, et mutatur in horas.

Imberbis juvenis tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine campi,
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,
Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere perniæ.

Th' unbearded youth, his guardian once being gone,
Loves dogs and horses; and is ever one
I' the open field; is wax-like to be wrought
To every vice, as hardly to be brought
To endure counsel: a provider slow
For his own good, a careless letter-go
Of money, haughty, to desire soon mov'd,
And then as swift to leave what he hath lov'd.

Conversis studiis, ætas, animusque virilis
Quærit opes, et amicitias: inservit honori:
Commisisse cavet, quod mox mutare laboret.

These studies alter now, in one grown man;
His better'd mind seeks wealth and friendship;
Looks after honours, and bewares to act [than
What straightway he must labour to retract.

Multa senem circumvèniunt incommoda, vel quòd
Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti:
Vel quòd res omnes timide gelideque ministrat;
Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri,
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero: censor, castigatorque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum;
Multa recedentes adimunt, ne fortè seniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles,
Semper in adjunctis, ævoque morabimur aptis.

The old man many evils do girt round;
Either because he seeks, and, having found,
Doth wretchedly the use of things forbear,
Or does all business coldly, and with fear;
A great deferrer, long in hope, grown numb
With sloth, yet greedy still of what's to come:
Froward, complaining, a commender glad
Of the times past, when he was a young lad;
And still correcting youth, and censuring.
Man's coming years much good with them do bring:
As his departing take much thence, lest then
The parts of age to youth be given, or men
To children; we must always dwell, and stay
In fitting proper adjuncts to each day.

Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur,
Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in scenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palàm coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

The business either on the stage is done,
Or acted told. But ever things that run
In at the ear, do stir the mind more slow
Than those the faithful eyes take in by show,
And the beholder to himself doth render.
Yet to the stage at all thou may'st not tender
Things worthy to be done within, but take
Much from the sight, which fair report will make
Present anon: Medea must not kill
Her sons before the people, nor the ill-
Natur'd and wicked Atreus cook to th' eye
His nephew's entrails; nor must Progne fly
Into a swallow there; nor Cadmus take
Upon the stage the figure of a snake.
What so is shown, I not believe, and hate.

Neve minor, quinto, neu sit productior actu
Fabula, quæ posci vult, et spectata reponi.
Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit: nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

Nor must the fable, that would hope the fate
Once seen, to be again call'd for, and play'd,
Have more or less than just five acts: nor laid,
To have a god come in; except a knot
Worth his untying happen there: and not
Any fourth man, to speak at all, aspire.

Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile
Defendat, neu quid medios intercinat actus,
Quod non proposito conducat, et hæreat aptè.
Ille bonis faveatque, et conciletur amicè:
Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentes.
Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis: ille salubrem
Justitiam, legesque, et apertis otia portis.
Ille tegat commissa, deosque precetur, et oret,
Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.

An actor's parts, and office too, the quire
Must maintain manly: nor be heard to sing
Between the acts, a quite clean other thing
Than to the purpose leads, and fitly 'grees.
It still must favour good men, and to these
Be won a friend; it must both sway and bend
The angry, and love those that fear t' offend.
Praise the spare diet, wholesome justice, laws,
Peace, and the open ports, that peace doth cause.
Hide faults, pray to the gods, and wish aloud
Fortune would love the poor, and leave the proud.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalcho vincta, tubæque
Emula, sed tenuis, simplexque foramine pauco
Aspirare, et adesse choris erat utilis, atque
Nondùm spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu.
Quò sanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
Et frugi, castusque verecundusque coïbat.
Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, et urbem
Latior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno,
Placari Genius festis impunè diebus,
Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum,
Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?
Sic priscæ motumque, et luxuriam addidit arti
Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem.
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevêre severis,
Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præceps.
Utiliumque sagax rerum, et divina futuri
Sortilegis non descrepuit sententia Delphis.

The hau'boy, not as now with latten bound,
And rival with the trumpet for his sound,
But soft, and simple, at few holes breath'd time
And tune too, fitted to the chorus' rhyme,
As loud enough to fill the seats, not yet
So over-thick, but where the people met,
They might with ease be number'd, being a few
Chaste, thrifty, modest folk, that came to view.
But as they conquer'd and enlarg'd their bound,
That wider walls embrac'd their city round,
And they uncensur'd might at feasts and plays
Steep the glad genius in the wine whole days,
Both in their tunes the license greater grew,
And in their numbers! for alas, what knew
The idiot, keeping holiday, or drudge,
Clown, townsman, base and noble mixt, to judge?
Thus to his ancient art the piper lent
Gesture and Riot, whilst he swooping went
In his train'd gown about the stage: so grew
In time to tragedy, a music new,
The rash and headlong eloquence brought forth
Unwonted language: and that sense of worth
That found out profit, and foretold each thing
Now differed not from Delphic riddling.

Ignotum Tragicæ genus invenisse Camœnæ
Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poëmata Thespis,
Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti fœcibus ora.
Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ
Æschylus, et modicis instravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui nitique cothurno.
Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
Mox etiam agrestes satyros nudavit, et asper
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eò quòd
Illecebris erat, et gratâ novitate morandus
Spectator, functusque sacris, et potus et exlex.

Thespis is said to be the first found out
The Tragedy, and carried it about,
Till then unknown, in carts, wherein did ride
Those that did sing, and act: their faces dy'd
With lees of wine. Next Eschylus, more late
Brought in the visor, and the robe of state,
Built a small timber'd stage, and taught them talk
Lofty and grave, and in the buskin stalk.
He too, that did in tragic verse contend
For the vile goat, soon after forth did send
The rough rude satyrs naked, and would try,
Though sour, with safety of his gravity,
How he could jest, because he mark'd and saw
The free spectators subject to no law,

Verùm ita risores, ita commendare dicaces
Conveniet satyros, ità vertere seria ludo:
Ne, quicunque deus, quicunque adhibebitur heros,
Regali conspectus in auro nuper, et ostro,
Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas;
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes, et inania captet.

Having well eat and drunk, the rites being done,
Were to be staid with softnesses, and won
With something that was acceptably new.
Yet so the scoffing satyrs to men's view,
And so their prating to present was best,
And so to turn all earnest into jest,
As neither any god were brought in there,
Or semi-god, that late was seen to wear
A royal crown and purple, be made hop
With poor base terms through every baser shop
Or whilst he shuns the earth, to catch at air
And empty clouds. For tragedy is fair,

Effutire leves indigna tragœdia versus:
Ut festis matrona moveri jussa diebus,
Intererit satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.

And far unworthy to blurt out light rhymes;
But as a matron drawn at solemn times
To dance, so she should shamefac'd differ far
From what th' obscene and petulant satyrs are.

Non ego inornata, et dominantia nomina solum,
Verbaque, Pisones, satyrorum scriptor amabo:
Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori
Ut nihil intersit, Davusne loquatur, an audax
Pythias emuncto lucrata Simone talentum;
An custos, famulusque dei Silenus alumni.

Nor I, when I write satyrs, will so love
Plain phrase, my Pisos, as alone t' approve
Mere reigning words: nor will I labour so
Quite from all face of tragedy to go,
As not make difference, whether Davus speak
And the bold Pythias, having cheated weak
Simo, and of a talent wip'd his purse;
Or old Silenus, Bacchus' guard and nurse.

Ex noto fictum carmen sequar, ut sibi quivis
Speret idem: sudet multùm frustraque laboret
Ausus idem: tantum series juncturaque pollet:
Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris.
Silvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis, ac penè forenses,
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent, ignominiosaque dicta.
Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, et pater, et
. . res:
Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat, et nucis emptor,
Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve coronâ.

I can out of known geer a fable frame,
And so as every man may hope the same;
Yet he that offers at it may sweat much,
And toil in vain: the excellence is such
Of order and connexion; so much grace
There comes sometimes to things of meanest place.
But let the Fauns, drawn from their groves, beware,
Be I their judge, they do at no time dare,
Like men street-born, and near the hall rehearse
Their youthful tricks in over-wanton verse;
Or crack out bawdy speeches, and unclean.
The Roman gentry, men of birth and mean,
Will take offence at this: nor though it strike
Him that buys chiches blanch'd, or chance to like
The nut-crackers throughout, will they therefore
Receive or give it an applause the more.

Successit vetus his Comœdia non sine multâ
Laude, sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim
Dignam lege regi. Lex est accepta; chorusque
Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.

To these succeeded the old comedy,
And not without much praise, till liberty
Fell into fault so far, as now they saw
Her licence fit to be restrain'd by law:
Which law receiv'd, the chorus held his peace,
His power of foully hurting made to cease.

Syllaba longa brevi subjecta vocatur Iambus,
Pes citus: unde ctiam trimetris accrescere jussit
Nomen Iambeis, cum senos redderet ictus,
Primus ad extremum similis sibi: non ita pridem
Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures,
Spondæos stabiles in jura paterna recepit
Commodus, et patiens: non ut de sede secunda
Cederet, aut quarta socialiter: hic et in Accî
Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, et Ennî.
In scænam missos magno cum pondere versus,
Aut operæ celeris nimium, curaque carentis,
Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.
Non quivis videt immodulata poëmata judex:
Et data Romanis venia est indigna poëtis,
Idcircòne vager, scribamque licenter? an omnes
Visuros peccata putem mea? tutus, et intra

Two rests, a short and long, th' Iambic frame;
A foot, whose swiftness gave the verse the name
Of Trimeter, when yet it was six pac'd,
But mere Iambics all, from first to last.
Nor is't long since they did with patience take
Into their birth-right, and for fitness sake,
The steady Spondees; so themselves do bear
More slow, and come more weighty to the ea· :
Provided, ne'er to yield, in any case
Of fellowship, the fourth or second place.
This foot yet, in the famous Trimeters
Of Accius and Ennius, rare appears:
So rare, as with some tax it doth engage
Those heavy verses sent so to the stage,
Of too much haste, and negligence in part,
Or a worse crime, the ignorance of art.
But every judge hath not the faculty
To note in poems breach of harmony;
And there is given too unworthy leave
To Roman poets. Shall I therefore weave
My verse at random, and licentiously?
Or rather, thinking all my faults may spy,
Grow a safe writer, and be wary driven
Within the hope of having all forgiven.

Spem veniæ cautus? vitavi denique culpam,
Non laudem merui. Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturná versate manu, versate diurná.

At nostri proavi Plautinos, et numeros, et
Laudavere sales: nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stultè, mirati; si modò ego, et vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,
Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus, et aure.

Nil intentatum nostri liquere poëtæ,
Nec minimum meruêre decus, vestigia Græca
Ausi deserere, et celebrare domestica facta:
Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuêre togatas.

Nec virtute foret, clarisve potentius armis,
Quàm linguâ, Latium, si non offenderet unumquemque poëtarum limæ labor, et mora. Vos, ô
Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non
Multa dies, et multa litura coërcuit, atque
Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.
Ingenium miserâ quia fortunatius arte
Credit, et excludit sanos Helicone poëtas
Democritus, bona pars non ungues ponere curat,
Non barbam; secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.
Nanciscetur enim pretium, nomenque poëtæ,
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
Tonsori Licino commiserit. O ego lævus,
Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam!
Non alius faceret meliora poëmata: verùm,
Nil tanti est: ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.
Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo;
Unde parentur opes: quid alat formetque poëtam:
Quid deceat, quid non: quò virtus, quò ferat error.

Scribendi rectè sapere est et principium et fons.
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ:
Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.
Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis:
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes:
Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium: quæ
Partes in bellum missi ducis, ille profectò
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.
Respicere exemplar vitæ, morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.
Interdum speciosa locis, morataque rectè
Fabula, nullius Veneris, sine pondere, et arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quàm versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui, præter laudem, nullius avaris.
Romani pueri longis rationibus assem

'Tis clear this way I have got off from blame,
But, in conclusion, merited no fame.
Take you the Greek examples for your light,
In hand, and turn them over day and night.
Our ancestors did Plautus' numbers praise,
And jests; and both to admiration raise
Too patiently, that I not fondly say,
If either you or I know the right way
To part scurrility from wit; or can
A lawful verse by th' ear or finger scan.
Our poets too left nought unproved here;
Nor did they merit the less crown to wear,
In daring to forsake the Grecian tracts,
And celebrating our own home-born facts;
Whether the garded tragedy they wrought,
Or 'twere the gowned comedy they taught.
Nor had our Italy more glorious been
In virtue, and renown of arms, than in
Her language, if the stay and care t' have mended,
Had not our every poet like offended.
But you, Pompilius' offspring, spare you not
To tax that verse, which many a day and blot
Have not kept in; and (lest perfection fail)
Not ten times o'er corrected to the nail.
Because Democritus believes a wit
Happier than wretched art, and doth by it
Exclude all sober poets from their share
In Helicon; a great sort will not pare
Their nails, nor shave their beards, but to bye-paths
Retire themselves, avoid the public baths;
For so they shall not only gain the worth,
But fame of poets, they think, if they come forth
And from the barber Licinus conceal
Their heads, which three Anticyras cannot heal.
O I left-witted, that purge every spring
For choler! if I did not, who could bring
Out better poems? but I cannot buy
My title at the rate, I'd rather, I,
Be like a whetstone, that an edge can put
On steel, though't self be dull, and cannot cut.
I writing nought myself, will teach them yet
Their charge and office, whence their wealth to fet,
What nourisheth, what formed, what begot
The poet, what becometh, and what not,
Whither truth may, and whither error bring.
The very root of writing well, and spring
Is to be wise; thy matter first to know,
Which the Socratic writings best can show:
And where the matter is provided still,
There words will follow, not against their will.
He that hath studied well the debt, and knows
What to his country, what his friends he owes,
What height of love a parent will fit best,
What brethren, what a stranger, and his guest,
Can tell a statesman's duty, what the arts
And office of a judge are, what the parts
Of a brave chief sent to the wars: he can,
Indeed, give fitting dues to every man.
And I still bid the learned maker look
On life, and manners, and make those his book,
Thence draw forth true expressions. For sometimes
A poem of no grace, weight, art, in rhymes
With specious places, and being humour'd right,
More strongly takes the people with delight,
And better stays them there than all fine noise
Of verse, mere matterless, and tinkling toys.
The muse not only gave the Greeks a wit,
But a well-compass'd mouth to utter it.
Being men were covetous of nought, but praise:
Our Roman youths they learn the subtle ways

Discunt in partes centum diducere. Dicat
Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est
Uncia, quid superat? poteras dixisse, triens: eu,
Rem poteris servare tuam: redit uncia: quid fit?
Semis: an, hæc animos ærugo. et cura peculi,
Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
Posse linenda cedro, et lævi servanda cupresso?
Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poëtæ,
Aut simul et jucunda, et idonea dicere vitæ.

How to divide into a hundred parts
A pound, or piece, by their long compting arts:
There's Albin's son will say, Subtract an ounce
From the five ounces, what remains? pronounce
A third of twelve, you may; four ounces. Glad,
He cries, good boy, thou'lt keep thine own. Now add
An ounce, what makes it then? the half-pound just,
Six ounces. O, when once the canker'd rust,
And care of getting, thus our minds hath stain'd;
Think we, or hope there can be verses feign'd
In juice of cedar worthy to be steep'd,
And in smoth cypress boxes to be keep'd?
Poets would either profit or delight;
Or mixing sweet and fit, teach life the right.

Sylvestres homines sacer, interpresque deorum,
Cædibus et victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus,
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres, rabidosque leones:
Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blanda
Ducere quo vellet. Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis,
Concubitu prohibere vago: dare jura maritis,
Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor, et nomen divinis vatibus, atque
Carminibus venit: post hos insignis Homerus,
Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia bella
Versibus exacuit: dictæ per carmina sortes,
Et vitæ monstrata via est, et gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis, ludusque repertus,
Et longorum operum finis: ne fortè pudori
Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.

Orpheus, a priest, and speaker of the gods,
First frighted men, that wildly lived, at odds,
From slaughters, and foul life; and for the same
Was tigers said, and lions fierce to tame.
Amphion too, that built the Theban towers,
Was said to move the stones by his lute's powers,
And lead them with soft songs, where that he would.
This was the wisdom that they had of old,
Things sacred from profane to separate;
The public from the private, to abate
Wild raging lusts; prescribe the marriage good;
Build towns, and carve the laws in leaves of wood.
And thus at first, an honour, and a name
To divine poets, and their verses came.
Next these, great Homer and Tyrtæus set
On edge the masculine spirits, and did whet
Their minds to wars, and rhymes they did rehearse;
The oracles too were given out in verse;
All way of life was shewn; the grace of kings
Attempted by the muses tunes and strings;
Plays were found out, and rest, the end and crown
Of their long labours, was in verse set down:
All which I tell, lest when Apollo's nam'd,
Or muse, upon the lyre, thou chance b' asham'd.

Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis: ut citò dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

Be brief in what thou wouldst command, that so
The docile mind might soon thy precepts know,
And hold them faithfully; for nothing rests,
But flows out, that o'erswelleth, in full breasts.

Ficta, voluptatis causâ, sint proxima veris:
Nec quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi:
Neu pransæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.
Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celsi prætereunt austera poëmata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hic meret æra liber Sosiis: hic et mare transit,
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.

Let what thou feign'st for pleasure's sake, be near
The truth; nor let thy fable think whate'er
It would, must be: lest it alive would draw
The child, when Lamia has din'd, out of her maw
The poems void of profit, our grave men
Cast out by voices; want they pleasure, then
Our gallants give them none, but pass them by;
But he hath every suffrage, can apply
Sweet mixt with sour to his reader, so
As doctrine and delight together go.
This book will get the Sosii money; this
Will pass the seas, and long as nature is,
With honour make the far-known author live.

Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignovisse velimus.
Nam neque chorda sonum reddit, quem vult manus, et mens,
Poscentique gravem, persæpe remittit acutum:
Nec semper feriet, quodcunque minabitur arcus.
Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parùm cavit natura: quid ergo?
Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,
Quamvis est monitus, venia caret; et citharœdus
Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem:

There are yet faults, which we would well forgive,
For neither doth the string still yield that sound
The hand and mind would, but it will resound
Oft-times a sharp, when we require a flat:
Nor always doth the loosed bow hit that
Which it doth threaten. Therefore, where I see
Much in the poem shine, I will not be
Offended with few spots, which negligence
Hath shed, or human frailty not kept thence,
How then? why as a scrivener, if h' offend
Still in the same, and warned will not mend,
Deserves no pardon; or who'd play, and sing
Is laugh'd at, that still jarreth on one string.

Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Chœrilus ille,
Quem bis terve bonum cum risu miror; et idem
Indignor: quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verùm opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

Ut pictura poësis, erit: quæ, si propius stes,
Te capiet magis, et quædam, si longius abstes.
Hæc amat obscurum: volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.
Hæc placuit semel: hæc decies repetita placebit.

O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paterna
Fingeris ad rectum, et per te sapis, hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor: certis medium, et tolerabile rebus
Rectè concedi: consultus juris, et actor
Causarum mediocris, abest virtute diserti
Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus:
Sed tamen in pretio est. Mediocribus esse poëtis
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ.

Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,
Et crassum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle papaver,
Offendunt; poterat duci quia cœna sine istis:
Sic animis natum inventumque poëma juvandis,
Si paulum a summo discessit, vergit ad imum.

Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,
Indoctusque pilæ discive, trochive, quiescit,
Ne spissæ risum tollant impune coronæ.
Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere: quidni?
Liber, et ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.
Tu nihil invitâ dices, faciesve Minervâ.
Id tibi judicium est, ea mens, si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Metî descendat judicis aures,
Et patris, et nostras, nonumque prematur in annum.
Membranis intus positis, delere licebit
Quod non ediderîs. Nescit vox missa reverti.

Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est: ego nec studium sine divite vena,
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium; alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicè.

Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit, et alsit,
Abstinuit Venere, et vino: qui Pythica cantat
Tibicen, didicit priùs, extimuitque magistrum.
Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira poëmata pango:
Occupet extremum scabies, mihi turpe relinqui est,
Et quod non didici, sanè nescire fateri.

Ut præco ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas,
Adsentatores jubet ad lucrum ire poëta,
Dives agris, dives positis in fœnore nummis.
Si verò est, unctum qui rectè ponere possit,

So he that flaggeth much, becomes to me
A Cherilus, in whom if I but see
Twice or thrice good, I wonder; but am more
Angry. Sometimes I hear good Homer snore;
But I confess, that in a long work, sleep
May, with some right, upon an author creep.
As painting, so is poesy. Some man's hand
Will take you more, the nearer that you stand;
As some the farther off; this loves the dark;
This fearing not the subtlest judge's mark,
Will in the light be view'd: this once the sight
Doth please, this ten times over will delight.
You, sir, the elder brother, though you are
Informed rightly, by your father's care,
And of yourself too understand; yet mind
This saying: to some things there is assign'd
A mean, and toleration, which does well:
There may a lawyer be, may not excel;
Or pleader at the bar, that may come short
Of eloquent Messala's power in court,
Or knows not what Cacellius Aulus can;
Yet there's a value given to this man.
But neither men, nor gods, nor pillars meant,
Poets should ever be indifferent.
As jarring music doth at jolly feasts,
Or thick gross ointment but offend the guests:
As poppy, and Sardan honey; 'cause without
These, the free meal might have been well drawn
So any poem, fancied, or forth-brought [out:
To bett'ring of the mind of man, in aught,
If ne'er so little it depart the first
And highest, sinketh to the lowest and worst.
He that not knows the games, nor how to use
His arms in Mars his field, he doth refuse;
Or who's unskilful at the coit, or ball,
Or trundling wheel, he can sit still from all;
Lest the throng'd heaps should on a laughter take:
Yet who's most ignorant, dares verses make.
Why not? I'm gentle, and free born, do hate
Vice, and am known to have a knight's estate.
Thou, such thy judgment is, thy knowledge too,
Wilt nothing against nature speak or do;
But if hereafter thou shalt write, not fear
To send it to be judg'd by Metius' ear,
And to your father's, and to mine, though't be
Nine years kept in, your papers by, yo' are free
To change and mend, what you not forth do set.
The writ, once out, never returned yet.
'Tis now inquir'd which makes the nobler verse,
Nature, or art. My judgment will not pierce
Into the profits, what a mere rude brain
Can; nor all toil, without a wealthy vein:
So doth the one the other's help require,
And friendly should unto one end conspire.
He that's ambitious in the race to touch
The wished goal, both did, and suffer'd much
While he was young; he sweat, and freez'd again,
And both from wine and women did abstain.
Who since to sing the Pythian rites is heard,
Did learn them first, and once a master fear'd.
But now it is enough to say, I make
An admirable verse. The great scurf take
Him that is last, I scorn to come behind,
Or of the things that ne'er came in my mind
To say, I'm ignorant. Just as a crier
That to the sale of wares calls every buyer;
So doth the poet, who is rich in land,
Or great in moneys out at use, command
His flatterers to their gain. But say, he
Make a great supper, or for some poor

Et spondere levi pro paupere, et eripere atris
Litibus implicitum ; mirabor, si sciet inter-
noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum.
Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui,
Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
Lætitiæ : clamabit enim, Pulchrè, benè, rectè.
Pallescit super his : etiam stillabit amicis
Ex oculis rorem, saliet, tundet pede terram.
Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus ex animo : sic
Derisor vera plus laudatore movetur.

Will be a surety, or can help him out
Of an entangling suit, and bring't about:
I wonder how this happy man should know,
Whether his soothing friend speak truth or no.
But you, my Piso, carefully beware
(Whether yo'are given to, or giver are)
You do not bring to judge your verses, one,
With joy of what is given him, over-gone:
For he'll cry, Good, brave, better, excellent!
Look pale, distil a shower (was never meant)
Out at his friendly eyes, leap, beat the groun',
As those that hir'd to weep at funerals swoon,
Cry, and do more to the true mourners: so
The scoffer the true praiser doth out-go.

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent
An sit amicitiâ dignus: si carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.

Rich men are said with many cups to ply,
And rack with wine the man whom they would try,
If of their friendship he be worthy or no:
When you write verses, with your judge do so:
Look through him, and be sure you take not
For praises, where the mind conceals a fox. [mocks

Quintilio, si quid recitares, Corrige, sodes,
Hoc, aiebat, et hoc: melius te posse negares,
Bis, terque expertum frustra ; delere jubebat,
Et malè tornatos incudi reddere versus,
Si defendere delictum, quàm vertere malles,
Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam sumebat ina-
Quin sine rivali teque et tua solus amares. [*nem,*

If to Quintilius you recited aught,
He'd say, Mend this, good friend, and this, 'tis
If you denied you had no better strain, [naught.
And twice or thrice had 'ssay'd it, still in vain:
He'd bid blot all, and to the anvil bring
Those ill-torn'd verses to new hammering.
Then if your fault you rather had defend
Than change; no word or work more would he spend
In vain, but you and yours you should love still
Alone, without a rival, by his will.

Vir bonus et prudens, versus reprehendit inertes,
Culpabit duros, incomptis allinet atrum
Transverso calamo signum, ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta, parum claris lucem dare coget:
Arguet ambiguè dictum, mutanda notabit:
Fiet Aristarchus, nec dicet, Cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis?—Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala, semel derisum, exceptumque sinistrè.

A wise and honest man will cry out shame
On artless verse; the hard ones he will blame,
Blot out the careless with his turned pen;
Cut off superfluous ornaments, and when
They're dark, bid clear this: all that's doubtful wrote
Reprove, and what is to be changed note;
Become an Aristarchus. And not say
Why should I grieve my friend this trifling way?
These trifles into serious mischiefs lead
The man once mock'd, and suffer'd wrong to tread.

Ut mala quem scabies, aut morbus regius urget,
Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana,
Vesanum tetigisse timent, fugiuntque poetam,
Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.
Hic dum sublimes versus ructatur, et errat;
Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
In puteum, foveamve; licet, Succurrite, longum
Clamet, Iò cives! non sit qui tollere curet.
Si quis curet opem ferre, et demittere funem,
Qui scis, an prudens huc se dejecerit, atque
Servari nolit? dicam, Siculique poetæ
Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Insiluit. Sit jus, liceatque perire poëtis.
Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.
Nec semel hoc fecit: nec si retractus erit, jam
Fiet homo: et ponet famosæ mortis amorem.

Wise sober folk a frantic poet fear;
And shun to touch him, as a man that were
Infected with the leprosy, or had
The yellow jaundice, or were furious mad,
According to the moon. But then the boys
They vex, and follow him with shouts and noise;
The while he belcheth lofty verses out,
And stalketh, like a fowler, round about,
Busy to catch a black-bird, if he fall
Into a pit or hole, although he call
And cry aloud, Help, gentle countrymen!
There's none will take the care to help him then;
For if one should, and with a rope make haste
To let it down, who knows if he did cast
Himself there purposely or no, and would
Not thence be sav'd, although indeed he could?
I'll tell you but the death and the disease
Of the Sicilian poet Empedocles:
He, while he labour'd to be thought a god
Immortal, took a melancholic, odd
Conceit, and into burning Ætna leapt.
Let poets perish, that will not be kept.
He that preserves a man against his will,
Doth the same thing with him that would him kill.
Nor did he do this once; for if you can
Recall him yet, he'd be no more a man,
Or love of this so famous death lay by.

Nec satis apparet, cur versus factitet: utrum

His cause of making verses none knows why

Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
Moverit incestus: certè furit, ac, velut ursus,
Objectos caveæ valuit si frangere clathros,
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.
Quem verò arripuit, tenet occiditque legendo,
Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

Whether he piss'd upon his father's grave,
Or the sad thunder-stroken thing he have
Defiled, touch'd; but certain he was mad,
And as a bear, if he the strength but had
To force the grates that hold him in, would fright
All: so this grievous writer puts to flight
Learn'd and unlearn'd, holding whom once he takes,
And there an end of him reciting makes;
Not letting go his hold, where he draws food,
Till he drop off, a horse-leech, full of blood.

HORAT. OD. LIB. V. OD. II.

VITÆ RUSTICÆ LAUDES.

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fœnore:
Nec excitatur classico miles truci,
Nec horret iratum mare:
Forumque vitat, et superba civium
Potentiorum limina.
Ergo aut adultâ vitium propagine
Altas maritat populos:
Inutilesque falce ramos amputans,
Feliciores inserit;
Aut in reducta valle mugientium
Prospectat errantes greges:
Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris,
Aut tondet infirmas oves:
Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
Autumnus arvis extulit:
Ut gaudet insitivâ decerpens pyra,
Certantem et uvam purpuræ,
Quâ muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
Sylvane, tutor finium!
Libet jacere modò sub antiqua ilice;
Modò in tenaci gramine.
Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ:
Queruntur in sylvis aves,
Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leves.
At cum tonentis annus hybernus Jovis
Imbres nivesque comparat;
Aut trudit acres hinc, et hinc multâ cane
Apros in obstantes plagas:
Aut amite levi rara tendit retia;
Turdis edacibus dolos;
Pavidumque leporem, et advenam laqueo gruem,
Jucunda captat præmia:
Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,
Hæc inter obliviscitur?
Quòd si pudica mulier in partem juvet
Domum, atque dulces liberos,
(Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
Pernicis uxor Appuli)
Sacrum vetusti extruat lignis focum
Lassi sub adventum viri:
Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus
Distenta siccet ubera;
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio,
Dapes inemptas apparet;
Non me Lucrina juverint conchylia,
Magisve rhombus, aut scari,

THE

PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Happy is he, that from all business clear,
As the old race of mankind were,
With his own oxen tills his sire's left lands,
And is not in the usurer's bands:
Nor soldier-like, started with rough alarms,
Nor dreads the sea's enraged harms:
But flies the bar and courts, with the proud boards,
And waiting-chambers of great lords.
The poplar tall he then doth marrying twine
With the grown issue of the vine;
And with his hook lops off the fruitless race,
And sets more happy in the place:
Or in the bending vale beholds afar
The lowing herds there grazing are:
Or the prest honey in pure pots doth keep
Of earth, and shears the tender sheep:
Or when that autumn through the fields lifts round
His head, with mellow apples crown'd,
How plucking pears, his own hand grafted had,
And purple-matching grapes, he's glad!
With which, Priapus, he may thank thy hands,
And, Sylvan, thine, that kept'st his lands!
Then now beneath some ancient oak he may
Now in the rooted grass him lay,
Whilst from the higher banks do slide the floods;
The soft birds quarrel in the woods,
The fountains murmur as the streams do creep,
And all invite to easy sleep.
Then when the thund'ring Jove his snow and showers
Are gathering by the wintry hours:
Or hence, or thence, he drives with many a hound
Wild boars into his toils pitch'd round:
Or strains on his small fork his subtle nets
For th' eating thrush, or pit-falls sets:
And snares the fearful hare, and new-come crane,
And 'counts them sweet rewards so ta'en.
Who amongst these delights, would not forget
Love's cares so evil and so great?
But if, to boot with these, a chaste wife meet
For household aid, and children sweet;
Such as the Sabines, or a sun-burnt blowse,
Some lusty quick Apulian's spouse,
To deck the hallow'd hearth with old wood fired
Against the husband comes home tired;
That penning the glad flock in hurdles by,
Their swelling udders doth draw dry:
And from the sweet tub wine of this 'year takes,
And unbought viands ready makes.
Not Lucrine oysters I could then more prize.
Nor turbot, nor bright golden eyes:

Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
Hyems ad hoc vertat mare:
Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum:
Non attagen Ionicus,
Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguissimis
Oliva ramis arborum:
Aut herba lapathi prata amantis, et gravi
Malvæ salubres corpori;
Vel agna festis cæsa Terminalibus:
Vel hædus ereptus lupo.
Has inter epulas, ut juvat pastas oves
Videre properanteis domum!
Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
Collo trahentes languido!
Positosque vernas, ditis examen domûs,
Circum renidentes lares!
Hæc ubi locutus, fœnerator Alphius,
Jam jam futurus rusticus,
Omnem relegit Idibus pecuniam;
Quærit calendis ponere.

If with bright floods, the winter troubled much,
Into our seas send any such:
The Ionian godwit, nor the ginny-hen
Could not go down my belly then
More sweet than olives, that new-gather'd be
From fattest branches of the tree:
Or the herb sorrel, that loves meadows still,
Or mallows loosing bodies ill:
Or at the feast of bounds, the lamb then slain,
Or kid forc'd from the wolf again,
Among these cates how glad the sight doth come
Of the fed flocks approaching home:
To view the weary oxen draw, with bare
And fainting necks, the turned share!
The wealthy household swarm of bondmen met,
And 'bout the steaming chimney set!
These thoughts when usurer Alphius, now about
To turn mere farmer, had spoke out;
'Gainst the ides, his moneys he gets in with pain.
At the calends puts all out again.

HORACE, ODE I. LIB. IV.

AD VENEREM.

Intermissa Venus diu,
Rursus bella moves? Parce precor, precor:
Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ: desine dulcium,
Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quò blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempestivius in domo
Pauli purpureis ales oloribus,
Comessabere Maximi,
Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro solicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium,
Latè signa feret militiæ tuæ.
Et quandoque potentior
Largi muneribus riserit æmuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream sub trabe cypreâ.
Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura, lyræque, et Berecynthiâ
Delectabere tibiâ
Mistis carminibus non sine fistula.
Illic bis pueri die,
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec fœmina nec puer
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero:
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lachryma per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
Nocturnis te ego somniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

ODE I. BOOK IV.

TO VENUS.

Venus, again thou mov'st a war
Long intermitted, pray thee, pray thee spare:
I am not such, as in the reign
Of the good Cynara I was: refrain
Sour mother of sweet Loves, forbear
To bend a man now at his fiftieth year
Too stubborn for commands so slack:
Go where youth's soft entreaties call thee back.
More timely hie thee to the house,
With thy bright swans, of Paulus Maximus
There jest and feast, make him thine host,
If a fit liver thou dost seek to toast:
For he's both noble, lovely, young,
And for the troubled client fills his tongue.
Child of a hundred arts, and far
Will he display the ensigns of thy war.
And when he smiling finds his grace
With thee 'bove all his rivals' gifts take place,
He'll thee a marble statue make
Beneath a sweet-wood roof near Alba lake,
There shall thy dainty nostril take
In many a gum, and for thy soft ears' sake
Shall verse be set to harp and lute,
And Phrygian hau'boy, not without the flute.
There twice a day in sacred lays,
The youths and tender maids shall sing thy
And in the Salian manner meet [praise:
Thrice 'bout thy altar with their ivory feet.
Me now, nor wench, nor wanton boy,
Delights, nor credulous hope of mutual joy;
Nor care I now healths to propound,
Or with fresh flowers to girt my temple round.
But why, oh why, my Ligurine,
Flow my thin tears down these pale cheeks of
Or why my well-grac'd words among [mine?
With an uncomely silence fails my tongue?
Hard-hearted, I dream every night
I hold thee fast! but fled hence, with the light,
Whether in Mars his field thou be,
Or Tyber's winding streams, I follow thee.

ODE IX. LIB. III. AD LYDIAM.

DIALOGUS HORATII ET LYDIÆ.

Hor. *Donec gratus eram tibi,*
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat ;
Persarum vigui rege beatior.

Lyd. *Donec non aliá magis*
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
Multi Lydia nominis
Romaná vigui clarior Iliá.

Hor. *Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,*
Dulces docta modos et citharæ sciens :
Pro qua non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

Lyd. *Me torret face mutuá*
Thurini Calaïs filius Ornithi :
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

Hor. *Quid si prisca redit Venus,*
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo ?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ ?

Lyd. *Quamquam sidere pulchrior*
Ille est, tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adriâ,
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

ODE IX. BOOK III. TO LYDIA.

DIALOGUE OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

Hor. Whilst, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,
And 'bout thy ivory neck no youth did fling
His arms more acceptably free,
I thought me richer than the Persian king.

Lyd. Whilst Horace lov'd no mistress more,
Nor after Chloe did his Lydia sound ;
In name, I went all names before,
The Roman Ilia was not more renown'd.

Hor. 'Tis true, I'm Thracian Chloe's I,
Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning
As, for her, I'ld not fear to die, [plays,
So fate would give her life, and longer days.

Lyd. And I am mutually on fire
With gentle Calais, Thurine Ornith's son,
For whom I doubly would expire,
So fate would let the boy a long thread run.

Hor. But say old love return should make,
And us disjoin'd force to her brazen yoke ;
That I bright Chloe off should shake,
And to left Lydia, now the gate stood ope ?

Lyd. Though he be fairer than a star ;
Thou lighter than the bark of any tree,
And than rough Adria angrier far ;
Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee.

FRAGMENTUM PETRON. ARBITR.

Foeda est in coitu, et brevis voluptas,
Et tædet Veneris statim peractæ.
Non ergo ut pecudes libidinosæ,
Cæci protinùs irruamus illuc :
Nam languescit amor peritque flamma,
Sed sic, sic, sine fine feriati,
Et tecum jaceamus osculantes :
Hic nullus labor est, ruborque nullus ;
Hoc juvit, juvat, et diu juvabit :
Hoc non deficit, incipitque semper.

FRAGMENT OF PETRON. ARBITER TRANSLATED.

Doing, a filthy pleasure is, and short ;
And done, we straight repent us of the sport :
Let us not then rush blindly on unto it,
Like lustful beasts that only know to do it :
For lust will languish, and that heat decay.
But thus, thus, keeping endless holiday,
Let us together closely lie and kiss,
There is no labour, nor no shame in this ;
This hath pleas'd, doth please, and long will please ; never
Can this decay, but is beginning ever.

EPIGRAMMA MARTIALIS, Lib. viii. ep. 77.

Liber, amicorum dulcissima cura tuorum,
Liber in æterna vivere digne rosâ ;
Si sapis, Assyrio semper tibi crinis amomo
Splendeat, et cingant florea serta caput :
Candida nigrescant vetulo crystalla Falerno,
Et caleat blando mollis amore thorus.
Qui sic, vel medio finitus vixit in ævo,
Longior huic facta est, quam data vita fuit.

EPIGRAM OF MARTIAL, viii. 77.—TRANSLATED.

Liber, of all thy friends, thy sweetest care,
Thou worthy in eternal flower to fare,
If thou be'st wise, with Syrian oil let shine
Thy locks, and rosy garlands crown thy head ;
Dark thy clear glass with old Falernian wine,
And heat with softest love thy softer bed.
He, that but living half his days, dies such,
Makes his life longer than 'twas given him, much

SYLVA.

Rerum, et sententiarum, quasi Ὕλη *dicta a multiplici materia, et varietate, in iis contentâ. Quemadmodùm enim vulgò solemus infinitam arborum nascentium indiscriminatim multitudinem Sylvam dicere: ità etiam libros suos in quibus variæ et diversæ materiæ opuscula temere congesta erant, Sylvas appellabant antiqui,* Timber-trees.

TIMBER;

OR,

DISCOVERIES MADE UPON MEN AND MATTER,

AS THEY HAVE FLOWED OUT OF HIS DAILY READINGS, OR HAD THEIR REFLUX TO HIS PECULIAR NOTION OF THE TIMES.

Tecum habita, ut nôris quam sit tibi curta supellex.—PERS. Sat. 4.

Fortuna.—Ill fortune never crush'd that man, whom good fortune deceived not. I therefore have counselled my friends, never to trust to her fairer side, though she seemed to make peace with them: but to place all things she gave them, so as she might ask them again without their trouble: she might take them from them, not pull them; to keep always a distance between her, and themselves. He knows not his own strength, that hath not met adversity. Heaven prepares good men with crosses; but no ill can happen to a good man. Contraries are not mixed. Yet, that which happens to any man, may to every man. But it is in his reason what he accounts it, and will make it.

Casus.—Change into extremity is very frequent. and easy. As when a beggar suddenly grows rich, he commonly becomes a prodigal; for to obscure his former obscurity, he puts on riot and excess.

Consilia.—No man is so foolish, but may give another good counsel sometimes; and no man is so wise, but may easily err, if he will take no others counsel but his own. But very few men are wise by their own counsel; or learned by their own teaching. For he that was only taught by himself,[1] had a fool to his master.

Fama.—A Fame that is wounded to the world, would be better cured by another's apology, than its own: for few can apply medicines well themselves. Besides, the man that is once hated, both his good, and his evil deeds oppress him. He is not easily emergent.

Negotia.—In great affairs it is a work of difficulty to please all. And oft-times we lose the occasions of carrying a business well, and thoroughly, by our too much haste. For passions are spiritual rebels, and raise sedition against the understanding.

Amor patriæ.—There is a necessity all men should love their country: he that professeth the contrary, may be delighted with his words, but his heart is there.

Ingenia.—Natures that are hardened to evil you shall sooner break, than make straight; they are like poles that are crooked and dry; there is no attempting them.

Applausus.—We praise the things we hear, with much more willingness, than those we see; because we envy the present, and reverence the past; thinking ourselves instructed by the one, and over-laid by the other.

Opinio.—Opinion is a light, vain, crude, and imperfect thing, settled in the imagination; but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the tincture of reason. We labour with it more than truth. There is much more holds us, than presseth us. An ill fact is one thing, an ill-fortune is another: yet both oftentimes sway us alike, by the error of our thinking.

Impostura.—Many men believe not themselves, what they would persuade others; and less do the things, which they would impose on others: but least of all, know what they themselves most confidently boast. Only they set the sign of the cross over their outer doors, and sacrifice to their gut and their groin in their inner closets.

Jactura vitæ.—What a deal of cold business doth a man mispend the better part of life in! in scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering

[1] Αυτοδιδασκαλος.

and venting news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter-love in a dark corner.

Hypocrita.—*Puritanus hypocrita est hæreticus, quem opinio propriæ perspicaciæ, quâ sibi videtur, cum paucis in ecclesiâ dogmatibus, errores quosdam animadvertisse, de statu mentis deturbavit: unde sacro furore percitus, phrenetice pugnat contra magistratus, sic ratus obedientiam præstare Deo.*

Mutua auxilia.—Learning needs rest: sovereignty gives it. Sovereignty needs counsel: learning affords it. There is such a consociation of offices, between the prince and whom his favour breeds, that they may help to sustain his power, as he their knowledge. It is the greatest part of his liberality, his favour: and from whom doth he hear discipline more willingly, or the arts discours'd more gladly, than from those whom his own bounty, and benefits have made able and faithful?

Cognit. univers.—In being able to counsel others, a man must be furnished with an universal store in himself, to the knowledge of all nature: that is the matter, and seed plot; there are the seats of all argument, and invention. But especially you must be cunning in the nature of man: there is the variety of things which are as the elements, and letters, which his art and wisdom must rank, and order to the present occasion. For we see not all letters in single words; nor all places in particular discourses. That cause seldom happens, wherein a man will use all arguments.

Consiliarii adjunct. Probitas, Sapientia.—The two chief things that give a man reputation in counsel, are the opinion of his honesty, and the opinion of his wisdom: the authority of those two will persuade, when the same counsels uttered by other persons less qualified, are of no efficacy, or working.

Vita recta.—Wisdom without honesty is mere craft, and cozenage. And therefore the reputation of honesty must first be gotten; which cannot be but by living well. A good life is a main argument.

Obsecuentia.—Humanitas.—Solicitudo.—Next a good life, to beget love in the persons we counsel, by dissembling our knowledge of ability in ourselves, and avoiding all suspicion of arrogance, ascribing all to their instruction, as an ambassador to his master, or a subject to his sovereign; seasoning all with humanity and sweetness, only expressing care and solicitude. And not to counsel rashly, or on the sudden, but with advice and meditation: *(Dat nox consilium)* For many foolish things fall from wise men, if they speak in haste, or be extemporal. It therefore behoves the giver of counsel to be circumspect; especially to beware of those, with whom he is not thoroughly acquainted, lest any spice of rashness, folly, or self-love appear, which will be marked by new persons, and men of experience in affairs.

Modestia.—Parrhesia.—And to the prince, or his superior, to behave himself modestly, and with respect. Yet free from flattery, or empire. Not with insolence, or precept; but as the prince were already furnished with the parts he should have, especially in affairs of state. For in other things they will more easily suffer themselves to be taught, or reprehended: they will not willingly contend. But hear (with Alexander) the answer the musician gave him, *Absit, ô rex, ut tu meliùs hæc scias, quàm ego.*[1]

Perspicuitas.—Elegantia.—A man should so deliver himself to the nature of the subject whereof he speaks, that his hearer may take knowledge of his discipline with some delight: and so apparel fair and good matter, that the studious of elegancy be not defrauded; redeem arts from their rough and brakey seats, where they lay hid, and overgrown with thorns, to a pure, open, and flowery light; where they may take the eye, and be taken by the hand.

Natura non effœta.—I cannot think Nature is so spent and decayed, that she can bring forth nothing worth her former years. She is always the same, like herself; and when she collects her strength, is abler still. Men are decayed, and studies: she is not.

Non nimiùm credendum antiquitati.—I know nothing can conduce more to letters, than to examine the writings of the ancients, and not to rest in their sole authority, or take all upon trust from them; provided the plagues of judging and pronouncing against them be away; such as are envy, bitterness, precipitation, impudence, and scurril scoffing. For to all the observations of the ancients, we have our own experience; which if we will use, and apply, we have better means to pronounce. It is true they opened the gates, and made the way that went before us; but as guides, not commanders; *Non domini nostri, sed duces fuêre.* Truth lies open to all; it is no man's several. *Patet omnibus veritas; nondum est occupata. Multum ex illâ, etiam futuris relicta est.*

Dissentire licet, sed cum ratione.—If in some things I dissent from others, whose wit, industry, diligence, and judgment I look up at, and admire; let me not therefore hear presently of ingratitude, and rashness. For I thank those that have taught me, and will ever: but yet dare not think the scope of their labour and inquiry was to envy their posterity, what they also could add, and find out.

Non mihi credendum sed veritati.—If I err, pardon me: *Nulla ars simul et inventa est, et absoluta.* I do not desire to be equal to those that went before; but to have my reason examined with theirs, and so much faith to be given them, or me, as those shall evict. I am neither author nor fautor of any sect. I will have no man addict himself to me; but if I have any thing right, defend it as Truth's, not mine, save as it conduceth to a common good. It profits not me to have any man fence or fight for me, to flourish, or take my side. Stand for Truth, and 'tis enough.

Scientiæ liberales.—Arts that respect the mind, were ever reputed nobler than those that serve the body: though we less can be without them. As tillage, spinning, weaving, building, &c., without which, we could scarce sustain life a day. But these were the works of every hand; the other of the brain only, and those the most generous and exalted wits and spirits, that cannot rest, or acquiesce. The mind of man is still fed with labour: *Opere pascitur.*

Non vulgi sunt.—There is a more secret cause: and the power of liberal studies lies more hid, than that it can be wrought out by profane wits. It is not every man's way to hit. They are men, I con-

[1] Plutarch in vita Alex.

fess, that set the caract, and value upon things, as they love them; but science is not every man's mistress. It is as great a spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by a wrong person, as can be done to a noble nature.

Honesta ambitio.—If divers men seek fame or honour by divers ways; so both be honest, neither is to be blamed: but they that seek immortality, are not only worthy of love, but of praise.

Maritus improbus.—He hath a delicate wife, a fair fortune, and family to go to be welcome; yet he had rather be drunk with mine host, and the fiddlers of such a town, than go home.

Afflictio pia magistra.—Affliction teacheth a wicked person some time to pray: prosperity never.

Deploratis facilis descensus Averni.—The devil take all.—Many might go to heaven with half the labour they go to hell, if they would venture their industry the right way: but the devil take all (quoth he) that was choak'd in the mill-dam, with his four last words in his mouth.

Aegidius cursu superat.—A cripple in the way out-travels a footman, or a post out of the way.

Prodigo nummi nauci.—Bags of money to a prodigal person, are the same that cherry-stones are with some boys, and so thrown away.

Munda et sordida.—A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more careless about her house.

Debitum deploratum.—Of this spilt water, there is a little to be gathered up: it is a desperate debt.

Latro sesquipedalis.—The thief [1] that had a longing at the gallows to commit one robbery more, before he was hanged.

And like the German lord,[2] when he went out of Newgate into the cart, took order to have his arms set up in his last herborough: said he was taken, and committed upon suspicion of treason; no witness appearing against him: but the judges entertained him most civilly, discoursed with him, offered him the courtesy of the rack; but he confessed, &c.

Calumniæ fructus.—I am beholden to calumny, that she hath so endeavoured, and taken pains to belie me. It shall make me set a surer guard on myself, and keep a better watch upon my actions.

Impertinens.—A tedious person is one a man would leap a steeple from, gallop down any steep hill to avoid him; forsake his meat, sleep, nature itself, with all her benefits, to shun him. A mere impertinent; one that touched neither heaven nor earth in his discourse. He opened an entry into a fair room, but shut it again presently. I spake to him of garlic, he answered asparagus: consulted him of marriage, he tells me of hanging, as if they went by one and the same destiny.

Bellum scribentium.—What a sight it is to see writers committed together by the ears for ceremonies, syllables, points, colons, commas, hyphens, and the like? fighting as for their fires and their altars; and angry that none are frighted at their noises, and loud brayings under their asses skins.

There is hope of getting a fortune without digging in these quarries. *Sed meliore (in omne) ingenio, animoque quàm fortunâ, sum usus.*

Pingue solum lassat; sed juvat ipse labor.

[1] With a great belly.
[2] Comes de Schertenhein.

Differentia inter doctos et sciolos.—Wits made out their several expeditions then, for the discovery of truth, to find out great and profitable knowledges; had their several instruments for the disquisition of arts. Now there are certain scioli or smatterers, that are busy in the skirts and outsides of learning, and have scarce anything of solid literature to commend them. They may have some edging or trimming of a scholar, a welt, or so: but it is no more.

Impostorum fucus.—Imposture is a specious thing: yet never worse than when it feigns to be best, and to none discovered sooner than the simplest. For truth and goodness are plain and open; but imposture is ever ashamed of the light.

Icunculorum motio.—A puppet-play must be shadowed, and seen in the dark: for draw the curtain, *et sordet gesticulatio.*

Principes, et administri.—There is a great difference in the understanding of some princes, as in the quality of their ministers about them. Some would dress their masters in gold, pearl, and all true jewels of majesty: others furnish them with feathers, bells, and ribands; and are therefore esteemed the fitter servants. But they are ever good men, that must make good the times: if the men be naught, the times will be such. *Finis exspectandus est in unoquoque hominum; animali ad mutationem promptissimo.*

Scitum Hispanicum.—It is a quick saying with the Spaniards, *Artes inter hæredes non dividi.* Yet these have inherited their fathers' lying, and they brag of it. He is a narrow-minded man, that affects a triumph in any glorious study; but to triumph in a lie, and a lie themselves have forged, is frontless. Folly often goes beyond her bounds; but Impudence knows none.

Non nova res livor.—Envy is no new thing, nor was it born only in our times. The ages past have brought it forth, and the coming ages will. So long as there are men fit for it, *quorum odium virtute relictâ placet*, it will never be wanting. It is a barbarous envy, to take from those men's virtues, which because thou canst not arrive at, thou impotently despairest to imitate. Is it a crime in me that I know that, which others had not yet known, but from me? or that I am the author of many things, which never would have come in thy thought, but that I taught them? It is a new, but a foolish way you have found out, that whom you cannot equal, or come near in doing, you would destroy or ruin with evil speaking: as if you had bound both your wits and natures prentices to slander, and then came forth the best artificers, when you could form the foulest calumnies.

Nil gratius protervo lib.—Indeed nothing is of more credit or request now, than a petulant paper, or scoffing verses; and it is but convenient to the times and manners we live with, to have then the worst writings and studies flourish, when the best begin to be despised. Ill arts begin where good end.

Jam literæ sordent.—Pastus hodiern. Ingen.—The time was when men would learn and study good things, not envy those that had them. Then men were had in price for learning; now letters only make men vile. He is upbraidingly called a poet, as if it were a contemptible nick-name: but the professors, indeed, have made the learning

cheap. Railing and tinkling rhymers, whose writings the vulgar more greedily read, as being taken with the scurrility and petulancy of such wits. He shall not have a reader now, unless he jeer and lie. It is the food of men's natures; the diet of the times! gallants cannot sleep else. The writer must lie, and the gentle reader rests happy, to hear the worthiest works misinterpreted, the clearest actions obscured, the innocentest life traduced: and in such a license of lying, a field so fruitful of slanders, how can there be matter wanting to his laughter? Hence comes the epidemical infection: for how can they escape the contagion of the writings, whom the virulency of the calumnies hath not staved off from reading?

Sed seculi morbus.—Nothing doth more invite a greedy reader, than an unlooked-for subject. And what more unlooked-for, than to see a person of an unblamed life made ridiculous, or odious, by the artifice of lying? but it is the disease of the age: and no wonder if the world, growing old, begin to be infirm: old age itself is a disease. It is long since the sick world began to doat and talk idly: would she had but doated still! but her dotage is now broke forth into a madness, and become a mere frenzy.

Alastoris malitia.—This Alastor, who hath left nothing unsearched, or unassailed, by his impudent and licentious lying in his aguish writings; (for he was in his cold quaking fit all the while;) what hath he done more, than a troublesome base cur? barked and made a noise afar off; had a fool or two to spit in his mouth, and cherish him with a musty bone? but they are rather enemies of my fame than me, these barkers.

Mali Choragi fuere.—It is an art to have so much judgment as to apparel a lie well, to give it a good dressing; that though the nakedness would show deformed and odious, the suiting of it might draw their readers. Some love any strumpet (be she never so shop-like or meretricious) in good clothes. But these, nature could not have formed them better, to destroy their own testimony, and overthrow their calumny.

Hear-say news.—That an elephant, in 1630, came hither ambassador from the great Mogul (who could both write and read) and was every day allowed twelve cast of bread, twenty quarts of Canary sack, besides nuts and almonds the citizens wives sent him. That he had a Spanish boy to his interpreter, and his chief negociation was, to confer or practise with Archy, the principal fool of state, about stealing hence Windsor-castle, and carrying it away on his back if he can.

Lingua sapientis, potius quàm loquentis.—A wise tongue should not be licentious and wandering; but moved, and, as it were, governed with certain reins from the heart, and bottom of the breast: and it was excellently said of that philosopher, that there was a wall or parapet of teeth set in our mouth, to restrain the petulancy of our words; that the rashness of talking should not only be retarded by the guard and watch of our heart, but be fenced in, and defended by certain strengths, placed in the mouth itself, and within the lips. But you shall see some so abound with words, without any seasoning or taste of matter, in so profound a security, as while they are speaking for the most part, they confess to speak they know not what.

Of the two (if either were to be wished) I would rather have a plain downright wisdom, than a foolish and affected eloquence. For what is so furious and Bethlem like, as a vain sound of chosen and excellent words, without any subject of sentence or science mixed?

Optanda.—Thersites Homeri.—Whom the disease of talking still once possesseth, he can never hold his peace. Nay, rather than he will not discourse he will hire men to hear him. And so heard, not hearkened unto, he comes off most times like a mountebank, that when he hath praised his medicines, finds none will take them, or trust him. He is like Homer's *Thersites*.

Ἀμετροεπῆς, ἀκριτόμυθος; speaking without judgment or measure.

Loquax magis, quàm facundus,
Satis loquentiæ, sapientiæ parum.[1]

Γλώσσης τοι θησαυρὸς ἐν ἀνθρωποισιν ἄριστος
Φειδωλῆς, πλείστη δὲ χάρις κατα μέτρον ἰούσης.[2]
Optimus est homini linguæ thesaurus, et ingens
Gratia, quæ parcis mensurat singula verbis.

Homeri Ulysses.—Demacatus Plutarchi.—Ulysses in Homer, is made a long-thinking man, before he speaks; and Epaminondas is celebrated by Pindar, to be a man, that though he knew much, yet he spoke but little. Demacatus, when on the bench he was long silent, and said nothing; one asking him, if it were folly in him, or want of language? he answered, *A fool could never hold his peace.*[3] For too much talking is ever the indice of a fool.

Dum tacet indoctus, poterit cordatus haberi;
Is morbos animi namque tacendo tegit.[4]

Nor is that worthy speech of Zeno the philosopher to be passed over, with the note of ignorance; who being invited to a feast in Athens, where a great prince's ambassadors were entertained, and was the only person that said nothing at the table; one of them with courtesy asked him, What shall we return from thee, Zeno, to the prince our master, if he asks us of thee? Nothing, he replied, more, but that you found an old man in Athens, that knew to be silent amongst his cups. It was near a miracle to see an old man silent, since talking is the disease of age; but amongst cups makes it fully a wonder.

Argute dictum.—It was wittily said upon one that was taken for a great and grave man, so long as he held his peace: This man might have been a counsellor of state, till he spoke: but having spoken, not the beadle of the ward. Ἐχεμυθία. *Pythag. quàm laudabilis! γλώσσης πρὸ τῶν ἄλλων κράτει, θεοῖς ἑπόμενος. Linguam cohibe, præ aliis omnibus, ad deorum exemplum.*[5] *Digito compesce labellum.*[6]

Acutius cernuntur vitia quam virtutes.—There is almost no man but he sees clearlier and sharper the vices in a speaker, than the virtues. And there are many, that with more ease will find fault with what is spoken foolishly, than can give allowance to that wherein you are wise silently. The treasure of a fool is always in his tongue, said the witty comic poet;[7] and it appears not in anything more than in that nation, whereof one, when he

[1] Sallust. [2] Hesiodus.
[3] Vid. Zeuxidis pict. Serm. ad Megabizum.
[4] Plutarch. [5] Vide Apuleium.
[6] Juvenal. [7] Plautus.

had got the inheritance of an unlucky old grange, would needs sell it;[1] and to draw buyers proclaimed the virtues of it. Nothing ever thrived on it, saith he. No owner of it ever died in his bed; some hung, some drowned themselves; some were banished, some starved; the trees were all blasted; the swine died of the meazles, the cattle of the murrain, the sheep of the rot; they that stood were ragged, bare, and bald as your hand; nothing was ever reared there, not a duckling, or a goose. *Hospitium fuerat calamitatis.*[2] Was not this man like to sell it?

Vulgi expectatio.—Expectation of the vulgar is more drawn and held with newness than goodness; we see it in fencers, in players, in poets, in preachers, in all where fame promiseth anything; so it be new, though never so naught and depraved, they run to it, and are taken. Which shews, that the only decay, or hurt of the best men's reputation with the people is, their wits have out-lived the people's palates. They have been too much or too long a feast.

Claritas patriæ.—Greatness of name in the father oft-times helps not forth, but overwhelms the son; they stand too near one another. The shadow kills the growth: so much, that we see the grandchild come more and oftener to be heir of the first, than doth the second: he dies between; the possession is the third's.

Eloquentia.—Eloquence is a great and diverse thing: nor did she yet ever favour any man so much as to become wholly his. He is happy that can arrive to any degree of her grace. Yet there are who prove themselves masters of her, and absolute lords; but I believe they may mistake their evidence: for it is one thing to be eloquent in the schools, or in the hall; another at the bar, or in the pulpit. There is a difference between mooting and pleading; between fencing and fighting. To make arguments in my study, and confute them, is easy; where I answer myself, not an adversary. So I can see whole volumes dispatched by the umbratical doctors on all sides: but draw these forth into the just lists: let them appear *sub dio*, and they are changed with the place, like bodies bred in the shade; they cannot suffer the sun or a shower, nor bear the open air; they scarce can find themselves, that they were wont to domineer so among their auditors: but indeed I would no more choose a rhetorician for reigning in a school, than I would a pilot for rowing in a pond.

Amor et odium.—Love that is ignorant, and hatred, have almost the same ends: many foolish lovers wish the same to their friends, which their enemies would: as to wish a friend banished, that they might accompany him in exile; or some great want, that they might relieve him; or a disease, that they might sit by him. They make a causeway to their country by injury, as if it were not honester to do nothing than to seek a way to do good by a mischief.

Injuria.—Injuries do not extinguish courtesies: they only suffer them not to appear fair. For a man that doth me an injury after a courtesy, takes not away that courtesy, but defaces it: as he that writes other verses upon my verses, takes not away the first letters, but hides them.

Beneficia.—Nothing is a courtesy unless it be meant us; and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers, that they carry our boats; or winds, that they be favouring and fill our sails; or meats, that they be nourishing. For these are what they are necessarily. Horses carry us, trees shade us, but they know it not. It is true, some men may receive a courtesy, and not know it; but never any man received it from him that knew it not. Many men have been cured of diseases by accidents; but they were not remedies. I myself have known one helped of an ague by falling into a water, another whipped out of a fever: but no man would ever use these for medicines. It is the mind, and not the event, that distinguisheth the courtesy from wrong. My adversary may offend the judge with his pride and impertinences, and I win my cause; but he meant it not to me as a courtesy. I scaped pirates by being shipwrecked, was the wreck a benefit therefore? No: the doing of courtesies aright, is the mixing of the respects for his own sake, and for mine. He that doeth them merely for his own sake, is like one that feeds his cattle to sell them: he hath his horse well dressed for Smithfield.

Valor rerum.—The price of many things is far above what they are bought and sold for. Life and health, which are both inestimable, we have of the physician: as learning and knowledge, the true tillage of the mind, from our schoolmasters. But the fees of the one, or the salary of the other, never answer the value of what we received; but served to gratify their labours.

Memoria.—Memory, of all the powers of the mind, is the most delicate, and frail: it is the first of our faculties that age invades. Seneca, the father, the rhetorician, confesseth of himself, he had a miraculous one; not only to receive but to hold. I myself could, in my youth, have repeated all that ever I had made, and so continued till I was past forty: since, it is much decayed in me. Yet I can repeat whole books that I have read, and poems of some selected friends, which I have liked to charge my memory with. It was wont to be faithful to me, but shaken with age now, and sloth, which weakens the strongest abilities, it may perform somewhat, but cannot promise much. By exercise it is to be made better, and serviceable. Whatsoever I pawned with it while I was young and a boy, it offers me readily, and without stops: but what I trust to it now, or have done of later years, it lays up more negligently, and oftentimes loses; so that I receive mine own (though frequently called for) as if it were new and borrowed. Nor do I always find presently from it what I seek; but while I am doing another thing, that I laboured for will come: and what I sought with trouble, will offer itself when I am quiet. Now in some men I have found it as happy as nature, who, whatsoever they read or pen, they can say without book presently; as if they did then write in their mind. And it is more a wonder in such as have a swift style, for their memories are commonly slowest; such as torture their writings, and go into council for every word, must needs fix somewhat, and make it their own at last, though but through their own vexation.

Comit. suffragia.—Suffrages in parliament are numbered, not weighed: nor can it be otherwise in those public councils, where nothing is so unequal as the equality: for there, how odd soever men's brains or wisdoms are, their power is always even and the same.

[1] Trin. Act. 2. Scen. 4.

[2] Mart. lib. 1. ep. 85.

Stare à partibus.—Some actions, be they never so beautiful and generous, are often obscured by base and vile misconstructions, either out of envy, or ill-nature, that judgeth of others as of itself. Nay, the times are so wholly grown to be either partial or malicious, that if he be a friend, all sits well about him, his very vices shall be virtues; if an enemy, or of the contrary faction, nothing is good or tolerable in him: insomuch that we care not to discredit and shame our judgments, to sooth our passions.

Deus in creaturis.—Man is read in his face; God in his creatures; but not as the philosopher, the creature of glory, reads him: but as the divine, the servant of humility: yet even he must take care not to be too curious. For to utter truth of God (but as he thinks only) may be dangerous; who is best known by our not knowing. Some things of him, so much as he hath revealed, or commanded, it is not only lawful but necessary for us to know: for therein our ignorance was the first cause of our wickedness.

Veritas proprium hominis.—Truth is man's proper good; and the only immortal thing was given to our mortality to use. No good Christian or ethnic, if he be honest, can miss it: no statesman or patriot should. For without truth all the actions of mankind are craft, malice, or what you will, rather than wisdom. Homer says, he hates him worse than hell-mouth, that utters one thing with his tongue, and keeps another in his breast. Which high expression was grounded on divine reason: for a lying mouth is a stinking pit, and murders with the contagion it venteth. Beside, nothing is lasting that is feigned; it will have another face than it had, ere long. As Euripides saith, "No lie ever grows old."

Nullum vitium sine patrocinio.—It is strange there should be no vice without its patronage, that, when we have no other excuse, we will say, we love it; we cannot forsake it. As if that made it not more a fault. We cannot, because we think we cannot, and we love it, because we will defend it. We will rather excuse it, than be rid of it. That we cannot, is pretended; but that we will not, is the true reason. How many have I known, that would not have their vices hid? nay, and to be noted, live like Antipodes to others in the same city? never see the sun rise or set, in so many years; but be as they were watching a corpse by torch-light; would not sin the common way, but held that a kind of rusticity; they would do it new, or contrary, for the infamy; they were ambitious of living backward; and at last arrived at that, as they would love nothing but the vices, not the vicious customs. It was impossible to reform these natures; they were dried and hardened in their ill. They may say they desired to leave it; but do not trust them: and they may think they desire it, but they may lie for all that: they are a little angry with their follies now and then; marry they come into grace with them again quickly. They will confess they are offended with their manner of living: like enough; who is not? When they can put me in security that they are more than offended, that they hate it, then I will hearken to them; and perhaps believe them: but many now a days love and hate their ill together.

De vere argutis.—I do hear them say often, some men are not witty; because they are not every where witty; than which nothing is more foolish. If an eye or a nose be an excellent part in the face, therefore be all eye or nose! I think the eye-brow, the forehead, the cheek, chin, lip, or any part else, are as necessary, and natural in the place. But now nothing is good that is natural: right and natural language seems to have least of the wit in it; that which is writhed and tortured, is counted the more exquisite. Cloth of bodkin or tissue must be embroidered; as if no face were fair that were not powdered or painted? no beauty to be had, but in wresting and writhing our own tongue? Nothing is fashionable till it be deformed; and this is to write like a gentleman. All must be affected, and preposterous as our gallants' clothes, sweet bags, and night dressings: in which you would think our men lay in, like ladies, it is so curious.

Censura de poetis.—Nothing in our age, I have observed, is more preposterous than the running judgments upon poetry and poets; when we shall hear those things commended, and cried up for the best writings, which a man would scarce vouchsafe to wrap any wholesome drug in; he would never light his tobacco with them. And those men almost named for miracles, who yet are so vile, that if a man should go about to examine and correct them, he must make all they have done but one blot. Their good is so entangled with their bad, as forcibly one must draw on the other's death with it. A sponge dipt in ink will do all:

——Comitetur Punica librum
Spongia.——

Et paulò post,

Non possunt`. . . . multæ . . . . lituræ
. . . . . una litura potest.[1]

Cestius.—Cicero.—Heath.—Taylor.—Spenser.—Yet their vices have not hurt them: nay, a great many they have profited; for they have been loved for nothing else. And this false opinion grows strong against the best men; if once it take root with the ignorant. Cestius, in his time, was preferred to Cicero, so far as the ignorant durst. They learned him without book, and had him often in their mouths: but a man cannot imagine that thing so foolish, or rude, but will find, and enjoy an admirer; at least a reader, or spectator. The puppets are seen now in despight of the players: Heath's epigrams, and the Skuller's poems, have their applause. There are never wanting, that dare prefer the worst preachers, the worst pleaders, the worst poets; not that the better have left to write, or speak better, but that they that hear them judge worse; *Non illi pejus dicunt, sed hi corruptius judicant.* Nay, if it were put to the question of the water-rhymer's works, against Spenser's, I doubt not but they would find more suffrages; because the most favour common vices, out of a prerogative the vulgar have to lose their judgments, and like that which is naught.

Poetry, in this latter age, hath proved but a mean mistress to such as have wholly addicted themselves to her, or given their names up to her family. They who have but saluted her on the by, and now and then tendered their visits, she hath done much for, and advanced in the way of their own professions (both the law and the gospel)

[1] Mart. l. iv. epig. 10.

beyond all they could have hoped or done for themselves, without her favour. Wherein she doth emulate the judicious but preposterous bounty of the time's grandees: who accumulate all they can upon the parasite, or fresh-man in their friendship; but think an old client, or honest servant, bound by his place to write and starve.

Indeed the multitude commend writers, as they do fencers, or wrestlers; who if they come in robustiously, and put for it with a deal of violence, are received for the braver fellows: when many times their own rudeness is a cause of their disgrace; and a slight touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foil. But in these things the unskilful are naturally deceived, and judging wholly by the bulk, think rude things greater than polished; and scattered more numerous than composed: nor think this only to be true in the sordid multitude, but the neater sort of our gallants: for all are the multitude; only they differ in clothes, not in judgment or understanding.

De Shakspeare nostrat.—Augustus in Hat.—I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour: for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too, Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong." He replied, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause," and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

Ingeniorum discrimina. Not. 1.—In the difference of wits, I have observed there are many notes: and it is a little maistry to know them; to discern what every nature, every disposition will bear: for, before we sow our land, we should plough it. There are no fewer forms of minds, than of bodies amongst us. The variety is incredible, and therefore we must search. Some are fit to make divines, some poets, some lawyers, some physicians: some to be sent to the plough, and trades.

There is no doctrine will do good, where nature is wanting. Some wits are swelling and high; others low and still: some hot and fiery, others cold and dull; one must have a bridle, the other a spur.

Not. 2.—There be some that are forward and bold; and these will do every little thing easily; I mean that is hard-by and next them, which they will utter unretarded without any shamefastness. These never perform much, but quickly. They are what they are, on the sudden; they shew presently like grain, that scattered on the top of the ground, shoots up, but takes no root; has a yellow blade, but the ear empty. They are wits of good promise at first, but there is an *ingenistitium*:[1] they stand still at sixteen, they get no higher.

Not. 3.—You have others, that labour only to ostentation; and are ever more busy about the colours and surface of a work, than in the matter and foundation: for that is hid, the other is seen.

Not. 4.—Others, that in composition are nothing, but what is rough and broken: *Quæ per salebras, altaque saxa cadunt.*[2] And if it would come gently, they trouble it of purpose. They would not have it run without rubs, as if that style were more strong and manly, that struck the ear with a kind of unevenness. These men err not by chance, but knowingly and willingly; they are like men that affect a fashion by themselves, have some singularity in a ruff, cloak, or hat-band; or their beards specially cut to provoke beholders, and set a mark upon themselves. They would be reprehended, while they are looked on. And this vice, one that is authority with the rest, loving, delivers over to them to be imitated; so that oft-times the faults which he fell into, the others seek for: this is the danger, when vice becomes a precedent.

Not. 5.—Others there are that have no composition at all; but a kind of tuning and rhyming fall, in what they write. It runs and slides, and only makes a sound. Women's poets they are called, as you have women's tailors;

> They write a verse as smooth, as soft as cream;
> In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream.

You may sound these wits, and find the depth of them with your middle finger. They are cream-bowl, or but puddle-deep.

Not. 6.—Some that turn over all books, and are equally searching in all papers, that write out of what they presently find or meet, without choice; by which means it happens, that what they have discredited and impugned in one week, they have before or after extolled the same in another. Such are all the essayists, even their master Montaigne. These, in all they write, confess still what books they have read last; and therein their own folly, so much, that they bring it to the stake raw and undigested: not that the place did need it neither; but that they thought themselves furnished, and would vent it.

Not. 7.—Some again (who after they have got authority, or, which is less, opinion, by their writings, to have read much) dare presently to feign whole books and authors, and lye safely. For what never was, will not easily be found, not by the most curious.

Not. 8.—And some, by a cunning protestation against all reading, and false venditation of their own naturals, think to divert the sagacity of their readers from themselves, and cool the scent of their own fox-like thefts; when yet they are so rank, as a man may find whole pages together usurped from one author: their necessities compelling them to read for present use, which could not be in many books; and so come forth more ridiculously, and palpably guilty than those, who because they cannot trace, they yet would slander their industry.

Not. 9.—But the wretcheder are the obstinate contemners of all helps and arts; such as presum-

[1] A Wit-stand.
[2] Martial. lib. xi. epig. 91.

ing on their own naturals (which perhaps are excellent) dare deride all diligence, and seem to mock at the terms, when they understand not the things; thinking that way to get off wittily, with their ignorance. These are imitated often by such as are their peers in negligence, though they cannot be in nature: and they utter all they can think with a kind of violence and indisposition; unexamined, without relation either to person, place, or any fitness else: and the more wilful and stubborn they are in it, the more learned they are esteemed of the multitude, through their excellent vice of judgment: who think those things the stronger, that have no art; as if to break, were better than to open; or to rent asunder, gentler than to loose.

Not. 10.—It cannot but come to pass, that these men who commonly seek to do more than enough, may sometimes happen on something that is good and great; but very seldom: and when it comes, it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. For their jests, and their sentences (which they only and ambitiously seek for) stick out, and are more eminent; because all is sordid, and vile about them; as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness, than a faint shadow. Now because they speak all they can (however unfitly) they are thought to have the greater copy: where the learned use ever election and a mean; they look back to what they intended at first, and make all an even and proportioned body. The true artificer will not run away from nature, as he were afraid of her; or depart from life, and the likeness of truth; but speak to the capacity of his hearers. And though his language differ from the vulgar somewhat, it shall not fly from all humanity, with the Tamerlanes, and Tamer-chams of the late age, which had nothing in them but the scenical strutting, and furious vociferation, to warrant them to the ignorant gapers. He knows it is his only art, so to carry it, as none but artificers perceive it. In the mean time, perhaps, he is called barren, dull, lean, a poor writer, or by what contumelious word can come in their cheeks, by these men, who without labour, judgment, knowledge, or almost sense, are received or preferred before him. He gratulates them, and their fortune. Another age, or juster men, will acknowledge the virtues of his studies, his wisdom in dividing, his subtlety in arguing, with what strength he doth inspire his readers, with what sweetness he strokes them; in inveighing, what sharpness; in jest, what urbanity he uses: how he doth reign in men's affections: how invade, and break in upon them; and makes their minds like the thing he writes. Then in his elocution to behold what word is proper, which hath ornaments, which height, what is beautifully translated, where figures are fit, which gentle, which strong, to shew the composition manly: and how he hath avoided faint, obscure, obscene, sordid, humble, improper, or effeminate phrase; which is not only praised of the most, but commended, (which is worse,) especially for that it is naught.

Ignorantia animæ.—I know no disease of the soul, but ignorance; not of the arts and sciences, but of itself: yet relating to those it is a pernicious evil, the darkener of man's life, the disturber of his reason, and common confounder of truth; with which a man goes groping in the dark, no otherwise than if he were blind. Great understandings are most racked and troubled with it: nay, sometimes they will rather choose to die, than not to know the things they study for. Think then what an evil it is, and what good the contrary.

Scientia.—Knowledge is the action of the soul, and is perfect without the senses, as having the seeds of all science and virtue in itself; but not without the service of the senses; by these organs the soul works: she is a perpetual agent, prompt and subtle; but often flexible, and erring, intangling herself like a silk-worm: but her reason is a weapon with two edges, and cuts through. In her indagations oft-times new scents put her by, and she takes in errors into her, by the same conduits she doth truths.

Otium.—Studiorum.—Ease and relaxation are profitable to all studies. The mind is like a bow, the stronger by being unbent. But the temper in spirits is all, when to command a man's wit, when to favour it. I have known a man vehement on both sides, that knew no mean, either to intermit his studies, or call upon them again. When he hath set himself to writing, he would join night to day, press upon himself without release, not minding it, till he fainted; and when he left off, resolve himself into all sports and looseness again, that it was almost a despair to draw him to his book; but once got to it, he grew stronger and more earnest by the ease. His whole powers were renewed; he would work out of himself what he desired; but with such excess, as his study could not be ruled; he knew not how to dispose his own abilities, or husband them, he was of that immoderate power against himself. Nor was he only a strong but an absolute speaker, and writer; but his subtlety did not shew itself; his judgment thought that a vice: for the ambush hurts more that is hid. He never forced his language, nor went out of the highway of speaking, but for some great necessity, or apparent profit: for he denied figures to be invented for ornament, but for aid; and still thought it an extreme madness to bind or wrest that which ought to be right.

Stili eminentia.—Virgil.—Tully.—Sallust.—It is no wonder men's eminence appears but in their own way. Virgil's felicity left him in prose, as Tully's forsook him in verse. Sallust's orations are read in the honour of story; yet the most eloquent Plato's speech, which he made for Socrates, is neither worthy of the patron, nor the person defended. Nay, in the same kind of oratory, and where the matter is one, you shall have him that reasons strongly, open negligently; another that prepares well, not fit so well: And this happens not only to brains, but to bodies. One can wrestle well, another run well, a third leap, or throw the bar, a fourth lift, or stop a cart going: each hath his way of strength. So in other creatures, some dogs are for the deer, some for the wild boar, some are fox-hounds, some otter-hounds. Nor are all horses for the coach or saddle, some are for the cart and paniers.

De claris oratoribus.—I have known many excellent men, that would speak suddenly, to the admiration of their hearers; who upon study and premeditation have been forsaken by their own wits, and no way answered their fame: their eloquence was greater than their reading; and the things they uttered, better than those they knew: their fortune deserved better of them than their care. For men of present spirits, and of greater wits than

study, do please more in the things they invent, than in those they bring. And I have heard some of them compelled to speak, out of necessity, that have so infinitely exceeded themselves, as it was better both for them and their auditory, that they were so surprised, not prepared. Nor was it safe then to cross them, for their adversary, their anger made them more eloquent. Yet these men I could not but love and admire, that they returned to their studies. They left not diligence (as many do) when their rashness prospered; for diligence is a great aid, even to an indifferent wit; when we are not contented with the examples of our own age, but would know the face of the former. Indeed, the more we confer with, the more we profit by, if the persons be chosen.

Dominus Verulamius.—One, though he be excellent, and the chief, is not to be imitated alone: for no imitator ever grew up to his author; likeness is always on this side truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where he could spare or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech, but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke; and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end.

Scriptorum catalogus.[1] — Cicero is said to be the only wit that the people of Rome had equalled to their empire. *Ingenium par imperio.* We have had many, and in their several ages (to take in but the former *seculum*) sir Thomas Moore, the elder Wiat, Henry earl of Surrey, Chaloner, Smith, Eliot, B. Gardiner, were for their times admirable; and the more, because they began eloquence with us. Sir Nicolas Bacon was singular, and almost alone, in the beginning of queen Elizabeth's time. Sir Philip Sidney, and Mr. Hooker (in different matter) grew great masters of wit and language, and in whom all vigour of invention and strength of judgment met. The Earl of Essex, noble and high; and Sir Walter Raleigh, not to be contemned, either for judgment or style. Sir Henry Savile, grave, and truly lettered; sir Edwin Sandys, excellent in both; lord Egerton, the chancellor, a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked. But his learned and able (though unfortunate) successor, is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece, or haughty Rome. In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits born, that could honour a language, or help study. Now things daily fall, wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward: so that he may be named, and stand as the mark and ἀκμή of our language.

[1] Sir Thomas Moore. Sir Thomas Wiat. Henry, earl of Surrey. Sir Thomas Chaloner. Sir Thomas Smith. Sir Thomas Eliot. Bishop Gardiner. Sir Nicolas Bacon, L.K. Sir Philip Sidney. Master Richard Hooker. Robert, earl of Essex. Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Henry Savile. Sir Edwin Sandys. Sir Thomas Egerton, L.C. Sir Francis Bacon, L.C.

De augmentis scientiarum.—Julius Cæsar.—Lord St. Alban.—I have ever observed it to have been the office of a wise patriot, among the greatest affairs of the state, to take care of the commonwealth of learning. For schools, they are the seminaries of state; and nothing is worthier the study of a statesman, than that part of the republic which we call the advancement of letters. Witness the care of Julius Cæsar, who, in the heat of the civil war, writ his books of Analogy, and dedicated them to Tully. This made the late lord St. Alban entitle his work *Novum Organum:* which though by the most of superficial men, who cannot get beyond the title of nominals, it is not penetrated, nor understood, it really openeth all defects of learning whatsoever, and is a book

Qui longum noto scriptori proroget ævum.[1]

My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place, or honours: but I have and do reverence him, for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.

De corruptela morum.—There cannot be one colour of the mind, another of the wit. If the mind be staid, grave, and composed, the wit is so; that vitiated, the other is blown and deflowered. Do we not see, if the mind languish, the members are dull? Look upon an effeminate person, his very gait confesseth him. If a man be fiery, his motion is so; if angry, it is troubled and violent. So that we may conclude wheresoever manners and fashions are corrupted, language is. It imitates the public riot. The excess of feasts and apparel are the notes of a sick state; and the wantonness of language of a sick mind.

De rebus mundanis.—If we would consider what our affairs are indeed, not what they are called, we should find more evils belonging to us, than happen to us. How often doth that, which was called a calamity, prove the beginning and cause of a man's happiness? and, on the contrary, that which happened or came to another with great gratulation and applause, how it hath lifted him but a step higher to his ruin? as if he stood before, where he might fall safely.

Vulgi mores.—Morbus comitialis.—The vulgar are commonly ill-natured, and always grudging against their governors: which makes that a prince has more business and trouble with them, than ever Hercules had with the bull or any other beast; by how much they have more heads than will be reined with one bridle. There was not that variety of beasts in the ark, as is of beastly natures in the multitude; especially when they come to that iniquity to censure their sovereign's actions. Then all the counsels are made good, or bad, by the events: and it falleth out, that the same facts receive from them the names, now of diligence, now of vanity, now of majesty, now of fury; where they ought wholly to hang on his mouth, as he to consist of himself, and not others counsels.

[1] Horat. de Art. Poetica.

Princeps.—After God, nothing is to be loved of man like the prince: he violates nature, that doth it not with his whole heart. For when he hath put on the care of the public good, and common safety, I am a wretch, and put off man, if I do not reverence and honour him, in whose charge all things divine and human are placed. Do but ask of nature why all living creatures are less delighted with meat and drink that sustains them, than with venery that wastes them? and she will tell thee, the first respects but a private, the other a common good, propagation.

De eodem.—Orpheus' Hymn.—He is the arbiter of life and death: when he finds no other subject for his mercy, he should spare himself. All his punishments are rather to correct than to destroy. Why are prayers with Orpheus said to be the daughters of Jupiter, but that princes are thereby admonished that the petitions of the wretched ought to have more weight with them, than the laws themselves.

De opt. Rege Jacobo.—It was a great accumulation to his majesty's deserved praise, that men might openly visit and pity those, whom his greatest prisons had at any time received, or his laws condemned.

De Princ. adjunctis.—Sed verè prudens haud concipi possit Princeps, nisi—simul et bonus.—Lycurgus.—Sylla.—Lysander.—Cyrus.—Wise, is rather the attribute of a prince, than learned or good. The learned man profits others rather than himself; the good man, rather himself than others: but the prince commands others, and doth himself. The wise Lycurgus gave no law but what himself kept. Sylla and Lysander did not so; the one living extremely dissolute himself, inforced frugality by the laws; the other permitted those licenses to others, which himself abstained from. But the prince's prudence is his chief art and safety. In his counsels and deliberations he foresees the future times: in the equity of his judgment, he hath remembrance of the past, and knowledge of what is to be done or avoided for the present. Hence the Persians gave out their Cyrus to have been nursed by a bitch, a creature to encounter it, as of sagacity to seek out good; shewing that wisdom may accompany fortitude, or it leaves to be, and puts on the name of rashness.

De malign. studentium.—There be some men are born only to suck out the poison of books: *Habent venenum pro victu; imò, pro deliciis.* And such are they that only relish the obscene and foul things in poets; which makes the profession taxed. But by whom? Men that watch for it; and (had they not had this hint) are so unjust valuers of letters, as they think no learning good but what brings in gain. It shews they themselves would never have been of the professions they are, but for the profits and fees. But if another learning, well used, can instruct to good life, inform manners, no less persuade and lead men, than they threaten and compel, and have no reward; is it therefore the worst study? I could never think the study of wisdom confined only to the philosopher; or of piety to the divine; or of state to the politic: but that he which can feign a commonwealth (which is the poet) can govern it with counsels, strengthen it with laws, correct it with judgments, inform it with religion and morals, is all these. We do not require in him mere elocution, or an excellent faculty in verse, but the exact knowledge of all virtues, and their contraries, with ability to render the one loved, the other hated, by his proper embattling them. The philosophers did insolently, to challenge only to themselves that which the greatest generals and gravest counsellors never durst. For such had rather do, than promise the best things.

Controvers. scriptores.—More Andabatarum qui clausis oculis pugnant.—Some controverters in divinity are like swaggerers in a tavern, that catch that which stands next them, the candlestick, or pots; turn every thing into a weapon: ofttimes they fight blindfold, and both beat the air. The one milks a he-goat, the other holds under a sieve. Their arguments are as fluxive as liquor spilt upon a table, which with your finger you may drain as you will. Such controversies, or disputations (carried with more labour than profit) are odious; where most times the truth is lost in the midst, or left untouched. And the fruit of their fight is, that they spit one upon another, and are both defiled. These fencers in religion I like not.

Morbi.—The body hath certain diseases, that are with less evil tolerated, than removed. As if to cure a leprosy a man should bathe himself with the warm blood of a murdered child: so in the church, some errors may be dissimuled with less inconvenience than they can be discovered.

Jactantia intempestiva.—Men that talk of their own benefits, are not believed to talk of them, because they have done them; but to have done them, because they might talk of them. That which had been great, if another had reported it of them, vanisheth, and is nothing, if he that did it speak of it. For men, when they cannot destroy the deed, will yet be glad to take advantage of the boasting, and lessen it.

Adulatio.—I have seen that poverty makes me do unfit things; but honest men should not do them; they should gain otherwise. Though a man be hungry, he should not play the parasite. That hour wherein I would repent me to be honest, there were ways enough open for me to be rich. But flattery is a fine pick-lock of tender ears; especially of those whom fortune hath borne high upon their wings, that submit their dignity and authority to it, by a soothing of themselves. For indeed men could never be taken in that abundance with the springes of others flattery, if they began not there; if they did but remember how much more profitable the bitterness of truth were, than all the honey distilling from a whorish voice, which is not praise, but poison. But now it is come to that extreme folly, or rather madness, with some, that he that flatters them modestly, or sparingly, is thought to malign them. If their friend consent not to their vices, though he do not contradict them, he is nevertheless an enemy. When they do all things the worst way, even when they look for praise. Nay, they will hire fellows to flatter them, with suits and suppers, and to prostitute their judgments. They have livery-friends, friends of the dish, and of the spit, that wait their turns, as my lord has his feasts and guests.

De vitâ humanâ.—I have considered our whole life is like a play: wherein every man forgetful of himself, is in travail with expression of another. Nay, we so insist in imitating others, as we cannot

(when it is necessary) return to ourselves; like children, that imitate the vices of stammerers so long, till at last they become such; and make the habit to another nature, as it is never forgotten.

De piis et probis.—Good men are the stars, the planets of the ages wherein they live, and illustrate the times. God did never let them be wanting to the world: as Abel, for an example of innocency, Enoch of purity, Noah of trust in God's mercies, Abraham of faith, and so of the rest. These, sensual men thought mad, because they would not be partakers or practicers of their madness. But they, placed high on the top of all virtue, looked down on the stage of the world, and contemned the play of fortune. For though the most be players, some must be spectators.

Mores aulici.—I have discovered, that a feigned familiarity in great ones, is a note of certain usurpation on the less. For great and popular men feign themselves to be servants to others, to make those slaves to them. So the fisher provides bait for the trout, roach, dace, &c. that they may be food to him.

Impiorum querela.—Augustus.—Varus.—Tiberius.—The complaint of Caligula was most wicked of the condition of his times, when he said, They were not famous for any public calamity, as the reign of Augustus was, by the defeat of Varus and the legions; and that of Tiberius, by the falling of the theatre at Fidenæ; whilst his oblivion was eminent, through the prosperity of his affairs. As that other voice of his was worthier a headsman than a head, when he wished the people of Rome had but one neck. But he found (when he fell) they had many hands. A tyrant, how great and mighty soever he may seem to cowards and sluggards, is but one creature, one animal

Nobilium ingenia.—I have marked among the nobility, some are so addicted to the service of the prince and commonwealth, as they look not for spoil; such are to be honoured and loved. There are others, which no obligation will fasten on; and they are of two sorts. The first are such as love their own ease; or, out of vice, of nature, or self-direction, avoid business and care. Yet these the prince may use with safety. The other remove themselves upon craft and design, as the architects say, with a premeditated thought to their own, rather than their prince's profit. Such let the prince take heed of, and not doubt to reckon in the list of his open enemies.

Principum varia.—Firmissima verò omnium basis jus hæreditarium Principis.—There is a great variation between him that is raised to the sovereignty by the favour of his peers, and him that comes to it by the suffrage of the people. The first holds with more difficulty; because he hath to do with many that think themselves his equals, and raised him for their own greatness and oppression of the rest. The latter hath no upbraiders, but was raised by them that sought to be defended from oppression: whose end is both easier and the honester to satisfy. Beside, while he hath the people to friend, who are a multitude, he hath the less fear of the nobility, who are but few. Nor let the common proverb (of he that builds on the people builds on the dirt) discredit my opinion: for that hath only place where an ambitious and private person, for some popular end, trusts in them against the public justice and magistrate. There they will leave him. But when a prince governs them, so as they have still need of his administration (for that is his art) he shall ever make and hold them faithful.

Clementia.—Machiavell.—A prince should exercise his cruelty not by himself, but by his ministers; so he may save himself and his dignity with his people, by sacrificing those when he list, saith the great doctor of state, Machiavell[1]. But I say, he puts off man, and goes into a beast, that is cruel. No virtue is a prince's own, or becomes him more, than this clemency: and no glory is greater than to be able to save with his power. Many punishments sometimes, and in some cases, as much discredit a prince, as many funerals a physician. The state of things is secured by clemency; severity represseth a few, but irritates more.[1] The lopping of trees makes the boughs shoot out thicker; and the taking away of some kind of enemies, increaseth the number. It is then most gracious in a prince to pardon, when many about him would make him cruel; to think then how much he can save, when others tell him how much he can destroy; not to consider what the impotence of others hath demolished, but what his own greatness can sustain. These are a prince's virtues: and they that give him other counsels, are but the hangman's factors.

Clementia tutela optima.—He that is cruel to halves (saith the said St. Nicholas[2]) loseth no less the opportunity of his cruelty than of his benefits: for then to use his cruelty is too late; and to use his favours will be interpreted fear and necessity, and so he loseth the thanks. Still the counsel is cruelty. But princes, by hearkening to cruel counsels, become in time obnoxious to the authors, their flatterers, and ministers; and are brought to that, that when they would, they dare not change them; they must go on, and defend cruelty with cruelty; they cannot alter the habit. It is then grown necessary, they must be as ill as those have made them: and in the end they will grow more hateful to themselves than to their subjects. Whereas, on the contrary, the merciful prince is safe in love, not in fear. He needs no emissaries, spies, intelligencers, to entrap true subjects. He fears no libels, no treasons. His people speak what they think, and talk openly what they do in secret. They have nothing in their breasts that they need a cypher for. He is guarded with his own benefits.

Religio. Palladium Homeri.—Euripides.—The strength of empire is in religion. What else is the Palladium (with Homer) that kept Troy so long from sacking? nothing more commends the sovereign to the subject than it. For he that is religious, must be merciful and just necessarily: and they are two strong ties upon mankind. Justice is the virtue that innocence rejoiceth in. Yet even that is not always so safe, but it may love to stand in the sight of mercy. For sometimes misfortune is made a crime, and then innocence is succoured no less than virtue. Nay, often-times virtue is made capital; and through the condition of the times it may happen, that that may be punished with our praise. Let no man therefore murmur at the

[1] Haud infima ars in principe, ubi lenitas, ubi severitas—plùs polleat in commune bonum callere.

[2] *i. e.* Machiavell.

actions of the prince, who is placed so far above him. If he offend, he hath his discoverer. God hath a height beyond him. But where the prince is good, Euripides saith, "God is a guest in a human body."

Tyranni.—Sejanus.—There is nothing with some princes sacred above their majesty; or profane, but what violates their sceptres. But a prince, with such a council, is like the god Terminus, of stone, his own landmark; or (as it is in the fable) a crowned lion. It is dangerous offending such a one; who being angry, knows not how to forgive: that cares not to do anything for maintaining or enlarging of empire; kills not men or subjects: but destroyeth whole countries, armies, mankind, male and female, guilty or not guilty, holy or profane; yea, some that have not seen the light. All is under the law of their spoil and license. But princes that neglect their proper office thus, their fortune is often-times to draw a Sejanus to be near about them, who at last affect to get above them, and put them in a worthy fear of rooting both them out and their family. For no men hate an evil prince more than they that helped to make him such. And none more boastingly weep his ruin, than they that procured and practised it. The same path leads to ruin, which did to rule, when men profess a license in government. A good king is a public servant.

Illiteratus princeps.—A prince without letters is a pilot without eyes. All his government is groping. In sovereignty it is a most happy thing not to be compelled; but so it is the most miserable not to be counselled. And how can he be counselled that cannot see to read the best counsellors (which are books;) for they neither flatter us, nor hide from us? He may hear, you will say; but how shall he always be sure to hear truth? or be counselled the best things, not the sweetest? They say princes learn no art truly, but the art of horsemanship. The reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer. He will throw a prince as soon as his groom. Which is an argument, that the good counsellors to princes are the best instruments of a good age. For though the prince himself be of a most prompt inclination to all virtue; yet the best pilots have needs of mariners, besides sails, anchor, and other tackle.

Character principis.—Alexander magnus.—If men did know what shining fetters, gilded miseries, and painted happiness, thrones and sceptres were, there would not be so frequent strife about the getting or holding of them: there would be more principalities than princes: for a prince is the pastor of the people. He ought to sheer, not to flay his sheep; to take their fleeces, not their fells. Who were his enemies before, being a private man, become his children now he is public. He is the soul of the commonwealth, and ought to cherish it as his own body. Alexander the Great was wont to say, "He hated that gardener that plucked his herbs or flowers up by the roots." A man may milk a beast till the blood come: churn milk, and it yieldeth butter; but wring the nose, and the blood followeth. He is an ill prince that so pulls his subjects' feathers, as he would not have them grow again: that makes his exchequer a receipt for the spoils of those he governs. No, let him keep his own, not affect his subjects': strive rather to be called just than powerful. Not, like the Roman tyrants, affect the surnames that grow by human slaughters: neither to seek war in peace, nor peace in war; but to observe faith given, though to an enemy. Study piety toward the subject; shew care to defend him. Be slow to punish in divers cases; but be a sharp and severe revenger of open crimes. Break no decrees, or dissolve no orders, to slacken the strength of laws. Choose neither magistrates civil or ecclesiastical, by favour or price: but with long disquisition and report of their worth, by all suffrages. Sell no honours, nor give them hastily; but bestow them with counsel, and for reward; if he do, acknowledge it, (though late,) and mend it. For princes are easy to be deceived: and what wisdom can escape where so many court-arts are studied? But above all, the prince is to remember, that when the great day of account comes, which neither magistrate nor prince can shun, there will be required of him a reckoning for those whom he hath trusted, as for himself, which he must provide. And if piety be wanting in the priests, equity in the judges, or the magistrates be found rated at a price, what justice or religion is to be expected? which are the only two attributes make kings a-kin to God; and is the Delphic sword, both to kill sacrifices, and to chastise offenders.

De gratiosis.—When a virtuous man is raised, it brings gladness to his friends, grief to his enemies, and glory to his posterity. Nay, his honours are a great part of the honour of the times: when by this means he is grown to active men an example, to the slothful a spur, to the envious a punishment.

Divites.—Heredes ex asse.—He which is sole heir to many rich men, having (besides his father's and uncle's) the estates of divers his kindred come to him by accession, must needs be richer than father or grandfather: so they which are left heirs *ex asse* of all their ancestors vices; and by their good husbandry improve the old, and daily purchase new, must needs be wealthier in vice, and have a greater revenue or stock of ill to spend on.

Fures publici.—The great thieves of a state are lightly the officers of the crown; they hang the less still, play the pikes in the pond, eat whom they list. The net was never spread for the hawk or buzzard that hurt us, but the harmless birds; they are good meat:

> Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.[1]
>
> Non rete accipitri tenditur, neque milvio.[2]

Lewis XI.—But they are not always safe though, especially when they meet with wise masters. They can take down all the huff and swelling of their looks; and like dexterous auditors, place the counter where he shall value nothing. Let them but remember Lewis the Eleventh, who to a clerk of the exchequer that came to be lord treasurer, and had (for his device) represented himself sitting on fortune's wheel, told him, he might do well to fasten it with a good strong nail, lest turning about, it might bring him where he was again. As indeed it did.

De bonis et malis.—De innocentiâ.—A good man will avoid the spot of any sin. The very aspersion is grievous; which makes him choose his way in his life, as he would in his journey. The

[1] Juvenalis. [2] Plautus.

ill man rides through all confidently; he is coated and booted for it. The oftener he offends, the more openly; and the fouler, the fitter in fashion. His modesty, like a riding-coat, the more it is worn, is the less cared for. It is good enough for the dirt still, and the ways he travels in. An innocent man needs no eloquence; his innocence is instead of it: else I had never come off so many times from these precipices, whither men's malice hath pursued me. It is true, I have been accused to the lords, to the king, and by great ones: but it happened my accusers had not thought of the accusation with themselves; and so were driven, for want of crimes, to use invention, which was found slander: or too late (being entered so fair) to seek starting-holes for their rashness, which were not given them. And then they may think what accusation that was like to prove, when they that were the ingineers feared to be the authors. Nor were they content to feign things against me, but to urge things feigned by the ignorant against my profession; which though, from their hired and mercenary impudence, I might have passed by, as granted to a nation of barkers, that let out their tongues to lick others' sores; yet I durst not leave myself undefended, having a pair of ears unskilful to hear lies, or have those things said of me, which I could truly prove of them. They objected making of verses to me, when I could object to most of them, their not being able to read them, but as worthy of scorn. Nay, they would offer to urge mine own writings against me; but by pieces, (which was an excellent way of malice,) as if any man's context might not seem dangerous and offensive, if that which was knit to what went before were defrauded of his beginning; or that things by themselves uttered might not seem subject to calumny, which read intire, would appear most free. At last they upbraided my poverty: I confess she is my domestic; sober of diet, simple of habit, frugal, painful, a good counseller to me, that keeps me from cruelty, pride, or other more delicate impertinences, which are the nurse-children of riches. But let them look over all the great and monstrous wickednesses, they shall never find those in poor families. They are the issue of the wealthy giants, and the mighty hunters: whereas no great work, or worthy of praise or memory, but came out of poor cradles. It was the ancient poverty that founded commonweals, built cities, invented arts, made wholesome laws, armed men against vices, rewarded them with their own virtues, and preserved the honour and state of nations, till they betrayed themselves to riches.

Amor nummi.—Money never made any man rich, but his mind. He that can order himself to the law of nature, is not only without the sense, but the fear of poverty. O! but to strike blind the people with our wealth and pomp, is the thing! what a wretchedness is this, to thrust all our riches outward, and be beggars within; to contemplate nothing but the little, vile, and sordid things of the world; not the great, noble, and precious? we serve our avarice; and not content with the good of the earth that is offered us, we search and dig for the evil that is hidden. God offered us those things, and placed them at hand, and near us, that he knew were profitable for us; but the hurtful he laid deep and hid. Yet do we seek only the things whereby we may perish; and bring them forth, when God and nature hath buried them. We covet superfluous things, when it were more honour for us, if we would contemn necessary. What need hath nature of silver dishes, multitudes of waiters, delicate pages, perfumed napkins? she requires meat only, and hunger is not ambitious. Can we think no wealth enough, but such a state, for which a man may be brought into a premunire, begged, proscribed, or poisoned? O! if a man could restrain the fury of his gullet, and groin, and think how many fires, how many kitchens, cooks, pastures, and ploughed lands; what orchards, stews, ponds, and parks, coops and garners, he could spare; what velvets, tissues, embroideries, laces, he could lack; and then how short and uncertain his life is; he were in a better way to happiness, than to live the emperor of these delights, and be the dictator of fashions: but we make ourselves slaves to our pleasures; and we serve fame and ambition, which is an equal slavery. Have not I seen the pomp of a whole kingdom, and what a foreign king could bring hither? Also to make himself gazed and wondered at, laid forth as it were to the shew, and vanish all away in a day? And shall that which could not fill the expectation of few hours, entertain and take up our whole lives? when even it appeared as superfluous to the possessors, as to me that was a spectator. The bravery was shewn, it was not possessed; while it boasted itself, it perished. It is vile, and a poor thing to place our happiness on these desires. Say we wanted them all. Famine ends famine.

De mollibus et effœminatis.—There is nothing valiant or solid to be hoped for from such as are always kempt and perfumed, and every day smell of the tailor; the exceedingly curious, that are wholly in mending such an imperfection in the face, in taking away the morphew in the neck, or bleaching their hands at midnight, gumming and bridling their beards, or making the waist small, binding it with hoops, while the mind runs at waste: too much pickedness is not manly. Not from those that will jest at their own outward imperfections, but hide their ulcers within, their pride, lust, envy, ill-nature, with all the art and authority they can. These persons are in danger; for whilst they think to justify their ignorance by impudence, and their persons by clothes and outward ornaments, they use but a commission to deceive themselves: where, if we will look with our understanding, and not our senses, we may behold virtue and beauty (though covered with rags) in their brightness; and vice and deformity so much the fouler, in having all the splendor of riches to gild them, or the false light of honour and power to help them. Yet this is that wherewith the world is taken, and runs mad to gaze on; clothes and titles, the birdlime of fools.

De stultitiâ.—What petty things they are we wonder at? like children, that esteem every trifle, and prefer a fairing before their fathers; what difference is between us and them? but that we are dearer fools, coxcombs at a higher rate? They are pleased with cockleshells, whistles, hobby-horses, and such like; we with statues, marble pillars, pictures, gilded roofs, where underneath is lath and lime, perhaps loam. Yet we take pleasure in the lie, and are glad we can cozen ourselves. Nor is it only in our walls and ceilings; but all that we call happiness is mere painting and gilt;

and all for money: what a thin membrane of honour that is? and how hath all true reputation fallen, since money began to have any? yet the great herd, the multitude, that in all other things are divided, in this alone conspire and agree; to love money. They wish for it, they embrace it, they adore it; while yet it is possest with greater stir and torment than it is gotten.

De sibi molestis.—Some men what losses soever they have, they make them greater: and if they have none, even all that is not gotten is a loss. Can there be creatures of more wretched condition than these, that continually labour under their own misery, and others envy? A man should study other things, not to covet, not to fear, not to repent him: to make his base such, as no tempest shall shake him: to be secure of all opinion, and pleasing to himself, even for that wherein he displeaseth others: for the worst opinion gotten for doing well, should delight us. Wouldst not thou be just but for fame, thou oughtest to be it with infamy: he that would have his virtue published, is not the servant of virtue, but glory.

Periculosa melancholia.—It is a dangerous thing when men's minds come to sojourn with their affections, and their diseases eat into their strength: that when too much desire and greediness of vice hath made the body unfit, or unprofitable, it is yet gladded with the sight and spectacle of it in others; and for want of ability to be an actor, is content to be a witness. It enjoys the pleasure of sinning, in beholding others sin; as in dining, drinking, drabbing, &c. Nay, when it cannot do all these, it is offended with his own narrowness, that excludes it from the universal delights of mankind; and often-times dies of a melancholy, that it cannot be vicious enough.

Falsæ species fugiendæ.—I am glad when I see any man avoid the infamy of a vice; but to shun the vice itself were better. Till he do that, he is but like the prentice, who being loth to be spied by his master coming forth of Black Lucy's, went in again; to whom his master cried, The more thou runnest that way to hide thyself, the more thou art in the place. So are those that keep a tavern all day, that they may not be seen at night. I have known lawyers, divines, yea, great ones, of this heresy.

Decipimur specie.—There is a greater reverence had of things remote or strange to us, than of much better, if they be nearer, and fall under our sense. Men, and almost all sorts of creatures, have their reputation by distance. Rivers, the farther they run, and more from their spring, the broader they are, and greater. And where our original is known, we are the less confident: among strangers we trust fortune. Yet a man may live as renowned at home, in his own country, or a private village, as in the whole world. For it is virtue that gives glory; that will endenizen a man every where. It is only that can naturalise him. A native, if he be vicious, deserves to be a stranger, and cast out of the commonwealth as an alien.

Dejectio Aulic.—A dejected countenance and mean clothes, beget often a contempt, but it is with the shallowest creatures; courtiers commonly: look up even with them in a new suit, you get above them straight. Nothing is more short-lived than pride; it is but while their clothes last: stay but while these are worn out, you cannot wish the thing more wretched or dejected.

Poesis, et pictura.—Plutarch.—Poetry and picture are arts of a like nature, and both are busy about imitation. It was excellently said of Plutarch, poetry was a speaking picture, and picture a mute poesy. For they both invent, feign, and devise many things, and accommodate all they invent to the use and service of nature. Yet of the two, the pen is more noble than the pencil; for that can speak to the understanding; the other but to the sense. They both behold pleasure and profit, as their common object; but should abstain from all base pleasures, lest they should err from their end, and while they seek to better men's minds, destroy their manners. They both are born artificers, not made. Nature is more powerful in them than study.

De pictura.—Whosoever loves not picture is injurious to truth, and all the wisdom of poetry. Picture is the invention of heaven, the most ancient, and most akin to nature. It is itself a silent work, and always of one and the same habit: yet it doth so enter and penetrate the inmost affection (being done by an excellent artificer) as sometimes it overcomes the power of speech and oratory. There are divers graces in it; so are there in the artificers. One excels in care, another in reason, a third in easiness, a fourth in nature and grace. Some have diligence and comeliness; but they want majesty. They can express a human form in all the graces, sweetness, and elegancy; but they miss the authority. They can hit nothing but smooth cheeks; they cannot express roughness or gravity. Others aspire to truth so much, as they are rather lovers of likeness than beauty. Zeuxis and Parrhasius are said to be contemporaries: the first found out the reason of lights and shadows in picture; the other more subtlely examined the line.

De stylo.—Pliny.—In picture light is required no less than shadow: so in style, height as well as humbleness. But beware they be not too humble; as Pliny pronounced of Regulus's writings. You would think them written not on a child, but by a child. Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words; as occupy, nature, and the like: so the curious industry in some of having all alike good, hath come nearer a vice than a virtue.

De progres. picturæ.[1]—Picture took her feigning from poetry; from geometry her rule, compass, lines, proportion, and the whole symmetry. Parrhasius was the first won reputation, by adding symmetry to picture: he added subtlety to the countenance, elegancy to the hair, love-lines to the face, and by the public voice of all artificers, deserved honour in the outer lines. Eupompus gave it splendor by numbers, and other elegancies. From the optics it drew reasons, by which it considered how things placed at distance, and afar off, should appear less: how above or beneath the head should deceive the eye, &c. So from thence it took shadows, recessor, light, and heightnings.

[1] Parrhasius. Eupompus. Socrates. Parrhasius. Clito. Polygnotus. Aglaophon. Zeuxis. Parrhasius. Raphael de Urbino. Mich. Angelo Buonarota. Titian. Antony de Correg. Sebast. de Venet. Julio Romano. Andrea Sartorio.

From moral philosophy it took the soul, the expression of senses, perturbations, manners, when they would paint an angry person, a proud, an inconstant, an ambitious, a brave, a magnanimous, a just, a merciful, a compassionate, an humble, a dejected, a base, and the like; they made all heightnings bright, all shadows dark, all swellings from a plane, all solids from breaking. See where he complains of their painting Chimæras,[1] by the vulgar unaptly called grotesque: saying, that men who were born truly to study and emulate nature, did nothing but make monsters against nature, which Horace so laughed at.[2] The art plastic was moulding in clay, or potters earth anciently. This is the parent of statuary, sculpture, graving, and picture; cutting in brass and marble, all serve under her. Socrates taught Parrhasius and Clito (two noble statuaries) first to express manners by their looks in imagery. Polygnotus and Aglaophon were ancienter. After them Zeuxis, who was the law-giver to all painters; after, Parrhasius. They were contemporaries, and lived both about Philip's time, the father of Alexander the Great. There lived in this latter age six famous painters in Italy, who were excellent and emulous of the ancients; Raphael de Urbino, Michael Angelo Buonarota, Titian, Antony of Correggio, Sebastian of Venice, Julio Romano, and Andrea Sartorio.

Parasiti ad mensam.—These are flatterers for their bread, that praise all my oraculous lord does or says, be it true or false: invent tales that shall please; make baits for his lordship's ears; and if they be not received in what they offer at, they shift a point of the compass, and turn their tale, presently tack about, deny what they confessed, and confess what they denied; fit their discourse to the persons and occasions. What they snatch up and devour at one table, utter at another: and grow suspected of the master, hated of the servants, while they enquire, and reprehend, and compound, and delate business of the house they have nothing to do with: they praise my lord's wine, and the sauce he likes; observe the cook and bottle-man, while they stand in my lord's favour, speak for a pension for them; but pound them to dust upon my lord's least distaste, or change of his palate.

How much better is it to be silent, or at least to speak sparingly! for it is not enough to speak good but timely things. If a man be asked a question, to answer; but to repeat the question before he answer is well, that he be sure to understand it, to avoid absurdity: for it is less dishonour to hear imperfectly than to speak imperfectly. The ears are excused, the understanding is not. And in things unknown to a man, not to give his opinion, lest by the affectation of knowing too much, he lose the credit he hath by speaking or knowing the wrong way, what he utters. Nor seek to get his patron's favour, by embarking himself in the factions of the family: to enquire after domestic simulties, their sports or affections. They are an odious and vile kind of creatures, that fly about the house all day, and picking up the filth of the house like pies, or swallows, carry it to their nest, (the lord's ears,) and often-times report the lies they have feigned, for what they have seen and heard.

[1] Plin. lib. 35. c. 2. 5, 6, and 7. Vitruv. lib. 8, and 7.
[2] Horat. in Arte Poet.

Imò serviles.—These are called instruments of grace and power, with great persons; but they are indeed the organs of their impotency, and marks of weakness. For sufficient lords are able to make these discoveries themselves. Neither will an honourable person enquire who eats and drinks together, what that man plays, whom this man loves, with whom such a one walks, what discourse they held, who sleeps with whom. They are base and servile natures, that busy themselves about these disquisitions. How often have I seen (and worthily) these censors of the family undertaken by some honest rustic, and cudgelled thriftily? These are commonly the off-scowering and dregs of men that do these things, or calumniate others: yet I know not truly which is worse, he that maligns all, or that praises all. There is as great a vice in praising, and as frequent, as in detracting.

It pleased your lordship of late, to ask my opinion touching the education of your sons, and especially to the advancement of their studies. To which, though I returned somewhat for the present, which rather manifested a will in me, than gave any just resolution to the thing propounded; I have upon better cogitation called those aids about me, both of mind and memory, which shall venture my thoughts clearer, if not fuller, to your lordship's demand. I confess, my lord, they will seem but petty and minute things I shall offer to you, being writ for children, and of them. But studies have their infancy as well as creatures. We see in men even the strongest compositions had their beginnings from milk and the cradle; and the wisest tarried sometimes about apting their mouths to letters and syllables. In their education, therefore, the care must be the greater had of their beginnings, to know, examine, and weigh their natures; which though they be proner in some children to some disciplines; yet are they naturally prompt to taste all by degrees, and with change. For change is a kind of refreshing in studies, and infuseth knowledge by way of recreation. Thence the school itself is called a play or game: and all letters are so best taught to scholars. They should not be affrighted or deterred in their entry, but drawn on with exercise and emulation. A youth should not be made to hate study, before he know the causes to love it; or taste the bitterness before the sweet; but called on and allured, intreated and praised: yea, when he deserves it not. For which cause I wish them sent to the best school, and a public, which I think the best. Your lordship, I fear, hardly hears of that, as willing to breed them in your eye, and at home, and doubting their manners may be corrupted abroad. They are in more danger in your own family, among ill servants (allowing they be safe in their schoolmaster) than amongst a thousand boys, however immodest. Would we did not spoil our own children, and overthrow their manners ourselves by too much indulgence! To breed them at home, is to breed them in a shade; where in a school they have the light and heat of the sun. They are used and accustomed to things and men. When they come forth into the commonwealth, they find nothing new, or to seek. They have made their friendships and aids, some to last their age. They hear what is commanded to others as well as themselves. Much approved, much corrected; all which they bring to their

own store and use, and learn as much as they hear. Eloquence would be but a poor thing, if we should only converse with singulars; speak but man and man together. Therefore I like no private breeding. I would send them where their industry should be daily increased by praise; and that kindled by emulation. It is a good thing to inflame the mind, and though ambition itself be a vice, it is often the cause of great virtue. Give me that wit whom praise excites, glory puts on, or disgrace grieves; he is to be nourished with ambition, pricked forward with honour, checked with reprehension, and never to be suspected of sloth. Though he be given to play, it is a sign of spirit and liveliness, so there be a mean had of their sports and relaxations. And from the rod or ferule, I would have them free, as from the menace of them; for it is both deformed and servile.

De stylo, et optimo scribendi genere.—For a man to write well, there are required three necessaries: to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style. In style to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner; he must first think and excogitate his matter, then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely, and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be laboured and accurate; seek the best, and be not glad of the froward conceits, or first words, that offer themselves to us; but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve. Repeat often what we have formerly written; which beside that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of setting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest, that fetch their race largest: or, as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms, to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favour of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in conception of birth, else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment, and handle over again those things, the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings; they imposed upon themselves care and industry; they did nothing rashly: they obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little their matter shewed itself to them more plentifully; their words answered, their composition followed; and all, as in a well-ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing; but good writing brings on ready writing: yet, when we think we have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it; as to give a horse a check sometimes with a bit, which doth not so much stop his course, as stir his mettle. Again, whether a man's genius is best able to reach thither, it should more and more contend lift, and dilate itself, as men of low stature raise themselves on their toes, and so oft-times get even, if not eminent. Besides, as it is fit for grown and able writers to stand of themselves, and work with their own strength, to trust and endeavour by their own faculties: so it is fit for the beginner and learner to study others and the best. For the mind and memory are more sharply exercised in comprehending another man's things than our own; and such as accustom themselves, and are familiar with the best authors, shall ever and anon find somewhat of them in themselves, and in the expression of their minds, even when they feel it not, be able to utter something like theirs, which hath an authority above their own. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a man's study, the praise of quoting another man fitly: and though a man be more prone, and able for one kind of writing than another, yet he must exercise all. For as in an instrument, so in style, there must be a harmony and consent of parts.

Præcipiendi modi.—I take this labour in teaching others, that they should not be always to be taught, and I would bring my precepts into practice: for rules are ever of less force and value than experiments; yet with this purpose, rather to shew the right way to those that come after, than to detect any that have slipt before by error, and I hope it will be more profitable. For men do more willingly listen, and with more favour, to precept, than reprehension. Among divers opinions of an art, and most of them contrary in themselves, it is hard to make election; and therefore though a man cannot invent new things after so many, he may do a welcome work yet to help posterity to judge rightly of the old. But arts and precepts avail nothing, except nature be beneficial and aiding. And therefore these things are no more written to a dull disposition, than rules of husbandry to a soil. No precepts will profit a fool, no more than beauty will the blind, or music the deaf. As we should take care that our style in writing be neither dry nor empty; we should look again it be not winding, or wanton with far-fetched descriptions; either is a vice. But that is worse which proceeds out of want, than that which riots out of plenty. The remedy of fruitfulness is easy, but no labour will help the contrary; I will like and praise some things in a young writer; which yet, if he continue in, I cannot but justly hate him for the same. There is a time to be given all things for maturity, and that even your country husbandman can teach; who to a young plant will not put the pruning-knife, because it seems to fear the iron, as not able to admit the scar. No more would I tell a green writer all his faults, lest I should make him grieve and faint, and at last despair. For nothing doth more hurt than to make him so afraid of all things, as he can endeavour nothing. Therefore youth ought to be instructed betimes, and in the best things; for we hold those longest we take soonest: as the first scent of a vessel lasts, and the tinct the wool first receives; therefore a master should temper his own powers, and descend to the other's infirmity. If you pour a glut of water upon a bottle, it receives little of it; but with a funnell, and by degrees, you shall fill many of them, and spill little of your own; to their capacity they will all receive and be full. And as it is fit to read the best authors to youth first, so let them be of the openest and clearest.[1] As Livy before Sallust,

[1] Livy. Sallust. Sidney. Donne. Gower. Chaucer. Spenser. Virgil. Ennius. Homer. Quintilian. Plautus. Terence

Sidney before Donne: and beware of letting them taste Gower, or Chaucer at first, lest falling too much in love with antiquity, and not apprehending the weight, they grow rough and barren in language only. When their judgments are firm, and out of danger, let them read both the old and the new; but no less take heed that their new flowers and sweetness do not as much corrupt as the others dryness and squalor, if they choose not carefully. Spenser, in affecting the ancients, writ no language; yet I would have him read for his matter, but as Virgil read Ennius. The reading of Homer and Virgil is counselled by Quintilian, as the best way of informing youth, and confirming man. For, besides that the mind is raised with the height and sublimity of such a verse, it takes spirit from the greatness of the matter, and is tincted with the best things. Tragic and lyric poetry is good too, and comic with the best, if the manners of the reader be once in safety. In the Greek poets, as also in Plautus, we shall see the economy and disposition of poems better observed than in Terence; and the latter, who thought the sole grace and virtue of their fable the sticking in of sentences, as ours do the forcing in of jests.

Fals. querel. fugiend.—Platonis peregrinatio in Italiam.—We should not protect our sloth with the patronage of difficulty. It is a false quarrel against nature, that she helps understanding but in a few, when the most part of mankind are inclined by her thither, if they would take the pains; no less than birds to fly, horses to run, &c., which if they lose, it is through their own sluggishness, and by that means become her prodigies, not her children. I confess, nature in children is more patient of labour in study, than in age; for the sense of the pain, the judgment of the labour is absent, they do not measure what they have done. And it is the thought and consideration that affects us more than the weariness itself. Plato was not content with the learning that Athens could give him, but sailed into Italy, for Pythagoras' knowledge: and yet not thinking himself sufficiently informed, went into Egypt, to the priests, and learned their mysteries. He laboured, so must we. Many things may be learned together, and performed in one point of time; as musicians exercise their memory, their voice, their fingers, and sometimes their head and feet at once. And so a preacher, in the invention of matter, election of words, composition of gesture, look, pronunciation, motion, useth all these faculties at once: and if we can express this variety together, why should not divers studies, at divers hours, delight, when the variety is able alone to refresh and repair us? As when a man is weary of writing, to read; and then again of reading, to write. Wherein, howsoever we do many things, yet are we (in a sort) still fresh to what we begin; we are recreated with change, as the stomach is with meats. But some will say, this variety breeds confusion, and makes, that either we lose all, or hold no more than the last. Why do we not then persuade husbandmen that they should not till land, help it with marle, lime, and compost? plant hop-gardens, prune trees, look to bee-hives, rear sheep, and all other cattle at once? It is easier to do many things and continue, than to do one thing long.

Præcept. element.—It is not the passing through these learnings that hurts us, but the dwelling and sticking about them. To descend to those extreme anxieties and foolish cavils of grammarians, is able to break a wit in pieces, being a work of manifold misery and vainness, to be *elementarii senes*. Yet even letters are as it were the bank of words, and restore themselves to an author as the pawns of language: but talking and eloquence are not the same: to speak, and to speak well, are two things. A fool may talk, but a wise man speaks, and out of the observation, knowledge, and the use of things, many writers perplex their readers and hearers with mere nonsense. Their writings need sunshine. Pure and neat language I love, yet plain and customary. A barbarous phrase has often made me out of love with a good sense, and doubtful writing hath wracked me beyond my patience. The reason why a poet is said that he ought to have all knowledges is, that he should not be ignorant of the most, especially of those he will handle. And indeed, when the attaining of them is possible, it were a sluggish and base thing to despair. For frequent imitation of any thing becomes a habit quickly. If a man should prosecute as much as could be said of every thing, his work would find no end.

De orationis dignitate.—Ενκυκλοπαιδεια.—*Metaphora.*—Speech is the only benefit man hath to express his excellency of mind above other creatures. It is the instrument of society; therefore Mercury, who is the president of language, is called *Deorum hominumque interpres*. In all speech, words and sense are as the body and the soul. The sense is, as the life and soul of language, without which all words are dead. Sense is wrought out of experience, the knowledge of human life and actions, or of the liberal arts, which the Greeks called Ενκυκλοπαιδειαν. Words are the people's, yet there is a choice of them to be made. For *Verborum delectus origo est eloquentiæ.*[1] They are to be chose according to the persons we make speak, or the things we speak of. Some are of the camp, some of the council-board, some of the shop, some of the sheep-cote, some of the pulpit, some of the bar, &c. And herein is seen their elegance and propriety, when we use them fitly, and draw them forth to their just strength and nature, by way of translation or metaphor. But in this translation we must only serve necessity, (*Nam temerè nihil transfertur à prudenti,*) or commodity, which is a kind of necessity: that is, when we either absolutely want a word to express by, and that is necessity; or when we have not so fit a word, and that is commodity; as when we avoid loss by it, and escape obsceneness, and gain in the grace and property which helps significance. Metaphors, far-fet, hinder to be understood; and affected, lose their grace. Or when the person fetcheth his translations from a wrong place. As if a privy-counsellor should at the table take his metaphor from a dicing-house, or ordinary, or a vintner's vault; or a justice of peace draw his similitudes from the mathematics, or a divine from a bawdy-house, or taverns; or a gentleman of Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, or the Midland, should fetch all the illustrations to his country neighbours from shipping, and tell them of the main-sheet and the boulin. Metaphors are thus many times deformed,

[1] Julius Cæsar. Of words, see Hor. de Art. Poet. Quintil. l. 8. Ludov. Vives, p. 6 and 7.

as in him that said, *Castratam morte Africani rempublicam.* And another, *Stercus curiæ Glauciam.* And *Candâ nive conspuit Alpes.* All attempts that are new in this kind, are dangerous, and somewhat hard, before they be softened with use. A man coins not a new word without some peril, and less fruit; for if it happen to be received, the praise is but moderate; if refused, the scorn is assured. Yet we must adventure; for things, at first hard and rough, are by use made tender and gentle. It is an honest error that is committed, following great chiefs.

Consuetudo. — Perspicuitas, Venustas. — Authoritas. — Virgil. — Lucretius. — Chaucerism. — Paronomasia.—Custom is the most certain mistress of language, as the public stamp makes the current money. But we must not be too frequent with the mint, every day coining, nor fetch words from the extreme and utmost ages; since the chief virtue of a style is perspicuity, and nothing so vicious in it as to need an interpreter. Words borrowed of antiquity do lend a kind of majesty to style, and are not without their delight sometimes. For they have the authority of years, and out of their intermission do win themselves a kind of grace-like newness. But the eldest of the present, and newness of the past language, is the best. For what was the ancient language, which some men so dote upon, but the ancient custom? yet when I name custom, I understand not the vulgar custom; for that were a precept no less dangerous to language than life, if we should speak or live after the manners of the vulgar: but that I call custom of speech, which is the consent of the learned; as custom of life, which is the consent of the good. Virgil was most loving of antiquity; yet how rarely doth he insert *aquai*, and *pictai!* Lucretius is scabrous and rough in these; he seeks them: as some do Chaucerisms with us, which were better expunged and banished. Some words are to be culled out for ornament and colour, as we gather flowers to strow houses, or make garlands; but they are better when they grow to our style; as in a meadow, where though the mere grass and greenness delight, yet the variety of flowers doth heighten and beautify. Marry we must not play or riot too much with them, as in Paronomasies; nor use too swelling or ill-sounding words! *Quæ per salebras, altaque saxa cadunt.* It is true, there is no sound but shall find some lovers, as the bitterest confections are grateful to some palates. Our composition must be more accurate in the beginning and end than in the midst, and in the end more than in the beginning; for through the midst the stream bears us. And this is attained by custom more than care or diligence. We must express readily and fully, not profusely. There is difference between a liberal and prodigal hand. As it is a great point of art, when our matter requires it, to enlarge and veer out all sail; so to take it in and contract it, is of no less praise, when the argument doth ask it. Either of them hath their fitness in the place. A good man always profits by his endeavour, by his help, yea, when he is absent, nay, when he is dead, by his example and memory. So good authors in their style: a strict and succinct style is that, where you can take away nothing without loss, and that loss to be manifest.

De Stylo.—Tacitus.—The Laconic.—Suetonius.—Seneca, and Fabianus.—The brief style is that which expresseth much in little. The concise style, which expresseth not enough, but leaves somewhat to be understood. The abrupt style, which hath many breaches, and doth not seem to end, but fall. The congruent and harmonious fitting of parts in a sentence hath almost the fastening and force of knitting and connection; as in stones well squared, which will rise strong a great way without mortar.

Periodi.—Obscuritas offundit tenebras.—Superlatio.—Periods are beautiful, when they are not too long; for so they have their strength too, as in a pike or javelin. As we must take the care that our words and sense be clear; so if the obscurity happen through the hearer's or reader's want of understanding, I am not to answer for them, no more than for their not listening or marking; I must neither find them ears nor mind. But a man cannot put a word so in sense, but something about it will illustrate it, if the writer understand himself. For order helps much to perspicuity, as confusion hurts. *Rectitudo lucem adfert; obliquitas et circumductio offuscat.* We should therefore speak what we can the nearest way, so as we keep our gait, not leap; for too short may as well be not let into the memory, as too long not kept in. Whatsoever loseth the grace and clearness, converts into a riddle: the obscurity is marked, but not the value. That perisheth, and is passed by, like the pearl in the fable. Our style should be like a skein of silk, to be carried and found by the right thread, not ravelled and perplexed; then all is a knot, a heap. There are words that do as much raise a style, as others can depress it. Superlation and over-muchness amplifies. It may be above faith, but never above a mean. It was ridiculous in Cestius, when he said of Alexander:

Fremit oceanus, quasi indignetur, quòd terras relinquas;

But propitiously from Virgil:

—— Credas innare revulsas
Cycladas.

He doth not say it was so, but seemed to be so. Although it be somewhat incredible, that is excused before it be spoken. But there are hyperboles which will become one language, that will by no means admit another. As *Eos esse* P. R. *exercitus, qui cœlum possint perrumpere,*[1] who would say with us, but a madman? Therefore we must consider in every tongue what is used, what received. Quintilian warns us, that in no kind of translation, or metaphor, or allegory, we make a turn from what we began; as if we fetch the original of our metaphor from sea, and billows, we end not in flames and ashes: it is a most foul inconsequence. Neither must we draw out our allegory too long, lest either we make ourselves obscure, or fall into affectation, which is childish. But why do men depart at all from the right and natural ways of speaking? sometimes for necessity, when we are driven, or think it fitter to speak that in obscure words, or by circumstance, which uttered plainly would offend the hearers. Or to avoid obsceneness, or sometimes for pleasure, and variety, as travellers turn out of the highway, drawn either by the commodity of a foot-path, or the delicacy or freshness of the fields. And all this is called εσχηματισμενη, or figured language.

[1] Cæsar. Comment, circa fin.

Oratio imago animi.—Language most shews a man: Speak, that I may see thee. It springs out of the most retired and inmost parts of us, and is the image of the parent of it, the mind. No glass renders a man's form or likeness so true as his speech. Nay, it is likened to a man: and as we consider feature and composition in a man, so words in language; in the greatness, aptness, sound, structure, and harmony of it.

Structura et statura, sublimis, humilis, pumila.—Some men are tall and big, so some language is high and great. Then the words are chosen, their sound ample, the composition full, the absolution plenteous, and poured out, all grave, sinewy, and strong. Some are little and dwarfs; so of speech it is humble and low, the words poor and flat, the members and periods thin and weak, without knitting or number.

Mediocris plana et placida.—The middle are of a just stature. There the language is plain and pleasing; even without stopping, round without swelling: all well-torned, composed, elegant, and accurate.

Vitiosa oratio, vasta—tumens—enormis—affectata—abjecta.—The vicious language is vast, and gaping, swelling, and irregular: when it contends to be high, full of rock, mountain, and pointedness: as it affects to be low, it is abject, and creeps, full of hogs and holes. And according to their subject these styles vary, and lose their names: for that which is high and lofty, declaring excellent matter, becomes vast and tumorous, speaking of petty and inferior things: so that which was even and apt in a mean and plain subject, will appear most poor and humble in a high argument. Would you not laugh to meet a great counsellor of state in a flat cap, with his trunk hose, and a hobby-horse cloak, his gloves under his girdle, and yond haberdasher in a velvet gown, furred with sables? There is a certain latitude in these things, by which we find the degrees.

Figura.—The next thing to the stature, is the figure and feature in language; that is, whether it be round and straight, which consists of short and succinct periods, numerous and polished, or square and firm, which is to have equal and strong parts every where answerable, and weighed.

Cutis sive cortex. Compositio.—The third is the skin and coat, which rests in the well-joining, cementing, and coagmentation of words; when as it is smooth, gentle, and sweet, like a table upon which you may run your finger without rubs, and your nail cannot find a joint; not horrid, rough, wrinkled, gaping, or chapt: after these, the flesh, blood, and bones come in question.

Carnosa—adipata—redundans.—We say it is a fleshy style, when there is much periphrasis, and circuit of words; and when with more than enough, it grows fat and corpulent: *arvina orationis*, full of suet and tallow. It hath blood and juice when the words are proper and apt, their sound sweet, and the phrase neat and picked. *Oratio uncta, et benè pasta.* But where there is redundancy, both the blood and juice are faulty and vicious: *Redundat sanguine, quia multò plus dicit, quam necesse est.* Juice in language is somewhat less than blood; for if the words be but becoming and signifying, and the sense gentle, there is juice; but where that wanteth, the language is thin, flagging, poor, starved, scarce covering the bone, and shews like stones in a sack.

Jejuna, macilenta, strigosa.—Ossea, et nervosa.—Some men, to avoid redundancy, run into that; and while they strive to have no ill blood or juice, they lose their good. There be some styles again, that have not less blood, but less flesh and corpulence. These are bony and sinewy; *Ossa habent, et nervos.*

Notæ domini Sti. Albani de doctrin. intemper.—Dictator.—Aristoteles.—It was well noted by the late lord St. Alban, that the study of words is the first distemper of learning; vain matter the second; and a third distemper is deceit, or the likeness of truth: imposture held up by credulity. All these are the cobwebs of learning, and to let them grow in us, is either sluttish, or foolish. Nothing is more ridiculous than to make an author a dictator, as the schools have done Aristotle. The damage is infinite knowledge receives by it; for to many things a man should owe but a temporary belief, and suspension of his own judgment, not an absolute resignation of himself, or a perpetual captivity. Let Aristotle and others have their dues; but if we can make farther discoveries of truth and fitness than they, why are we envied? Let us beware, while we strive to add, we do not diminish, or deface; we may improve, but not augment. By discrediting falsehood, truth grows in request. We must not go about, like men anguished and perplexed, for vicious affectation of praise: but calmly study the separation of opinions, find the errors have intervened, awake antiquity, call former times into question; but make no parties with the present, nor follow any fierce undertakers, mingle no matter of doubtful credit with the simplicity of truth, but gently stir the mould about the root of the question, and avoid all digladiations, facility of credit, or superstitious simplicity, seek the consonancy, and concatenation of truth; stoop only to point of necessity, and what leads to convenience. Then make exact animadversion where style hath degenerated, where flourished and thrived in choiceness of phrase, round and clean composition of sentence, sweet falling of the clause, varying an illustration by tropes and figures, weight of matter, worth of subject, soundness of argument, life of invention, and depth of judgment. This is *monte potiri*, to get the hill; for no perfect discovery can be made upon a flat or a level.

De optimo scriptore.—Cicero.—Now that I have informed you in the knowing these things, let me lead you by the hand a little farther, in the direction of the use, and make you an able writer by practice. The conceits of the mind are pictures of things, and the tongue is the interpreter of those pictures. The order of God's creatures in themselves is not only admirable and glorious, but eloquent: then he who could apprehend the consequence of things in their truth, and utter his apprehensions as truly, were the best writer or speaker. Therefore Cicero said much, when he said, *Dicere recte nemo potest, nisi qui prudenter intelligit.* The shame of speaking unskilfully were small, if the tongue only thereby were disgraced; but as the image of a king, in his seal ill represented, is not so much a blemish to the wax, or the signet that sealed it, as to the prince it representeth; so disordered speech is not so much injury to the lips that give it forth, as to the disproportion and incoherence of things in themselves,

so negligently expressed. Neither can his mind be thought to be in tune, whose words do jar; nor his reason in frame, whose sentence is preposterous; nor his elocution clear and perfect, whose utterance breaks itself into fragments and uncertainties. Were it not a dishonour to a mighty prince, to have the majesty of his embassage spoiled by a careless ambassador? and is it not as great an indignity, that an excellent conceit and capacity, by the indiligence of an idle tongue, should be disgraced? Negligent speech doth not only discredit the person of the speaker, but it discrediteth the opinion of his reason and judgment; it discrediteth the force and uniformity of the matter and substance. If it be so then in words, which fly and escape censure, and where one good phrase begs pardon for many incongruities and faults, how shall he then be thought wise, whose penning is thin and shallow? how shall you look for wit from him, whose leisure and head, assisted with the examination of his eyes, yield you no life or sharpness in his writing?

De stylo epistolari.—Inventio.—In writing there is to be regarded the invention and the fashion. For the invention, that ariseth upon your business whereof there can be no rules of more certainty, or precepts of better direction given, than conjecture can lay down, from the several occasions of men's particular lives and vocations: but sometimes men make baseness of kindness: As "I could not satisfy myself till I had discharged my remembrance, and charged my letters with commendation to you:" or, "My business is no other than to testify my love to you, and to put you in mind of my willingness to do you all kind offices:" or, "Sir, have you leisure to descend to the remembering of that assurance you have long possest in your servant, and upon your next opportunity make him happy with some commands from you?" or the like; that go a begging for some meaning, and labour to be delivered of the great burden of nothing. When you have invented, and that your business be matter, and not bare form, or mere ceremony, but some earnest, then are you to proceed to the ordering of it, and digesting the parts, which is had out of two circumstances. One is the understanding of the persons to whom you are to write; the other is the coherence of your sentence. For men's capacity to weigh what will be apprehended with greatest attention or leisure; what next regarded and longed for especially, and what last will leave satisfaction, and (as it were) the sweetest memorial and belief of all that is past in his understanding whom you write to. For the consequence of sentences, you must be sure that every clause do give the Q. one to the other, and be bespoken ere it come. So much for invention and order.

Modus.—1. *Brevitas.*—Now for fashion: it consists in four things, which are qualities of your style. The first is brevity: for they must not be treatises or discourses (your letters) except it be to learned men. And even among them there is a kind of thrift and saving of words. Therefore you are to examine the clearest passages of your understanding, and through them to convey the sweetest and most significant words you can devise, that you may the easier teach them the readiest way to another man's apprehension, and open their meaning fully, roundly, and distinctly; so as the reader may not think a second view cast away upon your letter. And though respect be a part following this, yet now here, and still I must remember it, if you write to a man, whose estate and cense, as senses, you are familiar with, you may the bolder (to set a task to his brain) venture on a knot. But if to your superior you are bound to measure him in three farther points: first, with interest in him; secondly, his capacity in your letters; thirdly, his leisure to peruse them. For your interest or favour with him, you are to be the shorter or longer, more familiar or submiss, as he will afford you time. For his capacity, you are to be quicker and fuller of those reaches and glances of wit or learning, as he is able to entertain them. For his leisure, you are commanded to the greater briefness, as his place is of greater discharges and cares. But with your betters, you are not to put riddles of wit, by being too scarce of words: not to cause the trouble of making breviates by writing too riotous and wastingly. Brevity is attained in matter, by avoiding idle compliments, prefaces, protestations, parentheses, superfluous circuit of figures and digressions: in the composition, by omitting conjunctions [*not only*, but *also; both the one and the other, whereby it cometh to pass*] and such like idle particles, that have no great business in a serious letter but breaking of sentences, as oftentimes a short journey is made long by unnecessary baits.

Quintilian.—But, as Quintilian saith, there is a briefness of the parts sometimes that makes the whole long; as I came to the stairs, I took a pair of oars, they launched out, rowed apace, I landed at the court gate, I paid my fare, went up to the presence, asked for my lord, I was admitted. All this is but, I went to the court, and spake with my lord. This is the fault of some Latin writers, within these last hundred years, of my reading; and perhaps Seneca may be appeached of it; I accuse him not.

2. *Perspicuitas.*—The next property of epistolary style is perspicuity, and is oftentimes by affectation of some wit ill angled for, or ostentation of some hidden terms of art. Few words they darken speech, and so do too many; as well too much light hurteth the eyes, as too little; and a long bill of chancery confounds the understanding, as much as the shortest note; therefore let not your letters be penn'd like English statutes, and this is obtained. These vices are eschewed by pondering your business well and distinctly concerning yourself, which is much furthered by uttering your thoughts, and letting them as well come forth to the light and judgment of your own outward senses, as to the censure of other men's ears; for that is the reason why many good scholars speak but fumblingly; like a rich man, that for want of particular note and difference, can bring you no certain ware readily out of his shop. Hence it is, that talkative shallow men do often content the hearers more than the wise. But this may find a speedier redress in writing, where all comes under the last examination of the eyes. First, mind it well, then pen it, then examine it, then amend it, and you may be in the better hope of doing reasonably well. Under this virtue may come plainness, which is not to be curious in the order as to answer a letter, as if you were to answer to interrogatories. As to the first, first; and to the

second, secondly, &c. but both in method to use (as ladies do in their attire) a diligent kind of negligence, and their sportive freedom: though with some men you are not to jest, or practise tricks; yet the delivery of the most important things may be carried with such a grace, as that it may yield a pleasure to the conceit of the reader. There must be store, though no excess of terms; as if you are to name store, sometimes you may call it choice, sometimes plenty, sometimes copiousness, or variety; but ever so, that the word which comes in lieu, have not such difference of meaning, as that it may put the sense of the first in hazard to be mistaken. You are not to cast a ring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *accommodation*, *complement*, *spirit*, &c. but use them properly in their place, as others.

3. *Vigor.*—There followeth life and quickness, which is the strength and sinews, as it were, of your penning by pretty sayings, similitudes, and conceits; allusions from known history, or other common place, such as are in the *Courtier*, and the second book of Cicero *De Oratore*.

4. *Discretio.*—The last is, respect to discern what fits yourself, him to whom you write, and that which you handle, which is a quality fit to conclude the rest, because it doth include all. And that must proceed from ripeness of judgment, which, as one truly saith, is gotten by four means, God, nature, diligence, and conversation. Serve the first well, and the rest will serve you.

De Poetica.—We have spoken sufficiently of oratory, let us now make a diversion to poetry. Poetry, in the primogeniture, had many peccant humours, and is made to have more now, through the levity and inconstancy of men's judgments. Whereas indeed it is the most prevailing eloquence, and of the most exalted caract. Now the discredits and disgraces are many it hath received, through men's study of depravation or calumny; their practice being to give it diminution of credit, by lessening the professor's estimation, and making the age afraid of their liberty: and the age is grown so tender of her fame, as she calls all writings aspersions.

That is the state word, the phrase of court (placentia college), which some call Parasites place, the Inn of Ignorance.

D. Hieronymus.—Whilst I name no persons, but deride follies, why should any man confess or betray himself? why doth not that of S. Hierome come into their mind, *Ubi generalis est de vitiis disputatio, ibi nullius esse personæ injuriam?* Is it such an inexpiable crime in poets, to tax vices generally, and no offence in them, who, by their exception, confess they have committed them particularly? Are we fallen into those times that we must not

Auriculas teneras mordaci rodere vero.[1]

Remedii votum semper verius erat, quam spes.[2] —*Sexus fœmin.*—If men may by no means write freely, or speak truth, but when it offends not; why do physicians cure with sharp medicines, or corrosives? is not the same equally lawful in the cure of the mind, that is in the cure of the body? Some vices, you will say, are so foul, that it is better they should be done than spoken. But they that take offence where no name, character, or signature, doth blazon them, seem to me like affected as women, who if they hear anything ill spoken of the ill of their sex, are presently moved, as if the contumely respected their particular: and on the contrary, when they hear good of good women, conclude, that it belongs to them all. If I see any thing that toucheth me, shall I come forth a betrayer of myself presently? No, if I be wise, I'll dissemble it; if honest, I'll avoid it, lest I publish that on my own forehead which I saw there noted without a title. A man that is on the mending hand will either ingenuously confess or wisely dissemble his disease. And the wise and virtuous will never think any thing belongs to themselves that is written, but rejoice that the good are warned not to be such; and the ill to leave to be such. The person offended hath no reason to be offended with the writer, but with himself; and so to declare that properly to belong to him, which was so spoken of all men, as it could be no man's several, but his that would wilfully and desperately claim it. It sufficeth I know what kind of persons I displease, men bred in the declining and decay of virtue, betrothed to their own vices; that have abandoned or prostituted their good names; hungry and ambitious of infamy, invested in all deformity, enthralled to ignorance and malice, of a hidden and concealed malignity, and that hold a concomitancy with all evil.

What is a Poet?

Poeta.—A poet is that which by the Greeks is called κατ' ἐξοχην, ὁ ποιητης, a maker, or a feigner: his art, an art of imitation or feigning; expressing the life of man in fit measure, numbers, and harmony, according to Aristotle; from the word ποιειν, which signifies to make or feign. Hence he is called a poet, not he which writeth in measure only, but that feigneth and formeth a fable, and writes things like the truth. For the fable and fiction is, as it were, the form and soul of any poetical work, or poem.

What mean you by a Poem?

Poema.—A poem is not alone any work, or composition of the poet's in many or few verses; but even one alone verse sometimes makes a perfect poem. As when Æneas hangs up and consecrates the arms of Abas with this inscription:

Æneas hæc de Danais victoribus arma:[3]

And calls it a poem, or carmen. Such are those in Martial:

Omnia, Castor, emis: sic fiet, ut omnia vendas.[4]

And,

Pauper videri Cinna vult, et est pauper.

Horatius.—*Lucretius.*—So were Horace's odes called Carmina, his lyric songs. And Lucretius designs a whole book in his sixth:

Quod in primo quoque carmine claret.

Epicum.—*Dramaticum.*—*Lyricum.*—*Elegiacum.*—*Epigrammat.*—And anciently all the oracles were called Carmina; or whatever sentence was expressed, were it much or little, it was called an Epic, Dramatic, Lyric, Elegiac, or Epigrammatic poem.

[1] Per. Sat. 1. [2] Livius. [3] Virg. Æn. lib. 3. [4] Martial, lib. 8, epig. 19.

But how differs a Poem from what we call Poesy?

Poesis.—Artium regina.—Poet. differentiæ.—Grammatic. —Logic. —Rhetoric. —Ethica. —A poem, as I have told you, is the work of the poet; the end and fruit of his labour and study. Poesy is his skill or craft of making; the very fiction itself, the reason or form of the work. And these three voices differ, as the thing done, the doing, and the doer; the thing feigned, the feigning, and the feigner; so the poem, the poesy, and the poet. Now the poesy is the habit, or the art; nay, rather the queen of arts, which had her original from heaven, received thence from the Hebrews, and had in prime estimation with the Greeks, transmitted to the Latins and all nations that professed civility. The study of it (if we will trust Aristotle) offers to mankind a certain rule and pattern of living well and happily, disposing us to all civil offices of society. If we will believe Tully, it nourisheth and instructeth our youth, delights our age, adorns our prosperity, comforts our adversity, entertains us at home, keeps us company abroad, travels with us, watches, divides the times of our earnest and sports, shares in our country recesses and recreations; insomuch as the wisest and best learned have thought her the absolute mistress of manners, and nearest of kin to virtue. And whereas they entitle philosophy to be a rigid and austere poesy; they have, on the contrary, styled poesy a dulcet and gentle philosophy, which leads on and guides us by the hand to action, with a ravishing delight, and incredible sweetness. But before we handle the kinds of poems, with their special differences; or make court to the art itself, as a mistress, I would lead you to the knowledge of our poet, by a perfect information what he is or should be by nature, by exercise, by imitation, by study, and so bring him down through the disciplines of grammar, logic, rhetoric, and the ethics, adding somewhat out of all, peculiar to himself, and worthy of your admittance or reception.

1. *Ingenium.—Seneca. —Plato. —Aristotle.—Helicon.—Pegasus.—Parnassus.—Ovid.*—First, we require in our poet or maker (for that title our language affords him elegantly with the Greek) a goodness of natural wit. For whereas all other arts consist of doctrine and precepts, the poet must be able by nature and instinct to pour out the treasure of his mind; and as Seneca saith, *Aliquando secundum Anacreontem insanire jucundum esse;* by which he understands the poetical rapture. And according to that of Plato, *Frustrà poeticas fores sui compos pulsavit.* And of Aristotle, *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ fuit. Nec potest grande aliquid, et supra cæteros loqui, nisi mota mens.* Then it riseth higher, as by a divine instinct, when it contemns common and known conceptions. It utters somewhat above a mortal mouth. Then it gets aloft, and flies away with his rider, whither before it was doubtful to ascend. This the poets understood by their Helicon, Pegasus, or Parnassus; and this made Ovid to boast,

> Est deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo:
> Sedibus æthereis spiritus ille venit.

Lipsius.—Petron. in Fragm.—And Lipsius to affirm: *Scio, poetam neminem præstantem fuisse, sine parte quadam uberiore divinæ auræ.* And hence it is that the coming up of good poets (for I mind not mediocres or imos) is so thin and rare among us. Every beggarly corporation affords the state a mayor, or two bailiffs yearly; but *Solus rex, aut poeta, non quotannis nascitur.* To this perfection of nature in our poet, we require exercise of those parts, and frequent.

2. *Exercitatio.— Virgil.— Scaliger.— Valer. Maximus.—Euripides.—Alcestis.*—If his wit will not arrive suddenly at the dignity of the ancients, let him not yet fall out with it, quarrel, or be over hastily angry; offer to turn it away from study in a humour; but come to it again upon better cogitation; try another time with labour. If then it succeed not, cast not away the quills yet, nor scratch the wainscot, beat not the poor desk; but bring all to the forge and file again; torn it anew. There is no statute law of the kingdom bids you be a poet against your will, or the first quarter; if it comes in a year or two, it is well. The common rhymers pour forth verses, such as they are, *ex tempore;* but there never comes from them one sense worth the life of a day. A rhymer and a poet are two things. It is said of the incomparable Virgil, that he brought forth his verses like a bear, and after formed them with licking. Scaliger the father writes it of him, that he made a quantity of verses in the morning, which afore night he reduced to a less number. But that which Valerius Maximus hath left recorded of Euripides the tragic poet, his answer to Alcestis, another poet, is as memorable as modest: who, when it was told to Alcestis, that Euripides had in three days brought forth but three verses, and those with some difficulty and throes; Alcestis, glorying he could with ease have sent forth an hundred in the space; Euripides roundly replied, Like enough; but here is the difference, thy verses will not last these three days, mine will to all time. Which was as much as to tell him, he could not write a verse. I have met many of these rattles, that made a noise, and buzzed. They had their hum, and no more. Indeed, things wrote with labour deserve to be so read, and will last their age.

3. *Imitatio.— Horatius.— Virgil.— Statius.—Homer.—Horat.—Archil.— Alcæus, &c.*—The third requisite in our poet, or maker, is imitation, to be able to convert the substance or riches of another poet to his own use. To make choice of one excellent man above the rest, and so to follow him till he grow very he, or so like him, as the copy may be mistaken for the principal. Not as a creature that swallows what it takes in crude, raw, or undigested; but that feeds with an appetite, and hath a stomach to concoct, divide, and turn all into nourishment. Not to imitate servilely, as Horace saith, and catch at vices for virtue; but to draw forth out of the best and choicest flowers, with the bee, and turn all into honey, work it into one relish and savour: make our imitation sweet; observe how the best writers have imitated, and follow them. How Virgil and Statius have imitated Homer; how Horace, Archilochus; how Alcæus, and the other lyrics; and so of the rest.

4. *Lectio.— Parnassus.— Helicon.— Arscoron. —M. T. Cicero.—Simylus.— Stob.—Horat.—Aristot.*—But that which we especially require in him, is an exactness of study, and multiplicity of reading, which maketh a full man, not alone enabling him to know the history or argument of a poem, and to report it; but so to master the matter

and style, as to shew he knows how to handle, place, or dispose of either with elegancy, when need shall be. And not think he can leap forth suddenly a poet, by dreaming he hath been in Parnassus, or having washed his lips, as they say, in Helicon. There goes more to his making than so: for to nature, exercise, imitation, and study, art must be added, to make all these perfect. And though these challenge to themselves much, in the making up of our maker, it is art only can lead him to perfection, and leave him there in possession, as planted by her hand. It is the assertion of Tully, if to an excellent nature, there happen an accession or conformation of learning and discipline, there will then remain somewhat noble and singular. For, as Simylus saith in Stobæus, Ουτε φυσις ικανη γινεται τεχνης ατερ, ουτε παν τεχνη μη φυσιν κεκτεμενη· without art, nature can never be perfect; and without nature, art can claim no being. But our poet must beware, that his study be not only to learn of himself; for he that shall affect to do that, confesseth his ever having a fool to his master. He must read many, but ever the best and choicest: those that can teach him anything, he must ever account his masters, and reverence: among whom Horace, and (he that taught him) Aristotle, deserved to be the first in estimation. Aristotle was the first accurate critic, and truest judge; nay, the greatest philosopher the world ever had: for he noted the vices of all knowledges, in all creatures; and out of many men's perfections in a science, he formed still one art. So he taught us two offices together, how we ought to judge rightly of others, and what we ought to imitate specially in ourselves. But all this in vain, without a natural wit, and a poetical nature in chief. For no man, so soon as he knows this, or reads it, shall be able to write the better; but as he is adapted to it by nature, he shall grow the perfecter writer. He must have civil prudence and eloquence, and that whole; not taken up by snatches or pieces, in sentences or remnants, when he will handle business, or carry counsels, as if he came then out of the declaimer's gallery, or shadow furnished but out of the body of the state, which commonly is the school of men.

Virorum schola respub.—Lysippus.—Apelles.—Nævius.—The poet is the nearest borderer upon the orator, and expresseth all his virtues, though he be tied more to numbers, is his equal in ornament, and above him in his strengths. And (of the kind) the comic comes nearest; because in moving the minds of men, and stirring of affections (in which oratory shews, and especially approves her eminence) he chiefly excels. What figure of a body was Lysippus ever able to form with his graver, or Apelles to paint with his pencil, as the comedy to life expresseth so many and various affections of the mind? There shall the spectator see some insulting with joy, others fretting with melancholy, raging with anger, mad with love, boiling with avarice, undone with riot, tortured with expectation, consumed with fear: no perturbation in common life but the orator finds an example of it in the scene. And then for the elegancy of language, read but this inscription on the grave of a comic poet:

> Immortales mortales si fas esset flere,
> Flerent divæ Camœnæ Nævium Poetam;
> Itaque postquam est Orcino traditus thesauro,
> Obliti sunt Romæ linguâ loqui Latinâ.

L. Ælius Stilo.—Plautus.—M. Varro.—Or that modester testimony given by Lucius Ælius Stilo upon Plautus, who affirmed, *Musas, si latinè loqui voluissent, Plautino sermone fuisse loquuturas.* And that illustrious judgment by the most learned M. Varro of him, who pronounced him the prince of letters and elegancy in the Roman language.

Sophocles.—I am not of that opinion to conclude a poet's liberty within the narrow limits of laws, which either the grammarians or philosophers prescribe. For before they found out those laws, there were many excellent poets that fulfilled them: amongst whom none more perfect than Sophocles, who lived a little before Aristotle.

Demosthenes—Pericles.—Alcibiades.—Which of the Greeklings durst ever give precepts to Demosthenes! or to Pericles (whom the age surnamed heavenly) because he seemed to thunder and lighten with his language? or to Alcibiades, who had rather nature for his guide, than art for his master?

Aristotle.—But whatsoever nature at any time dictated to the most happy, or long exercise to the most laborious, that the wisdom and learning of Aristotle hath brought into an art; because he understood the causes of things: and what other men did by chance or custom, he doth by reason; and not only found out the way not to err, but the short way we should take not to err.

Euripides.—Aristophanes.—Many things in Euripides hath Aristophanes wittily reprehended, not out of art, but out of truth. For Euripides is sometimes peccant, as he is most times perfect. But judgment when it is greatest, if reason doth not accompany it, is not ever absolute.

Cens. Scal. in Lil. Germ.—Horace.—To judge of poets is only the faculty of poets; and not of all poets, but the best. *Nemo infelicius de poetis judicavit, quàm qui de poetis scripsit.*[1] But some will say critics are a kind of tinkers, that make more faults than they mend ordinarily. See their diseases and those of grammarians. It is true, many bodies are the worse for the meddling with; and the multitude of physicians hath destroyed many sound patients with their wrong practice. But the office of a true critic or censor is, not to throw by a letter any where, or damn an innocent syllabe, but lay the words together, and amend them; judge sincerely of the author, and his matter, which is the sign of solid and perfect learning in a man. Such was Horace, an author of much civility; and (if any one among the heathen can be) the best master both of virtue and wisdom; an excellent and true judge upon cause and reason; not because he thought so, but because he knew so, out of use and experience.

Cato the grammarian, a defender of Lucilius.[2]

> Cato grammaticus, Latina syren,
> Qui solus legit, et facit poetas.

Quintilian of the same heresy, but rejected.[3]

Horace his judgment of Chœrillus defended against Joseph Scaliger.[4] And of Laberius against Julius.[5]

[1] Senec. de brev. vit. cap. 13, et epist. 88.
[2] Heins. de Sat. 265.
[3] Pag. 267.
[4] Pag. 270, 271.
[5] Pag. 273, et seq.

But chiefly his opinion of Plautus [1] vindicated against many that are offended, and say, it is a hard censure upon the parent of all conceit and sharpness. And they wish it had not fallen from so great a master and censor in the art; whose bondmen knew better how to judge of Plautus, than any that dare patronize the family of learning in this age, who could not be ignorant of the judgment of the times in which he lived, when poetry and the Latin language were at the height; especially being a man so conversant and inwardly familiar with the censures of great men, that did discourse of these things daily amongst themselves. Again, a man so gracious, and in high favour with the emperor, as Augustus often called him his witty manling; (for the littleness of his stature;) and if we may trust antiquity, had designed him for a secretary of estate, and invited him to the place, which he modestly prayed off, and refused.

Terence.—Menander.—Horace did so highly esteem Terence's comedies, as he ascribes the art in comedy to him alone among the Latins, and joins him with Menander.

Now let us see what may be said for either, to defend Horace's judgment to posterity, and not wholly to condemn Plautus.

The parts of a comedy and tragedy.—The parts of a comedy are the same with a tragedy, and the end is partly the same; for they both delight and teach: the comics are called διδασκαλοι of the Greeks, no less than the tragics.

Aristotle.—Plato.—Homer.—Nor is the moving of laughter always the end of comedy, that is rather a fowling for the people's delight, or their fooling. For as Aristotle says rightly, the moving of laughter is a fault in comedy, a kind of turpitude, that depraves some part of a man's nature without a disease. As a wry face without pain moves laughter, or a deformed vizard, or a rude clown dressed in a lady's habit, and using her actions; we dislike, and scorn such representations, which made the ancient philosophers ever think laughter unfitting in a wise man. And this induced Plato to esteem of Homer as a sacrilegious person, because he presented the gods sometimes laughing. As also it is divinely said of Aristotle, that to seem ridiculous is a part of dishonesty, and foolish.

The wit of the old comedy.—So that what either in the words or sense of an author, or in the language or actions of men, is awry, or depraved, does strangely stir mean affections, and provoke for the most part to laughter. And therefore it was clear, that all insolent and obscene speeches, jests upon the best men, injuries to particular persons, perverse and sinister sayings (and the rather unexpected) in the old comedy did move laughter, especially where it did imitate any dishonesty, and scurrility came forth in the place of wit; which, who understands the nature and genius of laughter, cannot but perfectly know.

Aristophanes. —Plautus. — Of which Aristophanes affords an ample harvest, having not only outgone Plautus, or any other in that kind; but expressed all the moods and figures of what is ridiculous, oddly. In short, as vinegar is not accounted good until the wine be corrupted; so jests that are true and natural seldom raise laughter with the beast the multitude. They love nothing that is right and proper. The farther it runs from reason or possibility with them, the better it is.

Socrates.—Theatrical wit.—What could have made them laugh, like to see Socrates presented, that example of all good life, honesty, and virtue, to have him hoisted up with a pully, and there play the philosopher in a basket; measure how many foot a flea could skip geometrically, by a just scale, and edify the people from the engine. This was theatrical wit, right stage jesting, and relishing a play-house, invented for scorn and laughter; whereas, if it had savoured of equity, truth, perspicuity, and candour, to have tasten a wise or a learned palate,—spit it out presently! this is bitter and profitable; this instructs and would inform us: what need we know any thing that are nobly born, more than a horse-race, or a hunting-match, our day to break with citizens, and such innate mysteries?

The cart.—This is truly leaping from the stage to the tumbril again, reducing all wit to the original dung-cart.

Of the magnitude and compass of any fable, epic or dramatic.

What the measure of a fable is.—The fable or plot of a poem defined.—The epic fable, differing from the dramatic.—To the resolving of this question, we must first agree in the definition of the fable. The fable is called the imitation of one entire and perfect action, whose parts are so joined and knit together, as nothing in the structure can be changed, or taken away, without impairing or troubling the whole, of which there is a proportionable magnitude in the members. As for example: if a man would build a house, he would first appoint a place to build it in, which he would define within certain bounds: so in the constitution of a poem, the action is aimed at by the poet, which answers place in a building, and that action hath his largeness, compass and proportion. But as a court or king's palace requires other dimensions than a private house; so the epic asks a magnitude from other poems: since what is place in the one, is action in the other, the difference is in space. So that by this definition we conclude the fable to be the imitation of one perfect and entire action, as one perfect and entire place is required to a building. By perfect, we understand that to which nothing is wanting; as place to the building that is raised, and action to the fable that is formed. It is perfect, perhaps not for a court, or king's palace, which requires a greater ground, but for the structure he would raise; so the space of the action may not prove large enough for the epic fable, yet be perfect for the dramatic, and whole.

What we understand by whole.—Whole we call that, and perfect, which hath a beginning, a midst, and an end. So the place of any building may be whole and entire for that work, though too little for a palace. As to a tragedy or a comedy, the action may be convenient and perfect, that would not fit an epic poem in magnitude. So lion is a perfect creature in himself, though it be less than that of a buffalo, or a rhinocerote. They differ but in specie: either in the kind is absolute, both have their parts, and either the whole. Therefore, as in every body, so in every action, which is

[1] Pag. in comm. 153. et seq.

the subject of a just work, there is required a certain proportionable greatness, neither too vast, nor too minute. For that which happens to the eyes when we behold a body, the same happens to the memory, when we contemplate an action. I look upon a monstrous giant, as Tityus, whose body covered nine acres of land, and mine eye sticks upon every part: the whole that consists of those parts will never be taken in at one entire view. So in a fable, if the action be too great, we can never comprehend the whole together in our imagination. Again, if it be too little, there ariseth no pleasure out of the object; it affords the view no stay; it is beheld, and vanisheth at once. As if we should look upon an ant or pismire, the parts fly the sight, and the whole considered is almost nothing. The same happens in action, which is the object of memory, as the body is of sight. Too vast oppresseth the eyes, and exceeds the memory; too little, scarce admits either.

What is the utmost bounds of a fable.—Now in every action it behoves the poet to know which is his utmost bound, how far with fitness and a necessary proportion he may produce and determine it; that is, till either good fortune change into the worse, or the worse into the better. For as a body without proportion cannot be goodly, no more can the action, either in comedy or tragedy, without his fit bounds: and every bound, for the nature of the subject, is esteemed the best that is largest, till it can increase no more: so it behoves the action in tragedy or comedy to be let grow, till the necessity ask a conclusion; wherein two things are to be considered; first, that it exceed not the compass of one day; next, that there be place left for digression and art. For the episodes and digressions in a fable are the same that household stuff and other furniture are in a house. And so far from the measure and extent of a fable dramatic.

What by one and entire.—Now that it should be one, and entire. One is considerable two ways; either as it is only separate, and by itself, or as being composed of many parts, it begins to be one, as those parts grow, or are wrought together. That it should be one the first way alone, and by itself, no man that hath tasted letters ever would say, especially having required before a just magnitude, and equal proportion of the parts in themselves. Neither of which can possibly be, if the action be single and separate, not composed of parts, which laid together in themselves, with an equal and fitting proportion, tend to the same end; which thing out of antiquity itself hath deceived many, and more this day it doth deceive.

Hercules.— Theseus.— Achilles.— Ulysses.— Homer and Virgil.—Æneas.—Venus.—So many there be of old, that have thought the action of one man to be one; as of Hercules, Theseus, Achilles, Ulysses, and other heroes; which is both foolish and false, since by one and the same person many things may be severally done, which cannot fitly be referred or joined to the same end: which not only the excellent tragic poets, but the best masters of the epic, Homer and Virgil saw. For though the argument of an epic poem be far more diffused and poured out than that of tragedy; yet Virgil writing of Æneas, hath pretermitted many things. He neither tells how he was born, how brought up, how he fought with Achilles, how he was snatched out of the battle by Venus; but that one thing, how he came into Italy, he prosecutes in twelve books. The rest of his journey, his error by sea, the sack of Troy, are put not as the argument of the work, but episodes of the argument. So Homer laid by many things of Ulysses, and handled no more than he saw tended to one and the same end.

Theseus.—Hercules.—Juvenal.—Codrus.—Sophocles.—Ajax.—Ulysses.—Contrary to which and foolishly, those poets did, whom the philosopher taxeth, of whom one gathered all the actions of Theseus, another put all the labours of Hercules in one work. So did he whom Juvenal mentions in the beginning, "hoarse Codrus," that recited a volume compiled, which he called his Theseide, not yet finished, to the great trouble both of his hearers and himself; amongst which there were many parts had no coherence nor kindred one with another, so far they were from being one action, one fable. For as a house, consisting of divers materials, becomes one structure, and one dwelling; so an action, composed of divers parts, may become one fable, epic or dramatic. For example, in a tragedy, look upon Sophocles his Ajax: Ajax, deprived of Achilles' armour, which he hoped from the suffrage of the Greeks, disdains; and growing impatient of the injury, rageth, and runs mad. In that humour he doth many senseless things, and at last falls upon the Grecian flock, and kills a great ram for Ulysses: returning to his senses, he grows ashamed of the scorn, and kills himself; and is by the chiefs of the Greeks forbidden burial. These things agree and hang together not as they were done, but as seeming to be done, which made the action whole, entire, and absolute.

The conclusion concerning the whole, and the parts.—Which are episodes.—Ajax and Hector.—Homer.—For the whole, as it consisteth of parts; so without all the parts it is not the whole; and to make it absolute, is required not only the parts, but such parts as are true. For a part of the whole was true; which if you take away, you either change the whole, or it is not the whole. For if it be such a part, as being present or absent, nothing concerns the whole, it cannot be called a part of the whole: and such are the episodes, of which hereafter. For the present here is one example; the single combat of Ajax with Hector, as it is at large described in Homer, nothing belongs to this Ajax of Sophocles.

You admire no poems, but such as run like a brewer's cart upon the stones, hobbling:

> Et, quæ per salebras, altaque saxa cadunt.
> Accius et quidquid Pacuviusque vomunt.
> Attonitusque legis terrai, frugiferai.[1]

[1] Martial, lib. xi. epig. 91.

THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR,

MADE BY

BEN JONSON,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL STRANGERS,

OUT OF HIS OBSERVATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, NOW SPOKEN AND IN USE.

Consuetudo, certissima loquendi magistra, utendumque planè sermone, ut nummo, cui publica forma est.—QUINCTIL.

Non obstant hæ disciplinæ per illas euntibus sed circa illas hærentibus.—QUINCTIL.

Major adhuc restat labor, sed sanè sit cum veniâ, si gratiâ carebit: boni enim artificis partes sunt, quam paucissima possit omittere.—SCALIG. lib. 1. c. 25.

Neque enim optimi artificis est, omnia persequi.—GALLENUS.

Expedire grammatico, etiam, si quædam nesciat.—QUINCTIL.

THE PREFACE.

THE profit of Grammar is great to strangers, who are to live in communion and commerce with us, and it is honourable to ourselves: for by it we communicate all our labours, studies, profits, without an interpreter.

We free our language from the opinion of rudeness and barbarism, wherewith it is mistaken to be diseased: we shew the copy of it, and matchableness with other tongues; we ripen the wits of our own children and youth sooner by it, and advance their knowledge.

Confusion of language, a curse.
Experience breedeth art: lack of experience, chance.

Experience, observation, sense, induction, are the four triers of arts. It is ridiculous to teach any thing for undoubted truth, that sense and experience can confute. So Zeno disputing of *Quies*, was confuted by Diogenes, rising up and walking.

In grammar, not so much the invention, as the disposition is to be commended: yet we must remember, that the most excellent creatures are not ever born perfect; to leave bears, and whelps, and other failings of nature.

GRAMMATICA ANGLICANA.

[1] Jul. Cæsar Scaliger. *de caus. Ling. Lat.* *Grammatici unus finis est rectè loqui. Neque necesse habet scribere. Accidit enim scriptura voci, neque aliter scribere debemus, quàm loquamur.*—Ramus *in definit. pag.* 30.

Grammatica est ars benè loquendi.

[2] *Veteres, ut* Varro, Cicero, Quinctilianus, *Etymologiam in notatione vocum statuêre.*

[3] *Dictionis natura prior est, posterior orationis. Ex usu veterum Latinorum,* Vox, *pro dictione scriptâ accipitur: quoniam vox esse possit. Est articulata, quæ scripto excipi, atque exprimi valeat: inarticulata, quæ non. Articulata vox*

THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

CHAP I.

OF GRAMMAR, AND THE PARTS.

[1] GRAMMAR is the art of true and well-speaking a language: the writing is but an accident.

The parts of Grammar are

Etymology,[2] } which } the true notation of words.
Syntax, } is } the right ordering of them.

[3] A *word* is a part of speech, or note, whereby a thing is known, or called; and consisteth of one or more *syllabes.*

dicitur, quâ genus humanum utitur distinctìm, à cæteris animalibus, quæ muta vocantur: non, quòd sonum non edant: sed quia soni eorum nullis exprimantur propriè literarum notis.—Smithus *de rectâ, et emend. L. Latin. script.*

[1] *Syllaba est elementum sub accentu.*—Scalig. *lib.* 2.

[2] *Litera est pars dictionis indivisibilis. Nam quamquam sunt literæ quædam duplices, una tamen tantùm litera est, sibi quæque sonum unum certum servans.*—Scalig.

Et Smithus, *ibid. Litera pars minima vocis articulatæ.*

[3] *Natura literæ tribus modis intelligitur;* nomine, *quo pronunciatur;* potestate, *quâ valet;* figurâ, *quâ scribitur. At potestas est sonus ille, quo pronunciari, quem etiam figura debet imitari; ut his Prosodiam Orthographia sequatur.*—Asper.

[4] *Prosodia autem, et Orthographia partes non sunt; sed, ut sanguis, et spiritus per corpus universum fusæ.*—Scal. *ut suprà.* Ramus, *pag.* 31.

[5] *Litera, à lineando; undè, linere, lineaturæ, literæ, et lituræ. Neque enim à lituris literæ quia delerentur; priùs enim factæ, quàm deletæ sunt. At formæ potiùs, atque οὐσίας rationem, quàm interitûs, habeamus.*—Scal. ibid.

[6] *Litera genus quoddam est, cujus species primariæ duæ* vocalis et consonans, *quarum natura, et constitutio non potest percipi, nisi priùs cognoscantur differentiæ formales, quibus factum est, ut inter se non convenirent.*—Scal. ibid.

[7] *Literæ differentia generica est potestas, quam nimìs rudi consilio veteres Accidens appellârunt. Est enim forma quædam ipse flexus in voce, quasi in materiâ, propter quem flexum fit; ut vocalis per se possit pronunciari: Muta non possit. Figura autem est accidens ab arte institutum; potestque attributa mutari.* Jul. Cæs. Scal. ibidem. *De vi, ac potestate literarum tam accuratè scripsérunt Antiqui, quàm de quâvis aliâ suæ professionis parte. Elaborárunt in hoc argumento Varro, Priscianus, Appion, ille, qui cymbalum dicebatur mundi: et inter rhetores non postremi judicii, Dionysius Halicarnassæus, Caius quoque Cæsar, et Octavius Augustus.*—Smith. ibid.

[8] *Literæ, quæ per seipsas possint pronunciari, vocales sunt; quæ non, nisi cum aliis, consonantes.*

Vocalium nomina simplici sono, nec differente à potestate, proferantur.

Consonantes, additis vocalibus, quibusdam præpositis, aliis postpositis.

[9] *Ex consonantibus, quorum nomen incipit à Consonante, Mutæ sunt; quarum à vocali, semivocales. Mutas non indè appellatas, quòd parùm sonarent, sed quòd nihil.*

[1] A *syllabe* is a perfect sound in a word, and consisteth of one or more *letters.*

[2] A *letter* is an indivisible part of a *syllabe,* whose *prosody,*[3] or right sounding, is perceived by the power; the *orthography,* or right writing, by the form.

[4] *Prosody,* and *orthography,* are not parts of *grammar,* but diffused like the blood and spirits through the whole.

CHAP. II.

OF LETTERS AND THEIR POWERS.[5]

In our language we use these twenty and four *letters,* A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. V. W. X. Y. Z. a. b. c. d. e. f. g. h. i. k. l. m. n. o. p. q. r. s. t. v. w. x. y. z. The great *letters* serve to begin sentences, with us, to lead proper names, and express numbers. The less make the fabric of speech.

Our numeral letters are,

I	for	1
V		5
X		10
L		50
C		100
D		500
M		1000

[6] All *letters* are either *vowels* or consonants; and are principally known[7] by their powers. The *figure* is an accident.

[8] A *vowel* will be pronounced by itself: a *consonant* not without the help of a *vowel,* either before or after.

The received vowels *in our tongue are,*
a. e. i. o. u.

[9] *Consonants* be either *mutes,* and close the sound, as *b. c. d. g. k. p. q. t.* Or *half vowels,* and open it, as *f. l. m. n. r. s. x. z.*

[1] *Omnes Vocales ancipites sunt; (i. e.) modò longæ, modò breves: eodem tamen modo sempèr depictæ, (nam scriptura est imitatio sermonis, ut pictura corporis. Scriptio vocum pictura. Smithus) et eodem sono pronunciatæ. Nisi quòd vocalis longa bis tantum temporis in effando retinet, quàm brevis. Ut rectè cecinit ille de vocalibus.*

Temporis unius brevis est, ut longa duorum.

A

[2] *Literæ hujus sonus est omnium gentium ferè communis. Nomen autem, et figura multis nationibus est diversa.*—Scalig. *et* Ramus.

Dionysius *ait* a *esse, εὐφωνότατον, ex plenitudine vocis.*

[3] Teren. Maurus.

A, *prima locum littera sic ab ore, sumit,*
Immunia, rictu patulo, tenere labra:
Linguamque necesse est ità pandulam reduci,
Ut nisus in illam valeat subire vocis,
Nec partibus ullis aliquos ferire dentes.

[4] E

Triplicem differentiam habet: primam, mediocris rictus: secundam, linguæ, eamque duplicem; alteram, interioris, nempè inflexæ ad interius cœlum palati; alteram genuinos prementis. Tertia est labri inferioris,

Ramus, lib. 2.

Duas primas Terentianus notavit; tertiam tacuit.

Terentianus 1.

E, *quæ sequitur, vocula dissona est priori: quia deprimit altum modico tenore rictum, et remotos premit hinc, et hinc molares.*

[5] *Apud Latinos,* e *latiùs sonat in adverbio* benè, *quàm in adverbio* herè: *hujus enim posteriorem vocalem exiliùs pronunciabant; ità, ut etiàm in maximè exilem sonum transîerit* herì. *Id, quod H.* is rarely other than an *aspiration* in power, though a *letter* in form.

W. and *Y.* have shifting and uncertain seats, as shall be shewn in their places.

CHAP. III.

OF THE VOWELS.

[1] All our *vowels* are sounded doubtfully. In quantity, (which is time) long or short. Or, in accent, (which is tune) sharp or flat. Long in these words, and their like:

Debāting, congēling, expīring, oppōsing, endūring.

Short in these: *Stomăching, sevĕring, vanquĭshing, ransŏming, pictŭring.*

Sharp in these: *háte, méte, líte, nóte, púle.*

Flat in these: *hàt, mèt, bìt, nòt, pùll.*

A

[2] With us, in most words, is pronounced less than the French *à;* as in

art, act, apple, ancient.

But when it comes before *l*, in the end of a syllabe, it obtaineth the full French sound,[3] and is uttered with the mouth and throat wide opened, the tongue bent back from the teeth, as in

all, small, gall, fall, tall, call.

So in the syllabes where a consonant followeth the *l*, as in

salt, malt, balm, calm.

[4] E

Is pronounced with a mean opening the mouth, the tongue turned to the inner roof of the palate, and softly striking the upper great teeth. It is a letter of divers note and use; and either soundeth, or is silent. When it is the last letter, and soundeth, the sound is sharp, as in the French *i*. Example in *mé, seé, agreé, yé, shé;* in all, saving the article *thè.*

Where it endeth, and soundeth obscure and faintly, it serves as an accent to produce the *vowel* preceding: as in *máde, stéme, strípe, óre, cúre,* which else would sound, *màd, stèm, strìp, òr, cùr.*

It altereth the power of *c, g, s,* so placed, as in *hence,* which else would sound *henc; swinge,* to make it different from *swing; use,* to distinguish it from *us.*

It is mere silent in words where *l* is coupled with a consonant in the end; as *whistle, gristle, brittle, fickle, thimble,* &c.

Or after *v consonant,* as in

love, glove, move.

Where it endeth a former syllabe, it soundeth longish, but flat; as in

dérive, prépare, résolve.

Except in *derivatives,* or compounds of the sharp *e,* and then it answers the *primitive* or *simple* in the first sound; as

agreeing, of *agree; foreseeing,* of *foresee; being,* of *be.*

Where it endeth a last syllabe, with one or more *consonants* after it, it either soundeth flat and full; as in

descent, intent, amend, offend, rest, best.

Or it passeth away obscured, like the faint *i;* as in these,

written, gotten, open, sayeth, &c.

[5] Which two letters *e* and *i* have such a nearness in our tongue, as oftentimes they interchange places; as in

enduce, for *induce: endite.* for *indite.*

latiùs in multis quoque patet: ut ab Eo, *verbo, deductum,* ire, iis, *et* eis: diis, *et* deis: febrem, febrim: turrem, turrim: priore, *et* priori: Ram. *et* Scalig.

Et propter hanc vicinitatem (ait Quinct.) e *quoque loco* i *fuit: ut* Menerva, leber, magester: *pro* Minerva, liber, magister.

[1] I

Porrigit ictum genuino propè ad ipsos
Minimumque renidet supero tenus labello.
Terent.

I *vocalis sonos habet tres: suum, exilem: alterum, latiorem proprioremque ipsi* e; *et tertium, obscuriorem ipsius* u, *inter quæ duo* Y *Græcæ vocalis sonus continetur: ut non inconsultò Victorinus ambiguam illam quam adduximus vocem, per* Y *scribendam esse putârit,* Optimus.
Scalig.

Ante consonantem I *sempèr est vocalis.*

[2] *Ante vocalem ejusdem syllabæ consonans.*

[3] *Apud Hebræos* I *perpetuò est consonans; ut apud Græcos vocalis.*

[4] *Ut in* Giacente, Giesù, Gioconda, Giustitia.

[5] O *pronunciatur rotundo ore, linguâ ad radices hypoglossis reductâ. ὸ μίκρον, et ὼ μέγα, unicâ tantùm notâ, sono differenti.*

[6] *Profertur, ut* ω.

[7] *Ut* oo, *vel* ou *Gallicum.*

Una quoniam sat habitum est notare forma,
Pro temporibus quæ gremium ministret usum.
Igitur sonitum reddere voles minori,
Retrorsùs adactam modicè teneto linguam,
Rictù neque magno sat erit patere labra,
At longior alto tragicum sub oris antro
Molita, rotundis acuit sonum labellis. Terent.

Differentiam o *parvi valdè distinctam Franci tenent: sed scripturâ valdè confundant.* O, *scribunt perindè ut proferunt. At* ω *scribunt modò per* au, *modò per* ao, *quæ sonum talem minimè sonant, qui simplici, et rotundo motu oris proferri debet.*

[8] *Quanta sit affinitas* (o) *cum* (u) *ex Quinct. Plinio, Papyriano notum est. Quid enim* o *et* u,

I

Is of a narrower sound than *e*, and uttered with a less opening of the mouth, the tongue brought back to the palate, and striking the teeth next the cheek teeth.

It is a *letter* of a double power.

As a *vowel* in the former, or single syllabes, it hath sometimes the sharp accent; as in

bínding, míndíng, píning, whíning, wíving thríving, míne, thíne.

Or all words of one syllabe qualified by *e*. But the flat in more, as in these, *bìll, bìtter, gìdày, lìttle, ìncident,* and the like.

In the derivatives of sharp primitives, it keepeth the sound, though it deliver over the primitive *consonant* to the next syllabe. as in

divi-ning, requí-ring, repi-ning.

For, a *consonant* falling between two *vowels* in the word, will be spelled with the latter. In syllabes and words, composed of the same *elements*, it varieth the sound, now sharp, now flat: as in *gíve, gìve, alíve, lìve, dríve, drìven, títle, tìtle.*

But these, use of speaking, and acquaintance in reading, will teach, rather than rule.

[2] *I*, in the other power, is merely another letter, and would ask to enjoy another *character*. For where it leads the sounding *vowel*, and beginneth the syllabe, it is ever a *consonant*; as in

James, John, jest, jump, conjurer, perjured.

And before *diphthongs*; as *jay, joy, juice*, having the force of the Hebrew *Jod*,[3] and the *Italian Gi*.[4]

O

[5] Is pronounced with a round mouth, the tongue drawn back to the root; and is a letter of much change, and uncertainty with us.

In the long time it naturally soundeth sharp and high; as in

[6] *chósen, hósen, hóly, fólly;*
ópen, óver, nóte, thróte.

In the short time more flat, and akin to *u*; as

[7] *cosen, dosen, mòther,*
bròther, lòve, pròve.

In the *diphthong* sometimes the *o* is sounded; as *óught, sóught, nóught,*
wróught, mów, sów.

But oftener upon the *u*; as in *sòund, bòund hòw, nòw, thòu, còw.*

In the last *syllabes*, before *n* and *w*, it frequently loseth its sound; as in

persòn, actiòn, willòw, billòw.

It holds up, and is sharp, when it ends the word, or syllabe; as in

gó, fró, só, nó.

Except in*tò*, the preposition; *twò*, the numeral; *dò*, the verb, and the compounds of it; as *undò*, and the derivatives, as *dòing.*

It varieth the sound in syllabes of the same *character*, and proportion; as in

shôve; glôve, grôve.

Which double sound it hath from the *Latin*; as

[8] *Voltus, vultus, vultis, voltis.*

permutatæ invicèm, ut Hecobe, *et* Notrix, Culchides, *et* Pulixena, *scriberentur? sic nostri præceptores,* Cervom, Servomque u *et* o *litteris scripsêrunt; Sic* dedêront, probaveront, *Romanis olim fuêre,* Quinct. lib. 1.

Deinque o, *teste Plinio apud Priscianum, aliquot Italiæ civitates non habebant; sed loco ejus ponebant* u, *et maximè Umbri, et Tusci. Atque* u *contra, teste apud eundem Papyriano, multis Italiæ populis in usu non erat; sed utebantur* o; *unde Romanorum quoque vetustissimi in multis dictionibus, loco ejus* o *posuêrunt: Ut* publicum, *pro* publicum; polcrum, *pro* pulcrum; colpam, *pro* culpam.

V

[1] *Quam scribere* Graius, *nisi jungat* Y, *nequibit*
Hanc edere vocem quotiès paramus ore,
Nitamur ut U *dicere, sic citetur ortus*
Productiùs autem, coëuntibus labellis
Natura soni pressi altiùs meabit. Terentian.

Et alibi.

Græca diphthongus ου, *literis tamen nostris vacat,*
Sola vocalis quod u *complet hunc satis sonum.*

Ut in titulis, fabulis Terentii *præpositis. Græca* Menandru: *Græca* Apollodoru, *pro* Μεναν̃δρου, *et* Ἀπολλοδώρου, *et quidem, ne quis de potestate vocalis hujus addubitare possit, etiam à mutis animalibus testimonium* Plautus *nobis exhibuit è Peniculo* Menechmi. Me. *Egon' dedi?* Pe. *Tu, tu, inquam, vin' afferri noctuam,*

Quæ tu, tu, *usque dicat tibi: nam nos jam nos defessi sumus.*

Ergò ut ovium balatus ητα literæ sonum: sic noctuarum cantus, et cuculi apud Aristophanem sonum hujus vocalis vindicabit. Nam, quando u *liquescit, ut in* quis, *et* sanguis, *habet sonum communem cum* Y *Græcâ,* χ' ὅποθ' ὁ κόκκυξ εἶποι κόκκυ. *Et quando* Coccyx *dixit* Coccy.

[2] *Consonans ut* u *Gallicum, vel Digamma profertur.*

Hanc et modò quam diximus J, *simul jugatas,*
Verum est spacium sumere, vimque consonatum.
Ut quæque tamen constiterit loco priore:
Nam si juga *quis nominet,* J *consona fiet.* Terent.

Versâ vice fit prior V, *sequatur illa, ut in* vide.

W

[3] *Ut Itali proferunt* Edoardo *in* Edouardo, *et Galli,* ou-y.

Suävis, suädeo, *etiam Latini, ut* sov-*avis,* &c. *At quid attinet duplicare, quod simplex queat sufficere? Proindè* W *pro copiâ Charactérum non reprehendo, pro novâ literâ certè non agnosco. Veteresque* Anglo-Saxones *pro eâ, quando nos* W *solemus uti, figuram istius modi* ƿ *solebant conscribere, quæ non multùm differt ab eâ, quâ et hodiè utimur* ƿ *simplici, dum verbum inchoet.*

Smithus *de rect. et amend.* L. A. *Script.*

V

[1] Is sounded with a narrower and mean compass, and some depression of the middle of the tongue, and is like our *i*, a letter of a double power. As a *vowel*, it soundeth thin and sharp, as in *úse;* thick and flat, as in *us.*

It never endeth any word for the nakedness, but yieldeth to the termination of the *diphthong ew*, as in *new, knew,* &c. or the qualifying *e*, as in *sue, due, true,* and the like.

[2] When it followeth a sounding *vowel* in a syllabe it is a *consonant;* as in *save, reve, prove, love,* &c. Which double force is not the unsteadfastness of our tongue, or incertainty of our writing, but fallen upon us from the *Latin.*

W

[3] Is but the *V* geminated in the full sound, and though it have the seat of a *consonant* with us, the power is always *vowelish*, even where it leads the *vowel* in any syllabe; as, if you mark it, pronounce the two *uu*, like the Greek *ου*, quick in passage, and these words,

ou-*ine*, ou-*ant*, ou-*ood*, ou-*ast*, sou-*ing*, sou-*am;*

will sound, *wine, want, wood, wast, swing, swam.*

So put the aspiration afore, and these words,

hou-at, hou-ich, hou-eel, hou-ether;

Will be, *what, which, wheel, whether.*

In the *diphthongs* there will be no doubt, as in *draw, straw, sow, know.*

Nor in *derivatives*, as *knowing, sowing, drawing.*

Where the double *w* is of necessity used, rather than the single *u*, lest it might alter the sound, and be pronounced *knoving, soving, draving;*

As in *saving, having.*

Y

Is also mere *vowelish* in our tongue, and hath

only the power of an *i*, even where it obtains the seat of a *consonant*, as in *young*, *younker*.

Which the Dutch, whose primitive it is, write *Iunk*, *Iunker*.

And so might we write

iouth, *ies*, *ioke*, *ionder*, *iard*, *ielk*;
youth, *yes*, *yoke*, *yonder*, *yard*, *yelk*.

But that we choose *y*, for distinction sake; as we usually difference *to lye* or feign, from *to lie* along, *&c.*

In the *diphthong* it sounds always *i*; as in

may, *say*, *way*, *joy*, *toy*, *they*.

And in the ends of words; as in

deny, *reply*, *defy*, *cry*.

Which sometimes are written by *i*, but qualified by *e*.

But where two *ii* are sounded, the first will be ever a *y*; as in derivatives:

denying, *replying*, *defying*.

[1] Only in the words received by us from the Greek, as *syllabe*, *tyran*, and the like, it keeps the sound of the thin and sharp *u*, in some proportion. And this we had to say of the *vowels*.

CHAP. IV.

OF THE CONSONANTS.

B

[2] HATH the same sound with us as it hath with the Latin, always one, and is uttered with closing of the lips.

C

[3] Is a letter which our forefathers might very well have spared in our tongue; but since it hath obtained place both in our writing and language, we are not now to quarrel with *orthography* or *custom*, but to note the powers.

Before *a*, *u*, and *o*, it plainly sounds *k*, *chi*, or *kappa*; as in

cable, *cobble*, *cudgel*.

Or before the *liquids*, *l* and *r*; as in

clod, *crust*.

Or when it ends a former syllabe before a *consonant*; as in

ac-quaintance, *ac-knowledgment*, *ac-tion*.

In all which it sounds strong.

[4] Before *e* and *i* it hath a weak sound, and hisseth like *s*; as in

certain, *center*, *civil*, *citizen*, *whence*.

Or before *diphthongs*, whose first *vowel* is *e* or *i*; as in

cease, *deceive*, *ceiling*.

[5] Among the English Saxons it obtained the weaker force of *chi*, or the Italian *c*; *as in*

capel, *canc*, *cild*, *cyrce*.

Which were pronounced

chapel, *chance*, *child*, *church*.

[6] It is sounded with the top of the tongue, striking the upper teeth, and rebounding against the palate.

D

Hath the same sound, both before and after a *vowel* with us, as it hath with the Latins; and is

[1] *Siquidem eandem pro* v. *græco retinet: Certè alium quam* i, *omni in loco reddere debebat sonum.*

B

[2] *Nobis cum* Latinis *communis.*—Smith.

Nam muta jubet comprimi labella,
Vocalis at intùs locus exitum ministrat. Terent.

B, *Labris per spiritus impetum reclusis edicimus.* Mart. cap.

C

[3] *Litera* Androgyne, *naturâ nec mas, nec fœmina, et utrumque est neutrum. Monstrum literæ, non litera; Ignorantiæ specimen, non artis.*—Smithus.

Quomodo nunc utimur vulgò, aut nullas, aut nimias habet vires: Nam modò k *sonat, modò* s. *At si litera sit à* k *et* s *diversa, suum debet habere sonum. Sed nescio quod monstrum, aut Empusa sit, quæ modò mas, modò fœmina, modò serpens, modò cornix, appareat; et per ejusmodi imposturas, pro suo arbitrio, tàm* s *quàm* k *exigat ædibus, et fundis suis: Ut jure possint hæ duæ literæ contendere cum* c *per edictum, unde* vi: *Neque dubito quin, ubi sit prætor æquus facilè* c *cadet caussa.*

[4] *Apud* Latinos c *eandem habuit formam, et charactérem, quem* Σίγμα *apud* Græcos *veteres.*

An hæc fuit occasio, quòd ignorantia, confusioque eundem, apud imperitos, dederit sonum C, quem S, *nolo affirmare.*

[5] *Vetustæ illius* Anglo-Saxonicæ *linguæ, et scriptionis peritiores contendunt, apud illos atavos nostros* Anglo-Saxones, C *literam, maximè, ante* e *et* i *eum habuisse sonum, quem, et pro tenui* τοῦ Chi, *sono agnoscimus: et* Itali, *maximè* Hetrusci, *ante* e *et* i *hodiè usurpant.* Idem ibidem.

[6] C *molaribus super linguæ extrema appulsis exprimitur.*—Mart. Cap.

C *pressiùs urget: sed et hinc, hincque remittit,*
Quo vocis adhærens sonus explicetur ore.
Terent.

D

D *appulsu linguæ circa dentes superiores innascitur.*

[1] *At portio dentes quotiens suprema linguæ*
Pulsaverit imos, modiceque curva summas,
Tunc D *sonitum perficit, explicatque vocem.*
Terent.

F

[2] *Litera à Græca* φ *recedit lenis, et hebes sonus.*
Idem.

[3] Vau *consona,* Varrone *et* Dydimo *testibus, nominata est* Ϝ. *figura à* Claudio Cæsare *facta etiam est. Vis ejus, et potestas est eadem, quæ Digamma Æolici, ut ostendit Terentianus in* v *consona.*

V, *vade, veni, refer ; teneto vultum :*
Crevisse sonum perspicis, et cöisse crassum,
Undo Æoliis litera fingitur Digammos.

Ϝ, *quasi* εὐ, *contrarium* F, *quæ sonat* φ.

G

[4] *Spiritus cum palato.*—Mart. Cap.

De sono quidem hujus literæ satis constat : Sed distinctionis caussâ Charactêrem illi dedêrunt aliqui hunc ϛ, *ut secernatur à* G. *Nam ut* Græci *in secundâ conjugatione tres habent literas,* κ, γ, χ, *tenuem, mediam, densam ;* Angli *quatuor habent, ratâ proportione sibi respondentes,* ka, ga, ce, ϛ ϵ. *Illæ simplices, et apertæ ; hæ stridulæ, et compressæ ; illæ mediæ linguæ officio sonantur ; hæ summâ linguâ ad interiores illisa, superiorum dentium gingivas efflantur. Quodque est* ka *ad* ga : *Idem est* ce *ad* ϛ.—Smithus ibid.

Voces tamen pleræque, quas Meridionales Angli *per hunc sonum τοῦ* ϛ *pronunciamus in fine : Boreales per* G *proferunt : ut in voce* Pons, *nos* briϛ : *Illi* brig. *In ruptură,* brec : *illi* brek. *Maturam avem ad volandum, nos* fliϛ : *Illi* flig. Ibid.

Apud Latinos *proximum ipsi* C *est* G. *Itaque* Cneum *et* Gneum, *dicebant : Sic* Curculionem, *et* Gurculionem : *Appulsâ enim ad palatum linguâ, modicello relicto intervallo, spiritu tota pronunciatur.*—Scal. *de causs.* L. L.

Et Terentianus.

Sic amurca, quæ vetustè sæpè per c *scribitur,*
Esse per g *proferendum credidêrunt plurimi.*
Quando ἀμοργή Græca *vox est ; γάμμα origo præferat.*

Apud Germanos *semper profertur* γ.

K

[5] *Cùm* Kalendæ *Græcam habebant diductionem et sonum,* καππα *Græcam sunt mutuati literam Romani, ut eas exprimerent. Et, credo tamen, fecêrunt eâ formâ, ut, et* C *Romanum efformarent, quòd haberet adjunctum, quasi retrò bacillum, ut robur ei adderent istâ formâ* K : *nam* C *Romanum stridulum quiddam, et molliùs sonat, quam* K *Græcum.*

Est et hæc litera Gallis planè supervacanea, aut certè qu *est. Nam* qui, quæ, quod, quid, *nullâ pronunciant differentiâ, ne minimâ quidem, à* ki, ke, kod, kid, *faucibus, palatoque formatur.*—Capel. *Romani in suâ serie non habebunt.*

pronounced softly,[1] the tongue a little affecting the teeth, but the nether teeth most.

F

Is a letter of two forces with us ; and in them both sounded with the nether lip rounded, and a kind of blowing out ; but gentler in the one than the other.

The more general sound is the softest,[2] and expresseth the Greek φ ; as in

faith, field, fight, force.

Where it sounds *ef.*

[3] The other is *ἐν,* or *vau,* the *digamma* of *Claudius ;* as in.

cleft, of *cleave ; left,* of *leave.*

The difference will best be found in the word *of,* which as a preposition sounds

ov of, speaking of a person or thing.

As the adverb of distance,

off, far *off.*

G

[4] Is likewise of double force in our tongue, and is sounded with an impression made on the midst of the palate.

Before *a, o,* and *u,* strong ; as in these,

gate, got, gut.

Or before the *aspirate h,* or *liquids l* and *r ;* as in *ghost, glad, grant.*

Or in the ends of the words ; as in

long, song, ring, swing, eg, leg, lug, dug.

Except the qualifying *e* follow, and then the sound is ever weak ; as in

age, stage, hedge,
sledge, judge, drudge.

Before *u,* the force is double ; as in

guile, guide, guest, guise.

Where it soundeth like the French *gu.* And in *guerdon, languish, anguish.*

Where it speaks the Italian *gu.*

Likewise before *e* and *i,* the powers are confused, and uttered, now strong, now weak ; as in

get, geld, give, } long.
gittern, finger, }

In

genet, gentle, gin, } weak.
gibe, ginger, }

But this *use* must teach : the one sound being warranted to our letter from the Greek, the other from the Latin throughout.

We will leave *H* in this place, and come to

K

Which is a letter the Latins never acknowledged, but only borrowed in the word *kalendæ.* They used *qu* for it. We sound it as the Greek κ ; and as a necessary letter, it precedes and follows all *vowels* with us.

It goes before no *consonants* but *n ;* as in

knave, knel, knot, &c.

And *l,* with the quiet *e* after ; as in

mickle, pickle, trickle, fickle.

Which were better written without the *c,* if that which we have received for *orthography* would yet be contented to be altered. But that is an *emendation* rather to be wished than hoped for, after so long a reign of *ill custom* amongst us.

It followeth the *s* in some words ; as in

skirt, skirmish.

Which do better so sound, than if written with *o.*

L

[1] *Linguâ, palatoque dulcescit.*—M. Cap.

Et sic Dionysius γλυκυτατον, *dulcissimam literam nominat.*

Qui nescit, quid sit esse Semi-vocalem, *ex nostrâ linguâ facilè poterit discere: Ipsa enim litera* L *quandam, quasi* vocalem, *in se videtur continere, ità ut juncta* mutæ *sine* vocali *sonum faciat; ut*

abl, stabl, fabl, &c.

Quæ nos scribimus cum e, *in fine, vulgò*

able, stable, fable.

Sed certè illud e *non tam sonat hîc, quàm fuscum illud, et fœmininum Francorum* e: *Nam nequicquàm sonat.*

Alii hæc haud inconsultò scribunt

abil, stabil, fabul;

Tanquam à fontibus

habilis, stabilis, fabula;

Verius, sed nequicquàm proficiunt. Nam consideratiùs auscultanti, nec i, *nec* u *est, sed tinnitus quidam,* vocalis *naturam habens, quæ naturalitèr his* liquidis *inest.*

L

[1] Is a letter *half-vowelish;* which, though the Italians (especially the Florentines) abhor, we keep entire with the Latins, and so pronounce.

It melteth in the sounding, and is therefore called a *liquid,* the tongue striking the root of the palate gently. It is seldom doubled, but where the vowel sounds hard upon it; as in

hell, bell, kill; shrill, trull, full.

And, even in these, it is rather the haste, and superfluity of the pen, that cannot stop itself upon the single *l,* than any necessity we have to use it. For, the letter should be doubled only for a following syllabe's sake; as in

killing, beginning, begging, swimming.

M

[2] *Libris imprimitur.*—M. Capella.

Mugit intùs abditum, ac cœcum sonum.—Terent.

Triplex sonus hujus literæ M. Obscurum, *in extremitate dictionum sonat, ut* templum: Apertum, *in principio; ut* magnus: Mediocre, *in mediis; ut* umbra. *Prisc.*

M

[2] Is the same with us in sound as with the Latins. It is pronounced with a kind of humming inward, the lips closed; open and full in the beginning, obscure in the end, and meanly in the midst.

N

[3]

Quartæ sonitus fingitur usque sub palato,
Quo spiritus anceps coeat naris, et oris.—Terent.

Linguâ dentibus appulsâ collidit.—Mart. Cap,

Splendidissimo sono in fine: et subtremulo pleniore in principiis; mediocri in medio.—Jul. C. Scal.

N

[3] Ringeth somewhat more in the lips and nose; the tongue striking back on the palate, and hath a threefold sound, *shrill* in the end, *full* in the beginning, and *flat* in the midst.

They are letters near of kin, both with the Latins and us.

P

[4]

Labris spiritu erumpit.—Mar. Cap.

Pellit sonitum de mediis foràs labellis.
Ter. Maurus.

P

[4] Breaketh softly through the lips, and is a letter of the same force with us as with the Latins.

Q

[5] *Est litera mendica, supposititia, verè servilis, manca, et decrepita; et sine* u, *tanquàm bacillo, nihil potest: et cùm* u *nihil valet amplius quàm* k.

Qualis qualis est, hanc jam habemus, sed semper cum præcedente suâ u, *ancillâ superbâ.*—Smithus.

Namque Q *præmissâ semper* u, *simul mugit sibi,*
Syllabam non editura, ni comes sit tertia
Quælibet vocalis. Ter. Mau.

Diomedes *ait* Q *esse compositam ex* c *et* u.

Appulsu palati ore restricto profertur.—M. Cap.

Q

[5] Is a letter we might very well spare in our *alphabet,* if we would but use the serviceable *k* as he should be, and restore him to the right of reputation he had with our forefathers. For the English Saxons knew not this halting *Q,* with her waiting-woman *u* after her; but exprest

quail, quest, quick, quill, by *kuail. kuest. kuick. kuill.*

Till *custom,* under the excuse of expressing enfranchised words with us, intreated her into our language, in

quality, quantity,
quarrel, quintessence, &c.

And hath now given her the best of *k's* possessions.

R

[6] *Vibrat tremulis ictibus aridum sonorem.*—Ter. M.

—Sonat hîc de nare caninâ
Litera—— Pers. Sat. 1.

R *Spiritum linguâ crispante, corraditur.*—M. Cap.

Dionysius τῶν ὁμογενέων γεναιώτατον γράμμα, *è congeneribus generosissimam appellavit.*

R

[6] Is the *dog's* letter, and hurreth in the sound; the tongue striking the inner palate, with a trembling about the teeth. It is sounded firm in the beginning of the words, and more *liquid* in the middle and ends; as in

rarer, riper.

And so in the Latin.

S

[1] S *promptus in ore, agiturque ponè dentes,*
Sic lenis et unum ciet auribus susurrum.
Quare non est merita, ut à Pindaro *diceretur* Σανκιβδηλόν. Dionysius *quoque cum ipsum expellit, rejicitque ad serpentes, maluit canem irritatum imitari, quàm arboris naturales susorros sequi.*—Scal.

Est Consonantium *prima, et fortissima hæc litera, ut agnoscit* Terentianus.—Ram.

Vivida est hæc inter omnes, atque densa litera.
Sibilum facit dentibus verberatis.—M. Cap.

Quotiès litera media vocalium *longarum, vel subjecta longis esset, geminabitur; ut* Caussa, Cassus.—*Quintil.*

T

[2] T *quâ superis dentibus intima est origo*
Summa satis est ad sonitum ferire linguâ.
Ter.

T *appulsu linguæ, dentibusque appulsis excuditur.*—M. Cap.

Latinè factio, actio, generatio, corruptio, vitium, otium, *&c.*

X

[3] X *potestatem habet* cs, *et* gs; *ut*
ex crux *et* frux, *appareat.*
Quorum obliqui casus sunt
Crucis *et* Frugis.
Ram. in Gram. ex Varrone.

X *quicquid* c *et* s *formavit, exsibilat.*—Capell.

Neque Latini, *neque* Nos *illâ multùm utimur.*

Z

[4] Z *verò idcircò* Appius Claudius *detestabatur; quòd dentes mortui, dum exprimitur, imitatur.*
M. Capel.

ζ *Compendium duarum literarum est* σδ, *in unâ notâ, et compendium* Orthographiæ, *non* Prosodiæ; *quia hic in voce non una litera effertur, sed duæ distinguuntur. Compendium ineleganter, et fallaciter inventum. Sonus enim, notâ illâ significatus, in unam syllabam non perpetuò concluditur, sed dividitur, aliquando. Ut in illo* Plauti *loco:* Non Anticissat, sed Sicilissat, *pro* ἀττικιζει, σικελίζει, *Græcis; et ubi initium facit, est* δσ, *non* σσ, *sicuti* ζεὺς, *non* σσεὺς, *sed* δσεὺς.—Ram. in lib. 2.

H

[5] *Nulli dubium est, faucibus emicet quod ipsis*
H *litera sive est nota, quæ spiret anhelum.*—Ter.

H, *contractis paulùm faucibus, ventus exhalat.*
Mar. Cap.

Vocalibus *aptè, sed et anteposita cunctis*
Hastas, Hederas, *quùm loquor,* Hister, Hospes, Hujus,
Solum patitur quatuor ante consonantes,
Græcis *quotiès nominibus* Latina *forma est,*
Si quando Choros Phillida, Rhamnes, Thima, *dico.*
Rectè quidem in hâc parte Græcissant *nostri* Walli.
Smithus.

H *verò* κατ' ἐξοχὴν *aspiratio vocatur. Est enim omnium literarum spirituosissima, vel spiritus potiùs ipse. Nullius, aut quàm minimùm egens*

S

[1] Is a most easy and gentle letter, and softly hisseth against the teeth in the prolation. It is called the *serpent's* letter, and the chief of the *consonants.* It varieth the powers much in our pronunciation, as in the beginning of words it hath the sound of weak *c* before *vowels, diphthongs,* or *consonants;* as

salt, say, small, sell,
shrik, shift, soft, &c.

Sometimes it inclineth to *z;* as in these,

muse, use, rose, nose, wise,

and the like: where the latter *vowel* serves for the mark or accent of the former's production.

So, after the *half-vowels,* or the obscure *e;* as in

bells, gems, wens, burs,
chimes, names, games.

Where the *vowel* sits hard, it is commonly doubled.

T

[2] Is sounded with the tongue striking the upper teeth, and hath one constant power, save where it precedeth *I;* and that again followed by another *vowel;* as in

faction, action, generation, corruption,

where it hath the force of *s,* or *c.*

X

[3] Is rather an abbreviation, or way of short writing with us, than a letter: for it hath the sound of *c* and *s,* or *k* and *s.* It begins no word with us, that I know, but ends many; as

ax, six, fox, box,

which sound like these,

backs, knacks, knocks, locks, &c.

Z

[4] Is a letter often heard among us, but seldom seen; borrowed of the Greeks at first, being the same with ζ; and soundeth in the middle as double *ss,* though in the end of many English words (where 'tis only properly used) it seems to sound as *s;* as in *maze, gaze.*

And on the contrary, words writ with *s* sound like *z:* as *muse, nose, hose, as.*

Never in the beginning, save in the West country people, that have *zed, zay, zit, zo, zome,* and the like; for *said, say, sit, so, some.*

Or in the body of words indenizened, *i. e.* derived from the Greek, and commonly used as English; as

azure, zeal, zephyre, &c.

H

[5] Whether it be a letter or no, hath been much examined by the ancients, and by some of the Greek party too much condemned, and thrown out of the *alphabet,* as an *aspirate* merely, and in request only before *vowels* in the beginning of words. The Welsh retain it still after many *consonants.* But be it a letter, or spirit, we have great use of it in our tongue, both before and after *vowels* And though I dare not say she is (as I have heard one call her) the *queen-mother of consonants;* yet she is the life and quickening of *c, g, p, s, t, w;* as also *r* when derived from the aspirate Greek ῥ; as *cheat, ghost, alphabet, shape, that, what, rhapsody.*

Of which more hereafter.

What her powers are before *vowels* and *diphthongs,* will appear in

officii eorum, quæ modò nominavimus instrumenta literarum formandarum.

H *extrinsecus ascribitur omnibus* Vocalibus, *ut minimum sonet;* Consonantibus *autem quibusdam intrinsecus.*

Ch

[1] *Omnis litera, sive vox, plus sonat ipsa sese, cum postponitur, quàm cùm anteponitur. Quod* vocalibus *accidens esse videtur; nec si tollatur ea, perit etiàm vis significationis; ut, si dicam* Erennius, *absque aspiratione, quamvis vitium videar facere, intellectus tamen integer permanet.* Consonantibus *autem si cohæret, ut ejusdem penitus substantiæ sit, et si auferatur, significationis vim minuat prorsùs; ut, si dicam* Cremes, *pro* Chremes. *Unde hâc consideratâ ratione,* Græcorum *doctissimi singulas fecêrunt eas quoque literas, ut pro* th θ, ph φ, *pro* chi χ.—Ram.

Gh

[2] *Sonum illius* g *quærant, quibus ità libet scribere; aures profectò meæ nunquam in his vocibus sonitum τοῦ* g *poterant haurire.*

Smithus *de rect. et emend.*

Ph *et* Rh

[3] *Litera φ apud* Græcos, *ῥ aspirata.*

Sh

[4] *Si quis error in literis ferendus est, cùm corrigi queat, nusquàm in ullo sono tolerabilior est, quàm in hoc, si scribatur* Sh: *et in ϸ si scribatur per* th. *Nam hæ duæ quandam violentiam grandiorem spiritus in proferendo requirunt, quàm cæteræ literæ.*—Ibid.

Th

[5] *Hâc literâ sive charactere, quam spinam, id est,* ϸorne, *nostri Proavi appellabant. Avi nostri, et qui proximè ante librorum impressionem vixêrunt, sunt abusi, ad omnia ea scribenda, quæ nunc magno magistrorum errore per* th *scribimus; ut*

ϸe. ϸou. ϸat. ϸem. ϸese. ϸick.

Sed ubi mollior exprimebatur sonus supernè, scribebant: ubi durior in eodem sulco; molliorem appello illum, quem Anglo-Saxones *per* ð *duriorem, quem per* ϸ, *exprimebant. Nam illud* Saxonum ð *respondet illi sono, quem vulgaris* Græca *lingua facit, quando pronunciant suum* δ, *aut* Hispani d, *literam suam molliorem, ut cùm veritatem,* verdad *appellant. Spina autem illa* ϸ, *videtur referre prorsùs* Græcorum θ. *At* th *sonum* θ *non rectè dat. Nam si* θ *non esset alia deflexio vocis, nisi aspirationis additæ, æquè facile fuit* Græcis τῷ τ' *aspirationem adjungere, quàm τῷ ῥ.*

hall, heal, hill, hot, how, hew, hoiday, &c.

In some it is written, but sounded without power; as

host, honest, humble;

where the *vowel* is heard without the *aspiration;* as *ost, onest, umble.*

After the *vowel* it sounds; as in *ah,* and *oh.*

Beside, it is coupled with divers *consonants,* where the force varies, and is particularly to be examined.

We will begin with *Ch.*

Ch

[1] Hath the force of the Greek χ, or κ, in many words derived from the Greek; as in *charact, Christian, chronicle, archangel, monarch.*

In mere English words, or fetched from the Latin, the force of the Italian *c.*

chaplain, chast, chest, chops, chin, chuff, churl.

Gh

[2] Is only a piece of ill writing with us: if we could obtain of *custom* to mend it, it were not the worse for our language, or us: for the *g* sounds just nothing in

trough, cough, might, night, &c.

Only the writer was at leisure to add a superfluous letter, as there are too many in our *pseudography.*

Ph & Rh

[3] Are used only in Greek infranchised words; as *Philip, physic, rhetoric, Rhodes,* &c.

Sh

[4] Is merely English, and hath the force of the Hebrew ש *shin,* or the French *ch;* as in

shake, shed, shine, show, shrink, rush, blush.

Th

[5] Hath a double and doubtful sound, which must be found out by use of speaking; sometimes like the Greek θ; as in

thief, thing, lengthen, strengthen, loveth, &c.

In others, like their δ, or the Spanish d; as

this, that, then, thence, those, bathe, bequeath.

And in this consists the greatest difficulty of our *alphabet,* and true writing: since we have lost the Saxon characters ð and ϸ that distinguished

ðo, ðe, ðou, ðine, } from { ϸick, ϸin, ϸhred, ϸhrive.

Wh

Hath been enquired of in *w.* And this for the letters.

CHAP. V.

OF THE DIPHTHONGS.

Diphthongs are the complexions or couplings of *vowels*, when the two letters send forth a joint sound, so as in one syllabe both sounds be heard; as in

Ai, *or* Ay,
aid, maid, said, pay, day, way.

Au, *or* Aw,
audience, author, aunt, law, saw, draw.

Ea,
earl, pearl, meat, seat, sea, flea.

To which add *yea* and *plea*; and you have at one view all our words of this termination.

Ei,
sleight, streight, weight, theirs.

Ew,
few, strew, drew, anew.

Oi, *or* Oy,
point, joint, soil, coil.
joy, toy, boy.

Oo,
good, food, mood, brood, &c.

Ou, *or* Ow,
rout, stout, how,
now, bow, low.

Vi, *or* Vy,
puissance, or *puyssance; juice,* or *juyce.*

These nine are all I would observe; for to mention more, were but to perplex the reader. The *Oa*, and *Ee*, will be better supplied in our *orthography* by the accenting *e* in the end; as in
bróde, lóde, cóte, bóte, quéne.

Neither is the double *ee* to be thought on, but in *derivatives*; as *trees, sees,* and the like, where it is as two syllabes. As for *eo*, it is found but in three words in our tongue,
yeoman, people, jeopard.
Which were truer written,
yéman, péple, jépard.

And thus much shall suffice for the *diphthongs*.

The *triphthong* is of a complexion rather to be feared than loved, and would fright the young *grammarian* to see him: I therefore let him pass, and make haste to the *notion*—

CHAP. VI.

OF THE SYLLABES.

A *Syllabe* is a part of a word that may of itself make a perfect sound; and is sometimes of one only letter, which is always a vowel; sometimes of more.

Of one, as in every first vowel in these words:
a. *a-bated.*
e. *e-clipsed.*
i. *i-magined.*
o. *o-mitted.*
u. *u-surped.*

A *syllabe* of more letters is made either of *vowels* only, or of *consonants* joined with *vowels*.

Of *vowels* only, as the *diphthongs*.
ai, in *ai-ding.*
au, in *au-stere.*
ea, in *ea-sie, ea-ting.*
ei, in *ei-ry* of hawks.
ew, in *ew-er*, &c. and in the *triphthong* yea.

Of the *vowels* mixed; sometimes but with one *consonant*, as *to*; sometimes two, as *try*; sometimes three, as *best*; or four, as *nests*; or five, as *stumps*; otherwhile six, as the latter *syllabe* in *re-straints*: at the most they can have but eight, as *strengths*.

Some *syllabes*, as
the, then, there, that,
with, and *which*,
are often compendiously and shortly written; as

e	*en*	*ere*	*t*
y	*y*	*y*	*y*

th	*ch*
w	and *w*

which whoso list may use; but *orthography* commands it not: a man may forbear it, without danger of falling into *præmunire*.

Here order would require to speak of the *quantity* of *syllabes*, their special *prerogative* among the Latins and Greeks; whereof so much as is constant, and derived from *nature*, hath been handled already. The other, which grows by *position*, and placing of letters, as yet (not through *default* of our *tongue*, being able enough to receive it, but our own *carelessness*, being negligent to give it) is ruled by no *art*. The principal cause whereof seemeth to be this; because our *verses* and *rhymes* (as it is almost with all other people, whose *language* is spoken at this day) are *natural*, and such whereof *Aristotle* speaketh ἐκ τῶν αὐτοσχεδιασμάτων, that is, made of a *natural* and *voluntary* composition, without regard to the *quantity* or *syllabes*.

This would ask a larger time and field than is here given for the examination; but since I am assigned to this province, that it is the *lot* of my *age*, after thirty years' conversation with men, to be *elementarius senex*, I will promise and obtain so much of myself, as to give, in the heel of the book, some spur and incitement to that which I so reasonably seek. Not that I would have the *vulgar* and *practised* way of making, abolished and abdicated (being both sweet and delightful, and much taking the ear), but to the end our *tongue* may be made equal to those of the renowned countries Italy and Greece, touching that particular. And as for the difficulty, that shall never withdraw, or put me off from the attempt: for neither is any excellent thing done with ease, nor the compassing of this any whit to be despaired: especially when Quintilian hath observed to me, by this *natural rhyme*, that we have the other *artificial*, as it were by certain *marks* and *footings*, first traced and found out. And the Grecians themselves before Homer, as the Romans likewise before Livius Andronicus, had no other *meters*. Thus much therefore shall serve to have spoken concerning the *parts* of a *word*, in a *letter* and a *syllabe*.

It followeth to speak of the common *affections*, which unto the Latins, Greeks, and Hebrews, are two; the *accent* and *notation*. And first,

CHAP. VII.

OF THE ACCENT.

The *accent* (which unto them was a *tuning* of the voice, in lifting it up, or letting it down) hath not yet obtained with us any sign; which notwith-

standing were most needful to be added; not wheresoever the force of an *accent* lieth, but where, for want of one, the word is in danger to be *mis-tuned*; as in

abásed, excéssive, besóted,
obtáin, ungódly, surrénder.

But the use of it will be seen much better by collation of words, that according unto the divers place of their *accent*, are diversly pronounced, and have divers significations. Such are the words following, with their like; as

díffer, defér; désert, desért; présent, presént; réfuse, refúse; óbject, objéct; incense, incénse; cónvert, convért; tórment, torment, &c.

In original *nouns, adjective* or *substantive*, derived according to the rule of the writer of *analogy*, the *accent* is intreated to the first; as in

fátherless, mótherless,
péremptory, háberdasher.

Likewise in the *adverbs*,

bróthерly, sísterly.

All *nouns dissyllabic* simple, in the first, as

bélief, hónour, crédit,
sílver, súrety.

All *nouns trisyllabic*, in the first;

cóuntenance, jéopardy, &c.

All *nouns* compounded in the first, of how many *syllabes* soever they be; as

ténnis-court keeper, chímney-sweeper.

Words simple in *able*, draw the *accent* to the first, though they be of four *syllabes*; as

sóciable, tólerable.

When they be compounded, they keep the same *accent*; as

insóciable, intólerable.

But in the way of comparison, it altereth thus: some men are *sóciable*, others *insociaòie*; some *tólerable*, others *intolerable*: for the *accent* sits on the *syllabe* that puts difference; as

síncerity, insincerity.

Nouns ending in *tion*, or *sion*, are accented *in ante-penultimâ*; as

condítion, infúsion, &c.

In *ty, à Latinis, in antepenultimâ*; as

vérity, chárity, simplícity.

In *ence, in antepenultimâ*; as

péstilence, ábstinence,
sústenance, cónsequence.

All verbs *dissyllabes* ending in *er, el, ry*, and *ish*, accent *in primâ*; as

cóver, cáncel, cárry, búry,
lévy, rávish, &c.

Verbs made of nouns follow the *accent* of the nouns; as

to blánket, to básquet.

All verbs coming from the Latin, either of the *supine*, or otherwise, hold the *accent* as it is found in the first person present of those Latin verbs; as from *ánimo, ánimate*;

célebro, célebrate.

Except words compounded of *facio*; as

liquefácio, liquefíe.

And of *statuo*; as

constítuo, constitúte.

All variations of verbs hold the *accent* in the same place as the *theme*,

I *ánimate*, thou *ánimatest*, &c.

And thus much shall serve to have opened the fountain of *orthography*. Now let us come to the *notation* of a word.

CHAP. VIII.

THE NOTATION OF A WORD,

Is when the original thereof is sought out, and consisteth in two things, the *kind* and the *figure*.

The *kind* is to know whether the word be a *primitive*, or *derivative*: as

man, love,

are *primitives*:

manly, lover,

are *derivatives*.

The *figure* is to know whether the word be *simple*, or *compounded*; as

learned, say, are *simple*;
unlearned, gain-say, are *compounded*.

In which kind of composition, our English tongue is above all other very hardy and happy, joining together, after a most eloquent manner, sundry words of every kind of speech; as

mill-horse, lip-wise, self-love,
twy-light, there-about,
not-with-standing, be-cause,
cut-purse, never-the-less.

These are the common *affections* of a word: the divers sorts now follow. A word is of *number*, or *without number*. Of *number* that word is termed to be, which signifieth a number *singular*, or *plural*.

Singular, which expresseth one only thing; as

tree, book, teacher.

Plural, when it expresseth more things than one; as

trees, books, teachers.

Again, a word of number is *finite* or *infinite*. *Finite* which varieth his number with certain endings; as

man, men; run, runs;
horse, horses.

Infinite, which varieth not; as

true, strong, running, &c.

both in the *singular* and *plural*.

Moreover, a word of number is a *noun* or a *verb*. But here it were fit we did first number our words, or parts of speech, of which our language consists.[1]

CHAP. IX.

OF THE PARTS OF SPEECH.

In our English speech we number the same parts with the Latins.

Noun,	*Adverb,*
Pronoun,	*Conjunction,*
Verb,	*Præposition,*
Participle,	*Interjection.*

---

[1] *Compositio.*

Sæpè tria coagmentantur nomina; ut, a foot-ball player, a tennis-court-keeper.

Sæpissimè duo substantiva; ut, hand-kerchief, rain-bow, eye-sore, table-napkin, head-ach, κεφαλαλγία.

Substantivum cum verbo; ut, wood-bind.

Pronomen cum substantivo; ut, self-love, φιλαυτία; self-freedom, αὐτονομία.

Verbum cum substantivo; ut, a puff-cheek, φυσιγνάθος. Draw-well, draw-bridge.

Adjectivum cum substantivo; ut, New-ton, Νεαπολις Handi-craft, χειροσοφία.

Adverbium cum substantivo; ut, down-fall.

Adverbium cum participio; ut, up-rising, down-lying

Only we add a ninth, which is the *article:* and that is two-fold;

Finite, *i. e.* relating to both numbers; as *the.*

Infinite, relating only to the *singular;* as *a.*

The *finite* is set before *nouns appellatives;* as

the horse, *the* horses;
the tree, *the* trees.

Proper names and *pronouns* refuse *articles*, except for *emphasis* sake; as

the Henry *of* Henries,
the only *He of the* town.

Where *he* stands for a *noun*, and signifies *man.*

The *infinite* hath a power of declaring and designing uncertain or infinite things; as

a man, *a* house; not *a* men, *a* houses.

This *article a* answers to the German *ein*, or the French or Italian *articles*, derived from *one*, not *numeral*, but *præpositive;* as

a house, *ein* hause. *Ger.*
une maison. *French.*
una casa. *Italian.*

The is put to both numbers, and answers to the German *article*, *der*, *die*, *das.*

Save that it admits no inflection.

CHAP X.

OF THE NOUNS.

ALL *nouns* are words of *number*, *singular*, or *plural.*

They are { *common*, *proper*, *personal*, } and are all { *substantive*, or *adjective.* }

Their accidents are

gender, *case*, *declension.*

Of the genders there are six.

1. Masculine. *First*, the *masculine*, which comprehendeth all *males*, or what is understood under a *masculine species;* as *angels*, *men*, *stars:* and (by *prosopopœia*) the *months*, *winds*, almost all the *planets.*

2. Feminine. *Second*, the *feminine*, which compriseth *women*, and *female species:* *islands*, *countries*, *cities:* and some rivers with us; as

Severn, *Avon*, &c.

3. Neuter. *Third*, the *neuter*, or *feigned gender:* whose notion conceives neither *sex:* under which are comprised all *inanimate* things, a *ship* excepted: of whom we say, *she sails* well, though the name be Hercules, or Henry, or the Prince. As Terence called his comedy *Eunuchus*, *per vocabulum artis.*

4. Epicene. *Fourth*, the *promiscuous*, or *epicene*, which understands both kinds: especially, when we cannot make the difference; as, when we call them *horses*, and *dogs*, in the *masculine*, though there be *bitches* and *mares* amongst them. So to *fowls*, for the most part, we use the *feminine;* as of *eagles*, *hawks*, we say, *she flies well;* and call them *geese*, *ducks*, and *doves*, which they fly at, not distinguishing the sex.

5. Doubtful. *Fifth*, the *common*, or rather *doubtful gender*, we use often, and with elegance; as in

cousin, *gossip*, *friend*, *neighbour*, *enemy*, *servant*, *thief*, &c. including both sexes.

6. Common of Three. The *sixth* is, the *common of three genders;* by which a *noun* is divided into *substantive* and *adjective.* For a *substantive* is a *noun* of one only *gender*, or (at the most) of two: and an *adjective* is a *noun* of three *genders*, being always *infinite.*

CHAP. XI.

OF THE DIMINUTION OF NOUNS.

THE common affection of *nouns* is *diminution.* A *diminutive* is a *noun* noting the *diminution* of his *primitive.*

The *diminution* of *substantives* hath these four divers terminations.

El. *part*, *parcel;* *cock*, *cockerel.*
Et. *capon*, *caponet;* *poke*, *pocket;* *baron*, *baronet.*
Ock. *hill*, *hillock;* *bull*, *bullock.*
Ing. *goose*, *gosling;* *duck*, *duckling.*

So from the *adjective*, *dear*, *darling.*

Many *diminutives* there are, which rather be abusions of speech, than any proper English words. And such for the most part are *men's* and *women's names:* names which are spoken in a kind of flattery, especially among familiar friends and lovers; as

Richard, *Dick;* *William*, *Will;*
Margery, *Madge;* *Mary*, *Mal.*

Diminution of *adjectives* is in this one end, *ish;* as *white*, *whitish;* *green*, *greenish.*

After which manner certain *adjectives of likeness* are also formed from their *substantives;* as

devil, *devilish;* *thief*, *thievish;*
colt, *coltish;* *elf*, *elvish.*

Some *nouns* steal the form of *diminution*, which neither in signification shew it, nor can derive it from a *primitive;* as

gibbet, *doublet*, *peevish.*

CHAP. XII.

OF COMPARISONS.

THESE then are the *common affections* both of *substantives* and *adjectives:* there follow certain others not general to them both, but proper and peculiar to each one. The *proper affection* therefore of *adjectives* is *comparison:* of which, after the *positive*, there be two degrees reckoned, namely, the *comparative*, and the *superlative.*

The *comparative* is a degree declared by the *positive* with this adverb *more;* as

wiser, or *more wise.*

The *superlative* is declared by the *positive*, with this adverb *most;* as

wisest, or *most wise.*

Both which degrees are formed of the *positive;* the *comparative*, by putting to *er;* the *superlative*, by putting to *est;* as in these examples:

learned, *learneder*, *learnedest;*
simple, *simpler*, *simplest;*
true, *truer*, *truest;*
black, *blacker*, *blackest.*

From this general rule a few special words are excepted; as

good, *better*, *best;*
ill, or *bad*, *worse*, *worst;*
little, *less*, *least;*
much, *more*, *most.*

Many words have no comparison; as

reverend, *puissant;*
victorious, *renowned.*

Others have both degrees, but lack the *positive* as *former*, *foremost.*

Some are formed of *adverbs ;* as
wisely, wiselier, wiseliest ;
justly, justlier, justliest.
Certain *comparisons* form out of themselves ; as
less, lesser ;
worse, worser.

CHAP. XIII.

OF THE FIRST DECLENSION.

AND thus much concerning the *proper affection of adjectives :* the *proper affection of substantives* followeth ; and that consisteth in declining.

A declension is the varying of a noun substantive into divers terminations. Where, besides the *absolute,* there is as it were a *genitive case,* made in the singular number, by putting to *s.*

Of *declensions* there be two kinds : the first maketh the plural of the singular, by adding thereunto *s ;* as
tree, trees ;
thing, things ;
steeple, steeples.

So with *s,* by reason of the near affinity of these two letters, whereof we have spoken before :
park, parks ; buck, bucks ;
dwarf, dwarfs ; path, paths ;

And in this *first declension,* the *genitive plural* is all one with the *plural absolute ;* as
Singular. { *father,* / *father's* } Plur. { *fathers.* / *fathers.*

General Exceptions. Nouns ending in *z, s, sh, g* and *ch,* in the declining take to the genitive singular *i,* and to the plural *e ;* as
Sing. { *prince,* / *princ's,* } Plur. { *princes,* / *princes,*
so *rose, bush, age, breech,* &c. which distinctions not observed, brought in first the monstrous syntax of the pronoun *his* joining with a noun betokening a possessor ; as the *prince* his *house,* for the *princ's house.*

Many words ending in diphthongs or vowels take neither *z* nor *s,* but only change their *diphthongs* or vowels, retaining their last *consonant,* or one of like force ; as
mouse, mice or *meece ;*
louse, lice or *leece ;*
goose, geese ; foot, feet ;
tooth, teeth.

Exception of number. Some *nouns* of the *first declension* lack the *plural ;* as
rest, gold, silver, bread.
Other the *singular ;* as
riches, goods.

Many being in their principal signification *adjectives,* are here declined, and in the plural stand instead of *substantives ;* as
other, others ; one, ones ;
hundred, hundreds ; thousand, thousands ;
necessary, necessaries ; and such like.

CHAP. XIV.

OF THE SECOND DECLENSION.

THE *second declension* formeth the *plural* from the *singular,* by putting to *n ;* which, notwithstanding it have not so many *nouns* as hath the former, yet lacketh not his difficulty, by reason of sundry exceptions, that cannot easily be reduced to one general head : of this former is
ox, oxen ; hose, hosen.

Exceptions. *Man* and *woman,* by a contraction, make *men* and *women,* instead of *manen* and *womenen. Cow* makes *kine* or *keene : brother,* for *bretheren,* hath *brethren,* and *brethern : child* formeth the *plural,* by adding *r* besides the root ; for we say not *childen,* which, according to the rule given before, is the right formation, but *children,* because that sound is more pleasant to the ear.

Here the *genitive plural* (denoting the *possessor*) is made by adding *s* unto the *absolute ;* as
Sing. { *child,* / *child's,* } Plur. { *children,* / *children's.*

Exceptions from both *declensions.* Some *nouns* (according to the different dialects of several parts of the country) have the *plural* of both *declensions ;* as
house, houses and *housen ;*
eye, eyes and *eyen ;*
shooe, shooes and *shooen.*

CHAP. XV.

OF PRONOUNS.

A FEW irregular *nouns,* varying from the general precepts, are commonly termed *pronouns ;* whereof the first four, instead of the *genitive,* have an *accusative* case ; as

I, / *Me,*	Plur.	*We.* / *Us.*	*Thou,* / *Thee,*	Plur.	*You* or *They.*

He, she, that, all three make in the plural, *they, them.*

Four *possessives : my,* or *mine :* plural, *our, ours. Thy, thine :* plural, *your, yours. His, hers,* both in the plural making *their, theirs.*

The *demonstratives : this :* plural, *these. That :* plural, *those. Yon,* or *yonder* same.

Three *interrogatives,* whereof one requiring both *genitive* and *accusative,* and taken for a substantive : *who ? whose ? whom ?* The other two *infinite,* and adjectively used, *what, whether.*

Two *articles,* in gender and number infinite, which the Latins lack : *a, the.*

One *relative, which :* one other signifying a reciprocation, *self :* plural, *selves.*

Composition of *pronouns* is more common :
my-self, our-selves.
thy-self, your-selves.
him-self, / *her-self,* / *it-self,* } Plural, *them-selves.*
This-same, that-same, yon-same, yonder-same, self-same.

CHAP. XVI.

OF A VERB.

HITHERTO we have declared the whole *etymology* of *nouns ;* which in easiness and shortness, is much to be preferred before the Latins and the Grecians. It remaineth with like brevity, if it may be, to prosecute the *etymology* of a *verb.* A *verb* is a word of number, which hath both *time* and *person. Time* is the difference of a *verb,* by the *present, past,* and *future,* or *to come.* A *verb finite* therefore hath three only *times,* and those always *imperfect.*

The first is the *present :* as
amo, I love.

The second is the time *past;* as
amabam, I loved.
The third is the *future;* as
Ama, amato: love, love.
The other *times* both *imperfect;* as
amem, amarem, amabo.
And also *perfect;* as
amavi, amaverim, amaveram, amavissem, amavero, we use to express by a *syntax*, as shall be seen in the proper place.

The *future* is made of the *present*, and is the same always with it.

Of this *future* ariseth a *verb infinite*, keeping the same termination; as likewise of the *present*, and the *time past*, are formed the *participle present*, by adding of *ing;* as
love, loving.
The other is all one with the *time past.*

The *passive* is expressed by a *syntax*, like the *time's* going before, as hereafter shall appear.

A *person* is the special difference of a *verbal* number, whereof the *present*, and the *time past*, have in every number three.

The second and third person singular of the present are made of the first, by adding *est* and *eth;* which last is sometimes shortened into *s.*

The *time past* is varied, by adding in like manner in the second *person* singular *est*, and making the third like unto the first.

The *future* hath but only two *persons*, the second and third ending both alike.

The *persons* plural keep the termination of the first *person* singular. In former times, till about the reign of king Henry the eighth, they were wont to be formed by adding *en;* thus,
loven, sayen, complainen.
But now (whatsoever is the cause) it hath quite grown out of use, and that other so generally prevailed, that I dare not presume to set this afoot again: albeit (to tell you my opinion) I am persuaded that the lack hereof well considered will be found a great blemish to our tongue. For seeing *time* and *person* be, as it were, the right and left hand of a *verb*, what can the maiming bring else, but a lameness to the whole body?

And by reason of these two differences, a *verb* is divided two manner of ways.

First, in respect of *persons*, it is called *personal*, or *impersonal.*

Personal, which is varied by three persons; as
love, lovest, loveth.

Impersonal, which only hath the third person; as
behoveth, irketh.

Secondly, in consideration of the *times*, we term it *active*, or *neuter.*

Active, whose participle past may be joined with the verb *am;* as
I am loved, thou art hated.

Neuter, which cannot be so coupled; as
pertain, die, live.

This therefore is the general forming of a *verb*, which must to every special one hereafter be applied.

CHAP. XVII.

OF THE FIRST CONJUGATION.

THE varying of a *verb* by *persons* and *times*, both *finite* and *infinite*, is termed a *conjugation:* whereof there be two sorts. The first fetcheth the *time past* from the *present*, by adding *ed;* and is thus varied:

Pr. *love, lovest, loveth.*	Pl. *love, love, love.*
Pa. *love, loved'st, loved.*	Pl. *loved, loved, loved*
Fu. *love, love.*	Pl. *love, love.*
Inf.	*love.*
Part. pr.	*loving.*
Part. past.	*loved.*

Verbs are oft times shortened; as
sayest, saist; would, wou'd; should, shou'd: holpe, ho'pe.

But this is more common in the leaving out of *e;* as *loved'st*, for *lovedest;*
rubb'd, rubbed; took'st, tookest.

Exception of the *time past*, for *ed*, have *d* or *t;* as *Licked, lickt; leaved, left;*
Gaped, gap'd; blushed, blush'd.

Some *verbs* ending in *d*, for avoiding the concourse of too many consonants, do cast it away; as
lend, lent; spend, spent; gird, girt.

Make, by a rare contraction, is here turned into *made.* Many *verbs* in the *time past*, vary not at all from the *present;* such are *cast, hurt, cost, burst*, &c.

CHAP. XVIII.

OF THE SECOND CONJUGATION

AND so much for the *first conjugation*, being indeed the most useful forming of a *verb*, and thereby also the common inn to lodge every strange and foreign guest. That which followeth, for any thing I can find (though I have with some diligence searched after it), entertaineth none but natural and home-born words, which though in number they be not many, a hundred and twenty, or thereabouts; yet in variation are so divers and uncertain, that they need much the stamp of some good *logic* to beat them into proportion. We have set down that, that in our judgment agreeth best with reason and good order. Which notwithstanding, if it seem to any to be too rough hewed, let him plane it out more smoothly, and I shall not only not envy it, but, in the behalf of my country, most heartily thank him for so great a benefit; hoping that I shall be thought sufficiently to have done my part, if in tolling this bell, I may draw others to a deeper consideration of the matter: for, touching myself, I must needs confess, that after much painful churning, this only would come, which here we have devised.

The *second conjugation* therefore turneth the *present* into the *time past*, by the only change of his letters, namely, of *vowels* alone, or *consonants* also.

Verbs changing *vowels* only, have no certain termination of the *participle past*, but derive it as well from the *present*, as the *time past:* and that other-while differing from either, as the examples following do declare.

The change of *vowels* is, either of *simple vowels*, or of *diphthongs;* whereof the first goeth by the order of *vowels* which we also will observe.

An *a* is turned into *oo.*

Pres. *shake, shakest, shaketh.*	Pl. *shake, shake, shake*
Past. *shook, shookest, shook.*	Pl. *shook, shook, shook.*
Fut. *shake, shake.*	Pl. *shake, shake.*

Inf. *shake.*
Part. pre. *shaking.*
Part. pa. *shaken.*

This form do the *verbs take, wake, forsake,* and *hang,* follow; but *hang* in the *time past* maketh *hung,* not *hangen.*

Hereof the *verb am* is a special exception, being thus varied:

Pr. *am, art, is.* Pl. *are, are, are;* or *be, be, be,* of the unused word, *be, beëst, beëth,* in the singular.

Past. *was, wast, was;* or, *were, wert, were.* Pl. *were, were, were.*

Fut. *be, be.* Plur. *be, be.*
Inf. *be.*
Part. pr. *being.*
Part. past. *been.*

Ea casteth away *a,* and maketh *e* short:

Pr. *lead.* Past. *led.* Part. pa. *led.*

The rest of the *times* and *persons,* both singular and plural, in this and the other *verbs* that follow, because they jump with the former examples and rules in every point, we have chosen rather to omit, than to thrust in needless words.

Such are the verbs, *eat, beat,* (both making *participles past;* besides *et* and *bet,* or *eaten* and *beaten*) *spread, dread, sweat, tread.*

Then *a,* or *o,* indifferently;

Pr. *break.*
Past. *brake,* or *broke.*
Par. pa. *broke,* or *broken.*

Hither belong, *speak, swear, tear, cleave, wear, steal, bear, shear, weave.* So, *get,* and *help;* but *holpe* is seldom used, save with the poets.

i is changed into *a.*

Pr. *give.*
Past. *gave.*
Par. pa. *given.*

So *bid,* and *sit.*

And here sometimes *i* is turned into *a* and *o* both.

Pr. *win.*
Past. *wan,* or *won.*
Par. pa. *won.*

Of this sort are *fling, ring, wring, sing, sting, stick, spin, strike, drink, sink, spring, begin, stink, shrink, swing, swim.*

Secondly, *verbs* that have *ee,* lose one;

Pr. *feed.*
Past. *fed.*
Par. pa. *fed.*

Also *meet, breed, bleed, speed.*

Or change them into *o;* as

Pr. *seeth.*
Past. *sod.*
Par. pa. *sod,* or *soden.*

Lastly, into *aw;* as

Pr. *see.*
Past. *saw.*
Par. pa. *seen.*

O hath *a.*

Pr. *come.*
Past. *came.*
Par. pa. *come.*

And here it may besides keep its proper *vowel.*

Pr. *run.*
Past. *ran,* or *run.*
Par. pa. *run.*

oo maketh *o.*

Pr. *choose.*
Past. *chose.*
Par. pa. *chosen.*

And one more, *shoot, shot;* in the *participle past, shot,* or *shotten.*

Some pronounce the *verbs* by the *diphthong ew, chewse, shewt;* and that is Scottish-like.

CHAP. XIX.

OF THE THIRD CONJUGATION.

THE change of the *diphthong* is of *ay, y, aw,* and *ow;* all which are changed into *ew.*

ay. { Pr. *slay.* Past. *slew.* Par. pa. *slain.*
y. { Pr. *fly.* Past. *flew.* Par. pa. *flown.*
aw. { Pr. *draw.* Past. *drew.* Par. pa. *drawn.*
ow. { Pr. *know.* Past. *knew.* Par. pa. *known.*

This last form cometh oftener than the three former; as *snow, grow, throw, blow, crow.*

Secondly; some *verbs* in *ite* or *ide,* lose *e;* as

Pr. *bite.*
Past. *bit.*
Par. pa. *bit,* or *bitten.*

Likewise, *hide, quite,* make *hìd, quìt.*

So *shine, strive, thrive,* change *i* into *o* in the *time past;* as *shone, strove, throve.*

And as *i* severally frameth either *e* or *o;* so may it jointly have them both.

Pr. *rìse.*
Past. *rís, rìse,* or *rose.*
Par. pa. *rís, rìse,* or *risen.*

To this kind pertain, *smite, write, bide, ride, climb, drive, chide, stride, slide;* which make *smìt, wrìt, bìd, rìd, clìmb, drìve, chìd, strìd, slìd;* or *smòte, wròte, bòde, ròde, clòmb, dròve, chèd, stròd, slòd.*

Thirdly, *i* is sometimes changed into the *diphthongs ay* and *ou;* as

ay. { Pr. *lie.* Past. *lay.* Par. pa. *lien,* or *lain.*
ou. { Pr. *find.* Past. *found.* Par. pa. *found.*

So *bind, grind, wind, fight,* make *bound, ground, wound, fought.*

Last of all, *aw* and *ow* do both make *e.*

e. { Pr. *fall.* Past. *fell.* Par. pa. *fallen.*

Such is the *verb fraught;* which Chaucer, in the *Man of Law's Tale:*

This merchants have done, freight their ships new.

o. { Pr. *hold.* Past. *held.* Par. pa. *held,* or *holden.*

Exceptions of the *time past.*

Some that are of the *first conjugation* only,

have in the *participle past*, besides their own, the form of the second, and the third; as

hew, hewed, and *hewn.*
mow, mowed, and *mowen.*
load, loaded, and *loaden.*

CHAP. XX.

OF THE FOURTH CONJUGATION.

VERBS that convey the *time past* for the *present*, by the change both of *vowels* and *consonants*, following the terminations of the *first conjugation*, end in *d*, or *t*.

Pr. *stand.*
Pa. *stood.*

Such are these words,

Pr. *will, wilt, will.*
Pa. *would, wouldest, would.*
Fut. *will, will.*

The *infinite times* are not used.

Pr. } *can, canst, can.*
Pa. } *cold,*[1] or *could.*
Fut. } *shall, shalt, shall.*
Pa. } *should.*

The other *times* of either *verb* are lacking.

Pr. } *hear.*
Pa. } *heard.*
Pr. } *sell.*
Pa. } *sold.*

So *tell, told.*

Of the other sort are these, and such like.

Pr. } *feel.*
Pa. } *felt.*

So *creep, sleep, weep, keep, sweep, mean.*

Pr. } *teach.*
Pa. } *taught.*

To this form belong *think, retch, seek, reach, catch, bring, work ;* and *buy* and *owe*, which make *bought* and *ought.*

Pr. } *dare, darest, dare.*
Pa. } *durst, durst, durst.*
Pr. } *may, mayst, may.*
Pa. } *might, mightest, might.*

These two *verbs* want the other *times.*

A general exception from the former conjugations. Certain *verbs* have the form of either conjugation; as

hang, hanged, and *hung.*

So *cleave, shear, sting, climb, catch,* &c.

CHAP. XXI.

OF ADVERBS.

THUS much shall suffice for the *etymology* of *words* that have number, both in a *noun* and a *verb :* whereof the former is but short and easy; the other longer, and wrapped with a great deal more difficulty. Let us now proceed to the *etymology* of words without number.

A *word* without number is that which without his principal signification noteth not any number. Whereof there be two kinds, an *adverb* and a *conjunction.*

An *adverb* is a word without number that is joined to another word; as

well *learned,*
he fighteth valiantly,
he disputeth very subtlely.

So that an *adverb* is as it were an *adjective* of *nouns, verbs,* yea, and *adverbs* also themselves.

Adverbs are either of *quantity*, or *quality.* Of *quantity ;* as

enough, too-much, altogether.

Adverbs of *quality* be of divers sorts:

First, of *number ;* as *once, twice, thrice.*
Secondly, of *time ;* as *to-day, yesterday, then, by and by, ever, when.*
Thirdly, of *place ;* as *here, there, where, yonder.*
Fourthly, in affirmation, or negation ; as
I, or *ay, yes, indeed, no, not, nay.*
Fifthly, in wishing, calling, and exhorting:
Wishing ; as *O, if.*
Calling ; as *ho, sirrah.*
Exhorting ; as *so, so ; there, there.*
Sixthly, in similitude and likeness ; as
so, even so, likewise, even as.

To this place pertain all *adverbs* of *quality* whatsoever, being formed from *nouns*, for the most part, by adding *ly ;* as

just, justly ; true, truly ;
strong, strongly ; name, namely.

Here also *adjectives*, as well *positive* as *compared*, stand for *adverbs :*

When he least thinketh, soonest shall he fall.

Interjections, commonly so termed, are in right *adverbs*, and therefore may justly lay title to this room. Such are these that follow, with their like: as

ah, alas, woe, fie, tush, ha, ha, he.

st, a note of silence : *Rr*, that serveth to set dogs together by the ears : *hrr*, to chase birds away.

Prepositions are also a peculiar kind of *adverbs*, and ought to be referred hither. *Prepositions* are *separable* or *inseparable.*

Separable are for the most part of *time* and *place ;* as

among, according, without,
afore, after, before, behind,
under, upon, beneath, over,
against, besides, near.

Inseparable prepositions are they which signify nothing, if they be not compounded with some other words; as

re, un, in *release, unlearned.*

CHAP XXII.

OF CONJUNCTIONS.

A *conjunction* is a word without number, knitting divers speeches together : and is *declaring*, or *reasoning. Declaring*, which uttereth the parts of a sentence : and that again is *gathering*, or *separating. Gathering*, whereby the parts are affirmed to be true together : which is *coupling*, or *conditioning. Coupling*, when the parts are severally affirmed ; as

and, also, neither.

Conditioning, by which the part following dependeth, as true, upon the part going before ; as

if, unless, except.

A *separating conjunction* is that whereby the parts (as being not true together) are separated ; and is

severing,
or
sundring.

[1] An old English word, for which now we commonly use *shall*, or *shawll.*

Severing, when the parts are separated only in a certain respect or reason; as
but, although, notwithstanding.
Sundring, when the parts are separated indeed, and truly, so as more than one cannot be true; as
either, whether, or.
Reasoning conjunctions are those which conclude one of the parts by the other; whereof some render a reason, and some do infer.

Rendering are such as yield the cause of a thing going before; as
for, because.

Inferring, by which a thing that cometh after, is concluded by the former; as
therefore, wherefore,
so that, insomuch that.

THE

SECOND BOOK OF THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

OF SYNTAX.

CHAP. I.

OF APOSTROPHUS.

As yet we have handled *etymology*, and all the parts thereof. Let us come to the consideration of the *syntax*.

Syntax is the second part of *grammar*, that teacheth the construction of words; whereunto *apostrophus*[1], an affection of words coupled and joined together, doth belong.

Apostrophus is the rejecting of a vowel from the beginning or ending of a word. The note whereof, though it many times, through the negligence of writers and printers, is quite omitted, yet by right should, and of the learneder sort hath his sign and mark, which is such a *semi-circle* (') placed in the top.

In the end a vowel may be cast away, when the word next following beginneth with another; as

Th' outward man decayeth;
So th' inward man getteth strength.
If y' utter such words of pure love, and friendship,
What then may we look for, if y' once begin to hate?
Gower, lib. 1. de Confess. Amant.
If thou'rt of his company, tell forth, my son,
It is time t' awake from sleep.

Vowels suffer also this *apostrophus* before the consonant *h*.

Chaucer, in the 3d book of Troilus.
For of fortune's sharp adversitie,
The worst kind of unfortune is this:
A man t' have been in prosperitie,
And it to remember when it passed is.

The first kind then is common with the Greeks; but that which followeth, is proper to us, which though it be not of any, that I know, either in writing or printing, usually expressed; yet considering that in our common speech nothing is more familiar (upon the which all precepts are grounded, and to the which they ought to be referred) who can justly blame me, if, as near as I can, I follow nature's call.

This rejecting, therefore, is both in vowels and consonants going before:

There is no fire, there is no sparke,
There is no dore, which may charke.
Gower, lib. iv.

Who answered, that he was not privy to it, and in excuse seem'd to be very sore displeased with the matter, that his men of war had done it, without his commandement or consent.

CHAP. II.

OF THE SYNTAX OF ONE NOUN WITH ANOTHER.

Syntax appertaineth, both to words of number, and without number, where the want and superfluity of any part of speech are two general and common exceptions. Of the former kind of *syntax* is that of a noun, and verb.

The *syntax* of a noun, with a noun, is in *number* and *gender*; as

Esau *could not obtain his father's blessing, though* he *sought it with tears.*
Jezabel *was a wicked woman, for* she *slew the Lord's prophets.*
An idol *is no God, for* it *is made with hands*

In all these examples you see *Esau* and *he*, *Jezabel* and *she*, *idol* and *it*, do agree in the singular number. The first example also in the *masculine gender*, the second in the *feminine*, the third in the *neuter*. And in this construction (as also throughout the whole English *syntax*), order and the placing of words is one special thing to be observed. So that when a substantive and an adjective are immediately joined together, the adjective must go before; as

Plato *shut poets out of his commonwealth, as* effeminate *writers*, unprofitable *members, and enemies to virtue.*

When two substantives come together, whereof one is the name of a *possessor*, the other of a thing

[1] The Latins and Hebrews have none.

possessed, then hath the name of a *possessor* the former place, and that in the *genitive*:

All man's *righteousness is like a defiled cloth.*

Gower, lib. 1:
An owl flieth by night,
Out of all other birds' *sight.*

But if the thing *possessed* go before, then doth the preposition *of* come between:

Ignorance is the mother of Error.

Gower, lib.
So that it proveth well therefore
The strength of man *is sone lore.*

Which preposition may be coupled with the thing *possessed*, being in the *genitive*.

Nort. in Arsan.
A road made into Scanderbech's *country by the duke of* Mysia's *men*: for, *the men of the duke of* Mysia.

Here the *absolute* serveth sometimes instead of a *genitive*:

All trouble is light, which is endured for righteousness' sake; *i. e. for the sake* of righteousness.

Otherwise two substantives are joined together by apposition.

Sir *Thomas More*, in king *Richard's* story:
George duke of Clarence, was a prince at all points fortunate.

Where if both be the names of *possessors*, the latter shall be in the *genitive*.

Fox, *in the 2d volume of Acts and Monuments*:
King Henry *the eighth, married with the lady* Katherine *his brother, prince* Arthur's *wife.*

The general exceptions:
The *substantive* is often lacking.
Sometime without small things, greater cannot stand: i. e. greater things, *&c.* Sir Thomas More.

The *verb* is also often wanting:

Chaucer:
For some folk woll be won for riches,
And some folk for strokes, and some folk for gentleness:

Where *woll be won* once expressed, serves for the three parts of the sentence.
Likewise the *adjective*:

It is hard *in prosperity to preserve true religion, true godliness, and true humility.*

Lidgate, lib. 8, speaking of Constantine,
That whilome had the divination
As chief monarch, chief prince, and chief president,
Over all the world, from east to occident.

But the more notable lack of the *adjectives* is the want[1] of the *relative*;

In the things which we least mistrust, the greatest danger doth often lurk.

Gower, lib. 2:
Forthy the wise men ne demen
The things after that there they semen;
But, after that, which they know, and find.

Psal. 118, 22. *The stone the builders refused*: for, *which the builders refused.*

And here, besides the common wanting of a substantive, whereof we spake before: there is another more special, and proper to the *absolute*, and the *genitive*.

Chaucer, in the 3d book of *Fame*.
This is the mother of tidings.
As the sea is mother of wells, and is mother of springs.

Rebecca *clothed* Jacob *with garments of his brothers.*

Superfluity also of nouns is much used:

Sir Thomas More: *Whose death king* Edward *(although he commanded it) when he wist it was done, pitiously bewailed it, and sorrowfully repented it.*

Chaucer, in his prologue to the Man of Law's Tale:
Such law, as a man yeveth another wight,
He should himself usen it by right.

Gower, lib. 1:
For, whoso woll another blame,
He seeketh oft his own shame.

Special exceptions, and first of *number*. Two singulars are put for one plural:

All authority *and* custom *of men, exalted against the word of God, must yield themselves prisoners.*

Gower:
In thine aspect are all *alich,*
The poor man, *and eke* the rich.

The second person plural is for reverence' sake to one singular thing:

Gower, lib. 1:
O good father *dear,*
Why make ye this heavy chear?

Where also after a *verb* plural, the singular or the noun is retained:

I know you are *a discreet and faithful* man, *and therefore am come to ask* your advice.

Exceptions of *Genders*.
The articles *he* and *it*, are used in each other's *gender*.

Sir Thomas More: *The south wind sometime swelleth of* himself *before a tempest.*

Gower, of the Earth:
And forthy men it *delve, and ditch,*
And earen it, *with strength of plough:*
Where it hath of himself enough,
So that his *need 's least.*

It, also followeth for the *feminine*: Gower, lib. 2:
He swore it should nought be let,
That, if she have a daughter bore,
That it *ne should be forlore.*

[1] In Greek and Latin this want were barbarous: the Hebrews notwithstanding use it.

CHAP. III.

OF THE SYNTAX OF A PRONOUN WITH A NOUN.

THE articles *a* and *the* are joined to substantives common, never to proper names of men.

William Lambert in the Perambulation of *Kent:*

The *cause only, and not* the *death, maketh* a *martyr.*

Yet, with a proper name used by a *metaphor*, or borrowed manner of speech, both articles may be coupled:

Who so avoucheth the manifest and known truth, ought not therefore to be called a *Goliah, that is a monster, and impudent fellow, as he was.*

Jewel *against* Harding:

You have adventured yourself to be the *noble* David *to conquer this giant.*

Nort. in Arsan.

And if ever it was necessary, now it is, when many an Athanasius, *many* an Atticus, *many* a *noble prince, and godly personage lieth prostrate at your feet for succour.*

Where this *metaphor* is expounded. So, when the proper name is used to note one's parentage, which kind of nouns the *grammarians* call *patronymics:*

Nort. in Gabriel's Oration to Scanderbech:

For you know well enough the wiles of the *Ottomans.*

Perkin Warbeck, a *stranger born, feigned himself to be* a *Plantagenet.*

When a substantive and an adjective are joined together, these articles are put before the adjective:

A *good conscience is a continual feast.*

Gower, lib. 1.

For false semblant hath evermore
Of his counsel in company,
The *dark untrue hypocrisy.*

Which construction in the article *a*, notwithstanding, some adjectives will not admit:

Sir Tho. More:

Such a *serpent is ambition, and desire of vainglory.*

Chaucer:

Under a *shepherd false, and negligent,*
The wolf hath many a sheep and lamb to rent.

Moreover both these articles are joined to any cases of the Latins, the vocative only excepted; as,

A *man saith.* The *strength of* a *man.*
I *sent to* a *man.* I *hurt* a *man.*
I was sued by a *man.*

Likewise, The *apostle testifieth:* the *zeal of* the *apostle: give ear to* the *apostle: follow* the *apostle: depart not from* the *apostle.*

So that in these two pronouns, the whole construction almost of the Latins is contained. *The* agreeth to any number; *a* only to the singular, save when it is joined with those adjectives which do of necessity require a plural:

The *conscience is* a *thousand witnesses.*

Lidgate, lib. 1:

Though for a *season they sit in high chears,*
Their fame shall fade within a *few years.*

A, goeth before words beginning with consonants; and before all vowels (*diphthongs*, whose first letter is *y* or *w*, excepted) it is turned into *an:*

Sir Thomas More:

For men used to write an *evil turn in marble stone; but* a *good turn they write in the dust.*

Gower, lib. 1:

For all shall die; and all shall pass
As well a *lion as* an *ass.*

So may it be also before *h.*

Sir Thomas More:

What mischief worketh the proud enterprize of an *high heart!*

A hath also the force of governing before a noun:

Sir Thomas More:

And the protector had layd to her for manner's sake, that she was a council *with the lord* Hastings *to destroy him.*

Chaucer, 2d book of *Troilus:*

And on his way fast homeward he sped,
And Troilus *he found alone a bed.*

Likewise before the participle present, *a, an,* have the force of a *gerund.*

Nort. in Arsan.

But there is some great tempest a *brewing towards us.*

Lidgate, lib. 7:

The king was slain, and ye did assent,
In a forest an *hunting, when that he went.*

The article *the*, joined with the adjective of a noun proper, may follow after the substantive:

Chaucer.——*There chanticleer* the *fair*
Was wont, and eke his wives to repair.

Otherwise it varieth from the common rule. Again, this article by a *synecdoche* doth restrain a general and common name to some certain and special one:

Gower, in his Prologue:

The Apostle *writeth unto us all,*
And saith, that upon us is fall
Th' end of the world:

for *Paul.* So by the *philosopher, Aristotle;* by the *poet*, among the *Grecians, Homer;* with the *Latins, Virgil*, is understood.

This and *that* being demonstratives; and *what* the interrogative, are taken for substantives:

Sir John Cheek, in his Oration to the Rebels.

Ye rise for religion: what *religion taught you* that?

Chaucer, in the Reve's Tale:

And this *is very sooth, as I you tell.*

Ascham, in his discourse of the affairs of Germany:

A wonderful folly in a great man himself, and some piece of misery in a whole commonwealth, where fools chiefly and flatterers, may speak freely what *they will; and good men shall commonly be shent, if they speak* what *they should.*

What, also for an adverb of *partition*:[1]

Lambert:
But now, in our memory, what *by the decay of the haven, and* what *by overthrow of religious houses, and loss of* Calice, *it is brought in a manner to miserable nakedness and decay.*

Chaucer, 3d book of Troilus:
Then wot I well she might never fail,
For to been holpen, what *at your instance*,
What *at your other friends governance.*

That is used for a *relative*:

Sir John Cheek:
Sedition is an aposteam, which, when it breaketh inwardly, putteth the state in great danger of recovery; and corrupteth the whole commonwealth with the rotten fury, that *it hath putrified with.* For, *with which.*

They, and *those*, are sometimes taken, as it were, for articles:

Fox, 2d volume of Acts, *&c.*
That no kind of disquietness should be procured against them *of* Bern *and* Zurick.

Gower, lib. 2:
My brother hath us all sold
To them *of* Rome.

The *pronoun*, *these*, hath a rare use, being taken for an adjective of similitude: *It is neither the part of an honest man to tell* these *tales; nor of a wise man to receive them.*

Lidgate, lib. 5:
Lo, how these princes proud and retchless,
Have shameful ends, which cannot live in peace.

Him, and *them*, be used reciprocally for the compounds, *himself, themselves.*

Fox: *The garrison desired that* they *might depart with bag and baggage.*

Chaucer, in the Squire's Tale:
So deep in grain he dyed his colours,
Right as a serpent hideth him *under flowers.*

His, *their*, and *theirs*, have also a strange use; that is to say, being *possessives*, they serve instead of primitives:

Chaucer:
And shortly so far forth this thing went,
That my will was his *will's instrument.*

Which in Latin were a solecism: for there we should not say, *suæ voluntatis*, but *voluntatis ipsius.*

Pronouns have not the articles *a* and *the* going before; the *relatives*, *which*, *self*, and *same*, only excepted: The *same lewd cancred carle, practiseth nothing, but how he may overcome and oppress the faith of Christ, for* the *which, you, as you know, have determined to labour and travel continually.*

The *possessives*, *my*, *thy*, *our*, *your*, *and their*, go before words; as *my land, thy goods;* and so in the rest: *mine, thine, ours, yours, hers*, and *theirs*, follow as it were in the *genitive* case; as, *these lands are mine, thine*, &c.

His doth infinitely go before, or follow after: as, his *house is a fair one;* and, *this house* is his.

CHAP. IV.

OF THE SYNTAX OF ADJECTIVES.

Adjectives of quality are coupled with *pronouns* accusative cases.

Chaucer:
And he was wise, hardy, secret, and rich,
Of these three points, nas none him lych.

Certain adjectives include a *partition*: *From the head doth life and motion flow to the rest of the members.*

The comparative agreeth to the parts compared, by adding this *preposition, than*:[2]

Chaucer, 3d book of Fame:
What did this Æolus, but he
Took out his black trump of brass,
That blacker than *the divel was.*

The superlative is joined to the parts compared by this *preposition* of.

Gower, lib. 1:
Pride is of *every miss the prick:*
Pride is the most vice of *all wick.*

Jewel:
The friendship of truth is best of *all.*

Oftentimes both degrees are expressed by these two adverbs, *more*, and *most*: as *more excellent, most excellent.* Whereof the latter seemeth to have his proper place in those that are spoken in a certain kind of excellency, but yet without comparison: *Hector was a* most *valiant man;* that is, *inter fortissimos.*

Furthermore, these adverbs, *more* and *most*, are added to the comparative and superlative degrees themselves, which should be before the positive:

Sir Thomas More:
Forasmuch as she saw the cardinal more *readier to depart than the remnant; for not only the high dignity of the civil magistrate, but the* most *basest handicrafts are holy, when they are directed to the honour of God.*

And this is a certain kind of English atticism, or eloquent phrase of speech, imitating the manner of the most ancientest and finest Grecians, who, for more *emphasis* and vehemencies' sake, used so to speak.

Positives are also joined with the preposition *of*, like the superlative:

Elias *was the only man* of *all the prophets that was left alive.*

Gower, lib. 4:
The first point of sloth I call
Lachesse, and is the chief of *all.*

[1] In the other tongues, *quid*, τί, have not the force of partition, nor *illud*, ἐκεῖνο, of a relative.

[2] The Latins comparative governeth an ablative; their superlative a genitive plural. The Greeks, both comparative and superlative hath a genitive; but in neither tongue is a sign going between.

CHAP. V.

OF THE SYNTAX OF A VERB WITH A NOUN.

HITHERTO we have declared the *syntax* of a *noun*: the *syntax* of a *verb* followeth, being either of a *verb* with a *noun*, or of one *verb* with another.

The *syntax* of a *verb* with a *noun* is in *number* and *person*; as

I am content. You are mis-informed.

Chaucer's 2d book of Fame:

For, as flame is but lighted smoke;
Right so is sound ayr ybroke.

I myself, and *ourselves*, agree unto the first *person*: *you, thou, it, thyself, yourselves*, the second: all other nouns and pronouns (that are of any *person*) to the third. Again, *I, we, thou, he, she, they, who*, do ever govern; unless it be in the *verb am*, that requireth the like case after it as is before it, *me, us, thee, her, them, him, whom*, are governed of the *verb*. The rest, which are absolute, may either govern, or be governed.

A *verb impersonal* in Latin is here expressed by an English *impersonal*, with this article *it* going before; as *oportet, it* behoveth; *decet, it* becometh.

General exceptions:

The *person* governing is oft understood by that went before: *True religion glorifieth them that honour it; and is a target unto them that are a buckler unto it.*

Chaucer:

Womens counsels brought us first to woe,
And made Adam *from Paradise to go.*

But this is more notable, and also more common in the *future*; wherein for the most part we never express any person, not so much as at the first:

Fear God, honour the king.

Likewise the *verb* is understood by some other going before:

Nort. in Arsan.

When the danger is most great, natural strength most feeble, and divine aid most needful.

Certain pronouns, governed of the *verb*, do here abound.

Sir Thomas More:

And this I say *although* they *were not* abused, *as now* they be, *and so long have been, that* I fear *me ever* they will be.

Chaucer, 3d book of Fame:

And as I wondred *me, ywis*
Upon this house.

Idem in Thisbe:

She rist *her up with a full dreary heart:*
And in cave with dreadful fate she start.

Special exceptions.

Nouns signifying a multitude, though they be of the singular number, require a verb *plural*.

Lidgate, lib. 2:

And wise men rehearsen in sentence
Where folk be drunken, there is no resistance.

This exception is in other nouns also very common; especially when the *verb* is joined to an adverb or conjunction. *It is preposterous to execute a man, before he have been condemned.*

Gower, lib. 1:

Although a man be wise himselve,
Yet is the wisdom more of twelve.

Chaucer:

Therefore I read you this counsel take,
Forsake sin, ere sin you forsake.

In this exception of *number*, the *verb* sometime agreeth not with the governing noun of the *plural number*, as it should, but with the noun governed: as *Riches is a thing oft-times more hurtful than profitable to the owners.* After which manner the Latins also speak: *Omnia pontus erat.* The other special exception is not in use.[1]

CHAP. VI.

OF THE SYNTAX OF A VERB WITH A VERB.

WHEN two *verbs* meet together, whereof one is governed by the other, the latter is put in the infinite, and that with this sign *to*, coming between; as, *Good men ought* to *join together in good things.*

But *will, do, may, can, shall, dare*, (when it is intransitive) *must* and *let*, when it signifies a sufferance, receive not the sign.

Gower: To *God no man* may *be fellow.*

This sign set before an *infinite*, not governed of a *verb*, changeth it into the nature of a noun.

Nort. in Arsan.

To *win is the benefit of* fortune: *but* to *keep is the power of wisdom.*

General exceptions.

The verb governing is understood:

Nort. in Arsan.

For if the head, which is the life and stay of the body, betray the members, must not the members also needs betray one another; and so the whole body and head go altogether to utter wreck and destruction?

The other general exception is wanting.[2]

The special exception. Two verbs, *have* and *am*, require always a participle *past* without any sign: as *I* am *pleased; thou* art *hated.* Save when they import a necessity or conveniency of doing any thing: in which case they are very eloquently joined to the *infinite*,[3] the sign coming between:

By the example of Herod, *all princes* are *to take heed how they give ear to flatterers.*

Lidgate, lib. 1:

Truth and falseness in what they have *done,*
May no while assemble in one person.

And here those *times*, which in *etymology* we remembered to be wanting, are set forth by the

[1] Which notwithstanding the Hebrews use very strangely: *Kullain tazubu uboûna*, Job xvii. 10. All they return ye and come now.

[2] So in the Greek and Latin, but in Hebrew this exception is often, *Esai.* vi. 9; which Hebraism the New Testament is wont to retain by turning the Hebrew *infinite* either into a *verbal*, ἀκοῇ ἀκούσετε, *Matth.* xiii. 14; or participle, ἰδὼν εἶδον, *Acts* vii. 34.

[3] A phrase proper unto our tongue, save that the Hebrews seem to have the former. *Job* xx. 23. *When he is to fill his belly.*

syntax of verbs joined together. The *syntax* of *imperfect* times in this manner.

The presents by the *infinite*, and the verb *may*, or *can*; as for *amem, amarem*; *I* may *love*, *I* might *love*. And again; *I* can *love*, *I* could *love*.

The *futures* are declared by the *infinite*, and the *verb shall*, or *will*; as *amabo*, *I* shall or will *love*.

Amavero addeth thereunto *have*, taking the nature of two divers *times*; that is, of the *future* and the *time past*.

I shall have *loved*: or
I will have *loved*.

The *perfect times* are expressed by the verb *have*; as *amavi, amaveram*.
I have *loved*, *I* had *loved*.

Amaverim and *amavissem* add *might* unto the former verb; as
I might *have loved*.

The *infinite past*, is also made by adding *have*; as *amavisse, to* have *loved*.

Verbs *passive* are made of the participle *past*, and *am* the *verb*; *amor* and *amabar*, by the only putting to of the *verb*; as
amor, *I* am *loved*;
amabar, *I* was *loved*.

Amer and *amarer* have it governed of the verb *may* or *can*; as
Amer, *I* may *be loved*; or *I* can *be loved*.
Amarer, *I* might *be loved*, or *I* could *be loved*.
In *amabor* it is governed of *shall* or *will*; as
I *shall* or *will* be loved.

CHAP. VII.

OF THE SYNTAX OF ADVERBS.

THIS therefore is the *syntax* of words having *number*; there remaineth that of words *without number*, which standeth in *adverbs* or *conjunctions*. *Adverbs* are taken one for the other; that is to say, *adverbs of likeness*, for *adverbs of time*; *As he spake those words, he gave up the ghost.*

Gower, lib. 1:
Anone, as *he was meek and tame,*
He found towards his God the same.

The like is to be seen in *adverbs* of *time* and *place*, used in each others stead, as among the Latins and the Grecians.

Nort. in Arsan.
Let us not be ashamed to follow the counsel and example of our enemies, where *it may do us good.*

Adverbs stand instead of *relatives*:

Lidgate, lib. 1:
And little worth is fairness in certain
In a person, where *no virtue is seen.*

Nort. to the northern rebels:
Few women storm against the marriage of priests, but such as *have been priests harlots, or fain would be.*

Chaucer in his ballad:
But great God disposeth,
And maketh casual by his providence
Such *things as frail man purposeth.* For *those things*, which.

Certain *adverbs* in the *syntax* of a substantive and an adjective meeting together, cause *a*, the article, to follow the adjective.

Sir John Cheek:
O! with what spite was sundred so noble a *body from so godly* a *mind.*

Jewel:
It is too light a *labour to strive for names.*

Chaucer:
Thou art at ease, and hold thee wel therein.
As great a *praise is to keep well, as win.*

Adjectives compared,[1] when they are used *adverbially*, may have the article *the* going before.

Jewel:
The *more inlarged is your liberty*, the *less cause have you to complain.*

Adverbs are wanting.

Sir Thomas More:
And how far be they off that would help, as God send grace, they hurt not; for, that *they hurt not.*

Oftentimes they are used without any necessity, for greater vehemency sake; as, *then, afterward, again, once more.*

Gower: *He saw also the bowes spread*
Above all earth, in which were
The kind of all birds there.

Prepositions are joined with the accusative cases of *pronouns*.[2]

Sir Thomas More:
I exhort and require you, for *the love that you have born* to *me, and* for *the love that I have born* to *you, and* for *the love that our Lord beareth* to *us all.*

Gower, lib. 1:
For Lucifer, *with them that fell,*
Bare pride with him into *hell.*

They may also be coupled with the *possessives*: *mine, thine, ours, yours, his, hers, theirs.*

Nort. to the rebels:
Think you her majesty and the wisest of the realm have no care of their *own souls, that have charge both of* their *own and* yours?

These *prepositions* follow[3] sometimes the nouns they are coupled with: *God hath made princes their subjects guides, to direct them* in *the way*, which *they have to walk* in.

But *ward* or *wards*; and *toward* or *towards*, have the same *syntax* that *versus* and *adversus* have with the Latins; that is, the latter coming after the noun which it governeth, and the other contrarily.

Nort. in Paul Angel's Oration to Scanderbech:
*For his heart being unclean to God*ward, *and spiteful* towards *men, doth always imagine mischief.*

Lidgate, lib. 7:
And south-ward *runneth to* Caucasus,
And folk of Scythie, *that bene laborious.*

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[1] The Greek article is set before the positive also: Theocrit. εἰδ. γ. Τίτυρ', ἐμὶν τὸ καλὸν πεφιλαμένη.

[2] In Greek and Latin they are coupled; some with one oblique case, some with another.

[3] The Hebrews set them always before

Now as before in two articles *a* and *the*, the whole construction of the Latins was contained; so their whole rection is by *prepositions* near-hand declared: where the preposition *of* hath the force of the genitive, *to* of the dative; *from*, *of*, *in*, *by*, and such like, of the ablative: as, *the praise of God. Be thankful to God. Take the cock of the hoop. I was saved* from *you*, by *you*, in *your house.*

Prepositions matched with the *participle present*,[1] supply the place of *gerunds*; *as*, in *loving*, of *loving*, by *loving*, with *loving*, from *loving*, &c.

Prepositions do also govern *adverbs.*[2]

Lidgate, lib. 9:
Sent from above, as she did understand.

General exceptions: divers *prepositions* are very often wanting, whereof it shall be sufficient to give a taste in those, that above the rest are most worthy to be noted.

Of, in an adjective of partition:

Lidgate, lib. 5:
His lieges eche one being of *one assent*
To live and die with him in *his intent.*

The preposition *touching*, *concerning*, or some such like, doth often want, after the manner of the Hebrew *Lamed:*

Gower:
The privates of man's heart,
They speaken, and sound in his ear,
As though they loud winds were.

Riches and inheritance they be given by God's providence, to whom of his wisdom he thinketh good: for *touching* riches and heritance, or some such like *preposition.*

If, is somewhat strangely lacking:

Nort. in Arsan.
Unwise are they that end their matters with,
Had I wist.

Lidgate, lib. 1:
For ne were not this prudent ordinance,
Some to obey and above to gye,
Destroyed were all worldly policy.

The superfluity of *prepositions* is more rare:

Jewel:
The whole university and city of Oxford.

Gower:
So that my lord touchend of this,
I have answered, how that it is.

CHAP. VIII.

OF THE SYNTAX OF CONJUNCTIONS.

THE *syntax* of *conjunctions* is in order only; *neither* and *either* are placed in the beginning of words; *nor* and *or* coming after.

Sir Thomas More:
He can be no sanctuary-man, that hath neither *discretion to desire it,* nor *malice to deserve it.*

Sir John Cheek:
Either *by ambition you seek lordliness, much unfit for you; or by covetousness, ye be unsatiable, a thing likely enough in you,* or *else by folly,* ye *be not content with your estate, a fancy to be pluckt out of you.*

Lidgate, lib. 2:
Wrong, clyming up of states and degrees,
Either *by murder*, or *by false treasons*
Asketh a fall, for their final guerdons.

Here, for *nor* in the latter member, *ne* is sometimes used:

Lambert:
But the archbishop set himself against it, affirming plainly, that he neither *could,* ne *would suffer it.*

The like syntax is also to be marked in *so*, and *as*, used *comparatively;* for, when the *comparison* is in *quantity*, then *so* goeth before, and *as* followeth.

Ascham:
He hateth himself, and hasteth his own hurt, that is content to hear none so *gladly,* as *either a fool or a flatterer*

Gower, lib. 1:
Men wist in thilk time none
So *fair a wight*, as *she was one.*

Sometime for *so*, *as* cometh in.

Chaucer, lib. 5. Troil.
And said, I am, albeit to you no joy,
As *gentle a man, as any wight in* Troy.

But if the *comparison* be in *quality*, then it is contrary.

Gower:
For, as *the fish, if it be dry*
Mote in default of water dye:
Right so *without air, or live,*
No man, ne beast, might thrive.

And, in the beginning of a sentence, serveth instead of an admiration: And, *what a notable sign of patience was it in* Job, *not to murmur against the Lord!*

Chaucer, 3d book of Fame:
What, quoth she, and *be ye wood*
And, *wene ye for to do good,*
And, *for to have of that no fame!*

Conjunctions of divers sorts are taken one for another: as, *But*, a *severing conjunction*, for a *conditioning:*

Chaucer in the Man of Law's Tale:
But *it were with the ilk eyen of his mind,*
With which men seen' after they ben blind.

Sir Thomas More:
Which neither can they have, but *you give it; neither can you give it, if ye agree not.*

The self-same *syntax* is in *and*, the *coupling conjunction:*

The Lord *Berners* in the Preface to his Translation of *Froisart:*
What knowledge should we have of ancien things past, and *history were not?*

[1] The like nature in Greek and Hebrew have *prepositions* matched with the infinite, as ἐν τῷ ἀγαπᾶν.

[2] This in Hebrew is very common: *from now*, that is, from this time; whence proceed those Hebraisms in the *New Testament*, ἀπὸ τότε, ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν, &c.

Sir John Cheek:

Ye have waxed greedy now upon cities, and have attempted mighty spoils, to glut up, and *you could, your wasting hunger.*

On the other side, *for*, a cause-renderer, hath sometime the force of a *severing* one.

Lidgate, lib. 3.

But it may fall a Drewry in his right,
To outrage a giant for *all his great might.*

Here the two general exceptions are termed, *Asyndeton* and *Polysyndeton.*

Asyndeton, when the *conjunction* wanteth:

The universities of Christendom are the eyes, the lights, the leaven, the salt, the seasoning of the world.

Gower:

To whom her heart cannot heal,
Turn it to woe, turn it to weal.

Here the *sundering conjunction, or*, is lacking, and in the former example, *and*, the *coupler.*

Polysyndeton is in doubling the *conjunction* more than it need to be:

Gower, lib. 4:

So, whether that he frieze, or *sweat,*
Or *'tte be in*, or *'tte be out,*
He will be idle all about.

CHAP. IX.

OF THE DISTINCTION OF SENTENCES.

All the parts of *Syntax* have already been declared. There resteth one general affection of the whole, dispersed thorough every member thereof, as the blood is thorough the body; and consisteth in the breathing, when we pronounce any *sentence.* For, whereas our breath is by nature so short, that we cannot continue without a stay to speak long together; it was thought necessary as well for the speaker's ease, as for the plainer deliverance of the things spoken, to invent this means, whereby men pausing a pretty while, the whole speech might never the worse be understood.

These distinctions are either of a *perfect* or *imperfect* sentence. The distinctions of an *imperfect* sentence are two, a *comma* and a *semicolon.*

A *comma* is a mean breathing, when the word serveth indifferently, both to the parts of the sentence going before, and following after, and is marked thus (,).

A *semicolon* is a distinction of an *imperfect* sentence, wherein with somewhat a longer breath, the sentence following is included; and is noted thus (;).

Hither pertaineth a *parenthesis*, wherein two *commas* include a sentence:

Jewel:

Certain falshoods (by mean of good utterance) *have sometimes more likely-hood of truth, than truth itself.*

Gower, lib. 1:

Division (the gospel saith)
One house upon another laith.

Chaucer, 3d book of Fame:

For time, ylost (this know ye)
By no way may recovered be.

These imperfect distinctions in the *syntax* of a substantive and an adjective give the former place to the substantive.

Ascham:

Thus the poor gentleman suffered grief; great for the pain; but greater for the spite.

Gower, lib. 2. Speaking of the envious person:

Though he a man see vertuous,
And full of good condition,
Thereof maketh he no mention.

The distinction of a *perfect* sentence hath a more full stay, and doth rest the spirit, which is a *pause* or a *period.*

A *pause* is a distinction of a sentence, though perfect in itself, yet joined to another, being marked with two pricks (:).

A *period* is the distinction of a sentence, in all respects *perfect*, and is marked with one full prick over against the lower part of the last letter, thus (.)

If a sentence be with an *interrogation*, we use this note (?)

Sir John Cheek:

Who can perswade, where treason is above reason; and might ruleth right; and it is had for lawful, whatsoever is lustful; and commotioners are better than commissioners; and common woe is named commonwealth?

Chaucer, 2d book of Fame:

Loe, is it not a great mischance,
To let a fool have governance
Of things, that he cannot demain?

Lidgate, lib. 1:

For, if wives be found variable,
Where shall husbands find other stable?

If it be pronounced with an *admiration*, then thus (!).

Sir Thomas More:

O Lord God, the blindness of our mortal nature!

Chaucer, 1st book of Fame:

Alas! what harm doth apparence,
When it is false in existence!

These distinctions, as they best agree with nature, so come they nearest to the ancient stays of sentences among the Romans and the Grecians. An example of all four, to make the matter plain, let us take out of that excellent oration of Sir John Cheek against the rebels, whereof before we have made so often mention:

When common order of the law can take no place in unruly and disobedient subjects; and all men will of wilfulness resist with rage, and think their own violence to be the best justice: then be wise magistrates compelled by necessity to seek an extreme remedy, where mean salves help not, and bring in the martial law where none other law serveth.

THE END.

JONSONUS VIRBIUS:

OR,

THE MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

REVIVED BY THE FRIENDS OF THE MUSES.

MDCXXXVIII.

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

It is now about six months since the most learned and judicious poet, B. Jonson, became a subject for these Elegies. The time interjected between his death and the publishing of these, shews that so great an argument ought to be considered, before handled; not that the gentlemen's affections were less ready to grieve, but their judgments to write. At length the loose papers were consigned to the hands of a gentleman,[1] who truly honoured him (for he knew why he did so). To his care you are beholding that they are now made yours. And he was willing to let you know the value of what you have lost, that you might the better recommended what you have left of him, to your posterity.

Farewell, E. P.

AN ECLOGUE ON THE DEATH OF BEN JONSON,

BETWEEN MELIBŒUS AND HYLAS.

Mel. Hylas, the clear day boasts a glorious sun,
Our troop is ready, and our time is come:
That fox who hath so long our lambs destroy'd,
And daily in his prosperous rapine joy'd,
Is earth'd not far from hence; old Ægon's son,
Rough Corilas, and lusty Corydon,
In part the sport, in part revenge desire,
And both thy tarrier and thy aid require.
Haste, for by this, but that for thee we stay'd,
The prey-devourer had our prey been made:

Hyl. Oh! Melibœus, now I list not hunt,
Nor have that vigour as before I wont;
My presence will afford them no relief,
That beast I strive to chase is only grief.

Mel. What mean thy folded arms, thy down-cast eyes,
Tears which so fast descend, and sighs which rise?
What mean thy words which so distracted fall
As all thy joys had now one funeral?
Cause for such grief, can our retirements yield?
That follows courts, but stoops not to the field.
Hath thy stern step-dame to thy sire reveal'd
Some youthful act, which thou couldst wish conceal'd?
Part of thy herd hath some close thief convey'd
From open pastures to a darker shade?
Part of thy flock hath some fierce torrent drown'd?
Thy harvest fail'd, or Amarillis frown'd?

Hyl. Nor love nor anger, accident nor thief,
Hath rais'd the waves of my unbounded grief:
To cure this cause, I would provoke the ire
Of my fierce step-dame or severer sire,
Give all my herds, fields, flocks, and all the grace
That ever shone in Amarillis' face.
Alas, that bard, that glorious bard is dead,
Who, when I whilom cities visited, [days,
Hath made them seem but hours, which were full
Whilst he vouchsafed me his harmonious lays:
And when he lived, I thought the country then
A torture, and no mansion, but a den.

Mel. Jonson you mean, unless I much do err,
I know the person by the character.

Hyl. You guess aright, it is too truly so,
From no less spring could all these rivers flow.

Mel. Ah, Hylas! then thy grief I cannot call
A passion, when the ground is rational.
I now excuse thy tears and sighs, though those
To deluges, and these to tempests rose:
Her great instructor gone, I know the age
No less laments than doth the widow'd stage,
And only vice and folly now are glad,
Our gods are troubled, and our prince is sad:
He chiefly who bestows light, health, and art,
Feels this sharp grief pierce his immortal heart,
He his neglected lyre away hath thrown,
And wept a larger, nobler Helicon,
To find his herbs, which to his wish prevail,
For the less love should his own favourite fail:
So moan'd himself when Daphne he ador'd,
That arts relieving all, should fail their lord.

Hyl. But say, from whence in thee this knowledge springs,
Of what his favour was with gods and kings.

---

[1] Dr. Bryan Duppa, bishop of Winchester.

Mel. Dorus, who long had known books, men, and towns,
At last the honour of our woods and downs,
Had often heard his songs, was often fir'd
With their enchanting power, ere he retir'd,
And ere himself to our still groves he brought,
To meditate on what his muse had taught:
Here all his joy was to revolve alone,
All that her music to his soul had shown,
Or in all meetings to divert the stream
Of our discourse; and make his friend his theme,
And praising works which that rare loom hath weav'd,
Impart that pleasure which he had receiv'd.
So in sweet notes (which did all tunes excell,
But what he praised) I oft have heard him tell
Of his rare pen, what was the use and price,
The bays of virtue and the scourge of vice:
How the rich ignorant he valued least,
Nor for the trappings would esteem the beast;
But did our youth to noble actions raise,
Hoping the meed of his immortal praise:
How bright and soon his Muse's morning shone,
Her noon how lasting, and her evening none.
How speech exceeds not dumbness, nor verse prose,
More than his verse the low rough times of those,
(For such, his seen, they seem'd,) who highest rear'd,
Possest Parnassus ere his power appear'd.
Nor shall another pen his fame dissolve,
Till we this doubtful problem can resolve,
Which in his works we most transcendant see,
Wit, judgment, learning, art, or industry;
Which *till* is never, so all jointly flow,
And each doth to an equal torrent grow:
His learning such, no author old nor new,
Escap'd his reading that deserved his view,
And such his judgment, so exact his test,
Of what was best in books, as what books best,
That had he join'd those notes his labours took,
From each most prais'd and praise-deserving book,
And could the world of that choice treasure boast,
It need not care though all the rest were lost:
And such his wit, he writ past what he quotes,
And his productions far exceed his notes.
So in his works where aught inserted grows,
The noblest of the plants engrafted shows,
That his adopted children equal not,
The generous issue his own brain begot:
So great his art, that much which he did write,
Gave the wise wonder, and the crowd delight,
Each sort as well as sex admir'd his wit,
The he's and she's, the boxes and the pit;
And who less lik'd within, did rather choose,
To tax their judgments than suspect his muse.
How no spectator his chaste stage could call
The cause of any crime of his, but all
With thoughts and wills purg'd and amended rise,
From th' ethic lectures of his comedies,
Where the spectators act, and the sham'd age
Blusheth to meet her follies on the stage;
Where each man finds some light he never sought,
And leaves behind some vanity he brought;
Whose politics no less the minds direct,
Than these the manners, nor with less effect,
When his Majestic Tragedies relate
All the disorders of a tottering state,
All the distempers which on kingdoms fall,
When ease, and wealth, and vice are general,
And yet the minds against all fear assure,
And telling the disease, prescribe the cure:
Where, as he tells what subtle ways, what friends,
(Seeking their wicked and their wish'd-for ends)
Ambitious and luxurious persons prove,
Whom vast desires, or mighty wants do move,
The general frame to sap and undermine,
In proud Sejanus, and bold Catiline;
So in his vigilant Prince and Consul's parts,
He shows the wiser and the nobler arts,
By which a state may be unhurt, upheld,
And all those works destroyed, which hell would build.
Who (not like those who with small praise had writ,
Had they not call'd in judgment to their wit)
Us'd not a tutoring hand his to direct,
But was sole workman and sole architect.
And sure by what my friend did daily tell,
If he but acted his own part as well
As he writ those of others, he may boast,
The happy fields hold not a happier ghost.
Hyl. Strangers will think this strange, yet he (dear youth)
Where most he past belief, fell short of truth
Say on, what more he said, this gives relief,
And though it raise my cause, it bates my grief,
Since fates decreed him now no longer liv'd,
I joy to hear him by thy friend reviv'd.
Mel. More he would say, and better, (but I spoil
His smoother words with my unpolish'd style)
And having told what pitch his worth attain'd,
He then would tell us what reward it gain'd:
How in an ignorant, and learn'd age he sway'd,
(Of which the first he found, the second made)
How he, when he could know it, reap'd his fame,
And long out-liv'd the envy of his name:
To him how daily flock'd, what reverence gave,
All that had wit, or would be thought to have,
Or hope to gain, and in so large a store,
That to his ashes they can pay no more,
Except those few who censuring, thought not so,
But aim'd at glory from so great a foe:
How the wise too, did with mere wits agree,
As Pembroke, Portland, and grave Aubigny;
Nor thought the rigid'st senator a shame,
To contribúte to so deserv'd a fame:
How great Eliza, the retreat of those
Who, weak and injur'd, her protection chose,
Her subjects' joy, the strength of her allies,
The fear and wonder of her enemies,
With her judicious favours did infuse
Courage and strength into his younger muse.
How learned James, whose praise no end shall find
(But still enjoy a fame pure like his mind)
Who favour'd quiet, and the arts of peace,
(Which in his halcyon days found large encrease)
Friend to the humblest if deserving swain,
Who was himself a part of Phœbus' train,
Declar'd great JONSON worthiest to receive
The garland which the Muses' hands did weave;
And though his bounty did sustain his days,
Gave a more welcome pension in his praise.
How mighty Charles amidst that weighty care,
In which three kingdoms as their blessing share,
Whom as it tends with ever watchful eyes,
That neither power may force, nor art surprise,
So bounded by no shore, grasps all the main,
And far as Neptune claims, extends his reign;

Found still some time to hear and to admire,
The happy sounds of his harmonious lyre,
And oft hath left his bright exalted throne,
And to his Muse's feet combin'd his own :[1]
As did his queen, whose person so disclos'd
A brighter nymph than any part impos'd,
When she did join, by an harmonious choice,
Her graceful motions to his powerful voice :
How above all the rest was Phœbus fired
With love of arts, which he himself inspired,
Nor oftener by his light our sense was cheer'd,
Than he in person to his sight appear'd,
Nor did he write a line but to supply,
With sacred flame the radiant god was by.

Hyl. Though none I ever heard this last rehearse,
I saw as much when I did see his verse.

Mel. Since he, when living, could such honours
What now will piety pay to his grave? [have,
Shall of the rich (whose lives were low and vile,
And scarce deserv'd a grave, much less a pile)
The monuments possess an ample room,
And such a wonder lie without a tomb?
Raise thou him one in verse, and there relate
His worth, thy grief, and our deplored state ;
His great perfections our great loss recite,
And let them merely weep who cannot write.

Hyl. I like thy saying, but oppose thy choice ;
So great a task as this requires a voice
Which must be heard, and listened to, by all,
And Fame's own trumpet but appears too small,
Then for my slender reed to sound his name,
Would more my folly than his praise proclaim,
And when you wish my weakness, sing his worth,
You charge a mouse to bring a mountain forth.
I am by nature form'd, by woes made, dull,
My head is emptier than my heart is full ;
Grief doth my brain impair, as tears supply,
Which makes my face so moist, my pen so dry.
Nor should this work proceed from woods and downs,
But from the academies, courts, and towns ;
Let Digby, Carew, Killigrew, and Maine,
Godolphin, Waller, that inspired train,
Or whose rare pen beside deserves the grace,
Or of an equal, or a neighbouring place,
Answer thy wish, for none so fit appears,
To raise his tomb, as who are left his heirs :
Yet for this cause no labour need be spent,
Writing his works, he built his monument.

Mel. If to obey in this, thy pen be loth,
It will not seem thy weakness, but thy sloth :
Our towns prest by our foes invading might,
Our ancient druids and young virgins fight,
Employing feeble limbs to the best use ;
So Jonson dead, no pen should plead excuse.
For elegies, howl all who cannot sing,
For tombs bring turf, who cannot marble bring,
Let all their forces mix, join verse to rhyme
To save his fame from that invader, Time ;
Whose power, though his alone may well restrain
Yet to so wish'd an end, no care is vain ;
And time, like what our brooks act in our sight,
Oft sinks the weighty, and upholds the light.
Besides, to this, thy pains I strive to move
Less to express his glory than thy love :
Not long before his death, our woods he meant
To visit, and descend from Thames to Trent,
Mete with thy elegy his pastoral,
And rise as much as he vouchsafed to fall.
Suppose it chance no other pen do join
In this attempt, and the whole work be thine?—
When the fierce fire the rash boy kindled, reign'd,
The whole world suffer'd ; earth alone complain'd.
Suppose that many more intend the same,
More taught by art, and better known to fame?
To that great deluge which so far destroy'd,
The earth her springs, as heaven his showers employ'd.
So may who highest marks of honour wears,
Admit mean partners in this flood of tears ;
So oft the humblest join with loftiest things,
Nor only princes weep the fate of kings.

Hyl. I yield, I yield, thy words my thoughts have fired,
And I am less persuaded than inspired ;
Speech shall give sorrow vent, and that relief,
The woods shall echo all the city's grief :
I oft have verse on meaner subjects made,
Should I give presents and leave debts unpaid?
Want of invention here is no excuse,
My matter I shall find, and not produce,
And (as it fares in crowds) I only doubt,
So much would pass, that nothing will get out,
Else in this work which now my thoughts intend
I shall find nothing hard, but how to end :
I then but ask fit time to smooth my lays,
(And imitate in this the pen I praise)
Which by the subject's power embalm'd, may last,
Whilst the sun light, the earth doth shadows cast,
And, feather'd by those wings, fly among men,
Far as the fame of poetry and Ben.

FALKLAND.

[1] In his Masques. [*Old Copy.*]

TO THE MEMORY OF BENJAMIN JONSON.

If Romulus did promise in the fight,
To Jove the Stator, if he held from flight
His men, a temple, and perform'd his vow :
Why should not we, learn'd Jonson, thee allow
An altar at the least? since by thy aid,
Learning, that would have left us, has been stay'd.
The actions were different : that thing
Requir'd some mark to keep't from perishing.
But letters must be quite defaced, before
Thy memory, whose care did them restore.

BUCKHURST.

TO THE MEMORY OF HIM WHO CAN NEVER BE FORGOTTEN, MASTER BENJAMIN JONSON.

Had this been for some meaner poet's herse,
I might have then observ'd the laws of verse :
But here they fail, nor can I hope to express
In numbers, what the world grants numberless :
Such are the truths, we ought to speak of thee,
Thou great refiner of our poesy,
Who turn'st to gold that which before was lead ;
Then with that pure elixir rais'd the dead !
Nine sisters who (for all the poets lies),
Had been deem'd mortal, did not Jonson rise,
And with celestial sparks (not stoln) revive
Those who could erst keep winged fame alive :
'Twas he that found (plac'd) in the seat of wit,
Dull grinning ignorance, and banish'd it ;
He on the prostituted stage appears
To make men hear, not by their eyes, but ears ;

Who painted virtues, that each one might know,
And point the man, that did such treasure owe:
So that who could in JONSON's lines be high,
Needed not honours, or a riband buy;
But vice he only shewed us in a glass,
Which by reflection of those rays that pass,
Retains the figure lively, set before,
And that withdrawn, reflects at us no more;
So, he observ'd the like decorum, when
He whipt the vices, and yet spar'd the men:
When heretofore, the Vice's only note,
And sign from virtue was his party-coat;
When devils were the last men on the stage,
And pray'd for plenty, and the present age.
Nor was our English language only bound
To thank him, for he Latin Horace found
(Who so inspired Rome, with his lyric song)
Translated in the macaronic tongue;
Cloth'd in such rags, as one might safely vow,
That his Mæcenas would not own him now:
On him he took this pity, as to clothe
In words, and such expression, as for both,
There's none but judgeth the exchange will come
To twenty more, than when he sold at Rome.
Since then, he made our language pure and good,
And us to speak, but what we understood,
We owe this praise to him, that should we join
To pay him, he were paid but with the coin
Himself hath minted, which we know by this,
That no words pass for current now, but his.
And though he in a blinder age could change
Faults to perfections, yet 'twas far more strange
To see (however times and fashions frame)
His wit and language still remain the same
In all men's mouths; grave preachers did it use
As golden pills, by which they might infuse
Their heavenly physic; ministers of state
Their grave dispatches in his language wrate;
Ladies made curt'sies in them, courtiers, legs,
Physicians bills;—perhaps, some pedant begs
He may not use it, for he hears 'tis such,
As in few words a man may utter much.
Could I have spoken in his language too,
I had not said so much, as now I do,
To whose clear memory I this tribute send,
Who dead's my Wonder, living was my Friend.

JOHN BEAUMONT, BART.

TO THE MEMORY OF MASTER BENJAMIN JONSON.

To press into the throng, where wits thus strive
To make thy laurels fading tombs survive,
Argues thy worth, their love, my bold desire,
Somewhat to sing, though but to fill the quire:
But (truth to speak) what muse can silent be,
Or little say, that hath for subject, thee?
Whose poems such, that as the sphere of fire,
They warm insensibly, and force inspire,
Knowledge, and wit infuse, mute tongues unloose,
And ways not track'd to write, and speak disclose.
But when thou put'st thy tragic buskin on,
Or comic sock of mirthful action,
Actors, as if inspired from thy hand,
Speak, beyond what they think, less, understand;
And thirsty hearers, wonder-stricken, say,
Thy words make that a truth, was meant a play.
Folly, and brain-sick humours of the time,
Distemper'd passion and audacious crime,
Thy pen so on the stage doth personate,
That ere men scarce begin to know, they hate
The vice presented, and there lessons learn,
Virtue, from vicious habits to discern.
Oft have I seen thee in a sprightly strain,
To lash a vice, and yet no one complain;
Thou threw'st the ink of malice from thy pen,
Whose aim was evil manners, not ill men.
Let then frail parts repose, where solemn care
Of pious friends their Pyramids prepare;
And take thou, BEN, from Verse a second breath,
Which shall create Thee new, and conquer death.

SIR THOMAS HAWKINS.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND, BEN JONSON.

I see that wreath which doth the wearer arm
'Gainst the quick strokes of thunder, is no charm
To keep off death's pale dart; for, JONSON, then
Thou hadst been number'd still with living men:
Time's scythe had fear'd thy laurel to invade,
Nor thee this subject of our sorrow made.
Amongst those many votaries that come
To offer up their garlands at thy tomb,
Whilst some more lofty pens in their bright verse,
(Like glorious tapers flaming on thy herse)
Shall light the dull and thankless world to see,
How great a maim it suffers, wanting thee;
Let not thy learned shadow scorn, that I
Pay meaner rites unto thy memory:
And since I nought can add but in desire,
Restore some sparks which leap'd from thine own fire.
What ends soever other quills invite,
I can protest, it was no itch to write,
Nor any vain ambition to be read,
But merely love and justice to the dead,
Which rais'd my fameless muse: and caus'd her bring
These drops, as tribute thrown into that spring,
To whose most rich and fruitful head we owe
The purest streams of language which can flow.
For 'tis but truth; thou taught'st the ruder age,
To speak by grammar; and reform'dst the stage;
Thy comic sock induc'd such purged sense,
A Lucrece might have heard without offence.
Amongst those soaring wits that did dilate
Our English, and advance it to the rate
And value it now holds, thyself was one
Help'd lift it up to such proportion,
That, thus refined and robed, it shall not spare
With the full Greek or Latin to compare.
For what tongue ever durst, but ours, translate
Great Tully's eloquence, or Homer's state?
Both which in their unblemish'd lustre shine,
From Chapman's pen, and from thy Catiline.
All I would ask for thee, in recompense
Of thy successful toil and time's expense
Is only this poor boon; that those who can,
Perhaps, read French, or talk Italian;
Or do the lofty Spaniard affect,
(To shew their skill in foreign dialect)
Prove not themselves so' unnaturally wise
They therefore should their mother-tongue despise;
(As if her poets both for style and wit,
Not equall'd, or not pass'd their best that writ)
Until by studying JONSON they have known
The height, and strength, and plenty of their own.
Thus in what low earth, or neglected room
Soe'er thou sleep'st, thy BOOK shall be thy tomb.
Thou wilt go down a happy corse, bestrew'd
With thine own flowers, and feel thyself renew'd,

Whilst thy immortal, never-withering bays
Shall yearly flourish in thy reader's praise:
And when more spreading titles are forgot,
Or, spite of all their lead and sear-cloth, rot;
Thou wrapt and shrin'd in thine own sheets wilt lie,
A Relic fam'd by all posterity.

HENRY KING.

TO THE MEMORY OF BENJAMIN JONSON.

Might but this slender offering of mine,
Crowd 'midst the sacred burden of thy shrine,
The near acquaintance with thy greater name
Might style me wit, and privilege my fame,
But I've no such ambition, nor dare sue
For the least legacy of wit, as due.
I come not t' offend duty, and transgress
Affection, nor with bold presumption press,
'Midst those close mourners, whose nigh kin in verse,
Hath made the near attendance of thy hearse
I come in duty, not in pride, to shew
Not what I have in store, but what I owe;
Nor shall my folly wrong thy fame, for we
Prize, by the want of wit, the loss of thee.
As when the wearied sun hath stol'n to rest,
And darkness made the world's unwelcome guest,
We grovelling captives of the night, yet may
With fire and candle beget light, not day;
Now he whose name in poetry controls,
Goes to converse with more refined souls,
Like country gazers in amaze we sit,
Admirers of this great eclipse in wit.
Reason and wit we have to shew us men,
But no hereditary beam of BEN.
Our knock'd inventions may beget a spark,
Which faints at least resistance of the dark;
Thine like the fire's high element was pure,
And like the same made not to burn, but cure.
When thy enraged Muse did chide o' the stage,
'Twas to reform, not to abuse the age.
—But thou'rt requited ill, to have thy herse,
Stain'd by profaner parricides in verse,
Who make mortality a guilt, and scold,
Merely because thou'dst offer to be old:
'Twas too unkind a slight'ning of thy name,
To think a ballad could confute thy fame;
Let's but peruse their libels, and they'll be
But arguments they understood not thee.
Nor is't disgrace, that in thee, through age spent,
'Twas thought a crime not to be excellent:
For me, I'll in such reverence hold thy fame,
I'll but by invocation use thy name,
Be thou propitious, poetry shall know,
No deity but Thee to whom I'll owe.

HEN. COVENTRY

AN ELEGY UPON BENJAMIN JONSON.

Though once high Statius o'er dead Lucan's hearse,
Would seem to fear his own hexameters,
And thought a greater honour than that fear,
He could not bring to Lucan's sepulchre;
Let not our poets fear to write of thee,
Great JONSON, king of English poetry,
In any English verse, let none whoe'er,
Bring so much emulation as to fear:
But pay without comparing thoughts at all,
Their tribute—verses to thy funeral;
Nor think whate'er they write on such a name,
Can be amiss: if high, it fits thy fame;
If low, it rights thee more, and makes men see,
That English poetry is dead with thee;
Which in thy genius did so strongly live.—
Nor will I here particularly strive,
To praise each well composed piece of thine;
Or shew what judgment, art and wit did join
To make them up, but only (in the way
That Famianus honour'd Virgil) say,
The Muse herself was link'd so near to thee,
Whoe'er saw one, must needs the other see;
And if in thy expressions aught seem'd scant,
Not thou, but Poetry itself, did want.

THOMAS MAY.

AN ELEGY ON BEN JONSON.

I dare not, learned Shade, bedew thy herse
With tears, unless that impudence, in verse,
Would cease to be a sin; and what were crime
In prose, would be no injury in rhyme.
My thoughts are so below, I fear to act
A sin, like their black envy, who detract;
As oft as I would character in speech
That worth, which silent wonder scarce can reach.
Yet, I that but pretend to learning, owe
So much to thy great fame, I ought to shew
My weakness in thy praise; thus to approve,
Although it be less wit, is greater love:
'Tis all our fancy aims at; and our tongues
At best, will guilty prove of friendly wrongs.
For, who would image out thy worth, great BEN,
Should first be, what he praises; and his pen
Thy active brains should feed, which we can't have,
Unless we could redeem thee from the grave.
The only way that's left now, is to look
Into thy papers, to read o'er thy book;
And then remove thy fancies, there doth lie
Some judgment, where we cannot make, t'apply
Our reading: some, perhaps, may call this wit,
And think, we do not steal, but only fit
Thee to thyself; of all thy marble wears,
Nothing is truly ours, except the tears.
O could we weep like thee! we might convey
New breath, and raise men from their beds of clay
Unto a life of fame; he is not dead,
Who by thy Muses hath been buried.
Thrice happy those brave heroes, whom I meet
Wrapt in thy writings, as their winding sheet!
For, when the tribute unto nature due,
Was paid, they did receive new life from you;
Which shall not be undated, since thy breath
Is able to immortal, after death.
Thus rescued from the dust, they did ne'er see
True life, until they were entomb'd by thee.
You that pretend to courtship, here admire
Those pure and active flames, love did inspire:
And though he could have took his mistress' ears,
Beyond faint sighs, false oaths, and forced tears;
His heat was still so modest, it might warm,
But do the cloister'd votary no harm.
The face he sometimes praises, but the mind,
A fairer saint, is in his verse enshrin'd.
He that would worthily set down his praise,
Should study lines as lofty as his plays.
The Roman worthies did not seem to fight
With braver spirit, than we see him write;
His pen their valour equals; and that age
Receives a greater glory from our stage.

Bold Catiline, at once Rome's hate and fear,
Far higher in his story doth appear;
The flames those active furies did inspire,
Ambition and Revenge, his better fire
Kindles afresh; thus lighted, they shall burn,
Till Rome to its first nothing do return.
Brave fall, had but the cause been likewise good,
Had he so, for his country, lost his blood!
Some like not Tully in his own; yet while
All do admire him in thy English style,
I censure not; I rather think, that we
May well his equal, thine we ne'er shall see.

DUDLEY DIGGS.

TO THE IMMORTALITY OF MY LEARNED FRIEND, MASTER JONSON.

I parlied once with death, and thought to yield,
When thou advised'st me to keep the field;
Yet if I fell, thou wouldst upon my herse,
Breathe the reviving spirit of thy verse.
I live, and to thy grateful Muse would pay
A parallel of thanks, but that this day
Of thy fair rights, thorough th' innumerous light,
That flows from thy adorers, seems as bright,
As when the sun darts through his golden hair,
His beams' diameter into the air.
In vain I then strive to encrease thy glory,
These lights that go before make dark my story.
Only I'll say, heaven gave unto thy pen
A sacred power, immortalizing men,
And thou dispensing life immortally,
Dost now but sabbatise from work, not die.

GEORGE FORTESCUE.

AN ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF BEN JONSON, THE MOST EXCELLENT OF ENGLISH POETS.

What doth officious fancy here prepare?—
Be't rather this rich kingdom's charge and care
To find a virgin quarry, whence no hand
E'er wrought a tomb on vulgar dust to stand,
And thence bring for this work materials fit:
Great JONSON needs no architect of wit;
Who forc'd from art, receiv'd from nature more
Than doth survive him, or e'er liv'd before.
And, poets, with what veil soe'er you hide,
Your aim, 'twill not be thought your grief, but pride,
Which, that your cypress never growth might want,
Did it near his eternal laurel plant.
Heaven at the death of princes, by the birth
Of some new star, seems to instruct the earth,
How it resents our human fate. Then why
Didst thou, wit's most triumphant monarch, die
Without thy comet? Did the sky despair
To teem a fire, bright as thy glories were?
Or is it by its age, unfruitful grown,
And can produce no light, but what is known,
A common mourner, when a prince's fall
Invites a star t' attend the funeral?
But those prodigious sights only create
Talk for the vulgar: Heaven, before thy fate,
That thou thyself might'st thy own dirges hear,
Made the sad stage close mourner for a year;
The stage, which (as by an instinct divine,
Instructed) seeing its own fate in thine,
And knowing how it ow'd its life to thee,
Prepared itself thy sepulchre to be;
And had continued so, but that thy wit,
Which as the soul, first animated it,
Still hovers here below, and ne'er shall die,
Till time be buried in eternity.
But you! whose comic labours on the stage,
Against the envy of a froward age
Hold combat! how will now your vessels sail,
The seas so broken and the winds so frail,
Such rocks, such shallows threat'ning every where,
And Jonson dead, whose art your course might steer?
Look up! where Seneca and Sophocles,
Quick Plautus and sharp Aristophanes,
Enlighten yon bright orb! doth not your eye,
Among them, one far larger fire, descry,
At which their lights grow pale? 'tis JONSON, there
He shines your Star, who was your Pilot here.

W. HABINGTON.

UPON BEN JONSON, THE MOST EXCELLENT OF COMIC POETS.

Mirror of poets! mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy stage,
Pleas'd and displeas'd with her own faults endures,
A remedy, like those whom music cures.
Thou not alone those various inclinations,
Which nature gives to ages, sexes, nations,
Hast traced with thy all-resembling pen,
But all that custom hath impos'd on men,
Or ill-got habits, which distort them so,
That scarce the brother can the brother know,
Is represented to the wondering eyes,
Of all that see or read thy Comedies.
Whoever in those glasses looks may find,
The spots return'd, or graces of his mind;
And by the help of so divine an art,
At leisure view, and dress his nobler part.
Narcissus cozen'd by that flattering well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, discovering the deform'd estate
Of his fond mind, preserv'd himself with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had
Beheld what his high fancy once embraced,
Virtue with colours, speech, and motion graced.
The sundry postures of thy copious muse,
Who would express, a thousand tongues must use:
Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art;
For as thou couldst all characters impart,
So none can render thine, who still escapes,
Like Proteus in variety of shapes,
Who was nor this nor that, but all we find,
And all we can imagine in mankind.

E. WALLER.

UPON THE POET OF HIS TIME, BENJAMIN JONSON, HIS HONOURED FRIEND AND FATHER.

And is thy glass run out? is that oil spent,
Which light to such tough sinewy labours lent?
Well, BEN, I now perceive that all the Nine,
Though they their utmost forces should combine,
Cannot prevail 'gainst Night's three daughters, but,
One still will spin, one wind, the other cut.
Yet in despight of spindle, clue, and knife,
Thou, in thy strenuous lines, hast got a life,
Which, like thy bay, shall flourish every age,
While sock or buskin move upon the stage.

JAMES HOWELL.

AN OFFERTORY AT THE TOMB OF THE FAMOUS POET BEN JONSON.

If souls departed lately hence do know
How we perform the duties that we owe
Their reliqués, will it not grieve thy spirit
To see our dull devotion? thy merit
Profaned by disproportion'd rites? thy herse
Rudely defiled with our unpolish'd verse?—
Necessity's our best excuse: 'tis in
Our understanding, not our will, we sin;
'Gainst which 'tis now in vain to labour, we
Did nothing know, but what was taught by thee.
The routed soldiers when their captains fall
Forget all order, that men cannot call
It properly a battle that they fight;
Nor we (thou being dead) be said to write.
'Tis noise we utter, nothing can be sung
By those distinctly that have lost their tongue;
And therefore whatsoe'er the subject be,
All verses now become thy ELEGY:
For, when a lifeless poem shall be read,
Th' afflicted reader sighs, BEN JONSON'S dead.
This is thy glory, that no pen can raise
A lasting trophy in thy honour'd praise;
Since fate (it seems) would have it so exprest,
Each muse should end with thine, who was the best:
And but her flights were stronger, and so high,
That time's rude hand cannot reach her glory,
An ignorance had spread this age, as great
As that which made thy learned muse so sweat,
And toil to dissipate; until, at length,
Purg'd by thy art, it gain'd a lasting strength;
And now secur'd by thy all-powerful writ,
Can fear no more a like relapse of wit:
Though (to our grief) we ever must despair,
That any age can raise thee up an heir.

JOHN VERNON.

è Societ. In. Temp.

TO THE MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

The Muses' fairest light in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned age; the line
Which none can pass; the most proportion'd wit,
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echo'd by consenting men:
The soul which answer'd best to all well said
By others, and which most requital made;
Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,
Returning all her music with his own,
In whom with nature, study claim'd a part,
And yet who to himself ow'd all his art:
Here lies BEN JONSON! Every age will look
With sorrow here, with wonder on his Book.

J. C.

TO THE SAME.

Who first reform'd our stage with justest laws,
And was the first best judge in your own cause:
Who, when his actors trembled for applause,

Could (with a noble confidence) prefer
His own, by right, to a whole theatre;
From principles which he knew could not err.

Who to his Fable did his persons fit,
With all the properties of art and wit,
And above all, that could be acted, writ.

Who public follies did to covert drive,
Which he again could cunningly retrive,
Leaving them no ground to rest on, and thrive,

Here JONSON lies, whom, had I nam'd before,
In that one word alone, I had paid more
Than can be now, when plenty makes me poor.

JOHN CLEVELAND.

TO THE MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

As when the vestal hearth went out, no fire
Less holy than the flame that did expire,
Could kindle it again: so at thy fall
Our wit, great BEN, is too apocryphal
To celebrate the loss, since 'tis too much
To write thy Epitaph, and not be such.
What thou wert, like th' hard oracles of old,
Without an extasy cannot be told.
We must be ravish'd first; thou must infuse
Thyself into us both the theme and muse.
Else, (though we all conspir'd to make thy herse
Our works) so that 't had been but one great verse
Though the priest had translated for that time
The liturgy and buried thee in rhyme,
So that in metre we had heard it said,
Poetic dust is to poetic laid:
And though, that dust being Shakspeare's, thou might'st have
Not his room, but the poet for thy grave;
So that, as thou didst prince of numbers die
And live, so now thou might'st in numbers lie,
'Twere frail solemnity: verses on thee
And not like thine, would but kind libels be;
And we (not speaking thy whole worth) should raise
Worse blots, than they that envied thy praise.
Indeed, thou need'st us not, since above all
Invention, thou wert thine own funeral.
Hereafter, when time hath fed on thy tomb,
Th' inscription worn out, and the marble dumb,
So that 'twould pose a critic to restore
Half words, and words expir'd so long before;
When thy maim'd statue hath a sentenced face,
And looks that are the horror of the place,
That 'twill be learning, and antiquity,
And ask a SELDEN to say, this was thee,
Thou'lt have a whole name still, nor need'st thou [fear
That will be ruin'd, or lose nose, or hair.
Let authors write so thin, that they can't be
Authors till rotten, no posterity
Can add to thy works; they had their whole growth then
When first borne, and came aged from thy pen.
Whilst living thou enjoy'dst the fame and sense
Of all that time gives, but the reverence.
When thou'rt of Homer's years, no man will say
Thy poems are less worthy, but more gray:
'Tis bastard poetry, and of false blood
Which can't, without succession, be good.
Things that will always last, do thus agree
With things eternal; th' at once perfect be.
Scorn then their censures, who gave out, thy wit
As long upon a comedy did sit
As elephants bring forth; and that thy blots
And mendings took more time than Fortune plots:
That such thy drought was, and so great thy thirst,
That all thy plays were drawn at the Mermaid first;
That the king's yearly butt wrote, and his wine
Hath more right than thou to thy CATILINE.

Let such men keep a diet, let their wit
Be rack'd, and while they write, suffer a fit:
When they've felt tortures which out-pain the gout,
Such, as with less, the state draws treason out;
Though they should the length of consumptions lie
Sick of their verse, and of their poem die,
'Twould not be thy worse scene, but would at last
Confirm their boastings, and shew made in haste.
He that writes well, writes quick, since the rule's
Nothing is slowly done, that's always new. [true,
So when thy Fox had ten times acted been,
Each day was first, but that 'twas cheaper seen;
And so thy ALCHEMIST play'd o'er and o'er,
Was new o' the stage, when 'twas not at the door.
We, like the actors, did repeat; the pit
The first time saw, the next conceiv'd thy wit:
Which was cast in those forms, such rules, such arts,
That but to some not half thy acts were parts:
Since of some silken judgments we may say,
They fill'd a box two hours, but saw no play.
So that th' unlearned lost their money; and
Scholars sav'd only, that could understand.
Thy scene was free from monsters; no hard plot
Call'd down a God t' untie th' unlikely knot:
The stage was still a stage, two entrances
Were not two parts o' the world, disjoin'd by seas.
Thine were land-tragedies, no prince was found
To swim a whole scene out, then o' the stage drown'd;
Pitch'd fields, as Red-bull wars, still felt thy doom;
Thou laid'st no sieges to the music room;
Nor wouldst allow, to thy best Comedies,
Humours that should above the people rise.
Yet was thy language and thy style so high,
Thy sock to th' ancle, buskin reach'd to th' thigh;
And both so chaste, so 'bove dramatic clean,
That we both safely saw, and liv'd thy scene.
No foul loose line did prostitute thy wit,
Thou wrot'st thy comedies, didst not commit.
We did the vice arraign'd not tempting hear,
And were made judges, not bad parts by th' ear.
For thou ev'n sin did in such words array,
That some who came bad parts, went out good play.
Which, ended not with th' epilogue, the age
Still acted, which grew innocent from the stage.
'Tis true thou hadst some sharpness, but thy salt
Serv'd but with pleasure to reform the fault:
Men were laugh'd into virtue, and none more
Hated Face acted than were such before.
So did thy sting not blood, but humours draw,
So much doth satire more correct than law;
Which was not nature in thee, as some call
Thy teeth, who say thy wit lay in thy gall:
That thou didst quarrel first, and then, in spite,
Didst 'gainst a person of such vices write;
That 'twas revenge, not truth, that on the stage
Carlo was not presented, but thy rage;
And that when thou in company wert met,
Thy meat took notes, and thy discourse was net.
We know thy free vein had this innocence,
To spare the party, and to brand th' offence;
And the just indignation thou wert in
Did not expose Shift, but his tricks and gin.
Thou mightst have us'd th' old comic freedom, these
Might have seen themselves play'd like Socrates;
Like Cleon, Mammon might the knight have been,
If, as Greek authors, thou hadst turn'd Greek
And hadst not chosen rather to translate [spleen;
Their learning into English, not their hate:
Indeed this last, if thou hadst been bereft
Of thy humanity, might be call'd theft;
The other was not; whatsoe'er was strange,
Or borrow'd in thee: did grow thine by the change,
Who without Latin helps hadst been as rare
As Beaumont, Fletcher, or as Shakspeare were:
And like them, from thy native stock could'st say,
Poets and kings are not born every day.

J. MAYNE.

IN THE MEMORY OF THE MOST WORTHY BENJAMIN JONSON.

Father of poets, though thine own great day,
Struck from thyself, scorns that a weaker ray
Should twine in lustre with it, yet my flame,
Kindled from thine, flies upwards tow'rds thy name.
For in the acclamation of the less
There's piety, though from it no access.
And though my ruder thoughts make me of those
Who hide and cover what they should disclose;
Yet, where the lustre's such, he makes it seem
Better to some, that draws the veil between.
And what can more be hoped, since that divine
Free filling spirit took its flight with thine?
Men may have fury, but no raptures now;
Like witches, charm, yet not know whence, nor how;
And, through distemper, grown not strong but fierce,
Instead of writing, only rave in verse: [confess'd,
Which when by thy laws judg'd, 'twill be
'Twas not to be inspir'd, but be possess'd.
Where shall we find a muse like thine, that can
So well present and shew man unto man,
That each one finds his twin, and thinks thy art
Extends not to the gestures but the heart?
Where one so shewing life to life, that we
Think thou taught'st custom, and not custom thee?
Manners, that were themes to thy scenes still flow
In the same stream, and are their comments now:
These times thus living o'er thy models, we
Think them not so much wit, as prophecy;
And though we know the character, may swear
A Sybil's finger hath been busy there.
Things common thou speak'st proper, which though known
For public, stampt by thee grow thence thine own:
Thy thoughts so order'd, so express'd, that we
Conclude that thou didst not discourse, but see,
Language so master'd, that thy numerous feet,
Laden with genuine words, do always meet
Each in his art; nothing unfit doth fall,
Shewing the poet, like the wiseman, All.
Thine equal skill thus wresting nothing, made
Thy pen seem not so much to write as trade.
That life, that Venus of all things, which we
Conceive or shew, proportion'd decency,
Is not found scatter'd in thee here and there,
But, like the soul, is wholly every where.
No strange perplexed maze doth pass for plot,
Thou always dost untie, not cut the knot.
Thy labyrinth's doors are open'd by one thread
That ties, and runs through all that's done or said:
No power comes down with learned hat and rod,
Wit only, and contrivance is thy god.
'Tis easy to gild gold; there's small skill spent
Where even the first rude mass is ornament:
Thy muse took harder metals, purg'd and boil'd,
Labour'd and tried, heated, and beat and toil'd,

Sifted the dross, filed roughness, then gave dress,
Vexing rude subjects into comeliness.
Be it thy glory then, that we may say,
Thou run'st where th' foot was hinder'd by the way.
Nor dost thou pour out, but dispense thy vein,
Skill'd when to spare, and when to entertain:
Not like our wits, who into one piece do
Throw all that they can say, and their friends too;
Pumping themselves, for one term's noise so dry,
As if they made their wills in poetry.
And such spruce compositions press the stage,
When men transcribe themselves, and not the age:
Both sorts of plays are thus like pictures shewn,
Thine of the common life, theirs of their own.
Thy models yet are not so fram'd, as we
May call them libels, and not imag'ry;
No name on any basis: 'tis thy skill
To strike the vice, but spare the person still.
As he, who when he saw the serpent wreath'd
About his sleeping son, and as he breath'd,
Drink in his soul, did so the shot contrive,
To kill the beast, but keep the child alive:
So dost thou aim thy darts, which, even when
They kill the poisons, do but wake the men;
Thy thunders thus but purge, and we endure
Thy lancings better than another's cure;
And justly too: for th' age grows more unsound
From the fool's balsam, than the wiseman's wound.
No rotten talk brokes for a laugh; no page
Commenc'd man by th' instructions of thy stage;
No bargaining line there; provoc'tive verse;
Nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse;
No need to make good countenance ill, and use
The plea of strict life for a looser muse.
No woman ruled thy quill; we can descry
No verse born under any Cynthia's eye:
Thy star was judgment only, and right sense,
Thyself being to thyself an influence.
Stout beauty is thy grace; stern pleasures do
Present delights, but mingle horrors too:
Thy muse doth thus like Jove's fierce girl appear,
With a fair hand, but grasping of a spear.
Where are they now that cry, thy lamp did drink
More oil than the author wine, while he did think?
We do embrace their slander: thou hast writ
Not for dispatch but fame; no market wit:
'Twas not thy care, that it might pass and sell,
But that it might endure, and be done well:
Nor wouldst thou venture it unto the ear,
Until the file would not make smooth, but wear;
Thy verse came season'd hence, and would not
Born not to feed the author, but to live: [give;
Whence 'mong the choicer judges risse a strife,
To make thee read as classic in thy life.
Those that do hence applause, and suffrage beg,
'Cause they can poems form upon one leg,
Write not to time, but to the poet's day:
There's difference between fame, and sudden pay.
These men sing kingdoms' falls, as if that fate
Used the same force to a village, and a state;
These serve Thyestes' bloody supper in,
As if it had only a sallad been:
Their Catilines are but fencers, whose fights rise
Not to the fame of battle, but of prize.
But thou still put'st true passions on; dost write
With the same courage that tried captains fight;
Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things,
Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;
Smooth, yet not weak, and by a thorough care,
Big without swelling, without painting fair.
They, wretches, while they cannot stand to fit,
Are not wits, but materials of wit.
What though thy searching wit did rake the dust
Of time, and purge old metals of their rust?
Is it no labour, no art, think they, to
Snatch shipwrecks from the deep, as divers do?
And rescue jewels from the covetous sand,
Making the seas hid wealth adorn the land?
What though thy culling muse did rob the store
Of Greek, and Latin gardens to bring o'er
Plants to thy native soil? their virtues were
Improv'd far more, by being planted here.
If thy still to their essence doth refine
So many drugs, is not the water thine?
Thefts thus become just works; they and their grace
Are wholly thine: thus doth the stamp and face
Make that the king's, that's ravish'd from the mine;
In others then 'tis ore, in thee 'tis coin.
Blest life of authors! unto whom we owe
Those that we have, and those that we want too:
Thou art all so good, that reading makes thee worse,
And to have writ so well's thine only curse.
Secure then of thy merit, thou didst hate
That servile base dependence upon fate:
Success thou ne'er thoughtst virtue, nor that fit,
Which chance, and the age's fashion did make hit;
Excluding those from life in after time,
Who into poetry first brought luck and rhyme;
Who thought the people's breath good air; styled name
What was but noise; and, getting briefs for fame,
Gather'd the many's suffrages, and thence
Made commendation a benevolence.
Thy thoughts were their own laurel, and did win
That best applause of being crown'd within.
And though th' exacting age, when deeper years
Had interwoven snow among thy hairs,
Would not permit thou shouldst grow old, 'cause they
Ne'er by thy writings knew thee young; we may
Say justly, they're ungrateful, when they more
Condemn'd thee, 'cause thou wert so good before.
Thine art was thine art's blur, and they'll confess
Thy strong perfumes made them not smell thy less.
But, though to err with thee be no small skill,
And we adore the last draughts of thy quill:
Though those thy thoughts, which the now queasy age
Doth count but clods, and refuse of the stage,
Will come up porcelain-wit some hundreds hence,
When there will be more manners, and more sense;
'Twas judgment yet to yield, and we afford
Thy silence as much fame, as once thy word:
Who like an aged oak, the leaves being gone.
Wast food before, art now religion;
Thought still more rich, though not so richly stor'd,
View'd and enjoy'd before, but now ador'd.
Great soul of numbers, whom we want and boast
Like curing gold, most valued now thou art lost!
When we shall feed on refuse offals, when
We shall from corn to acorns turn again;
Then shall we see that these two names are one,
JONSON and POETRY, which now are gone.

W. CARTWRIGHT.

AN ELEGY UPON BEN JONSON.

Now thou art dead, and thy great wit and name
Is got beyond the reach of chance or fame,
Which none can lessen; nor we bring enough
To raise it higher, through our want of stuff;
I find no room for praise, but elegy,
And there but name the day when thou didst die:
That men may know thou didst so, for they will
Hardly believe disease or age could kill
A body so inform'd, with such a soul,
As, like thy verse, might fate itself control.
But thou art gone, and we like greedy heirs,
That snatch the fruit of their dead father's cares,
Begin to enquire what means thou left'st behind
For us, pretended heirs unto thy mind:
And myself, not the latest 'gan to look
And found the inventory in thy Book;
A stock for writers to set up withal:
That out of thy full comedies, their small
And slender wits by vexing much thy writ
And their own brains, may draw good saving wit;
And when they shall upon some credit pitch,
May be thought well to live, although not rich.
Then for your songsters, masquers, what a deal
We have? enough to make a commonweal
Of dancing courtiers, as if poetry
Were made to set out their activity.
Learning great store for us to feed upon,
But little fame; that, with thyself, is gone,
And like a desperate debt, bequeath'd, not paid
Before thy death has us the poorer made.
Whilst we with mighty labour it pursue,
And after all our toil not find it due.

JO. RUTTER.

TO THE MEMORY OF IMMORTAL BEN.

To write is easy; but to write of thee
Truth, will be thought to forfeit modesty.
So far beyond conceit thy strengths appear,
That almost all will doubt, what all must hear.
For, when the world shall know, that Pindar's height,
Plautus his wit, and Seneca's grave weight,
Horace his matchless nerves, and that high phrase
Wherewith great Lucan doth his readers maze,
Shall with such radiant illustration glide,
(As if each line to life were propertied)
Through all thy works; and like a torrent move,
Rolling the muses to the court of Jove,
Wit's general tribe will soon entitle thee
Heir to Apollo's ever verdant tree.
And 'twill by all concluded be, the stage
Is widow'd now; was bed-rid by thy age.
As well as empire, wit his zenith hath,
Nor can the rage of time, or tyrant's wrath
Encloud so bright a flame: but it will shine
In spight of envy, till it grow divine.
As when Augustus reign'd, and war did cease,
Rome's bravest wits were usher'd in by peace:
So in our halcyon days, we have had now
Wits, to which, all that after come, must bow.
And should the stage compose herself a crown
Of all those wits, which hitherto she has known:
Though there be many that about her brow,
Like sparkling stones, might a quick lustre throw;
Yet, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Jonson, these three shall
ake up the gem in the point vertical.
And now since JONSON's gone, we well may say
The stage hath seen her glory and decay.
Whose judgment was't refined it? or who
Gave laws, by which hereafter all must go,
But solid JONSON? from whose full strong quill,
Each line did like a diamond drop distil,
Though hard, yet clear. Thalia that had skipt
Before, but like a maygame girl, now stript
Of all her mimic jigs, became a sight
With mirth to flow each pleas'd spectator's light
And in such graceful measures, did discover
Her beauties now, that every eye turn'd lover.
Who is't shall make with great Sejanus' fall,
Not the stage crack, but th' universe and all?
Wild Catiline's stern fire, who now shall show,
Or quench'd with milk, still'd down by Cicero?
Where shall old authors in such words be shown,
As vex their ghosts, that they are not their own?
Admit his muse was slow. 'Tis judgment's fate
To move, like greatest princes, still in state.
Those planets placed in the higher spheres,
End not their motion but in many years;
Whereas light Venus and the giddy moon,
In one or some few days their courses run.
Slow are substantial bodies: but to things
That airy are, has nature added wings.
Each trivial poet that can chant a rhyme,
May chatter out his own wit's funeral chime:
And those slight nothings that so soon are made,
Like mushrooms, may together live and fade.
The boy may make a squib; but every line
Must be consider'd, where men spring a mine:
And to write things that time can never stain,
Will require sweat, and rubbing of the brain.
Such were those things he left. For some may be
Eccentric, yet with axioms main agree.
This I'll presume to say. When time has made
Slaughter of kings that in the world have sway'd:
A greener bays shall crown BEN JONSON's name,
Than shall be wreath'd about their regal fame.
For numbers reach to infinite. But he
Of whom I write this, has prevented me,
And boldly said so much in his own praise,
No other pen need any trophy raise.

OW. FELTHAM.

TO THE MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

I do not blame their pains, who did not doubt
By labour, of the circle to find out
The quadrature; nor can I think it strange
That others should prove constancy in change.
He studied not in vain, who hoped to give
A body to the echo, make it live,
Be seen, and felt; nor he whose art would borrow
Belief for shaping yesterday, to-morrow:
But here I yield; invention, study, cost,
Time, and the art of Art itself is lost.
When any frail ambition undertakes
For honour, profit, praise, or all their sakes,
To speak unto the world in perfect sense,
Pure judgment, JONSON, 'tis an excellence
Suited his pen alone, which yet to do
Requires himself, and 'twere a labour too
Crowning the best of Poets: say all sorts
Of bravest acts must die, without reports,
Count learned knowledge barren, fame abhorr'd
Let memory be nothing but a word;
Grant JONSON the only genius of the times,
Fix him a constellation in all rhymes.

All height, all secrecies of wit invoke
The virtue of his name, to ease the yoke
Of barbarism; yet this lends only praise
To such as write, but adds not to his bays:
For he will grow more fresh in every story,
Out of the perfum'd spring of his own glory.

GEORGE DONNE.

A FUNERAL SACRIFICE TO THE SACRED MEMORY OF HIS THRICE HONOURED FATHER, BEN JONSON.

I cannot grave, nor carve; else would I give
Thee statues, sculptures, and thy name should live
In tombs, and brass, until the stones, or rust
Of thine own monument mix with thy dust:
But nature has afforded me a slight
And easy muse, yet one that takes her flight
Above the vulgar pitch. BEN, she was thine,
Made by adoption free and genuine;
By virtue of thy charter, which from heaven,
By Jove himself, before thy birth was given.
The sisters nine this secret did declare,
Who of Jove's counsel, and his daughters are.
These from Parnassus' hill came running down,
And though an infant did with laurels crown.
Thrice they him kist, and took him in their arms,
And dancing round, encircled him with charms,
Pallas her virgin breast did thrice distil
Into his lips, and him with nectar fill.
When he grew up to years, his mind was all
On verses; verses, that the rocks might call
To follow him, and hell itself command,
And wrest Jove's three-fold thunder from his hand.
The satyrs oft-times hemm'd him in a ring,
And gave him pipes and reeds to hear him sing;
Whose vocal notes, tun'd to Apollo's lyre,
The syrens and the muses did admire.
The nymphs to him their gems and corals sent;
And did with swans, and nightingales present
Gifts far beneath his worth. The golden ore,
That lies on Tagus or Pactolus' shore,
Might not compare with him, nor that pure sand
The Indians find upon Hydaspes' strand.
His fruitful raptures shall grow up to seed.
And as the ocean does the rivers feed,
So shall his wit's rich veins, the world supply
With unexhausted wealth, and ne'er be dry.
For whether he, like a fine thread does file
His terser poems in a comic style,
Or treats of tragic furies, and him list,
To draw his lines out with a stronger twist;
Minerva's, nor Arachne's loom can shew
Such curious tracts; nor does the spring bestow
Such glories on the field, or Flora's bowers,
As his work smile with figures, and with flowers.
Never did so much strength, or such a spell
Of art, and eloquence of papers dwell.
For whilst that he in colours, full and true,
Men's natures, fancies, and their humours drew
In method, order, matter, sense and grace,
Fitting each person to his time and place;
Knowing to move, to slack, or to make haste,
Binding the middle with the first and last:
He framed all minds, and did all passions stir,
And with a bridle guide the theatre.
To say now he is dead, or to maintain
A paradox he lives, were labour vain:
Earth must to earth. But his fair soul does wear
Bright Ariadne's crown; or is placed near
Where Orpheus' harp turns round with Læda's swan:
Astrologers, demonstrate where you can,
Where his star shines, and what part of the sky
Holds his compendious divinity.
There he is fix'd; I know it, 'cause from thence,
Myself have lately receiv'd influence.
The reader smiles; but let no man deride
The emblem of my love, not of my pride.

SHACKERLEY MARMION.

ON THE BEST OF ENGLISH POETS, BEN JONSON, DECEASED.

So seems a star to shoot: when from our sight
Falls the deceit, not from its loss of light;
We want use of a soul, who merely know
What to our passion, or our sense we owe:
By such a hollow glass, our cozen'd eye
Concludes alike, all dead, whom it sees die.
Nature is knowledge here, but unrefin'd,
Both differing, as the body from the mind;
Laurel and cypress else, had grown together,
And wither'd without memory to either:
Thus undistinguish'd, might in every part
The sons of earth vie with the sons of art.
Forbid it, holy reverence, to his name,
Whose glory hath fill'd up the book of fame!
Where in fair capitals, free, uncontroll'd,
JONSON, a work of honour lives enroll'd:
Creates that book a work; adds this far more,
'Tis finish'd what unperfect was before.
The muses, first in Greece begot, in Rome
Brought forth, our best of poets hath call'd home,
Nurst, taught, and planted here; that Thames now sings
The Delphian altars, and the sacred springs.
By influence of this sovereign, like the spheres,
Moved each by other, the most low (in years)
Consented in their harmony; though some
Malignantly aspected, overcome
With popular opinion, aim'd at name
More than desert: yet in despight of shame
Even they, though foil'd by his contempt of wrongs,
Made music to the harshness of their songs.
Drawn to the life of every line and limb,
He (in his truth of art, and that in him)
Lives yet, and will, whilst letters can be read;
The loss is ours; now hope of life is dead.
Great men, and worthy of report, must fall
Into their earth, and sleeping there sleep all:
Since he, whose pen in every strain did use
To drop a verse, and every verse a muse,
Is vow'd to heaven; as having with fair glory,
Sung thanks of honour, or some nobler story.
The court, the university, the heat
Of theatres, with what can else beget
Belief, and admiration, clearly prove
Our POET first in merit, as in love:
Yet if he do not at his full appear,
Survey him in his WORKS, and know him there.

JOHN FORD.

UPON THE DEATH OF MASTER BEN JONSON.

'TIS not secure to be too learn'd, or good,
These are hard names, and now scarce understood:
Dull flagging souls with lower parts, may have
The vain ostents of pride upon their grave,
Cut with some fair inscription, and true cry,
That both the man and Epitaph there lie!

Whilst those that soar above the vulgar pitch,
And are not in their bags, but studies rich,
Must fall without a line, and only be
A theme of wonder, not of poetry.
He that dares praise the eminent, he must
Either be such, or but revile their dust;
And so must we, great Genius of brave verse
With our injurious zeal profane thy herse.
It is a task above our skill, if we
Presume to mourn our own dead elegy;
Wherein, like bankrupts in the stock of fame,
To patch our credit up, we use thy name;
Or cunningly to make our dross to pass,
Do set a jewel in a foil of brass:
No, 'tis the glory of thy well-known name,
To be eternized, not in verse but fame.
JONSON! that's weight enough to crown thy stone:
And make the marble piles to sweat and groan
Under the heavy load! a name shall stand
Fix'd to thy tomb, till time's destroying hand
Crumble our dust together, and this all
Sink to its grave, at the great funeral.
If some less learned age neglect thy pen,
Eclipse thy flames, and lose the name of BEN,
In spight of ignorance thou must survive
In thy fair progeny; that shall revive
Thy scatter'd ashes in the skirts of death,
And to thy fainting name give a new breath;
That twenty ages after, men shall say
(If the world's story reach so long a day,)
Pindar and Plautus with their double quire
Have well translated BEN the English lyre.
What sweets were in the Greek or Latin known,
A natural metaphor has made thine own:
Their lofty language in thy phrase so drest,
And neat conceits in our own tongue exprest,
That ages hence, critics shall question make
Whether the Greeks and Romans English spake.
And though thy fancies were too high for those
That but aspire to Cockpit-flight, or prose,
Though the fine plush and velvets of the age
Did oft for sixpence damn thee from the stage,
And with their mast and acorn stomachs ran
To the nasty sweepings of thy serving-man,
Before thy cates, and swore thy stronger food,
'Cause not by them digested, was not good;
These moles thy scorn and pity did but raise,
They were as fit to judge as we to praise.
Were all the choice of wit and language shown
In one brave epitaph upon thy stone,
Had learned Donne, Beaumont, and Randolph, all
Surviv'd thy fate, and sung thy funeral,
Their notes had been too low; take this from me,
None but thyself could write a verse for thee.

R. BRIDEOAKE.

ON MASTER BEN JONSON.

Poet of princes, Prince of poets (we,
If to Apollo, well may pray to thee),
Give glow-worms leave to peep, who till thy night
Could not be seen, we darken'd were with light.
For stars t' appear after the fall of the sun,
Is at the least modest presumption.
I've seen a great lamp lighted by the small
Spark of a flint, found in a field or wall.
Our thinner verse faintly may shadow forth
A dull reflection of thy glorious worth:
And (like a statue homely fashion'd) raise
Some trophies to thy memory, though not praise.
Those shallow sirs, who want sharp sight to look
On the majestic splendour of thy book.
That rather choose to hear an Archy's prate,
Than the full sense of a learn'd laureat,
May, when they see thy name thus plainly writ,
Admire the solemn measures of thy wit,
And like thy works beyond a gaudy show
Of boards and canvas, wrought by Inigo.
Ploughmen who puzzled are with figures, come
By tallies to the reckoning of a sum;
And milk-sop heirs, which from their mother's lap
Scarce travell'd, know far countries by a map.
Shakspeare may make grief merry, Beaumont's
Ravish and melt anger into a smile; [style
In winter nights, or after meals they be,
I must confess, very good company:
But thou exact'st our best hours industry;
We may read them; we ought to study thee:
Thy scenes are precepts, every verse doth give
Counsel, and teach us not to laugh, but live.
Thou that with towering thoughts presum'st so
(Swell'd with a vain ambitious tympany) [high,
To dream on sceptres, whose brave mischief calls
The blood of kings to their last funerals,
Learn from Sejanus his high fall, to prove
To thy dread sovereign a sacred love;
Let him suggest a reverend fear to thee,
And may his tragedy thy lecture be.
Learn the compendious age of slippery power
That's built on blood; and may one little hour
Teach thy bold rashness that it is not safe
To build a kingdom on a Cæsar's grave.
Thy plays were whipt and libell'd, only 'cause
They are good, and savour of our kingdom's laws.
Histrio-Mastix (lightning like) doth wound
Those things alone that solid are and sound.
Thus guilty men hate justice; so a glass
Is sometimes broke for shewing a foul face.
There's none that wish thee rods instead of bays,
But such, whose very hate adds to thy praise.
Let scribblers (that write post, and versify
With no more leisure than we cast a dye)
Spur on their Pegasus, and proudly cry,
This verse I made in the twinkling of an eye.
Thou couldst have done so, hadst thou thought it
But 'twas the wisdom of thy muse to sit [fit;
And weigh each syllable; suffering nought to pass
But what could be no better than it was.
Those that keep pompous state ne'er go in haste;
Thou went'st before them all, though not so fast.
While their poor cobweb-stuff finds as quick fate
As birth, and sells like almanacks out of date;
The marble glory of thy labour'd rhyme
Shall live beyond the calendar of time.
Who will their meteors 'bove thy sun advance?
Thine are the works of judgment, theirs of chance.
How this whole kingdom's in thy debt! we have
From others' periwigs and paints, to save
Our ruin'd sculls and faces; but to thee
We owe our tongues, and fancies' remedy.
Thy poems make us poets; we may lack
(Reading thy Book) stolen sentences and sack.
He that can but one speech of thine rehearse,
Whether he will or no, must make a verse:
Thus trees give fruit, the kernels of that fruit,
Do bring forth trees, which in more branches shoot.
Our canting English, of itself alone
(I had almost said a confusion)
Is now all harmony; what we did say
Before was tuning only, this is play.

Strangers, who cannot reach thy sense, will throng
To hear us speak the accents of thy tongue
As unto birds that sing; if't be so good
When heard alone, what is't when understood!
Thou shalt be read as classic authors; and,
As Greek and Latin, taught in every land.
The cringing Monsieur shall thy language vent,
When he would melt his wench with compliment.
Using thy phrases he may have his wish
Of a coy nun, without an angry pish!
And yet in all thy poems there is shown
Such chastity, that every line's a zone.
Rome will confess that thou mak'st Cæsar talk
In greater state and pomp than he could walk:
Catiline's tongue is the true edge of swords,
We now not only hear, but feel his words.
Who Tully in thy idiom understands,
Will swear that his orations are commands.
But that which could with richer language dress
The highest sense, cannot thy worth express.
Had I thy own invention (which affords
Words above action, matter above words)
To crown thy merits, I should only be
Sumptuously poor, low in hyperbole.

RICHARD WEST.

TO THE MEMORY OF BENJAMIN JONSON.

Our bays, methinks, are wither'd, and they look
As if (though thunder-free) with envy, strook;
While the triumphant cypress boasts to be
Design'd, as fitter for thy company.
Where shall we now find one dares boldly write,
Free from base flattery yet as void of spight?
That grovels not in 's satires, but soars high,
Strikes at the mounting vices, can descry
With his quick eagle's pen those glorious crimes,
That either dazzle, or affright the times?
Thy strength of judgment oft did thwart the tide
O' the foaming multitude, when to their side
Throng'd plush, and silken censures, whilst it chose
(As that which could distinguish men from clothes,
Faction from judgment) still to keep thy bays
From the suspicion of a vulgar praise.
But why wrong I thy memory whilst I strive,
In such a verse as mine to keep't alive?
Well we may toil, and shew our wits the rack,
Torture our needy fancies, yet still lack
Worthy expressions thy great loss to moan;
Being none can fully praise thee but thy own.

R. MEADE.

UPON THE DEATH OF BENJAMIN JONSON.

Let thine own Sylla, Ben, arise, and try
To teach my thoughts an angry extasy,
That I may fright Contempt, and with just darts
Of fury stick thy palsy in their hearts!
But why do I rescue thy name from those
That only cast away their ears in prose?
Or, if some better brain arrive so high,
To venture rhymes, 'tis but court balladry,
Singing thy death in such an uncouth tone,
As it had been an execution.
What are his faults (O envy!)—That you speak
English at court, the learned stage acts Greek?
That Latin he reduced, and could command
That which your Shakspeare scarce could understand?
That he exposed you, zealots, to make known
Your profanation, and not his own?
That one of such a fervent nose, should be
Posed by a puppet in Divinity?
Fame, write them on his tomb, and let him have
Their accusations for an epitaph:
Nor think it strange if such thy scenes defy,
That erect scaffolds 'gainst authority.
Who now will plot to cozen vice, and tell
The trick and policy of doing well?
Others may please the stage, his sacred fire
Wise men did rather worship than admire:
His lines did relish mirth, but so severe,
That as they tickled, they did wound the ear.
Well then, such virtue cannot die, though stones
Loaded with epitaphs do press his bones:
He lives to me; spite of this martyrdom,
Ben, is the self-same poet in the tomb.
You that can aldermen new wits create,
Know, Jonson's skeleton is laureat.

H. RAMSAY.

En
JONSONUS NOSTER
Lyricorum Drammaticorumque
Coryphæus
Qui
Pallade auspice
Laurum à Græcia ipsaque Roma
rapuit,
Et
Fausto omine
In Britanniam transtulit
nostram:
Nunc
Invidia major
Fato, non Æmulis
cessit.

Anno Dom. CICCIXXXVII.
Id. Nonar.

FR. WORTLEY,
Bar.

IN OBITUM BEN JONSONI POETARUM FACILE PRINCIPIS.

In quæ projicior discrimina? quale trementem
Traxit in officium pietas temeraria musam?
Me miserum! incusso pertentor frigore, et umbrâ
Territus ingenti videor pars funeris ipse
Quod celebro; famæ concepta mole falisco,
Exiguumque strues restringuit prægravis ignem.
Non tamen absistam, nam si spes talibus ausis
Excidat, extabo laudum Jonsone *tuarum*
Uberior testis: totidem quos secula norunt,
Solus tu dignus, cujus præconia spiret,
Deliquum musarum, et victi facta poetæ.
Quis nescit, Romane, tuos in utrâque triumphos
Militiâ, laurique decus mox sceptra secutum?
Virgilius quoque Cæsar erat, nec ferre priorem
Noverat: Augustum fato dilatus in ævum,
Ut regem vatem jactares regia, teque
Suspiceres gemino prælustrem Roma monarcha.
En penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos,
Munera jactantes eadem, similique beatos
Fortuna; hæc quoque sêcla suum videre Maronem,
Cæsarei vixit qui lætus imagine sceptri,
Implevitque suum Romano carmine nomen.

Utque viam cernas, longosque ad summa paratus;
En series eadem, vatumque simillimus ordo.
Quis neget incultum Lucretî carmen, et Ennî
Deformes numeros, musæ incrementa Latinæ?
Haud aliter nostri præmissa in principis ortum
Ludicra Chauceri, classisque incompta sequentum;
Nascenti apta parum divina hæc machina regno,
In nostrum servanda fuit tantæque decebat
Prælusisse Deos ævi certamina famæ;
Nec geminos vates, nec te Shakspeare silebo,
Aut quicquid sacri nostros conjecit in annos
Consilium fati: per seros ite nepotes
Illustres animæ, demissaque nomina semper
Candidior fama excipiat; sed parcite divi,
Si majora vocant, si pagina sanctior urget.
Est vobis decor, et nativæ gratia Musæ,
Quæ trahit atque tenet, quæ me modò læta remittit,
Excitum modò in alta rapit, versatque legentem.
Sed quàm te memorem vatum Deus: O nova gentis
Gloria et ignoto turgescens musa cothurno!
Quàm solidat vires, quàm pingui robore surgens
Invaditque hauritque animam: haud temerarius ille
Qui mos est reliquis, probat obvia, magnaque fundit
Felici tantum genio; sed destinat ictum,
Sed vafer et sapiens cunctator prævia sternit,
Furtivoque gradu subvectus in ardua, tandem
Dimittit pleno correptos fulmine sensus.
Huc, precor, accedat quisquis primo igne calentem
Ad numeros sua musa vocat, nondumque subacti
Ingenii novitate tumens in carmina fertur
Non normæ legisve memor; quis ferre soluti
Naufragium ingenii poterit, mentisque ruinam?
Quanto pulchrior hic mediis qui regnat in undis,
Turbine correptus nullo: cui spiritus ingens
Non artem vincit: medio sed verus in æstro,
Princeps insano pugnantem numine musam
Edomat, et cudit suspenso metra furore.
In rabiem Catilina tuam conversus et artes
Qualia molitur; quali bacchatur hiatu?
En mugitum oris, conjurat æque Camœnæ,
Divinas furias et non imitabile fulmen!
O verum Ciceronis opus, linguæque disertæ
Elogium spirans! O vox æterna Catonis,
Cæsaream reserans fraudem, retrahensque sequaces
Patricios in cædem, et funera certa reorum!
Quis fando expediat primæ solennia pompæ,
Et circumfusi studium plaususque theatri?
Non tu divini Cicero dux inclyte facti,
Romave majores vidit servata triumphos.
Celsior incedis nostro, Sejane, cothurno
Quàm te Romani, quàm te tua fata ferebant:
Hinc magis insigni casu, celebrique ruina
Volveris, et gravius terrent exempla theatri.
At tu stas nunquam ruituro in culmine vates,
Despiciens auras, et fallax numen amici,
Tutus honore tuo, genitæque volumine famæ.
At Capreis verbosa et grandis epistola frustra
Venerat, offenso major fruerere Tonante,
Si sic crevisses, si sic, Sejane, stetisses.
O fortunatum, qui te, JONSONE, *sequutus*
Contexit sua fila, suique est nominis author.

T. TERRENT.

VATUM PRINCIPI BEN. JONSONO SACRUM.

Poëtarum Maxime!
Sive tu mortem, sive ecstasin passus,
Jaces verendum et plus quam hominis funus.
Sic post receptam sacri furoris gloriam,
Cum exhaustum jam numen decoxit emerita vates
Jugique fluxu non reditura se prodegit anima,
Jacuit Sibyllæ cadaver,
Vel trepidis adhuc cultoribus consulendum.
Nulli se longius indulsit Deus, *nulli ægrius valedixit;*
Pares testatus flammas,
Dum exul, ac dum incola.
Annorumque jam ingruente vespere,
Pectus tuum, tanquam poeseos horizonta,
Non sine rubore suo reliquit:
Vatibus nonnullis ingentia prodere; nec scire datur:
Magnum aliis mysterium, majus sibi,
Ferarum ritu vaticinantium
Inclusum jactant numen quod nesciunt,
Et instinctu sapiunt non intellecto.
Quibus dum ingenium facit audacia, prodest ignorare.
Tibi primo contigit furore frui proprio,
Et numen regere tuum.
Dum pari luctâ afflatibus indicium commisisti,
Bis entheatus:
Aliasque musis mutas addidisti, artes et scientias,
Tui plenus poeta.
Qui furorem insaniæ eximens
Docuisti, et sobrie Aonios latices hauriri.
Primus omnium,
Qui effrænem caloris luxuriem frugi consilio castigaveris,
Ut tandem ingenium sine veniâ placiturum
Possideret Britannia,
Miraretur orbis,
Nihilque inveniret scriptis tuis donandum, præter famam.
Quòd prologi igitur
Velut magnatum propylæa domini titulos proferunt,
Perpetuumque celebratur argumentum, ipse author,
Non arrogantis hoc est, sed judicantis,
Aut vaticinantis,
Virtutis enim illud et vatis est, sibi placere.
Proinde non invidiâ tantum nostrâ, sed laude tuâ
Magnum te prodire jusserunt fata.
Qui integrum nobis poetam solus exhibuisti,
Unusque omnes exprimens.
Cum frondes alii laureas decerpunt, tu totum nemus vindicas,
Nec adulator laudas, nec invidus perstringis:
Utrumque exosus,
Vel sacrificio tuo mella, vel medicinæ acetum immiscere.
Nec intenso nimis spiritu avenam dirupisti,
Nec exili nimis tubam emaculasti;
Servatis utrinque legibus, lex ipse factus.
Unâ obsequii religione imperium nactus es:
Rerum servus, non temporum.
Ita omnium musarum amasius,
Omnibus perpetuum certamen astas.
Sit Homeri gloria
Urbes de se certantes habere, de te disputant musæ,
Qui seu cothurno niteris, inter poetas tonans pater,
Sive soccum pede comples rotundo,

Et epigrammata dictas agenda,
Facetiasque manibus exprimendas,
Adoranda posteris ducis vestigia, et nobis unus es
theatrum metari.
Non arenæ spectacula scena exhibuit tua,
Nec poemata, sed poesin ipsam parturiit,
Populoque mentes, et leges ministravit,
Quibus te damnare possent, si tu poteras peccare.
Sic et oculos spectanti præstas, et spectacula;
Scenamque condis quæ legi magis gestiat quam
spectari.
Non histrioni suum delitura ingenium,
Alii, queis nullus Apollo, sed Mercurius
numen,
Quibus afflatus præstant vinum et amasia,
Truduntque in scenam vitia, morbo poetæ.
Quibus musa pagis primisque plaustris apta,
Præmoriturum vati carmen,
Non edunt, sed abortiunt;
Cui ipsum etiam prælum conditorium est,
Novâque lucinæ fraude in tenebras emittuntur
authores,
Dum poemata sic ut diaria,
Suo tantum anno et regioni effingunt,
Sic quoque Plauti moderni sales,
Ipsi tantum Plauto σύγχρονοι:
Et vernaculæ nimium Aristophanis facetiæ
Non extra suum theatrum plausus invenerunt:
Tu interim
Sæculi spiras quoque post futuri genium.
Idemque tuum et orbis theatrum est.
Dum immensum, cumque lectore crescens carmen,
Et perennè uno fundis poema verbo,
Tuas tibi gratulamur fælices moras!
Quanquam quid moras reprehendimus, quas nostri
fecit reverentia?
Æternum scribi debuit quicquid æternum legi.
Poteras tu solus
Stylo sceptris majore orbem moderari.
Romæ Britannos subjugavit gladius,
Romam Britannis calamus tuus,
Quam sic vinci gestientem,
Cothurno Angliaco sublimiorem quam suis collibus
cernimus.
Demum quod majus est, ætatem nobis nostram sub-
jicis;
Oraculique vicarius,
Quod jussit Deus, *fides præstat sacerdos,*
Homines seipsos noscere instituens.
Lingua nostra
Tibi collectanea tecum crevit,
Vocesque patrias, et tuas simùl formasti.
Nec indigenam amplius, sed Jonsoni *jactamus*
facundiam,
Ut inde semper tibi contingat tuâ linguâ celebrari;
Qui et Romam
Disertiores docuisti voces.
Mancipiali denuò iocomatè superbientem,
Græciamque etiam
Orbis magistram excoluisti,
Nunc aliâ quàm Atticâ Minervâ eloquentem.
Te solo dives poteras aliorum ingenia contemnere,
Et vel sine illis evasisses ingenii compenaliem:
Sed ut ille pictor,
Mundo daturus par ideæ exemplar,
Quas hinc et inde pulchritudines
Sparserat natura,
Collegit artifex:
Formæque rivulos palantes in unum cogens
oceanum,
Inde exire jussit alteram sine nævo Venerem.
Ita tibi parem machinam molito,
In hoc etiam ut pictura erat poesis:
Alii inde authores materies ingenio tuo accedunt,
Tu illis ars, et lima adderis.
Et si poetæ audient illi, tu ipsa poesis;
Authorum non alius calamus, sed author.
Scriptores diu sollicitos teipso tandem docens,
Quem debeat genium habere victurus liber.
Qui præcesserunt, quotquot erant, viarum tantùm
judices fuerunt:
Tu solùm Columna.
Quæ prodest aliis virtus, obstat domino;
Et qui cæteros emendatiùs transcripseras
Ipse transcribi nescis.
Par prioribus congressus, futuris impar
Scenæ Perpetuus Dictator.

ROB. WARING.

EPITAPHIUM IN BEN. JONSON.

Adsta, hospes! pretium moræ est, sub isto
Quid sit, discere, conditum sepulchro.
Socci deliciæ; decus cothurni;
Scenæ pompa; cor et caput theatri;
Linguarum sacer helluo; perennis
Defluxus venerum; scatebra salsi
Currens lene joci, sed innocentis;
Artis perspicuum jubar; coruscum
Sydus; judicii pumex, profundus
Doctrinæ puteus, tamen serenus;
Scriptorum genius; poeticus dux,
Quantum O sub rigido latet lapillo!

WILLIAM BEW.
N. Coll. Oxon. Soc.

IN OBITUM BEN. JONSON.

Nec sic excidimus: pars tantùm vilior audit
Imperium Libitina tuum, cælestior urget
Æthereos tractus, mediasque supervolat auras,
Et velut effusum spissa inter nubila lumen
Ingenii strictura micat: fælicior ille,
Quisquis ab hoc victuram actavit lampada Phœbo.
In famulante faces accendimus, idque severæ,
Quod damus alterius vitæ, concedimus umbræ.
Sic caput Ismarii, cæsa cervice, Poetæ,
Nescio quid rapido vocale immurmurat Hebro,
Memnonis adverso sic stridit chordula Phœbo,
Datque modos magicos, tenuesque reciprocat auras.
Seu tu grandiloqui torques vaga fræna theatri,
En tibi vox geminis applaudit publica palmis;
Seu juvat in numeros, palantes cogere voces
Mœoniâ Jonsone *cheli, te pronus amantum*
Prosequitur cœtus, studioso imitamine vatum.
Benjamini *insignis quondam quintuplice ditis*
Suffitu mensæ, densâque paropside, sed tu
Millenâ plus parte alios excedis, et auctis
Accumulas dapibus, propriâ de dote, placentam.

Sam. Evans, *LL. Bacc.*
No. Coll. Oxon. Soc.

IN BEN. JONSON.

Quòd martes Epico tonat cothurno,
Sive aptat Elegis leves amores,
Seu sales Epigrammatum jocosos
Promit, seu numerosiora plectro
Jungit verba, sibi secundat orsa
Cyrrhæus, nec Hyantiæ sorores
Ulli dexterius favent poetæ,
Hoc cum Mæonide sibi et Marone,
Et cum Callimacho, et simul Tibullo
Commune est, aliisque cum trecentis:
Sed quòd Anglia quotquot eruditos
Fœcundo ediderit sinu poetas
Acceptos referat sibi, sua omnes
Hos industria finxerit, labosque
JONSONI, *hoc proprium est suumque totum,*
Qui Poëmata fecit et Poetas.

R. BRIDEOAKE.

Ιωνσωνῳ ποτε φυντι παρεστη ποτνια Μοῦσα,
Και Βρομιος, και Ερως, και Χαριτων θιασος,
Ευϊος αρτιτοκον λαβε νεβριδι, σπαιρξε τε κισσῷ,
Λουσας και ποτισας νεκταρ τῷ βοτρυος.
Κυσσαν δ' αί Χαριτες, και αειθαλεεσσι ῥοδοισιν
Εστεφον, ηδ' ἱεροῖς βακχαριδος πεταλοις.
Κεστον τυτθος ερως, συλησας μητερα 'δωκεν,
'Αγνον θελξινοῳ φιλτρον αοιδοπολῳ·
Τοῖς δ' επι Μῶσα σοφῳ ψιθυρισματι παιδ' εμυησε,
Χρυσειας πτερυγας λικνου ὑπερσχομενη·
Χαῖρε θεῶν κηρυξ, γαιης μεγα χαρμα Βρεταννῆς.
Χαῖρ' ελπις Σκηνῶν των ετι γυμνοποδων·
Αἶς συ χορηγησων ειτ' εμβαδως, ειτε κοθορνους,
'Ελλαδα και 'Ρωμην ες φθονον οιστρελασεις·
Γαυριοων θριγκοῖσι νεοδμητοιο Θεατρου,
Ικρι' αμειψαμενου μαρμαρεῶν ψαλιδων.
Η και απιπταμενη, βρεφεος παλαμησιν ενῆκε
Πλινθον, αρειοτερης συμβολοι οικοδομῆς.

GLOSSARY.

A

ACOP, conical; terminating in a point

Acmé, used in prologue to "The Staple of News" to express mature age

Adalantado, the lord deputy or president of a Spanish province

Adrop, azar lapis ipse.—Chem. Dic.

Advised, a proverbial phrase, Are you advised, i. e. Have you found out that? Has it struck you?

Affects; affections, dispositions

Affront, to meet and look another in the face

Ajax, Sir, Sir John Harington, author of the treatise called Misacmos or the Metamorphosis of A-jax (*a jaques*)

Alfarez, an ensign or standard-bearer

Aludel, in alchemists' language, *vitrum sublimatorium*, subliming pots without bottoms, fitted into each other without luting

Ambre, ambergris

Ambree Mary, a celebrated female soldier, who fought at the siege of Ghent

Amused, sometimes used for amazed

Anadem, crown or wreath

Anenst, against

Angel, a gold coin, worth about ten shillings

Antimasque, the antimasque was "a foil or false masque," directly opposed to the principal masque. If this was lofty and serious, that was light and ridiculous—GIFFORD

Antiperistasis, the opposition of a contrary quality, by which the quality it opposes becomes heightened or intended.—COWLEY, *Dict.*

Apollo, a room in the Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, kept by Simon Wadloe, where Jonson's club met

Apprentice at law, a barrister at law, as distinguished from a serjeant

Arches, the court of Arches, held in Bow Church, Cheapside, which being as it is said the first church in the city raised on arches of stone, was therefore called *Sancta Maria de Arcubus*, or *Le Bow*—GIFFORD

Archie, Archibald Armstrong, jester to James I. and Charles I.

Arms, to set up, a custom used by foreign princes and ambassadors, and in more recent times by the lords lieutenant of Ireland, to set up their arms and titles in places through which they have passed, or inns where they have lodged

Arride, please

Arsedine, explained by Mr. Gifford as a yellow paint, composed of orpiment or arsenic; but from a paper in Hone's Every Day Book upon this word, its true signification appears to be the thin plates of yellow metal still used to ornament toys, and known as "Dutch gold" or *asidew*

Assay, to take, to draw a knife along the belly of the deer, beginning at the brisket, to discover how fat he is —WHALLEY

Athanor, a digesting furnace, calculated for the retention of heat

Atone, to make friends, to make one again

Audacious, liberal, spirited

Aunt, in cant language, a bawd

Away with, I cannot *away with* her, I cannot endure her

B

Baal, the prophet; probably one John Ball, a tailor, who put money out, to receive double or treble back when King James should be pope-GIFFORD

Babion, baboon

Baffle, to act with contempt

Bagatine, an Italian coin, worth about the third part of a farthing

Balloo, a game at ball

Bale of dice, a pair of dice

Balneum, a bath; a term of alchemy, where a vessel was heated through the medium of surrounding water or sand, termed a bath

Banbury-man, a puritan; so termed from the prevalence of that persuasion at Banbury

Barbican, burh-kenning, a beacon, fortress or watch-tower

Barbing gold, clipping it

Bartholomew pig, roasted pigs were the chief entertainment at Bartholomew fair

Bases, sometimes used for hose or breeches, but strictly a kind of short petticoat like the Highland kilt or the Roman military dress

Bason, beat the, when bawds were carted, frying-pans, barber's basons, &c. were beaten before them to increase the clamour

Bawson, a bear

Bay-leaf, in the mouth. It was a notion of the ancients that a bay-leaf placed under the tongue was conducive to eloquence

Bear in hand, to flatter hopes, to keep in expectation

Beech coal, charcoal made from beech wood.

Benchers, idle sots, sleeping and waking upon ale-house benches

Bescumber, a term applied to dogs, when taken out to exercise; to run about snuffing the air

Besognoso, a beggar, needy wretch

Bezoar stone, supposed to be an antidote to poison

Bid-stand, a highwayman

Biggin, a kind of coif or nightcap

Bilive, freely, actively, readily

Bilk, "nothing—also to deceive."—COLE'S *Engl. Dict.*

Black fellow, mischievous, malignant

Black sanctus, a profane parody on some hymn in the mass-book

Blin, withouten, without ceasing

Blue waiter, servants who wore blue livery coats

Blue order, i. e. servants

Blunt, at the, with the flat side of the sword

Bolt's head, a long straight-necked vessel or receiver, gradually rising to a conical figure

Bonny-clabber, sour buttermilk

Bookholder, the prompter

Borachio, a bottle, commonly of a pig's skin, with the hair inward, dressed inwardly with rosin to keep wine or liquor sweet

Bordello, brothel

Bosom's inn, the Blossom's Inn

Boss, a head or reservoir of water

Bourd, to jest, to be merrily familiar

Bovoli, either snails or cockles dressed in the Italian manner

Brach, a bitch

Braggat, a drink made of honey, ale, and spices

Brake, this word is applied to three different instruments: firstly, the gear used to make a colt carry his head well; secondly, a peculiar kind of curb; and thirdly, a wooden frame used to confine the feet of a restive horse whilst he is being shod

Branched cassock, with detached sleeve

ornaments projecting from each shoulder

Brave, the, the bravo, the ruffian

Bravery, extravagant gaiety of apparel

Braveries, the, the beaux of the age

Breast, a fine, a fine voice

Breathe upon, to sully, or to speak disparagingly of

Bride-ale, marriage festival

Brief, an abstract

Brize, the gad-fly

Bufo, the alchemists' black tincture

Bulled, full blown

Bullions, a dress of spurious finery, ornamented with hollow gilt buttons, &c., adopted by gamblers to impose on the unwary with an appearance of wealth

Bumbard, a servant of the buttery-hatch, whose duty was to carry the huge cans of ale to the different offices

Bungy's dog, a familiar that followed him

Burgullion, or *Burgonian*, a bully, a braggadocio

Burratines: burratine is mentioned by Purchas as a strange stuff, newly invented and brought into wear, and the name appears to have been transferred from the stuff to the wearers

Burroughs, pledge, security

Butt-shaft, strong unbarbed arrows, used for shooting at a mark

C

Cæsarian, Madam, the name of a bawd

Callet, a strumpet of the basest kind

Caliver, a weapon answering to our blunderbusses or horse-pistols

Callot, the coif worn on the wigs of judges and serjeants at law

Camused, broad, flat

Can, is sometimes used instead of know; it is genuine Saxon, and is still retained by the Scots as "*ken*."

Cans, to burn, to mark them with a hot iron, as holding the legal quantity

Canter, a beggar, a sturdy vagrant

Cant, the gibberish of beggars and vagabonds—thieves' latin

Carcanets, necklaces, and sometimes bracelets for the arm

Cargos, bullies, bravoes

Carry coals, submit to an affront

Case, of visors or other things, a pair

Cassock, a soldier's loose outward coat

Casting-glass, or *Casting-bottle*, a small bottle for holding essences and perfumes

Catsos, a petty oath, a cant exclamation, generally expressive, among the Italian populace (who have it constantly in their mouths) of defiance or contempt.—GIFFORD.

Cautelous, is frequently used as implying not merely wariness, but also something artful and insidious

Cast, a fowler's term for a couple, as a cast of hawks

Chambers, small pieces of ordnance

Charm, to, to silence

Chartel, a challenge

Cheap, better, at a less price. Cheap means market, and the adjective good was formerly used in connection with it, although in modern use the substantive is transformed into an adjective

Cheat loaf, coarse bread

Cheater, gamester: the terms were synonymous in Jonson's time

Chevril, stretching: the allusion is to kid's leather, which is yielding, elastic

China-houses, places where china, then a great rarity, was sold; they were most frequently private houses, and afforded a good shelter to intrigue

Chioppini, high clogs, worn by the Spanish and Italian ladies

Christ-tide, the affected puritanical term for Christmas.

Ciarlitani, charlatans, juggling impostors

Cippus, the stocks or pillory

Cittern, a sort of guitar with wire strings, generally found in barbers' shops

Clap-dish, a beggar's dish with a cover to it, which he clapt up and down to give notice of his necessities; this sort of dish was first used by lazars (or lepers), who received their alms in the dish to avoid infecting those whose charity they received

Clapper Dudgeon, a thorough-bred beggar, a beggar born of a beggar

Cleis, claws

Clem, starve

Cloth-workers, weavers

Coach-horse companion, close associate

Cob-swan, a swan of the largest size

Cock Lorrel, the master-rogue: the term derives its origin from a pilfering tinker of the time of Henry VIII.

Cock shut light, twilight: the term derives its origin from the name of a kind of clap-net for woodcocks, used in the twilight

Coffin, the raised crust of a pie

Cokes, a simpleton, an easy gull

Collied, blackened, begrimed with soot

Communicate our loss, share in our loss (a latinism)

Compliments, accomplishments

Concealments, when the monasteries, &c., were dissolved, and their possessions vested in the crown, many estates were covertly kept by private persons, corporations, and churches; and a commission was issued by Queen Elizabeth, to search for these *concealments*, which, when found, were often *begged* by the courtiers

Conceited, full of conceits, witty, disposed to jest

Concent, agreement or harmony

Concluded, included or confined

Condition, the time's, temper, quality, or disposition of the times

Conduct, conductor

Confute, to reprove, to control (a latinism)

Connive, wink or make faces at

Control the point, bear or beat it down

Convert, turn

Convince, subdue or overpower by its beauty

Copeman, a chapman: from the Dutch *koopman*

Copy, plenty, abundance: from the Latin *copia*

Cormorants, a name given to servants

Costermonger, a vender of apples, called costards, about the streets

Costs, of a ship, the ribs: from the Latin *costæ*

Cosset, is a lamb, colt, &c., brought up by hand.—COLE'S *Engl. Dict.*

Cotquean, a corruption of *Cuckquean*, a woman whose husband is unfaithful to her bed

Counsel, secret

Countenance, a law-term, from the French *contentement*, or the Latin *contenementum*, and denotes the credit and reputation which a person hath by reason of his freehold; and most commonly what is necessary for his support and maintenance according to his condition of life. In this sense it occurs in several old statutes.—*Observations on the more Ancient Statutes*, p. 11.

Counterpane, one part of a pair of deeds or indentures; it is the legal term *counterpana indenturæ*. The name is derived from the shape of the indenture or division between the two deeds, anciently written on one piece of parchment, and after wards separated in a zig-zag, or indented form, at the line of division. This zig-zag was termed *pane*, from its resemblance to a pane of glass, whence *counterpane*, now applied to a patchwork covering for a bed, and indenture, from its imitation of the mark of the teeth (*dentes*) on a seal, a very ancient mode of authenticating a deed

Counters, letting out of, supplying the gamesters with pieces of ivory, or base metal, to count with at play; for which the servants received a small gratuity

Court-dish: the meaning of this term is not certain; it probably means *short allowance*: a *curt*-dish, a shallow or rather broken dish

Coventry-blue, this city was early celebrated for its blue thread

Crack, a sprightly forward boy

Cracked in the ring, the gold coin of our ancestors was very thin, and therefore liable to crack. It still, however, continued passable until the crack extended *beyond* the ring *i. e.* beyond the inmost round which circumscribed the inscription, when it became *uncurrent*, and might legally be refused.—GIFFORD

Crambo, a game at short verses, in which a word is given, and the parties contend who can find most rhymes to it

Cramp-ring, fetters, shackles

Cranion-legs, small spider-like legs; but cranion is the fairy appellation for a fly.—GIFFORD

Croaker, an old raven

Cross, the ancient penny had a double cross with a crest stamped on it; hence the term cross, for the coin

Crow, a term used by alchemists to signify a certain process of what they called fermentation

Crowd, a three-stringed fiddle

Cry, to *cry* Italian, to speak it as Italian poetry is generally read, in a musical cadence

Cuban ebolition, a fantastical phrase for a particular and affected style of smoking

Cucking stool, corrupted into ducking stool; a chair at the end of a long

beam, supported on a kind of upright post by a pivot or swivel, so as to be everywhere movable, used anciently for the punishment of scolds and unquiet people, by ducking or plunging them in the water. As cuckqueans (see *ante*) are naturally inclined to the offensive use of their tongues, the term probably originated from the frequency of their punishment

Cullisen, cognizance, distinguishing mark, the badge worn by servingmen

Cunning, knowing; *kenning*, skill

Cunning man, a knowing man, a conjuror, a fortune-teller

Custard politic, the large custard prepared for the Lord Mayor's feast, into which it was a *standing* joke, (if the expression may be allowed,) for the Lord Mayor's fool to leap

D

Dagonet, Sir, a considerable personage in the old romance of the "Mort d'Arthur"

Daw, daunt, or put out of countenance

Dauphin my boy, the burden of an old ridiculous song

Decimo sexto, my daring braggart in *decimo sexto*. This expression for a youth, a stripling, occurs in many of our old writers

Decline, declining their way, turning out of their way

Deft, adroit, clever, handy

Delate, accuse or complain of

Dele-wine, a species of Rhenish wine

Depart, part with

Dependence, in the language of the duello, the ground or cause of a quarrel

Device, a puppet; any piece of machinery moved by wheels or wires

Diameter, in, the lie direct; one of the degrees of giving the lie humorously recounted in "As you like it"

Diapasms, aromatic herbs dried and reduced to powder; see "pomander"

Diffused, wild, irregular, careless

Dimensum, full measure

Ding it open, break it open; the word is still used in Scotland

Discoloured flowers, flowers of different colours

Disclaiming in, disclaiming; the expression *disclaim in*, *i. e.* any part in, is common in old writers, and conveys the same meaning as the more modern term disclaim, without the preposition

Dislike, displease

Disparagement, matching an heir under his or her degree, or against decency

Dis'ple, teach by the whip; disciple or discipline

Distaste, I had a distaste; *i. e.* an insult offered me

Dop, bow, dip, very low curtsey

Dopper, dipper or she-baptist

Dor, (derived from the flight of the chaffer,) to mock or play upon, to annoy

Dotes, endowments; good qualities

Double-cloak, a stage disguisement, which might be turned either way, each side being of a different colour

Double-reader, a degree in the inns of court now disused. "In those days," says Sir William Dugdale, "men came to be *single* readers (or lecturers) at fifteen or sixteen years standing in the house, and read *double* about seven years afterwards."—*Orig. Jur.* p. 209

E

Earine, derived from a Greek word, signifying the spring

Eaters, servants

Eggs on the spit, a proverbial expression for, I have business to attend to

Elder tree, the tree on which (by tradition) Judas hanged himself

Eltham thing, a famous puppet-show exhibited at Eltham

Enfant perdu, forlorn hope: a military phrase

Enghles, angle, hook, a bait *hung* down

Enginous, crafty, full of devices; sometimes witty, and in the sense of the modern word ingenious

Ens, a term of the schools, signifying a substance or existence

Entry, a term of the chase; the place where a deer has lately passed or *entered* into the cover

Envoy, the conclusion

Epitasis, the busy part of a comedy, according to the terms of the ancient critics

Euripus, a term for a particular mode of smoking; in what its peculiarity consisted it is not easy now to determine; the name appears to be derived from the narrow and rapid strait between the island of Eubœa and the continent, proverbial for its frequent flux and reflux; hence it may perhaps mean a rapid inhaling and emitting of the smoke

Exampless, beyond all example

Exhale, to drag out

Exhibition, stipend, annual allowance

Explate, to un*plait*, to open, unfold

F

Fading, the burden of a popular licentious Irish song, which gave name to a dance of the same character

Fagioli, French beans

Fall, a ruff or band, turned back on the shoulders

Familiar, a spirit, or devil, who constantly accompanied the necromancer, and was his servant, slave, and adviser, *during his life*

Farce, stuff, fill out, make fat

Fayles, "a very old table game, one of the numerous varieties of backgammon."—DOUCE.

Feeders, servants

Feize, to drive

Fere, or *phere*, companion; *bed-fere*, bedfellow

Fermentation, one of the processes of alchemy

Fewmets, the dung of deer

Fewterer, a dog-keeper

Fico, used in allusion to the *poisoned* figs of Italy and Spain

Fierce, rash, inconsiderate, violent

Figgum, the jugglers' trick of breathing flames, by means of lighted tow, called *fid* in some of the old dictionaries

Fineness, an overstrained and factitious scrupulousness

Fittous, a fabricated tale

Flat-cap, a derisive term for citizens

Flawns, custards

Flies, familiar spirits

Flights, long and light-feathered arrows, which went level to the mark

Foist, a cut-purse

Foists, juggling tricks, frauds

Fond, foolish, simple, injudicious

Forespeak, to bewitch

Foreslow, to slacken or delay

Frail, a rush basket in which figs or raisins were packed

Frapler, a quarreller, a bully

Frayings, the pillings of a deer's horns: a stag is said to fray his head, when he rubs it against a tree to renew it, or to cause the outward coat of the new horns to fall off

Frippery, a place where old clothes are exposed for sale

G

Gazette, a small Venetian coin, worth about three farthings

Geance, jaunt or errand

Get-penny, a phrase among the players for a successful piece, which drew much money to the theatre

Giglot, a wanton girl

Ging, gang

Give law, a term of the chase; allow a fair start, before pursuing

Give words, deceive or impose

Gleek, a term in card playing, signifying three aces, kings, queens, or knaves. It is also the name of a game

Glibbery, slippery

Glicks, ogling or leering looks

Glidder, to glaze over with some tenacious lacquer

Gloriously, vain-gloriously

God's gift, an allusion to the name Dorothea, which has that meaning

Godfathers in law, jurymen

Gold-end-man, one who buys broken gold and silver, a goldsmith's apprentice

Gold weights, know all to the gold weights, i.e. with the utmost exactness; in allusion to the very exact weights used in weighing gold. The expression frequently occurs in old writers, and appears to have been proverbial

Good-time, festival

Gossip, godfather; from god-sib, of kin together through God

Gowked, stupified; struck foolish

Gripe's-egg, a vesel in this form used by the alchemists: gripe is another name for the vulture

Grice, the young of the badger

Gulch, a stupid fat-headed fellow

Gyre, elves apply to your *gyre* again; your roundel, your circular dance

H

Hall, a hall, the usual exclamation at masques, &c. to make room for the dancers

Hangers, the fringed loops appended to the girdle in which the dagger or small-sword usually hung

Happy, used in "The Poetaster," in the sense of rich; it is a latinism
Harper, a coin of the value of ninepence, struck in Ireland
Harrot, herald
Hart of ten, a hart six years old, and with ten croches or branches on his horns
Havings, possessions
Hay! a term in fencing, signifying a hit; it is from the Italian *hai*, you have it
Hay in his horn, he carries, he is a petulant dangerous person
Hays, nets for catching rabbits
Hear so ill, are so ill spoken of; a mere latinism (*tam male audiunt*)
Heifer, applied to a wife, my yoke-mate
Highmen, dice loaded for high throws
Hilled, thy wings *o'er hilled* with snow, covered over
Hobby horse, one of the actors in the morice dance; the foot-cloths reaching to the ground, concealed the feet of the man who managed it and appeared to ride on it
Hoiden, a wild romping girl: the word was formerly applied to both sexes
Hold, is frequently used in the sense of *take;* thus, when Cato ("Catiline," Act v. Scene 6) gives back the letter to Cæsar, he says "*Hold thee*, drunkard," that is, take the letter
Hum, beer and spirits mixed together
Humour: what was usually called the *manners* in a play or poem, began in Jonson's time to be called the *humours*, the word was new: the use, or rather abuse, of it was excessive. It was applied on all occasions with as little judgment as wit—GIFFORD
Humorous, applied to the air means moist, flaccid from humidity, flexible, &c.
Hunt at force, to run the game down with dogs
Hunt change: hounds are said to hunt change when they take a fresh scent and follow another chase

I

Ill days, days marked in the calendar as unlucky
Imbibition, a term in alchemy. *Imbibitio est ablutio, quando liquor corpori adjunctus elevatur, et exitum non inveniens in corpus recidit.—Lexicon Alchem.*
Imbroccato, a thrust in tierce, in modern fencing language
Impotently, madly, without the control of reason
In and in, a game played by two or three persons, with four dice
Inceration, a term in alchemy. *Inceratio est mistio humoris cum re sicca, per combibitionem lentum ad consistentiam ceræ remollitæ.—Lexicon Alchem.*
Incony, fine or curious; it is frequently used as a term of endearment
Ingine, wit, understanding; from the Latin *ingenium*.
Ingle, fire; ingle-nook, the fire-side; also, a bosom friend
Inhabitable: this is used for *uninhabitable*, by Shakspeare as well as Jonson
Innocent, a fool; a simpleton
Instructed, designed, appointed; (a latinism)
Intention, the act of fixed and earnest gazing on an object
Intend, to note heedfully
Interessed, deeply implicated
Invincibly, invisibly
Irpe, a fantastic grimace, or contortion of the body

J

Jacob's staff, a mathematical instrument used for taking heights and distances
Jason's helm, the alembic; this latter word was in Jonson's time confined to the top of the instrument now known as the alembic, whence the term helm
Jewel, a brooch or other ornament for the person; still used in this sense by freemasons
Jig, a ballad or low ludicrous dialogue in metre
Justice-hall, the name of the sessions-house in the Old Bailey

K

Kestril, a base degenerate hawk
Kind, nature
Kirtle: this word is used in a twofold sense, sometimes for the jacket merely, and sometimes for the train or upper petticoat attached to it: a full kirtle was always a jacket and petticoat, a half kirtle was either the one or the other; but the simple term was commonly used on all occasions: a man's jacket was also called a kirtle
Knack with the fingers, snapping the fingers: considered a necessary accomplishment in a skilful barber.
Knitting-cup, a cup of wine handed round immediately after the marriage ceremony

L

Laced mutton, a cant name for a wanton
Lade me; "you lade me, sir;" you do not spare me
Laid, plotted, designed, well contrived
Lance-knights, or more properly lanzknechts, Flemish horse-soldiers
Lattice, the window of an ale-house, which was not in those days glazed, but latticed with cross strips of wood painted different colours, but usually red, hence "red lattice phrases."
Laundering gold, washing it in aqua regia
Leer, empty
Leer-side, the left side
Leese, lose
Left-handed cries, inauspicious or unlucky
Leiger, a resident ambassador: *he's leiger at Horn's ordinary*, he has taken up his abode there
Lemma, the subject proposed, or title of the epigram
Level coyl, riot or disturbance; taken from the name of a game
Lewd, ignorant, unlearned
Leystals, receptacles of filth: in modern spelling, *lay-stalls*.
Lie in lavender, a cant term for lying in pawn
Lifting, stealing
Lightly, commonly
Like, please; *dislike*, displease
Limmer, vile, worthless
Loggets, a diminutive of log; sticks thrown up to beat down apples and pears from the trees
Lord of Liberty, the lord of misrule in Christmas games
Lord's rooms, in the ancient playhouses answered to the present stage-boxes
Love-lock, long locks cultivated by the gallants, frequently plaited and ornamented with ribbons, hanging down over the ear
Lullianist, a follower of Raymond Lully, a celebrated alchemist and natural philosopher, who it was said discovered the elixir vitæ
Lungs, a name given to an alchemist's servant, either from his being the medium of his master's communication with the world, or from his blowing the bellows of the furnace
Luxury, lust

M

Mab, the queen of the fairies
Mace, the badge of a city-serjeant, which he constantly carried when he arrested a man for debt
Made, prepared for
Maintenance, supporting a cause or person by any kind of countenance or encouragement; generally taken in a bad sense
Make, acquaint with
Makes, mates
Mammothrept, a spoiled child
Man with the beard, the jug on which, as at the present day, a bearded head was frequently represented
Mangonizing, from *mango*, Lat.: a slave-merchant
Mankind, fierce
Maniples, bundles, handfuls
Maple-face, a term of contempt; it appears synonymous with *broad-face*, perhaps from the broad maple dishes, used in farm-houses
Marchpane, a confection of pistachio-nuts, almonds, sugar, &c.
Marrows, companions, friends; sometimes mates or lovers
Mary Ambree, a woman who fought at the siege of Ghent, and is celebrated in an old ballad
Marry-gip, a familiar expression of contempt, equivalent to "marry come up!"
Mass, an abbreviation of the Italian Messer, applied as the title of a gentleman
Mastery, the *magisterium;* the great work when brought to perfection: the philosopher's stone
Material, full of solid sense and observation
Maund, to beg: "*to maund on the pad*, is to beg on the highway, somewhat, I believe, after the impressive manner of Gil Blas' disabled soldier."—GIFFORD.
Maulther, a young girl, a maid; from the Danish *moer*
Measure, a dance of a grave and dignified kind
Meath, mead or metheglin
Meet with, to be even with

Melicotton, a late kind of peach
Merchant, sometimes used to express *broker*, or *banker*.
Mercurius Britannicus, the title of a newspaper.
Middling gossip, a go-between.
Migniardise, affected delicacy of speech or behaviour
Mirror in hat, mirrors were worn by the men as brooches in their hats; and by the women at their girdles.
Moccinigo, a small coin, used in Venice, worth about nine-pence
Month's mind, a strong inclination
Moonling, a fool, a lunatic
Mortmal, an old sore, a gangrene
Mot, motte, a motto
Motions, puppets
Motions of a clock, figures at the top of the clock, moved by the pendulum
Mound, an orb or globe
Mournival, a term in card-playing; either *all* the aces, the *four* kings, queens, or knaves.—*Compl. Gamester*
Muckinder, a handkerchief
Mallets, small pincers
Mumchance, a rude kind of play with dice
Muss, a mouse, also a scramble
Myrobolane, a foreign conserve, "a dried plum, brought from the Indies."—COTGRAVE.

N

Nativity pie, the puritanical term for a Christmas pie
Neophyte, youngster, novice
Nephew, is frequently used (as in Latin) for a grandchild
New disease, violent pains in the head were the diagnostics of a disorder which made its first appearance about this time, (the acting of "Every Man in his Humour,") and bore the appellation the poet has given it.—WHALLEY.
New fellow, novus homo, a parvenu
Neuf, hand or fist
Niase, literally an eyas or young hawk; metaphorically, a simple, witless, inexperienced gull
Noise of fiddlers: a party of street musicians, who used to go about the city and play at the taverns, was called "a noise:" they were often distinguished by the name of their leader, as "Mr. Sneak's noise," &c.
Nomentack, an Indian chief from Virginia
Nonce, for the, for the present occasion, for the immediate purpose, for *the once*
Not-heads, closely shorn or polled
Nought, to be, Peace and be nought, i. e. peace and be hanged
Nullifidian, an unbeliever; an atheist
Nupson, an oaf, a simpleton

O

Oade, woad: a plant from which a blue dye is extracted
Obarni, a preparation of meath
Obsession, the besieging and tormenting of a spirit from without, on the body of a demoniac; used in opposition to *possession*, when the spirit was supposed to be in the body
Odling, a word of uncertain meaning, used in conjunction with *skeldering*, a cant term for impudent begging. "Odling seems to mean sidling and shifting about in quest of proper objects for preying upon."—GIFFORD
O's, an heraldic term for a kind of spangles
Oil of talc, a cosmetic prepared from talc
Old doctrine, the doctrines commonly received before the Reformation
Once, is frequently used for *once for all*
Ore of Lempster, the wool of Hereford, celebrated as "absolutely the finest in all England"
Orient, bright, sparkling, pellucid
Osteria, the inn or hotel
Outcry, an open sale
Outrecuidance, pride, arrogance, or presumption
Owlspiegel, the name of a celebrated German rogue

P

Paggingtons or *Packington's pound*, the name of an old tune
Paint, you make me paint; i. e. blush
Pair, frequently used to signify a set: a pair of cards, a pair of chessmen, a pack of cards, a set of chessmen
Palm: this carries the palm, this bears the bell
Pan, the outer part, the extremities; this word cannot well be distinguished from *skirts*, although it is found used in opposition to that word
Paned slops, full breeches, formed of pieces cut in diamonds or panes, sown together: see "*counterpane*"
Pantalone di Besogniosi, the pantaloon, zany or fool of the beggars
Parcel-guilty, partly guilty
Pargets, daubs or plasters her face
Parlous, perilous, dangerously; also shrewd
Parted well, endowed with good natural abilities
Passage, a game at dice
Passion, Nay, do not speak n passion *so*, i. e. in so melancholy a tone, so pathetically
Patoun, a doubtful word, found only in Jonson. "*Patons*, in French, are those small pellets of paste with which poultry are crammed; making of the patoun, may therefore be moulding of the tobacco, which was then always cut small into some fantastic or fashionable form, for the pipe."—GIFFORD
Patrico: among strolling beggars and gipsies, the patrico is the orator of the gang, the hedge-priest, &c.
Pedant, a teacher of the languages
Pedarii, the classical expression for those who never spoke in the senate, but only went over to the side for which they voted; hence they were said *pedibus ire in sententiam*
Pensil on your chin, one of the many fantastical forms in which beards were worn; this was probably a double-peaked beard, in the form of the swallow-tailed *pencil* or *penselle* worn by knights on their spears
Perpetuana: this seems to be that glossy kind of stuff now called *everlasting*, and anciently worn by serjeants and other city officers
Perspicil, optic glass.
Persway, mitigate.
Petronel, a kind of blunderbuss or carbine; a horse-soldier's weapon
Phere, see *Fere*
Philosopher's wheel, a very hopeful state of the alchemical process, but what it precisely was, is very uncertain
Picardil, a stiff upright collar fastened on to the coat
Piece, the double-sovereign; which went for two-and-twenty shillings
Pie-powder court, a court held for the decision of differences arising during the fair
Pilchers, serjeants of the Counter; either from the glossy everlasting or leather coats which they usually wore. Pilches or pilchers are skins (from *pellis*) and in a more general sense coverings of fur, woollen, &c.—GIFFORD. Perhaps also pilches from pilchards, a fish remarkably like the herring for giving a "glint" (light in the water) as they swim in shoals; and thence applied to the officers who wore shining coats
Pinnace, a go-between on infamous errands
Plaise-mouth, primness; affected prudery; contempt.
Plants, of clay, feet of clay: from the Latin *planta*
Plover: I have neither plover, *nor* quail; cant terms for light women
Plumed-swan, one of the terms made use of in alchemy to express the different degrees of fermentation
Points, the fringed or tagged laces with which the breeches were fastened or trussed (as the expression was) to the doublet
Pokahontas, the daughter of an Indian chief of Virginia, celebrated by John Smith, a famous traveller, and by far the most enterprising of the first Virginian settlers
Poult-foot, lame or club-foot
Pomander chains, little balls of perfumed paste, worn in the pocket, or strung round the neck, as amulets, to prevent infection in times of the plague; they were also an article of luxury among people of rank or fashion, or who aspired to be thought such
Pommado: the pommado is vaulting on a horse without the aid of stirrups, by resting one hand on the saddle-bow
Popular, vulgar
Portague, a gold coin, worth about 3*l.* 12*s.*
Portcullis, a coin issued in the time of Elizabeth, stamped on one side with the portcullis
Possess, inform
Post and pair, a game at cards
Practice, confederacy, concerted fraud
Predominant, your; your foretop, the fashionable mode of dressing the hair
Present, immediate, important to our ends
Prevent, anticipate
Prickles, light open wicker baskets, in which flowers are brought to market
Primero, a game at cards
Print: O, you are a gallant in print

now, brother. You are a perfect, complete, gallant

Private, my, my own interest or safety

Projection, the twelfth and last process in alchemy

Proper, peculiar to oneself

Provant, a provant rapier, a common rapier

Provide, to look to by anticipation: a latinism

Puckfist, a fungous excrescence of the mushroom kind; an insipid, insignificant fellow

Pulpamenta, delicacies, nice-bits

Punk devise, an arrant whore

Purchase, a cant term for goods stolen

Purl, a wire whipt with cotton or silk, for puffing out fringe, lace, hair, &c.; in some places it seems to mean the fringe itself

Q

Quail, a cant term for a loose woman

Quar, (an abbreviation of quarry,) a stone-pit

Queasy, nice, tender, delicate

Quested, a sporting term for a dog's opening, or giving his tongue, when he scents the birds.—WHALLEY

Quiblins, little attempts to deceive us

Quodlin, a too soon ripe-headed boy

Quote, to notice, to write down

R

Raked up, smothered, hidden

Rash, to, to strike obliquely with violence, as a wild boar does with his tusk

Rochet or *rouget,* so named from the red colour, is a fish of the gurnet kind

Ray, array, dress

Ready, to make, to dress one's self

Rebatu, a kind of ruff or collar band, which turned back and lay in plaits on the shoulders

Reformado, a broken or disbanded soldier

Regiment, government

Register, the iron plate or slider, which, on being pushed forward, increases the heat of the fire in small chimneys, by accelerating the current of air

Resiant, resident

Resolved, convinced

Returns, ventures sent abroad

Rheum, a cant term for spleen, caprice, or fretful resentment

Ribibe, bawd, or mistress of a brothel

Ride: you rid that week, you were carted for a bawd

Rosaker, a preparation of arsenic

Round, gentlemen of the, invalid or disbanded men, who, to procure themselves a livelihood, had taken up the trade of begging

Rouse, a mode of drinking, in which the full cup or other drinking vessel was to be emptied at a draught; a bumper toast

Rovers, arrows shot compass-wise or with a certain degree of elevation

Ruffle, flaunt, swagger

S

Sadness, seriousness, earnest

Sadly, with a confirmed, serious countenance

Sampsuchine, sweet marjoram

Sanna, a Latin word implying a gesture of contempt

Say, try, *assay*

Scarabs, beetles

Sartoccios, covers, folds of paper; whence our cartouch or cartridge

Scotomy, Scotomia, a dizziness or swimming in the head

Scourse, deal for horses; swap, exchange: the term *horse-courser* is still in use.

Scroyles, scrophulous, scabby fellows

Seamrent, ragged

Seel, a term in falconry, when a hawk was first taken it was "blinded by a thread run through the eye-lids that she might see not, or very little, the better to make her endure the hood;" this was termed seeling

Seminary, a Romish priest, educated abroad

Serene, "a mildew, or that harmful dew of moist summer evenings, which occasions blights."—COTGRAVE

Sericon, a term in alchemy for a red tincture

Serjeant, one of the officers belonging to the Compter, a serjeant at mace

Servant, was the title which, in Jonson's days, every lady bestowed upon her professed lover

Sets, the deep plaits of the ruff

Set up a side, become partners at cards

Several, separate

Shape, a suit by way of disguise

Shelf, a bank of sand

Shine or *sheen,* brightness, splendour

Shot-sharks, tavern waiters

Shot-clog, an incumbrance on the reckoning

Shove-groat, a piece of money used for playing at the game of shovel-board

Sick Man's Salve, a devotional tract written by Thos. Becon, an old calvinistical divine

Side-long, trailing

Simper the cocket: "*cocket* was a fine species of bread as distinguished from common bread; hence perhaps the name was given to an overstrained affectation of delicacy. To *simper* at, or over, a thing, is to touch it as in scorn."—GIFFORD.

Single-money, small money that requires no change

Single, weak, silly

Sir Ajax, see "Ajax"

Skelder, a cant term for impudent begging

Skills not, it matters not, it is of no consequence

Slip, a false piece of money

Slops, large loose breeches

Slot, the print of a deer's foot upon the ground

Small voice, a feminine voice

Smelt, a gull, a simpleton

Snuff: he went away in snuff, *i. e.* anger

Soggy, "*Soggy* is not a very common word, nor does it appear elsewhere in Jonson ("Every Man out of his Humour"), or, as I think, in any of our old dramatists: yet I have heard it applied (with what propriety I know not), to hay that has been cut too early and 'sweats' as it lies in heaps."—GIFFORD

Soil, to take; a stag is said to take soil when he takes to the water to escape the hounds

Sort, rank or degree in life, also a company; *a sort of gallants,* a company of gallants

Sovereign, a ten-shilling piece

Soundless, bottomless, that cannot be sounded

Spar, bar or bolt

Speak at volley (*à-la volée,* Fr.) heedlessly, without due consideration

Spinet, a copse of young wood

Spittle, although often applied indifferently to all hospitals, was strictly limited to one for lazars, &c.

Spruntly, sprucely

Spur-royal, a gold coin; in the 3rd James I. it passed for fifteen shillings

Squire, a carpenter's square

Stale, a decoy or cover

Stale to, to make cheap or common

Stamel, a kind of red, inferior both in quality and price to scarlet

State, sometimes means the raised platform and canopy under which the ornamented chair was placed; sometimes (as in "Cynthia's Revels"), the chair itself

Statist, statesman

Statuminate, this word is pure Latin; *statuminibus firmare* is found in Pliny, and means to support vines by poles or stakes

Sticklers, sidesmen to fencers, or seconds in a duel

Stoccata, a term in fencing, meaning a thrust

Stork's bill, a gesture of contempt; to point at, extending the finger like a stork's-bill: in Latin, *ciconia*

Stote, or, according to modern spelling, stoat, a kind of weazle

Stound, time or season

Stramazoun, (*stramazzone,*) Italian, *estramazon,* French,) a descending blow with the edge of the sword, as opposed to *stoccata,* a thrust

Strange woman, an immodest woman, a prostitute

Streights, a labyrinth of narrow alleys and courts in the Strand, frequented by cut-purses, prostitutes, &c.

Stroke, soothe, encourage, flatter

Stroker, flatterer

Students of Bear's College, the dogs at the bear-gardens

Subtle, thin, fine

T

Tables, table-book, a pocket-book for making memoranda

Taint a staff, break a lance, but not in the most honourable and scientific manner

Take in, capture, subdue

Take me with you, or *take me along,* go no faster than I can go with you; *i. e.* let me understand you

Take: he whom the whole world could not take, *i. e.* contain: a latinism

Tall man, a strong powerful man

Tankard-bearer, a water-carrier who fetched water from the conduits for the supply of the houses

Tavern-token, he swallowed a, a cant term for getting drunk

Tell, I cannot, I know not what to say or think

Terra firma, the term by which the

Venetians distinguished their continental possessions

Tertias, (*tertia* Spanish,) is that portion of an army levied out of one particular district, or division of a country

Teston, or *tester*, a coin first struck in the reign of Henry 8th, worth at first 12*d.*, but afterwards brought down to 6d.

Thewes, manners, accomplishments; also used for sinews, strength

Three pound thrum, one whose livery was made of the end of a weaver's warp (thrums), or coarse yarn, of which three pounds were sufficient to make him a suit: or one whose livery, which in those days was usually laced and badged, cost but three pounds

Threaves, droves, heaps

Throng: went out master of arts in a throng, *i. e.* when honorary degrees were conferred, in compliment to some person of high rank, foreign prince, &c. who visited the University

Tick-tack, a kind of complicated backgammon, played with pegs at the side of the board, as well as with the men and dice in the ordinary mode

Tidings, was considered a mercantile phrase; the courtiers said intelligence. "*Sir, he says by your word* tidings, *he knows you are no statesman.*"—*The Fox*

Time, tune

Tire, head-dress

Tire, to, to peck eagerly, feed on

Titivilitium, paltry good-for-nothing,

Tod, a fox

Tokens, copper coins, which were permitted to be struck by the trades, when the coin of the realm ran short; their value was usually a farthing

Token's worth, a farthing's worth

Torned, in modern spelling *turned*; rounded and polished on the wheel, or on the lathe

Touch, the common kind of black marble, frequently made use of in funeral monuments

Treachour, traitor

Tricking: to *trick* arms, was to draw them with a pen, in opposition to blazoning, which is painting them in their proper colours

Trig, neat, spruce, affected

Trowses, close drawers, over which the hose or slops were drawn

Truckman, interpreter

Trundling cheats, cant term for carts or coaches

Trunk, a tube or pipe

Trunks, round, large loose breeches, such as are worn by sailors; trunk-hose

Tucket, a corruption of *toccato*, Italian, a slight flourish on the trumpet

Tumbler, a particular kind of dog, so called from the mode of his hunting

Turned, diverted, changed

Turn-tippet, a phrase applied to a change of conduct or condition

Turnpike, a turnstile

Two-penny room, the lowest-priced place to the theatre, a two-penny gallery

Two-penny ward, a ward in the Compter, the debtor's prison. This prison had four compartments or "sides," the knight's ward, the master's ward, the two-penny ward, and the hole; and it was not uncommon for the debtors, as their means wasted, to descend gradually from the first to the last

Two-penny tearmouth, a term for an actor, from the two-penny gallery in the theatres

Twire, to leer affectedly, glance at obliquely

U

Ulen Spiegle, the name of a celebrated German rogue

Umbre, "*There's amber in the* umbre," ("Cynthia's Revels") i.e. in the brown dye of the gloves

Uncouth, strange, unknown, unproved

Undermeal, an afternoon's meal; slight repast.

Undertaker, one who *undertook* by his influence in the house of commons, to carry things agreeably to his Majesty's wishes.—WHALLEY.

Unequal, unjust

Unkindly, unnaturally

Unready, to, to undress

Unrude, very rude: the particle *un* is used to increase the force of the word

Up-tails-all, the burden of a popular song

V

Vail, to lower the sails

Vallies, (*valise*, French,) portmanteau or cloak-bag

Vapour, a cant term for a mere hector, a bully

Varlet, a servant

Venue, a term in fencing, a thrust

Vorloffe, furlough

W

Watch: "Observe him as his watch *observes his clock,"* ("Sejanus,") an allusion to the pocket-watch, which was constantly regulated by the motion of the clock, at that time the more accurate machine of the two. —GIFFORD

Waxen epitaph, an epitaph affixed to the hearse, or on the monument of the deceased, with wax

Wealthy witness, (a latinism; *testis locuples*) a full and sufficient evidence

Wedlock, wife

Welt, a hem or border of fur

What is he for a vicar? ("Silent Woman,") Saxon phraseology, signifying, What vicar is he?

Whêr, contraction of *whether*

Where, whereas

While, until

White money, silver money

Wind-sucker, a kind of kite

Wing, a part of the dress extending from each shoulder

Wise woman, a fortune-teller, a recoverer of stolen goods, &c.

Wish, to, to recommend

Withal, to do, "I cannot do withal," I cannot help it

Without, beyond

Witness, a godmother

Woodcock, a cant term for a fool

Woodcock's-head, a tobacco-pipe, from its shape

Word, motto—"*Let the* word *be*," let the motto be.—("Every Man out of his Humour.")

Worm, a snake

Wretchock, the least and weakest of a large brood of chickens

Writing-tables, pocket-books

Y

Yeoman-feuterer, a dog-keeper

Yet, this word has somewhat of the power of notwithstanding, nevertheless.—GIFFORD.

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